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THE EVE OF HARVEST.

FARMING is one of the callings for which there is no entrance examination; the farmer may have undergone a long or short training before he takes the responsibility of a farm, and very often he has never tested his work to see what his capabilities are. It may be his fathers have farmed for generations, and when his time has come, he follows in their footsteps. In another case, he may have undertaken bailiff's work, and has gained his experience with other people's money—wise man! In another, he may have been a farm-pupil, during which period he has had rather a good time of it, and not exerted himself particularly to gain more than a smattering of knowledge of his business, though he may have gained such an insight into the mysteries of ferreting that no professional ratcatcher can beat him. Or he may have made up his mind to farm because of his love of animals and everything pertaining to the not very paying business he has selected, and has gone at it with a will, and left no stone unturned to fit himself for it. But no special examination has to be passed to qualify him to enter the ranks as a farmer. When once, however, he begins to farm, he finds he has entered a business wherein the results of his work for the year are concentrated, and for some time before harvest he finds himself looking at his crops with all the anxiety of a student before examination, to note whether he thinks he will come out satisfactorily, or whether he has failed to conduct his business with skill; for if not, his year's work is wasted, and he feels sorry he had not qualified himself better before he undertook it.

The harvest is the farmer's examination time—and like all other examinations, is harder to pass than in years gone by; therefore, whatever his energies at other seasons, he does all he can to get things in the best order, so that when the examiners or thrashing-machines have tested his work, he may find he is marked on the right side of his cheque-book. Harvest-time is to him

the most important part of the year, though the spurt at the finish cannot make amends for neglect or want of skill at other seasons; but good management during harvest is essential for complete success, and every one works with a will to insure it.

Since the introduction of reaping-machines, there has been less cause for anxiety than when the whole of the cutting was done by the scythe, faggot-hook, or sickle. We remember when gangs of Irishmen came over yearly to take advantage of the special wages to be obtained during the hay and corn harvests. Many of these had a fixed route, and rarely worked for fresh masters, but started in the grass country near London, and worked their way northward in the hay into Derbyshire, where the season is later; and then went south again to Herts and Beds for the corn-harvest, working to Derby again; then home with ten or twelve pounds in their pockets, to dig their own potatoes, kill their pig, and spend the winter in a leisurely manner. But this is all over, for the reaping-machine did away with the necessity of much extra labour, and they themselves never liked the innovation, for, as they said, when a friend took his Wood's Manual Delivery into the field nearly a quarter of a century ago, 'No Irishman can work in the same field as a machine;' and they packed up their traps never to return. The reaping-machine, and the consequent reduction in the money taken to Ireland, is in no small way accountable for the increase in poverty and discontent in some parts of that country. Artisans and loafers from towns gave welcome assistance, and their services were eagerly taken advantage of if harvest set in hot and corn came on quickly. We remember looking out anxiously for gangs on those occasions, as they were liable to be snatched up before they got to the farm; and more than once we have ridden out to meet them on the road, to make sure of them. It was not the custom, to the same extent it now is, to begin cutting before the corn was perfectly ripe; therefore, if sufficient hands could not be got together, the crop stood

until it was over-ripe, and if a strong wind arose, the kernels were 'whipped' out, and a heavy loss resulted.

A farmer rarely starts with this cause of anxiety now, for his machines soon cut down the corn, and it is very rare to hear of corn being whipped out. Instead of looking out for special gangs of men, he looks out to see that his reaping-machine, or perhaps binder, is in fit condition to be put into the corn when it is ready; the elevator is overhauled, so that the heavy work of lifting bulky sheaves or large forkfuls of loose corn on to the stack, which used to be one of the most trying jobs connected with harvesting, may be avoided. The heavy work of harvesting has been to a very great extent shifted from the men to machinery; but the quantity done by a good gang working by the piece for a month, sixteen hours to the day, compares very favourably with the self-imposed tasks of the long-distance athletes; but there is a tendency to decrease the hours of work in the harvest-field, as in most other places.

Before the introduction of machinery, the horses had a light time during harvest, and they received very little corn after the fallows were worked; but now they require getting up in condition, to be prepared for long days of much faster walking than they usually get in the plough. Foals are weaned so that their mothers may take their places in the teams, as they cannot be longer spared, and the pleasant holiday they have enjoyed for a few months must give way to the weekly round of toil, which is the unenviable lot of the farmhorse.

No one looks forward to harvest with greater pleasure than the labourers' wives in those districts where women do not take part in the work of the farm; to them, harvest is to a great extent a picnic, and 'carrying' dinners is their greatest treat. The bread-winner is working long hours, and has to be well fed during that time, and each wife vies with the other in preparing the dinners in the most tempting manner. Every day the cooking is got through in good time, and they start off together to make a merry gathering at the mid-day meal—and a merry gathering it is. A considerable amount of chaff, a real good gossip, and a fair amount of scandal, go towards making quite as enjoyable a meal as their more favoured sisters can provide round the five-o'clock tea-table; and if the language is less choice, it is quite as hearty, and often more sincere. Some of them go back to look after their domestic duties; while others continue the picnic by spending the afternoon in gleanings, which in many cases is not much more than a further excuse for gossip; so that what is the labourer's hardest season is generally his wife's most pleasant.

The harvest-time is not looked forward to by the wives with the anxiety with which it was before the days of early closing; for when the public-houses were opened until any hour, the weary workman would often go there for one more drink before going home, and could not rouse himself to go away, but would stay far into the morning hours. His only sleep would be a maudlin one on the bench, and then to work, utterly unfitted for the task; and so he kept himself up by more drink throughout the day, and, like most people in a half-drunken state,

would find himself back at the inn at night; in which manner his extra wages were muddled away, and the extra money his wife had looked forward to, to clear off the score at the village shop, was not forthcoming. In no way has the early closing done so much good in country districts as during harvest.

Even the schoolboys look forward to harvest with pleasure, for it is then they generally first feel the satisfaction of earning wages; their services being gladly taken advantage of, as they are wanted for driving carts and leading the loads to the stack.

The farmer and his family look on the time more seriously; and almost all of them, big or little, stay at home to be of use, and rarely entertain their friends during the busiest part of the harvest-month. The hiring-supper, which was given at the eve of harvest just after the master and men had agreed on the terms for which the work should be done, has almost entirely died out; but it used to be an important evening, and the wife prided herself on putting a good meal before the men. This, like the harvest-home supper, which was a still more important function, is a thing of the past.

The rattle of the reaping-machine has taken the place of the more musical ring of the scythe and whetstone, and fewer hands are dotted about the fields. Future generations will hardly understand the old pictures of harvest scenes where the sickle was always represented; still, the ripening corn, and stocks of that already cut, are scenes enjoyed equally by dwellers in towns or in the country; and as there is so much that affects the well-being of those in any way engaged in the fields, harvest must always be looked forward to with interest and pleasure; and the only tinge of regret we feel in looking at the results of the farmer's labours is that he should find so little profit in what is otherwise so pleasant a calling.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—I AM QUESTIONED.

THE captain did not again return on deck. At six o'clock Mr Lush's white jacket was forked up to him through the fore-castle-hatch: he slipped it on and came aft to relieve the watch; but though he looked about a little for the skipper, I could not find in his wooden face that he made anything of not perceiving him. By seven o'clock the sky had cleared; the wide stretch of vapour which had all day long obscured the sky had settled away down beyond the southern rim, and the soft violet of the tropic evening heaven was made beautiful by spaces at wide intervals of a delicate filigree-work of white cloud, dainty and fine to the eye as frost on a meadow. The setting sun glowed in the west like a golden target, rayless, palpitating, and a cone-shaped wake of flame hung under him. There was a pleasant whipping of wind over the sea, a merry air that whitened the heads of the ripples, and it blew sweet and warm.

On looking through the skylight, I perceived

Wilkins placing supper on the table. This was an unusual meal at sea, at least aboard of a homely trader of the pattern of the *Lady Blanche*, and was a distinct illustration in its way, to my recollections of seafaring life, of the odd character of the man who commanded the barque. He came out of his cabin as we seated ourselves, giving Miss Temple a grotesque bow before taking his place.

'Sorry, mem,' said he, casting his slow eye over the table, 'that there's nothing choicer in the way of victuals to offer you. I find that the wine brought aboard from the wreck is a middling good quality of liquor, and it is to be saved for you, mem.—Wilkins, open a bottle, and give it to the lady.—Pity that shore-going folks who take interest in the nautical calling don't turn to and invent something better for the likes of me than salt pork and beef and biscuit, and peas which are only fit to load a blunderbuss with. There have been times when a singular longing's come upon me for a cut of prime sirloin and a floury potato, as Jack says. But the sea-life's a hard calling, look at it from which end of a ship ye may.—How did you get on in your watch on deck, Mr Dugdale?' he added with a gaunt smile, in which I could not distinguish the least complexion of mirth.

'There was nothing to be done,' said I, working away at a piece of salt beef, for I was exceedingly hungry.

'But ye'd have known what to do if there had been?' said he.

Miss Temple's glance admonished me to be wary.

'Oh, I am no sailor,' said I, 'in the sense that you and Mr Lush are sailors.'

'Not Mr Lush!' he cried, elevating his forefinger and staring hard at me past it. 'Mr Lush, as you term him, is a hog on two legs. Let him go on all-fours, and there's ne'er an old sow under a longboat that wouldn't take him to her heart as one of her long-lost children.—Such manners, mem!' he continued, addressing Miss Temple, whilst with upturned eyes and raised hands he counterfeited an air of disgust; 'when he ate, you could hear the smack of his lips fore and aft. He'd make nothing of laying hold of a bit of cold beef and gnawing upon it as a dawg might, head first on one side, then on t'other; and you'd find yourself listening to hear him growl, if you looked at him. And then his language! I've been eating by myself pretty nigh since Chicken died, but it's entertainment for me to have company; and he bestowed another bow upon each of us.

'You will not find the manners of a nobleman in a plain ship's carpenter,' said I, thankful to believe that he had forgotten the subject of my sea-going qualifications. But I was mistaken. He gazed at me with a steadfastness that was absolutely confusing, whilst he seemed lost in deep thought, then said:

'I'm not going to regard you, Mr Dugdale, as a tip-top sailor, of course. Ye've knocked off too long; but it'll all come back very soon.'

'Mr Dugdale was at sea for only two years,' said Miss Temple. 'It would be unreasonable to expect any one to know much of a calling in that time.'

'Don't you believe that, mem,' he exclaimed.

'After twelve months of it, there was but little left for me to learn—proper, I mean, to fit me to serve as able seaman aboard anything afloat, from a hoy to a line-of-battle ship.—What don't ye know now, Mr Dugdale?'

He somewhat softened his voice as he said this, and a queer sort of yearning expression entered his unwinking stare.

'Oh, much, captain, much,' I answered, smiling, yet feeling somewhat bothered betwixt these questions and Miss Temple's glances.

'You could put a ship about, I suppose?'

'Well, I might do that,' I replied; 'but there would be a chance of my getting her into irons, though.'

'You'd be able to know when to shorten sail anyway, and what orders to give. You told me ye could take a star?'

'Did I?' I exclaimed.

'Certainly you did, sir,' he cried.

'I do not recollect,' said Miss Temple.

'Ha!' he exclaimed, with another of his mirthless grins, 'the lady's afraid of your knowing too much, sir.—I don't mean no offence, but there's a fore-castle saying that all the male monkeys 'ud talk if it wasn't for their sweethearts, who advise them to hold their jaw lest they should be put upon.'

Miss Temple's face changed into stone, after one withering glance at the man, whose countenance remained distorted with a smile.

'Some of Jack's sayings are first class,' he went on.—'Yes, ye told me you could take a star.—Can you find the latitude by double altitudes?'

'A few trials would recall the trick, I daresay,' I answered.

'And of course you know how to find the longitude by lunar observations?'

'Pray excuse me, Captain Braine,' said I; 'but what, may I inquire, is your motive in asking these questions?'

He eyed me fixedly for some moments, and then silently nodded his head three or four times. Miss Temple seemed to shrink slightly as she watched him.

'Mr Dugdale,' said he very slowly, 'on your giving me to understand that you had served aboard an Indianman, I was willing to receive you and the lady aboard my ship. When you came aboard, you told me that you understood navigation. Didn't ye?'

I felt the blood in my cheek as I answered: 'I have some recollection of speaking to that effect.'

'Then why d'ye want to go and try to make out now that ye knows nothing about it?'

'I am trying to do nothing of the kind,' said I, assuming an air of dignity and resentment, though I feared it was good for very little. 'You have questioned me, sir, and now I ask you a question. I have a right to an answer, seeing how you expect that I should rapidly and fluently reply to you.'

'I'll be talking to you afore long,' he said, bestowing another succession of dark mysterious nods upon me.

'Captain Braine,' cried Miss Temple, breaking with an air of consternation out of the cold, contemptuous resentment that had made marble of her face, 'you have rescued us from a condition of dreadful distress, and I have your promise

ness upon me. 'Good-night, Miss Temple,' said I. She entered her cabin looking as though her heart was too full for speech, and closed the door.

I was now feeling mighty weary, yet, as I feared that she might need me, or, in some nervous fit, knock if it were but to know that I was awake, I filled my pipe, got into Mr Chicken's bunk, and sat smoking. I cannot express the peculiar character of the stillness down here. It was very extraordinarily accentuated by the sounds which at intervals penetrated it: such as the muffled jar of the rudder working upon its post, the dim wash of water, startlingly close at hand, along with the faint seething noise of the barque's wake hissing within arm's reach, as it seemed, and coming and going upon the hearing fitfully. The suit of oilskins against the bulkhead swayed to the heave of the fabric, and they resembled the body of a man who had hanged himself by the nail from which they dangled. There was a pair of sea-boots up in a corner with a dropsical bulging out about the foot of them in the part where a man's bunions would come, and they showed so very much as if they had just been drawn off the legs of Mr Chicken, that they grew ghastly presently, and to relieve my imagination, I directed my eyes at other objects.

I sat smoking and full of thought. My eyelids were as of lead, yet my mind continued impertinently active. The horrors we had escaped from lay like the shadow of a thunder-cloud upon my spirits; the oppression was too violent to suffer the continuance of any emotion of exultation over our deliverance. Dark and dismal fancies possessed me. I thought of Captain Braine as a man whose reason was unsound, and who was capable of playing me some devilish trick; I thought of the coarse and surly carpenter, and of the charge of murder hinted against him by the skipper. I thought of the convicts and of the mutineer in the fore-castle, and then, my raven-like imagination going to Miss Temple, I reflected that I was unarmed, that I had no weapon about me but a knife, that could prove of very little use should it come to my having to make a fight for it for hers and my own life. Surely, I mused, old Chicken will not have come to sea without some instrument of self-defence, be it blunderbuss, pistol, or cutlass.

I took an earnest view of the interior. There was a locker against the bulkhead that divided Miss Temple's cabin from mine; I had incuriously opened and looked into it when searching for something to divert ourselves with, being by the time I had come to that locker too tired to continue overhauling the dead man's effects. Besides this receptacle there were two chests of clothes and other matters along with a bagful of things, and a shelf over the bunk filled with odds and ends. There was still above an hour of candle-light in the lantern. I raised the lid of the locker, and found within a truly miscellaneous 'raffle' of objects, as a sailor would term it: charts, slippers, sextant in a case, a number of tobacco pipes, bundles of papers, and I know not what besides. At the bottom, in the left-hand corner, was a small canvas bag very weighty for its size. I drew it out, and found

about forty pounds in gold inside it, with three Australian one-pound notes, dark with thumbing and pecketing, and a five-pound note scarcely distinguishable for dirt and creases. I replaced the bag; and coming to the other end of the locker, working my way to it through a very rag-and-bottle shop of queer gatherings, I met with the object that I was longing for: to wit, a heavy, long, double-barreled pistol, with a couple of nipples and a ramrod, and a butt massive enough to bring an ox to earth with. There were a parcel of bullets and a small brown powder-flask full in the piece of canvas in which the pistol was wrapped; but for some time I could not find any caps. Without them, the pistol would not be of the least use, and my satisfaction yielded to mortification as I continued to probe into the locker without result. I was about to abandon the quest in despair, when my fingers touched a circular metal box like to those which used to contain paste for the polishing of boots: I fished it up, and was mighty glad to find it filled with caps. Come, thought I, if difficulties are to happen, I am better off now than I was half an hour ago, anyhow.

All this time there had been no noise next door, and I could but hope that Miss Temple was sleeping. I carefully put the pistol and its little furniture into the foot of my bunk, and pulling off my coat and waistcoat, and removing my shoes, I vaulted on to Mr Chicken's mattress, blew out the candle in the lantern, and stretched my length. It was hard upon two o'clock, however, before I fell asleep. The scuttle or port-hole was abreast of the bunk, and the black disc of it framed the low-lying stars of the horizon as they slid up and down to the lift and fall of the hull. Perhaps by this time to-morrow we may be aboard a ship homeward-bound, I remember thinking: and that was the last of my thoughts that night, for I immediately afterwards sank into a sound sleep.

RAILWAY COMMISSION JOTTINGS.

To the general public the Board of Trade Inquiry into railway rates presents but few attractive features, yet there are interesting items of information to be found among the mass of evidence, which arrest the attention, and stand out in welcome relief from the dry technicalities of which it mainly consists.

One can hardly fail to be struck, for instance, with the magnitude of some of the items of expenditure. It transpired in evidence that it is proposed to incur an expense of a million pounds in enlarging Liverpool Street Station, which cost the Great Eastern shareholders considerably more than that sum to erect; while another London station—the South-Western Goods Depot at Nine Elms—is to have one hundred thousand pounds spent upon it in improvements. The manager of the latter line alluded to the additional expense caused by fogs, stating that a week of fog in London would double the cost of terminal services at Nine Elms. Serious delays are also due to this cause, particularly to goods-traffic. Passenger trains must, of course, be run as near to time as

safety will permit; but any one unacquainted with railway working would be astonished at the confusion thereby caused to goods-traffic. Sidings will be blocked up by train behind train, which, when they are allowed to move on, only crawl along a few miles at a time. Long-journey trains to and from the north—when consisting of empty wagons or comparatively unimportant traffic—sometimes reach their destination nearly a day late! It is easy to see how largely the 'overtime' returns are affected by the same cause. The drivers and guards in charge of these unfortunate trains cannot leave them, for, although they may stand in a siding for hours together unable to proceed, they are all the time uncertain how long the detention may last. The fog-signalmen constitute quite an army when the fog extends over a large area, and many thousands of the well-known detonating signals are used. The former are drawn from the ranks of the platelayers, &c., and are often called out for a night's 'fogging' just as they have finished a hard day's work. The chairman of the London and North-Western Railway—Sir Richard Moon—once stated at a half-yearly meeting of that company that they had no fewer than 3700 men acting as special fog-signalmen during a five days' fog, which had occurred a few weeks previously.

Another surprisingly large item of expenditure was mentioned in the evidence relating to coal wagons. The Midland Company have for the last few years been buying up the trucks of private owners. The well-known 'M. R.' may now be seen upon a very large number of coal wagons, and it seems that the Midland Company have spent no less than a million and a half in acquiring them. As this sum is equal to the cost of about three thousand eight hundred first-class carriages, it must represent an enormous number of coal wagons. The wisdom of this step, like others ventured upon by this enterprising company, was much questioned by its competitors; but it is asserted that it has been found very advantageous both to the company and their customers.

When speaking of 'perishable' traffic, the Great Northern manager gave a description of the vehicles used for the conveyance of fish. It appears that these are each capable of containing two tons, and are divided into four water-tight compartments lined with lead. On the arrival of the train in London, each tank is lifted bodily by a crane out of the wagon, put on a street trolley, and taken direct to market without the fish having been handled at all. Everything—except express passenger trains—has to give way to fish-traffic; and as it is uncertain and inconstant, special trains frequently have to be made up at short notice. Fresh-meat traffic, too, is rapidly pushed through, and is also conveyed in specially constructed, well-ventilated covered wagons. The trains of competing companies fairly race each other with traffic of this description, and in the event of delay, heavy claims for compensation have sometimes to be met, to avoid the risk of losing it.

Cattle are another 'uncertain quantity,' also frequently requiring special trains and quick transit. It is often purposely arranged for cattle to be ready for conveyance on Sunday. Indeed,

Mr Shaw, of the Lancashire and Yorkshire line, said that in the course of a year thirty thousand trucks of cattle were sent from Liverpool to the Manchester cattle station at Windsor Bridge; and 'he was ashamed to say it was nearly all brought on Sundays.'

The peculiar nature of some of the consignments tendered for conveyance may be noticed. Sometimes it is impossible to convey them at all except by using the whole breadth of the railway. This, we believe, was originally arranged in the case of the great bell of St Paul's, which, however, eventually journeyed from Loughborough to London by road. Boilers and machinery are sometimes of huge bulk and unwieldy proportions; while other consignments are exceptionally fragile and valuable. The companies seek to be empowered to make special charges for such exceptional traffic; and in course of examination on this point, the London and South-Western manager (Mr Scotter) mentioned that his company had recently conveyed five hundred and thirty-two packages of specie weighing twenty-two tons, two cases of precious stones (two hundredweight), fifty bottles of quicksilver, a case of zinc statues, two boxes containing busts valued at three hundred pounds, and an elephant!

So far we have dealt solely with points brought forward by the witnesses representing the railway interest, but equally interesting items are to be found in the evidence given by the traders, which form the second stage of the proceedings. These may be described as a tug-of-war between the two interests, the former seeking to provide for contingencies by establishing higher maximum rates, while the traders have naturally endeavoured to get them pulled down.

Fruit-growers have for many years complained of the railway rates, in the south of England especially. In the Kent district, fruit has frequently been allowed to rot upon the trees on account of the expense which would have to be incurred in getting it to the London market. The most powerful lever with which to induce railway companies to lower their rates is water competition; and in 1887 the Kent fruit-growers chartered a small steamboat for the conveyance of their produce to London. This had often been threatened without producing any effect; but the steamer had only made one or two trips before the railway rates were considerably reduced.

Many of the arguments used by the traders turned upon the danger of native industries being destroyed by foreign competition if the home-growers or manufacturers were handicapped by unduly heavy railway expenses. Mr Maconochie, the well-known fish-merchant of London, Lowestoft, and Wick, stated that a few years ago the fish-trade amounted to £14,000,000, but had now decreased by some £6,000,000, mainly owing to this cause. The Vice-president of the Birmingham Fish and Game Dealers' Association in his evidence on this point gave some interesting details in support of Mr Maconochie's statement. He said that they received three hundred and twenty-five packages of fish from Stornoway via Strone Ferry which realised £275, 16s.; while the railway charges came to £103, 3s., with £12, 9s. 10d. additional for returned empties. In another case, a train-load of fish was sent

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from Wick to Birmingham (five hundred and eighty-seven miles). This produced £162, 10s., and the carriage amounted to £116. Similar evidence was given by Sheffield witnesses, who also gave cases showing that the railway company received upwards of fifty per cent. of the total proceeds.

This must leave a poor pittance for the toiling fishermen; but the writer was once shown a salesman's account for some apples sent to Birmingham from a town in a neighbouring county, which was actually several shillings *against* the grower, the salesman asking him for a remittance of the balance! The proceeds had been more than swallowed up by railway charges and commission, and the latter item was certainly not at all exorbitant. Potatoes are also frequently sent up to London with results almost as discouraging; although, it must be said, the fault is not all with the railway companies.

The railway managers seemed to consider that too much was being made of the 'foreign-competition' plea, and when it was brought forward by the representative of the British Dairy Farmers' Association with regard to milk, it was spoken of as absurd and visionary. The witness, however, promptly rejoined that he had himself been asked to become English Manager for a Dutch Milk Company. In fact, milk can be and has been brought over in a frozen state from both Holland and Denmark, though not at present in large quantities; and it would surely be almost humiliating if we should be driven to the importation of milk as well as of eggs and butter. A Cheshire farmer, who stated that he sent away sixty-eight thousand gallons of milk last year, complained very strongly of lack of convenience and assistance at the stations. He said that on one occasion his milk-cans were left behind, and although they did not reach their destination until the afternoon—four and a half hours late—he could get no compensation. The milk was at the railway gate, but he could get no one to assist the carter to lift the cans up on to the platform.

As to the reality of foreign competition in the cattle and meat trade, there could be no question. A large live-stock trade is kept up with America in spite of the heavy losses which so frequently occur. Out of a total of four hundred and seventy-five head of cattle which left New York on board the *Lake Superior* a short time ago, only one hundred and forty were landed at Liverpool, three hundred and thirty-five having perished on the voyage. The same week the *Manitoba* arrived in Glasgow and reported a loss of over two hundred head of cattle during the trip. As regards dead-meat, Australia and New Zealand are in the lists as well as America; indeed, the former country appears desirous of supplying us with potatoes too, an experimental cargo having been sent to England from Melbourne last January.

A grievance of the cattle-dealers turned upon the date at which lambs arrive at the dignity of sheep, the latter animal being subject to higher railway charges than the former, in the same way as adults pay higher fares than children. It appears that while on Scotch lines the 31st of October is the recognised date, in England it is the 31st of August; and the 30th of September was suggested by the English dealers as a compromise.

A witness from Yorkshire gave the following instance which recently occurred to himself where the railway charge for a comparatively short journey prevented a sale of sheep. A farmer at York wished to dispose of two hundred sheep suitable for Peterborough market. The witness could have bought them for fifty shillings each, and disposed of them at Peterborough for fifty-two shillings. The railway rate, however, came to one shilling and eightpence-halfpenny per head, and the cost of driving and feeding for two nights would have absorbed the rest of the two shillings, and they were consequently left on the farmer's hands.

According to a Wiltshire witness, however, the railway charges for sheep are very favourable compared with those for pigs. This gentleman, as may be guessed, represented the bacon industry, and he stated that the proposed rates would prejudicially affect that industry, as the average increase in the rates would be 36·62 per cent. The result of the changes proposed by the London and South-Western Railway were spoken of as most startling, increasing the charge for pigs in some cases two hundred and eighty-eight per cent. As a matter of fact, the company proposed to charge for the conveyance of a pig seventy miles a little more than was now charged for a third-class passenger!

FORGET-ME-NOT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'SUNNY April' of the poet's fancy had faded into May, and at length had succumbed to the warmth of early summer. Though the season had been a late one, hedges and sloping woodlands glowed with a tender mass of greenery against a snowy background of pear-blossom and pink flushed apple-bloom. The fortunate 'ten thousand,' dragged captive behind the gilded chariot of Fashion, turned their faces from the fresh-born beauty, now at its best and brightest, to slave and toil, to triumph and be triumphed over; for the first Drawing-room was 'ancient history,' and the lilacs in the Park were fragrant with pink flowers. Town was very full—that is to say, the four millions and odd thousands of suffering, struggling humanity were augmented by the handful of fellow-creatures who aspire to lead the world and make the most of life. The Academy had opened its door for nearly a month, and the *dilettanti*, inspired by the critics, had stamped with the hall-marks of success the masterpieces of Orchardson and Solomon, had dwelt upon the vivid classicality of Alma Tadema, and listened in languid rapture on opera nights to Patti and Marie Roze. Already those who began to feel the heat and clamour of 'the sweet shady side of Pall Mall' sighed in secret for the freshness of green fields, and were counting the days which intervened between them and 'royal Ascot.'

It is a fine thing, doubtless, to be one of Fortunatus's favourites, to rise upon gilded pinions, and to soar whither one listeth; to be

in a position to transport the glorious freshness of the country into the stifled atmosphere of towns. Down the sacred streets, sun-blinds of fancy hues and artistic arrangement repelled the ardent heat, filtered the light through silken draperies of pink and mauve on to pyramids and banks of fragrant flowers, gardenias and orchids, and the deep-blue violets, fresh and dewy from the balmy Riviera itself.

A glorious day had been succeeded by a perfect night. Gradually the light deepened till the golden outlines of the mansions in Arlington Street gave promise of the coming moon, rising gradually, a glowing saffron crescent, into the blue vault overhead. From every house there seemed to float the sound of revelry; a constant line of carriages filtered down the street; and many outcasts, drifting Heaven alone knows where, caught a passing glimpse of fairyland behind the ferns and gleaming statuary, behind doors flung, with mocking hospitality, open.

There was one loiterer there who took slight heed of those things. His shabby raiment might at one time have been well made, but now it was no longer presentable in such an aristocratic quarter; his boots, trodden down at heel, a scant protection against the heat of the fiery pavement. The face was that of a man who had seen better days, a young face, not more than thirty at the outside, a handsome countenance withal; but saddened by care and thought, and the hard lines of cultivated cynicism, peculiar to the individual who is out of suits with fortune. For a moment he stood idly watching an open door, before which stood a neatly-appointed brougham; and within the brilliantly-lighted vestibule, half in shadow and half in the gloom, a tall graceful figure loitered, a haughty-looking woman, with a black lace mantilla twisted round her uplifted head. It was a striking picture—the dainty aristocrat within, the neglected wanderer without; he half shrinking in the shadows, she clear cut as cameo against the blazing light, a background of flowers and ferns to show off her regal beauty.

As she swept down the steps at length towards the carriage, something bright and shining fell from her throat, and lay gleaming on the marble tiles at her feet. Apparently the loss was unnoticed, for the brougham door was closed behind her before the stranger stepped forward and raised the trinket from its perilous position.

'I think you have dropped this,' he said quietly, with a tone and ease of manner in startling contrast to his appearance. 'May I be allowed to restore it to you?'

The haughty beauty, disturbed in some pleasant reverie, looked up almost without catching the meaning of the words. She saw nothing more than a humble individual of a class as distinct from her own as the poles are apart, who, perhaps in the hope of a small reward, had hastened to restore the lost property to its rightful owner.

'Oh, thank you,' she replied, half turning in his direction, at the same time taking the brooch and placing a piece of money in the stranger's hand. 'I should have been greatly distressed to have lost this.'

'The miniature must be valuable,' returned the stranger, mechanically regarding the coin in his hand. 'But you will pardon me in calling

attention to another mistake.—You have given me a sovereign.'

'You scarcely deem it enough,' said the girl, with a half-smile, as the strange anomaly of her position flashed across her mind. 'If'—

'On the contrary, madam, I am more than rewarded.'

'No,' as she once more opened the little ivory purse.

Again the palpable absurdity of her situation struck the listener. That she was speaking to a man of education there was no longer reason to doubt. And yet the fact of his accepting the sovereign severely militated against the fact of his being what his language implied.

'You surely are a man of education, are you not?' she asked.

'Really, I can hardly tell you,' he answered with some confusion. Then suddenly pulling himself together he said: 'But I am presuming. It is so long since a lady spoke to me, that for a moment I have forgotten that I am—what I am.'

He had lost himself for a moment, thinking himself back in the world again, till his eyes fell upon the silver harness glittering in the moonlight, and the marble statuary gleaming in the vestibule behind. But the listener drew herself up none the higher, and regarded him with a look of interest in her dark dreamy eyes.

'I do not think so,' she said; 'and I—I am sorry for you if you need my pity. If I can do anything'—

Some sudden thought seemed to strike her, for she turned half away, as if ashamed of her interest in the stranger, and motioned the servant to close the carriage door behind her. The loiterer watched the brougham till it mingled with the stream of vehicles, and then, with a sigh, turned away.

'261 Arlington Street,' he murmured to himself. 'I must remember that. And they say there is no such thing as fate! Vere, Vere, if you had only known who the recipient of your charity was.'

He laid the glittering coin on his palm, so that the light streamed upon it, and gazed upon the little yellow disc as if it had been some priceless treasure. In his deep abstraction, he failed to notice that standing by his side was another wayfarer, regarding the sovereign with hungry eyes.

'Mate,' exclaimed the mendicant eagerly, 'that was very nigh being mine.'

The owner of the coin turned abruptly to the speaker. He beheld a short powerful-looking individual, dressed in rough cloth garments, his closely-cropped bullet-shaped head adorned by a greasy fur cap, shiny from long wear and exposure to all kinds of weather.

'It might have been mine,' he continued; 'only you were too quick for me. With a sick wife and three children starvin' at home, it's hard.'

'Where do you live?' asked the fortunate one abruptly.

'Mitre Court, Marchant Street, over Westminster Bridge. It's true what I'm tellin' you. And if you *could* spare a shillin'—'

The questioner took five shillings from his pocket and laid them on his open palm. As he

replied, he eyed his meaner brother in misfortune with a shady glance, in which sternness was not altogether innocent of humour. 'I have seen you before,' he observed, 'and so, if I am not mistaken, have the police. You can have the five shillings, and welcome, which just leaves me this one sovereign. I am all the more sorry for you because I have the honour of residing in that desirable locality myself.' So saying, and dropping the coins one by one into the mendicant's outstretched hand, and altogether ignoring his fervid thanks, John Winchester, to give the wanderer his proper name, walked on, every trace of cynicism passed from his face, leaving it soft and handsome. His head was drawn up proudly, for he was back with the past again, and but for his sorry dress, might have passed for one to the manner born.

Gradually the streets became shabbier and more squalid as he walked along; the fine shops gave place to small retailers' places of business; even the types of humanity began to change. Westminster Bridge with its long lane of lights was passed, till at length the pedestrian turned down one of the dark unwholesome lanes leading out of the main road, a street with low evil-looking houses, the inhabitants of which enjoyed a reputation by no means to be envied by those who aspired to be regarded as observers of the law. But adversity, which makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, had inured the once fastidious Winchester to a company at once contemptible and uncongenial. He pursued his way quietly along till at length he turned into one of the darkest houses, and walking cautiously up the rickety uneven stairs, entered a room at the top of the house, a room devoted to both living and sleeping purposes, and illuminated by a solitary oil-lamp.

Lying on a bed was a man half asleep, who, as Winchester entered, looked round with sleepy eyes; fine gray eyes they might have been, but for their red line and bloodshot tinge, which spoke only too plainly of a life of laxity and dissipation. In appearance he was little more than a youth, a handsome youth but for the fretful expression of features, and the extreme weakness of the mouth, not wholly disguised by a fair moustache.

'What a time you have been!' he cried petulantly. 'I almost go mad lying here contemplating these bare walls and listening to those screaming children. The mystery to me is where they all come from.'

Winchester glanced round the empty room, all the more naked and ghastly by reason of certain faint attempts to adorn its native hideousness, and smiled in contemptuous self-pity. The plaster was peeling from the walls, hidden here and there by unframed water-colours, grim in contrast; while in one corner an easel had been set up, on which a half-finished picture had been carelessly thrust. Through the open windows a faint fetid air percolated from the court below in unwholesome currents, ringing with the screams of children, or the sound of muffled curses in a deeper key.

'"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming, and grow brighter when we come." Poverty calls for companionship, my dear Chris.

Why not have come out with me and seen the great world enjoying itself? I have been up west doing Peri at the gates of Paradise.'

'How can I venture out?' exclaimed the younger man with irritation. 'How can a man show himself in such miserable rags as these? It isn't every one who is blessed with your cosmopolitan instincts.—But enough of this frivolity. The first great question is, have you had any luck? The second, and of no less importance, how much?'

'In plain English, have I any money?—Voilà!'

Winchester drew the precious coin from his pocket and flung it playfully across to his companion. His eyes glittered, his face flushed till it grew almost handsome again; then he turned to the speaker with a look nearly approaching gratitude, or as near that emotion as a weak selfish nature can approach. Winchester laughed, not altogether pleasantly, as he noticed Ashton's rapidly-changing expression of feature.

'Pon my word, Jack, you are a wonderful fellow; and what I should do without you I dare not contemplate. Have you found any deserving picture-dealer who had sufficient discrimination to'—

'Picture-dealer!' Winchester echoed scornfully. 'Mark you, I have been doing what I never did before—something, I trust, I shall never be called to do again. I told you I had been up west, and so I have, hanging about the great houses in expectation of picking up a stray shilling; I, John Winchester, Artist and Gentleman. And yet, somehow, I don't feel that I have quite forfeited my claim to the title.'

'You are a good fellow, Jack, the best friend I ever had,' said Chris Ashton after a long eloquent pause. 'I should have starved, I should have found a shelter in jail, or a grave in the river long ago, had it not been for you. And if it had not been for me, you would be a useful member of society still. And yet, I do not think I am naturally bad; there must be some taint in my blood, I fancy. What a fool I have been, and how happy I was till I met Wingate.'

The melancholy dreariness of retrospection, the contemplation of the 'might have been,' dimmed the gray eyes for a moment; while Winchester, his thoughts far away, pulled his beard in silent rumination.

'When you left the army three years ago'—
'When I was cashiered three years ago,' Ashton corrected. 'Don't mince matters.'

'Very well. When you were cashiered for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, you came to me, and I saved you from serious consequences. You were pretty nearly at the end of your tether then, and Wingate was quite at the end of his; you had spent all your share of your grandfather's money, and your sister had helped you also. When Wingate stole that forged bill of yours, that I had redeemed, from my studio, you thought it was merely to have a hold upon you, in which you are partly mistaken. He kept it because he imagined that, by making a judicious use of the document, your sister might be induced to marry him to shield you.'

'At anyrate, he profited little by that scheme. There was a time, Jack, when I thought you were in love with Vere.'

Winchester bent forward till his face rested on his hands. 'I always was; I suppose I always shall. If it had not been for your grandfather's money—— But there is nothing to be gained by this idle talk. That is the only thing I have to regret in my past, that and my own thriftless idleness. Carelessly enough, I sacrificed all my happiness. Little Vere, poor child! What would she say if I were to remind her of a certain promise now!'

'Marry you,' Ashton replied with conviction. 'Ay, in spite of everything.'

Winchester laughed, joylessly, bitterly, as he listened. He, a social outcast, beyond the pale of civilisation almost; she, with beauty and fortune, and if rumour spoke correctly, with the strawberry leaves at her feet, if she only cared to stoop and raise them to her brows. A sweet vision of a fair pleading face, lighted by a pair of dark brown eyes, looking trustingly into his own, rose up with faint comfort out of the dead mist of five years ago.

'Some day I fancy you will come together again, you and she, Jack, when I am no longer a burden to you. If I could rid myself of my Frankenstein, my old man of the sea, I would have one more try. But I cannot; my nerve is gone, and I am, after all, a poor pitiful coward. —I must tell you, I must: Wingate has been here again.'

There is something very terrible in the spectacle of a strong man crushed by the weight of an overwhelming despair. Winchester crossed over and laid his hand in all kindness on his friend's shoulder, though his face was black and stern. For a moment it seemed that he would give way to the passion burning in every vein; but by a great effort he controlled himself.

'And what is the latest piece of scoundrelism, may I ask?'

Ashton's face was still turned away from the speaker. His reply came painfully, as if the words cost him an effort. 'At first I refused, till he held that bill over my head and frightened me. It is bad this time, very bad; for, disguise it how he will, it is nothing but burglary. They want me to help them; they say I can if I will. And if not?'

'Ah, so it has come to that at last. You know something of the plans, of course. Where is the place they propose to honour with a visit?'

'Somewhere in the West End—Arlington Street, I fancy; anyway, it is some great house, the residence of a well-known heiress. Wingate did not say whose, but the number is 280 or 281.'

Winchester's face was very grave now, and almost solemn in its intensity. A dim glimmering of the vileness of the plot began to permeate his understanding. That Wingate, the before-mentioned scoundrel, knew full well who the heiress was, he saw no reason to doubt.

'Chris,' said he, with quiet earnestness, 'turn over and look me in the face;' which the unhappy youth did with a strange feeling of coming relief.

'I told you I had been loitering in the streets to-night, and one of the streets I happened to choose was Arlington Street—by chance, as some

people would say. By the same chance, as I was waiting there, a beautiful girl came down the steps to her brougham, arrayed for some gaiety or another. In so doing she dropped a valuable ornament, and passed into her carriage without noticing her loss. I hastened to restore it to her; my back was to the light, so she could not recognise me. But I did recognise her. She gave me the sovereign lying there, and what was better, she gave me her sweet womanly sympathy. It was not out of any idle curiosity that I made a note of the number of the house. —I hope you are listening to me, Chris?'

'Yes, dear old fellow, I am listening.'

'It was 281, and she was the heiress Wingate mentioned. You think the coincidence ends here, but not quite. I said that I recognised her; I also said she could not recognise me. Can you guess who it was?'

'Not—not Vere?' Ashton exclaimed brokenly—my sister?'

'It was Vere, changed, more beautiful, but the same Vere.—Now, cannot you see the whole fiendishness of Wingate's plot? Cannot you see that if anything is discovered, he will get off scot free, when you are implicated? My boy, I am going to play a bold stroke for your freedom. I am going to break the vow I made five years ago, in the hope that good may come of it. Treat Wingate for the present as if you are still his tool, and trust me, for beyond the darkness I see light at last.'

A CHAT ABOUT JERSEY.

THE change from England to Jersey is amusing and interesting. St Heliers, the town and chief port of the island, has an odd touch of the small British colony mingled with the air of a French town; you notice French names over the shops, hear that language spoken in the streets and markets, and come upon French people everywhere; while the peasantry retain well-marked traces in language and habits of their old Norman origin. The colonial features present themselves in a legislative assembly, called 'the States,' a Government House, a distinct native population, and a mode of life without bustle and rush, but with plenty of ease and leisure.

The scenery has great charms, and is, like the isle itself, in miniature; but it fascinates all lovers of Nature's beauties. The limited extent of the isle may be readily comprehended when you find you cannot proceed straight on in any direction for ten miles without getting into the sea. The climate is more genial, the winter milder, shorter, with more sunshine and less frost and fog than that of England. Life here may be pleasantly easy or delightfully indolent, as you prefer. No one is ever in haste about anything, unless, perchance, to catch the morning steam-packet for England, which starts before eight A.M. This calls on us for some little effort, as our custom is to rise late, even though few of us squander the midnight oil.

Society is gay and fond of pleasure, less formal and stiff, and with more attractions than in most English provincial towns. It is formed of the principal Jersey families, of residents who have

migrated from England or elsewhere, and of officers of the small garrison. Most of the residents are retired officers and their families, many of whom have passed years under tropical suns, and find in this island advantages of climate and moderate expenses. They bring with them many daughters, and send their sons away; so young and pretty girls are numerous, whereas men are scarce. During winter, frequent balls and concerts, amateur theatricals and card-parties, make time pass in lively fashion.

May and June are the season for perfect enjoyment of the exquisite scenery, which is a rare combination of lovely landscapes and picturesque coast; grass slopes with trees and shrubs, wild-flowers, heath and yellow gorse, run down to the bright sea-beach; strangely weird and gloomy caverns lie hid beneath precipitous cliffs, on whose summit sheep browse plentifully, while the restless blue sea glitters in the sunshine away to the dim outline of the coast of Brittany. Then you wander inland, on horseback or on foot, through winding lanes shaded by overarching elms, and beech and ilex; down lovely glens, where the young growth of foliage, flowers, and ferns is in full luxuriance, and the air seems so fresh though faintly perfumed.

We amuse ourselves in summer with picnics and dances, lawn-tennis and croquet, and occasional race-meetings, athletic sports, and cricket matches. The Lawn-tennis Club ground at St Heliers is a favourite resort, especially when a military band plays; there you will meet numbers of pretty and smartly-dressed girls, some keen for the game; others inclined rather to saunter and show off the last new frock or dainty hat, and enjoy tea and talk under the trees. Jersey must surely be the only place in the world where ladies have been ordered by law to hold their tongues; history records that this actually occurred in the year 1644, when Sir George Carteret, then Lieutenant-governor, compelled ladies to give substantial security that they would not chatter! The effect of this ordinance does not appear to have been lasting.

Although the sea is all around and so close at hand, there does not exist any fine bathing resort. Havre-des-Pas, a mile from St Heliers, is the most frequented bathing-place, but, like the harbour, it is without water as often as not; the tide recedes far, and leaves bare for hours a dreary expanse of rocks, sand, and seaweed. There are several good houses; but ugly rows of inferior dwellings destroy the appearance of the sea-frontage. It is remarkable that no attempt has been made to establish a bathing resort along the charming stretch of coast between Mont Orgueil Castle and Anne Port, where Nature offers beautiful sites for villas, sheltered inlets, and a fine bay of shingle, with ample depth of water at all states of the tide. Near Anne Port is a Druidical monument well worth inspection.

The old castle of Mont Orgueil stands imposingly on a projecting rocky crest high above the sea. Its ancient Norman chapel is at times used as a ballroom, and the queer old chambers, which used to be inhabited by stern warriors and prisoners of state, often echo now with cheery laughter. This fortress has experienced strange vicissitudes; captured by surprise by a French force in the fifteenth century, it was twice be-

sieged within a few years, and the French were expelled. Two centuries later, Lady de Carteret held the castle for King Charles I. against the Parliamentarians; and in the time of the Commonwealth, Dean Bandinel and his son, prisoners there, attempted a daring escape, but died of injuries received through falling on the rocks from a rope that broke as they descended. The view from the summit embraces the white coast of Normandy and the spire of Contance Cathedral; it repays fully the exertion of ascent.

Below the castle, Gorey Common stretches along the shore, where excellent golf-links, a race-course, and rifle-ranges are well frequented at different seasons. The game of golf flourishes, and is the chief sport of many men with plenty of leisure and little occupation, who have pitched their tent in the island.

The town of St Heliers becomes thronged with tourists during the months of August and September, and they drive on four-horsed *chairs-à-banc*, with guides as escort, who blow horns and give the usual historical sketches, over the chief roads to well-known points, where scenery is fine and hostelries tolerable. They visit Grève-de-Lecq and Plemont, renowned for steep cliffs, deep caverns, and fine lobsters; Rozel, with its tropical gardens and oyster-beds; the pretty village of St Aubins; and the wild Cornier, with its lighthouse and dreadful rocks, besides dozens of other curious and picturesque spots. The cars rattle back towards evening through the town; the excursionists are in a buoyant and songful mood, and popular choruses of 'Hail, Columbia,' 'Britons never, never shall be Slaves,' and such-like, resound in the narrow streets. After dinner, the favourite resort is the Pavilion, where a music-hall entertainment and a military band performing in prettily illuminated grounds enliven the evening.

A couple of thousand militiamen, who serve without pay under a system of obligatory universal service, which is not fully appreciated by all of them, form the local defensive force of the island. There exists in addition a large reserve of trained men, who could be called out in case of emergency. A French force managed to effect a landing in 1781, but met with a warm reception, and was thoroughly routed at the battle of Jersey, when the gallant Major Pierson fell at the moment of victory. There is much warlike pomp on Her Majesty's birthday, when the Royal Jersey Militia and the regular troops turn out in review order and march past, usually on the St Aubins sands. Cocked-hats and plumes career round on horseback, carriages filled with gaily-dressed ladies roll along, and the populace presses forward on foot; a *feu de joie* rattles down the thin red line, and a royal salute booms from the guns of Elizabeth Castle. All the world looks pleased—and dusty.

Elizabeth Castle is an odd pile of buildings on a low rocky islet near the entrance of St Heliers harbour, and is still occupied as a fortress. Its founding was peculiar. In the time of Edward VI. the Reformation struck deep root in Jersey, and it was deemed fit to sell the bells of the churches and appropriate the funds thus obtained towards improving the defences, and specially for the erection of a castle on the islet.

A quaint ceremony, a relic of feudal times, is

the opening of the Cour d'Héritage, which takes place twice a year. The Bailiff (chief magistrate) and the Lieutenant-governor occupy two central raised seats in the Royal Court, with the *jurats* on either side, all being arrayed in red robes. Below and facing them sit the Crown officers, an official known as the *dénonciateur*, who bears a silver-gilt mace, presented to the Court by King Charles II.; and officers of the staff in uniform; whilst feudal seigneurs, *prévôts*, and *chefs sergens*, advocates, and a crowd of ladies, fill up the body of the chamber, the approaches to which are lined by soldiers bearing halberds. In the course of the proceedings, which are conducted in the French language, the seigneurs have to respond when their names are called, the *prévôts* and *chefs sergens* produce statements of revenue for their respective parishes, and the advocates are required to renew their oaths. The Queen's proclamation for the encouragement of virtue and punishment of vice is read finally.

Amongst the ancient laws of Jersey is a peculiar form of appeal, which, it is believed, had its origin in the time of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, and remains in force to this day. When a man finds a neighbour encroaching on his property, he goes down on his knees, in the presence of witnesses, and calls for Rollo's assistance in these terms: 'Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! à l'aide mon Prince, on me fait tort.' Hereupon, all encroachment or trespass must be suspended until the Royal Court has deliberated and given judgment in the matter. The Prince held the scales of justice; no subject was to suffer a wrong; an appeal to him was not to be in vain.

A SILVER ROUBLE.

I.

It was in November 1874 that I succeeded in gaining an appointment that took me far out of the beaten track of the general traveller. Owing to the influence of an old friend in St Petersburg, I was appointed to the post of superintending engineer to one of the steamboat companies trading on the Amoor River, in Eastern Siberia; and the same letter which reached me in London notifying my promotion, also contained instructions for my immediate departure to take up my duties at Bladivostock, the company's headquarters on the Pacific coast. I had been expecting this journey for some days, and consequently the preparations I had to make before starting were soon completed. Within a week from the receipt of that letter I was in St Petersburg; thence I travelled to Moscow and Nijni, and at this latter place commenced the long sleigh-journey down the Volga river to Perm; then on by a single line of rail to Ekaterinburg, finding myself at last within Siberia and at the beginning of the strange journey across the thousands of miles of snow and ice dividing me from my destination.

After waiting at Ekaterinburg for a few days, spent in purchasing a suitable sleigh and laying in a stock of comforts to be used on the road, I eventually started. This was on the 19th December 1874. The first few days were a great

hardship to me, as I was unaccustomed to the cramped position necessitated by the size of my sleigh, and the bumping and swinging motion, as we trotted at a good pace over the frozen snow road, kept the sleep I so badly needed from my eyes. On Christmas Eve we had left the last posting-house at which we had changed horses some miles behind us, and I was settling myself into the fur rugs preparatory for a long night's journey, in fact I was just dropping off into a restless sleep, when—crash! went something under me, and in a moment I found myself half buried, head downwards, in the snow. With some difficulty I succeeded in extricating myself, and on rising to my feet, surveyed the scene with anything but pleasurable feelings. There, a few yards off, sat my drosky-man ruefully rubbing himself, apparently with a view of finding out if and where he was hurt. Close beside him lay the sleigh, bottom up, with my clothing, rugs, and paraphernalia strewn around. The two horses stood quietly looking on, only too glad, I suspect, of any excuse for a rest. I could hardly help laughing, although our position was anything but enviable. Here we were some miles from the nearest posthouse, the night coming on rapidly, and the thermometer any number of degrees below zero.

Knowing it was useless standing there thinking, I soon had my driver on his legs again, and found, greatly to my relief, that he was none the worse for his shaking. We then set about righting the sleigh, and I was able to see the cause of our mishap. The iron tire of one of the runners had become unfastened at the front end, and falling to the ground, had ploughed its way along, until, meeting a harder frozen part of the track, it had stopped us altogether, with the result I have described. Having found the cause, it did not take us long to put matters to rights; but considering it unwise to push on with the runner unprotected, I decided to retrace the road to our last stopping station, get things put right, and start fairly again in the morning.

After two hours' walking, we reached the small wooden house, and with some trouble succeeded in waking the owner; and we soon had the horses comfortably stabled in the outhouse, and ourselves supplied with beds for the night. In the morning, after breakfasting early, the horses were harnessed, and I proceeded to settle our bill of one rouble. Amongst the change for the note I had given him, the landlord gave me a silver rouble piece, which I noticed had apparently been roughly engraved; and on examining it closer, I found that not only was it pierced near the rim for a cord to pass through, but that on the reverse, some former owner had cut as if with a knife, a rough outline of a Greek cross. I did not pay much attention to this at the time; but thinking it curious, I placed it apart from the rest of my money, intending to keep it as a memento of our over-night adventure.

When, after many weeks and sundry adventures and hardships, I reached Bladivostock, I came upon this rouble in emptying the pockets of my clothes, and being again struck by its peculiar appearance, I decided to keep it as a curiosity; and often would I look at it, and

wonder what manner of man it was, and the reasons he could have had for treating a rouble in that manner.

II.

Again it was Christmas Eve; but time had gone by, and the Christmas of 1877 found me with the army of Suleiman Pasha, then fighting in the Schipka Pass against the Russians.

I had spent two long weary years in Siberia, and had succeeded in putting the affairs of my employers into better order; but finding the dishonesty of the under officials too much to contend against, I, with some degree of satisfaction, turned my back on things Russian and returned to London. I had been well paid for my work, and determined to enjoy myself in town, as one can after such prolonged absence in a country like Siberia. But the old longing for adventure and change soon took hold of me again, and when the Russian-Turkish war broke out, I was one of the first to offer myself as correspondent at the seat of war for a leading daily paper. My knowledge of the language and country procured me the post without difficulty, and I was soon on my way to Constantinople, fully bent on pushing to the front as quickly as possible. Once there, I had some difficulty in getting my papers signed; but at last all was in order, and on that Christmas Eve 1877 I was snugly ensconced in a wooden hut, with my feet to a blazing fire of pine-logs, smoking, and wondering what the good folks were doing in England. I was not alone, for amongst other Englishmen then with the army were Dr W— and Mr S—, both volunteers in the Stafford House employ, and both were doing their best to establish a service for the transport of the wounded to the rear. They were with me that night; and as we sat smoking round the fire we did not forget to pledge a health to friends and relatives at home.

That night we had scarcely settled ourselves to sleep, when we were awoke by the roar of artillery, and we knew that once more the Russians were endeavouring to force the passage of the Schipka Pass. We were soon outside, and the sharp whistle of bullets through the air told us only too plainly that severe business was meant. On either side of where we stood were the Turkish fortifications; and high up in the centre, right under the Russian lines, were the Turkish rifle-pits, which they had constructed with a view to advancing to the attack. Never shall I forget that Christmas Day. The fighting at the front was fierce, and each yard of ground was stubbornly contested. The wounded were coming back down the valley in a continuous stream, and a more ghastly sight than some of them presented may I never see. Their transport from the upper end of the defile, where the fighting was taking place, was very bad, owing to want of appliances; and it was a sad and dreadful sight to see the poor fellows coming down sorely wounded, leaning on their rifles or anything they could pick up, many dropping by the way to die, some owing to want of attention, others perhaps for a drink of water. Wherever one looked, the dead were lying thickly in every imaginable position, many with their poor white

faces turned to the sky, their hands crossed in a last prayer for release from their sufferings.

Towards evening the fighting died down, and at last, as the sun was sinking blood-red behind the snow-covered horizon, it ceased altogether, and I knew that for another night at least we might expect quiet. I returned to the little village of Shekirly, in a belt of forest within half a mile of the battlefield, and my thoughts rested sadly enough on the events of the day, and the hosts of dead and dying who only that morning were strong men, but were now lying uncared for, and half-buried in the fast and silently falling snow.

It was whilst plodding slowly on my way to the village where I hoped to find shelter for the night that I heard steps overtaking me, and turning round, saw two soldiers half carrying, half dragging between them the senseless body of a wounded Russian. They had made a rude stretcher with their rifles, upon which he was lying. One glance at the pale face lying there at my feet was enough to tell me the man was slowly bleeding to death, and on opening his coat I found him badly wounded by a bullet in the left forearm. It had evidently struck him just below the elbow, and tearing its way downwards, had passed out an inch or so above the wrist. The main artery of the arm was completely severed, and he was even then bleeding profusely. I saw not a moment was to be lost if his life was to be saved, and tearing the woollen scarf from my neck, I proceeded to tie it tightly around his arm above the wound; but this failed to stop the flow of blood, and I was beginning to despair of being able to save his life, when I remembered, that by placing some hard substance on the artery and afterwards tightly binding over it I could probably succeed in closing the passage. In a second my hand went to my pocket in search of some article that could be made to serve this purpose, and, strange to say, I brought out the silver rouble I had kept so long as a curiosity. There was no time to lose if I would save him, so in a few moments I had it bound securely over the artery, and had the satisfaction of seeing the bleeding decrease, and soon afterwards cease altogether. I then poured a few drops into his lips from my spirit flask, and telling the men to lift him carefully, I preceded them into the village, luckily close at hand. Without much difficulty we found a suitable lodging, and I left him to the tender mercies of the ambulance doctor, whom I met in the street, and who promised me to do his best for the poor fellow. On leaving, I promised to return in the morning to see how he was going on. That night passed quietly, and in the morning I went round to see my patient. I was met at the door by Dr R—, who told me that the Russian was still unconscious, but that he had great hopes of pulling him round, and added, that he had no doubt my promptness in tying up his arm had actually saved his life, and that, had I not fortunately met them, he would have died before they could have reached the village.

For some days I was not allowed to see the invalid; but at last Dr R— called and told me that he was conscious, and had asked to see me; and, added the doctor, the strangest thing of all

is that on regaining his senses the first thing he noticed was your silver rouble lying on the shelf by his bedside. He asked to have it shown to him; and on seeing it, appeared very overcome with emotion; and not until I had told him the manner in which it had come there did he seem satisfied, and only then, on my promising to bring you to him as soon as possible. Greatly wondering at this desire on the part of an utter stranger to me, I went to the house, and without knocking, entered the room in which he was lying. As I walked to the side of the bed, his eyes followed me, and with an effort, speaking in Russian, he asked me if I was the gentleman who had saved his life. I said I was, and then asked him to tell me the reason he had been so moved at the sight of the coin. The following is his story in his own words as nearly as I can recollect them.

III.

'I was born in the outskirts of Moscow, and early in life worked in one of the many print-works in that town. I had completed my eighteenth year when I became imbued with the revolutionary doctrines held by so many of my fellow-workmen. About this time, too, I made the acquaintance of 'Toukanka Fedovitch, a girl of about my own age, living with her parents at a small village close to Moscow. I cannot convey to you, a stranger, all the passionate love this girl awoke in me; suffice it to say that for two years we remained lovers, and I worked hard during that time to provide a home where I could take her to when we married. At last my hopes were crowned with success. The foreman of the department in which I worked was one afternoon passing through the engine-room, when carelessly passing too close to the moving machinery, his clothes were caught in the revolving wheels, and in a moment he was flung down a crushed and lifeless mass. This accident procured me my long-hoped-for promotion, and I took his place as foreman. Within a week of that time I was married, and the world held no happier mortal than I.

'I think I told you I had become a revolutionary—in other words, I had been for some time a member of a secret body of Nihilists; and it was only when I had been married a few months and had learned how much happiness and joy life held for me, that I began to regret my vows of allegiance to them. But as you are no doubt aware, there is no recall from those vows once taken; and had I dared openly to show that the views of the Brotherhood were no longer mine, my life I knew would pay forfeit for my apostasy.

'I had been married nearly two years, when, owing to various causes in the country, Nihilism became a stronger force amongst the people, and it was then that were first whispered those plots against high officials, and even against our "little father" the Czar himself. I had been working late at the mill one evening, and on leaving, proceeded cautiously to the rendezvous of the revolutionary lodge to which I belonged. I had, after much hesitation, determined to announce to them my altered views; and whilst promising strict secrecy as to anything I had learnt or heard, beg

them to release me from a position which had become harder than I could longer bear. I found the Council assembled when I arrived; and after stating my case, they unanimously decided that my vows must be held binding; and did I shirk any duty they might see fit to allot to me, I knew the consequence—death! I had half expected this reply to my entreaty; and I was endeavouring to shake their decision, when we were startled by hurried knocking at the outer door; and before we had time to plan any means of escape from the coming danger, the door of the meeting-room was flung open, and in rushed a body of police with an officer of the secret service at their head. Resistance was useless; and in less time than it takes to tell, we were all securely handcuffed and marched out as prisoners to the police barracks; and in a damp dirty cell of that building I had time to survey my position. I knew no compromising papers would be found upon us, as it was our rule to do everything by word of mouth and place nothing in writing; but at the same time I knew the police were in great terror of a general revolution, and would probably take the first opportunity of showing that they meant to crush it out with a heavy and cruel hand. Bitterly did I now repent my youthful folly in binding myself to such men, and the thought of my dear wife at home waiting my coming only added to my misery. At last, after a most wretched and sleepless night, the morning broke, and I was taken before the chief of police. I saw none of my fellow-prisoners, and without waiting to hear any defence from me, the officer read out my sentence in slow monotonous tones: 'Ivan Dolgatcheff, being suspected of being a Nihilist, and found attending a secret meeting of that body in Moscow, you are sentenced to five years' transportation to Siberia as a convict of the second class.'

'I heard no more! I was stunned by the suddenness of this end of all my hopes, and unconsciousness mercifully ended my sufferings. I awoke to find myself again in the cell; and after a few hours, I was hurried off with many others to the railway station to begin my long exile. One idea was ever uppermost in my mind, to let my wife know what had happened to me. I had noticed that one of the police who was present at the breaking-up of our meeting glanced sometimes at me, and I was emboldened to try to gain his help. With some diffidence I approached nearer to him, and telling him where I lived, begged him to acquaint my wife with my fate. This he promised to do; and with that small amount of comfort I left Moscow for Nijni-Novgorod. Arrived there, we were packed on board a large barge covered with strong iron netting, effectually cutting off all means of escape, and for days we were towed down the Volga river. But why describe the anguish and misery of that journey? At last we reached Ekaterinburg, and here we were separated into different parties, and prepared for the long tramp of months to our several destinations in Siberia; some to the quicksilver mines; others, myself amongst the number, to the salt mines of Irkutsk.

'And now the hardest trial of all was to happen to me. Whilst standing waiting for orders at the Siberian gate, on the outskirts of the town,

I heard my name called by the guard; and on going to him, was taken to the guardhouse, and there, travel-stained and worn by grief and fatigue, I found my dear wife. She had received my message; and after selling everything in our home to get sufficient money, had set out to follow me across Russia. After hardships innumerable, she had at last found me, and owing to the kindness of the Chief Inspector at Ekaterinburg, received permission from him to say good-bye to me. Afterwards, we should be lost to each other for five long years. Need I dwell on the touching scene of our final adieus? After kissing me for the last time, she took from around her neck the charm that every Russian wears, and placed it around mine, calling down God's blessing on me, and assured me that her daily prayer would be that it might preserve me from every danger to my life. That charm consisted of a silver rouble, given to her when a child by her father, and roughly engraved by him with the image of a Greek cross. I have never seen her since! We were hurried off that afternoon.

'I lived for two years in the salt mines, doing work that killed those around me in hundreds. Day and night in semi-darkness we laboured, our only rest being two hours in every twelve. For two years, I say, I suffered; but the wild longing for freedom grew in me stronger and stronger, until one day, with six others, I escaped, and found shelter in the neighbouring woods. What became of my companions I never knew. For days, weeks, months, I wandered westwards, living on the charity of the people in the occasional villages through which I passed, sometimes getting rough work to do, but more often suffering the pangs of hunger. Fortunately for me, my escape took place in the early spring, and the warmth of the summer months enabled me to live and sleep in the open air without hardship. One day, almost famished, I had begged for food at a wayside posthouse, but without avail, and driven at last to desperation, I remembered my silver charm. The temptation was too great to withstand; and I enjoyed the first food I had tasted for two days at the expense of my wife's parting gift. Can you blame me? It saved my life then, and I little thought, when I handed it to the fellow, that I should ever set eyes on it again.

'The summer of 1874 slowly passed. After many adventures I reached Tomsk, and found work. But my thoughts were ever on Moscow; and as I regained strength, I determined to save all I could to enable me eventually to reach my home. I had written to my wife; but no answer came to me, and it was two years before I had saved enough and started again on my journey. At Perm I learned that the war in Serbia had broken out. Every one passing through the country was closely questioned, and being unable to satisfy one particularly troublesome police-sergeant, I was marched off to the nearest station for inquiries to be made. Afraid to give them my real name or destination, my evasive answers made them suspect all was not right, and I was drafted off to the barracks to find myself enrolled a soldier of His Majesty the Czar.

'The Servian war ended, the troubles with Turkey commenced, and my regiment was ordered to the front, to take its place in the army then forming on the south-east frontier.

'You now know my history. After being in many hard-fought engagements and being twice slightly wounded, our conquering hosts crossed the Balkans, and you know the rest. You also know now why your silver rouble has such an interest for me.

At this stage, exhaustion overcame him, and when I left, he had sunk into a heavy slumber. The following day I heard from the doctor that he had had a relapse; and feeling that perhaps my long interview the preceding day had something to do with causing this, I determined to find better nursing for him than he could possibly get at the hands of the one overworked doctor in the place.

Events favoured me. The Turks, beaten back at all points, were even then falling back from the Pass; and during that day our numbers were increased by the arrival of some hundred and fifty wounded, in charge of a Red Cross ambulance. No sooner had they found quarters in the village than I went to request that a nurse might be sent to the wounded Russian. This they promised me should be done.

That evening, after my frugal dinner was finished, I walked up the street with the intention of seeing how he was going on. All was quiet in the house, and entering softly, I pushed open the door of his room. There, on the floor, her arms around his neck, with her white cheek pressed to his, I saw the hospital nurse; and at that moment I understood what it did not require words to tell me—Ivan Dolgatcheff had found his wife!

Within three months from then I was again in London, with the memory of their waving farewell to me as the steamer in which I sailed glided out from the granite quays of Cronstadt harbour.

I often hear from them. Little children have come to them to bless their lives; but they tell me that, amongst all the gifts which Providence has given them, they still cherish most the Silver Rouble.

HE LOVED ME ONCE.

He loved me once!

Ah, then the earth was fair,
The sun shone brightly, and the balmy air
Was filled with fragrance of a thousand flowers,
Which blossomed sweetly in the sunny bowers.

He loved me once!

The very birds seemed gay,
And sang their sweetest songs that summer day;
How blithe was I—nor pain nor care could take
The sunshine from that hour, for his dear sake.

He loved me once!

But that was long ago;
And summer sun is changed to frost and snow,
The flowers are dead, the birds are gone, and I
Am dull and dreary as the winter sky.

CHRISTIE.

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UNCHARTED ROCKS.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem at first sight, the stable thing in the world is the fluid sea, and the shifting thing is the solid land. Scientific research and geological investigation have alike proved that the land is not stationary, but is either rising or falling, and that this change of level as compared with that of the sea has been going on through all recorded time. This alteration of elevation, either sudden or gradual, affects not only the land-masses elevated above the sea-level, but also influences the sea-floor; and it is of the latter phase of the subject that we propose to treat in the present paper.

Along our own littoral, the ever-shifting bars and sandbanks of our river estuaries necessitate frequent soundings and rebuoys. The silting up of river-mouths, while it is a gradual, is neither a regular nor constant process. The deflections of the river-currents, and the consequent changes they make in the bands of silt which line the floors of our river-mouths, are frequently produced by very simple causes. It is often found that after a heavy and prolonged rain-storm, during which an abnormal quantity of water has passed along the tidal ways, new river-channels have been formed; old ones, before perfectly navigable, have been rendered some two or three feet shallower; while the increased momentum of the current has been such as to scour out considerable quantities of silt from its upper reaches and deposit it much farther seawards. So perfect, however, is the system of regular and systematic sounding which at present obtains in the British Islands, that but few, if any, maritime disasters are traceable to uncharted rocks or shoals.

According to the latest Report of the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, some eleven vessels were engaged in making nautical surveys during the year 1888. Of these ships, seven were steamers, and one a sailing schooner belonging to Her Majesty's navy; two were hired steamships, and one was a colonial gunboat lent by

the Queensland Government. H.M.S. *Triton* was engaged for seven weeks in the Thames estuary. Some very important discoveries were made relative to the position and depth of the deep-water approaches to London. In the Duke of Edinburgh Channel, a small patch in the centre with a least depth of thirty feet in 1882, was found to have become a mile in length and three cables' length in breadth, with the shoalest part twenty-two feet deep at lowest spring-tide. The Alexandra Channel, which is, next to the Duke of Edinburgh Channel, the safest approach to London, had decreased to nearly half the width it had in 1876. An examination of the estuary of the Dee revealed an additional silting-up of the sinuous river-channels by which vessels are enabled to reach the once important port of Chester.

In the river Mersey much trouble has been occasioned of late years by the advent of the Pluckington Bank. Owing to some unaccountable deflection of the currents in the tidal portion of the river, a spit of sand has been deposited which renders useless, at certain states of spring-tides, the famous Liverpool Landing Stage. This magnificent structure, half a mile in length, is sometimes grounded at low-water at its southern extremity. When this occurs, the congestion of the ferry, coast, and channel traffic is incredible; and the confusion is often increased by passenger steamers taking the ground while endeavouring to approach their berths; while such is the crowding at the north end of the stage, which still floats in deep water at all states of the tide, that collisions are frequent among the vessels arriving and departing, from a curtailed berthing accommodation. Partial relief has, however, been afforded by an elaborate system of sluicing, by means of which the stored-up water from some adjacent docks is made to flow under the stage at low-water, thus scouring out a considerable portion of the silt accumulated there.

These hindrances to navigation, however, so long as they are regularly noted and charted,

afford but a trivial source of danger to the mariner. Any natural force, however, which produces sudden alterations in the conformation of the sea-bed may raise up a danger to the navigator which the most cautious and efficient seamanship cannot guard against. Foremost among these disturbing powers are earthquakes and volcanoes. Earthquake and volcanic forces do not confine their action to that portion of the land-masses elevated above the sea-level. The fact that volcanoes are found near or on the sea-coast lends colour to the hypothesis that submarine volcanic activity is infinitely greater than volcanic action on the land.

In the July of 1831 a mass of dust, sand, and scorie thrown out of a submarine volcano in the Mediterranean formed an island with a circumference of a mile and a quarter. The elevation of the highest point was estimated to be one hundred and seventy feet above the sea-level, and the diameter of the crater was about four hundred yards. This island made its appearance about thirty miles from the coast of Sicily. As soon as the eruption ceased, the action of the waves began to reduce the island; and before the close of the year, Grahame's or Hotham's Island, as it is now styled, was disseminated as a stratum of volcanic detritus along that portion of the Mediterranean sea-bed.

Volcanic and seismic action usually go hand in hand, and the earthquake is just as important a factor in the alteration of the land-contour as the volcano is. In 1822 the whole South American coast for a distance of twelve hundred miles was elevated some three or four feet in a single night. An earthquake shock in North-west India in 1819 resulted in a large area of marsh and swamp known as the Ruin of Cutch disappearing beneath the sea, while a district some fifty miles to the north of this was permanently raised. The effect of volcanic and earthquake action is not always, however, so patent. The volcanic products thrown up by a submarine volcano may not reach above the sea-level, or the depression or elevation of the sea-bed consequent upon seismic force may not be discovered until a maritime disaster makes the existence of the sunken danger a recognised fact. Further, earthquake action is constantly producing changes in the reefs of volcanic rocks surrounding the coasts of Iceland, Java, and the Sandwich Islands, a consensus of opinion being prevalent among those accustomed to navigate those localities that a chart of those seas, showing positions of rocks and depths of water adjacent, holds good only until the next volcanic outburst or earthquake shock. The stranding of H.M.S. *Sultan* in the much used waterway that washes the shores of Connino was caused by her striking on a rock or patch of rocks unmarked in the Admiralty chart, and where deep water was shown. The channel was surveyed in 1867, and the spot where the *Sultan* struck should, according to the chart, have been ten fathoms deep. Whether this rock was uncharted through an inefficient survey, or whether it is the product of volcanic or seismic action subsequent to 1867, will no doubt ever remain matter of speculation.

The discovery of the 'Avocet' rock in the frequented sea-route of the Red Sea affords

another striking example of a veritable danger to navigation remaining undiscovered in a crowded seaway, and of the extreme difficulty of proving the tangible existence of an alleged sunken rock even when every modern appliance is placed at the searcher's disposal. The *Avocet* struck upon an uncharted rock, and became a total wreck. At the Board of Trade inquiry, doubt was thrown upon the captain's statement as to the position of his vessel when striking, and he was believed to have lost his ship through negligent navigation. The captain of H.M.S. *Flying Fish*, however, to make quite sure that the alleged rock was purely hypothetical, was ordered to survey that part of the Red Sea where the *Avocet* struck. He found a hundred and four fathoms of water, but no trace of rock or wrecked vessel. The Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *Avocet* was then reopened, and adjourned *sine die*.

Shortly after this, however, the ship *Teddington* struck upon the same submerged rock. H.M.S. *Griffon* proceeded to the venue of the disaster, but failed to discover the rock. H.M.S. *Sylvia* then searched for six weeks without localising this hidden danger. Then H.M.S. *Stork* was directed to make a final quest. She found the rock to be about three hundred yards from the spot where the *Sylvia* had lain at anchor during the greater period of her search. The position of this coral patch is defined as latitude 14° 22' 8" north, and longitude 42° 41' 32" east. This rock has but fifteen feet of water on it at low-water.

The loss of the royal mail-steamer *Cotopaxi* in the Strait of Magellan has been the means of locating a hitherto unknown danger to vessels using that interoceanic passage. To carry out a complete survey of the channels between the Atlantic and Pacific would be a labour that would take many years to perform; and as all maritime nations are interested in the removal of the barriers that make commercial intercourse by sea alike difficult and dangerous, it is but fair that each of the leading maritime States should contribute its quota towards the thorough examination of the network of seaways that constitute the Magellan Strait. The *Cotopaxi* disaster, though happily unattended by loss of life, shows what awful risks the navigators of the Strait are subject to.

Another rock constituting a serious danger to navigators on the high seas has just been discovered off the coast of Newfoundland, happily without any such disaster as marked the discovery of the *Avocet*, *Sultan*, and *Cotopaxi* rocks. Two years ago, a report reached the Admiralty from the harbour-master of St John's that two fishermen had found a shallow spot on a bank which lies some twenty-two miles south of Cape St. Marz, and which is covered with thirty fathoms of water. One of Her Majesty's ships was therefore directed to make inquiries. No sign of a sunken rock, however, could be found, and the submerged danger was thereupon declared to be non-existent. After a while, however, the existence of the rock was again affirmed, and the surveying vessel *Gulnare* was directed to proceed to the locality and make further investigations. A fisherman named Patrick Lamb, who was found fishing near, consented to show the exact situation of the rock, which he alone knew of,

having discovered it accidentally. He at once guided the *Gulnare* to the spot, where a small pinnacle rock was found with but thirty-three feet of water over it. Ever since Lamb had discovered it, he had kept its whereabouts a secret, such an excellent fishing-ground the rock proved itself. The importance of this discovery cannot be too highly estimated; for the 'Lamb Rock'—as it is now called—lies right in the track of vessels making the Gulf of St Lawrence. In ordinary weather a vessel would pass over this danger in safety; but in rough weather, the heavy wave-disturbance of the Atlantic would inevitably result in her striking. She would then in all probability slip off into deep water and immediately founder. How many of the ocean mysteries and awful maritime disasters occur off the 'Banks,' and which leave no human survivor to tell the tale of the calamity, are traceable to the presence of the Lamb Rock will never be known; but it is matter for deep gratulation that such a danger to the navigator should at last have been discovered.

The United States Hydrographer has recently given notice that a sunken rock with eighteen feet of water over it has been discovered in Stephen's Passage, off the coast of Alaska. The circumjacent sea showed a uniform depth of from twenty to thirty fathoms.

Errors of omission, however, are not the only detractions from the merits of modern charts, either Admiralty or other. Many charted dangers have no tangible existence, and have been placed upon the charts either through the blunders of those entrusted with a survey, or from the declared evidence of merchant-service navigators, who, with no desire to be misleading, often make erroneous statements as to the discovery of 'new' rocks. Trunks of trees and baulks of timber have frequently been responsible for the addition of rocks to our charts. Nor is this to be wondered at, for sailors naturally shun anything that has the appearance of a rock, and a tree-trunk, barnacle-covered, with the sea breaking over it and fish sporting about it, must present such a similitude to a real rock, that nothing but the closest observation would serve to dispel the illusion. H.M.S. *Dart* has, after the most careful search, failed to discover any trace of the Rurick Rock, which, since 1822, has been assigned a position some thirty miles seaward from Hobart, the capital of Tasmania. The Minnie Carmichael Rock, said to be twelve miles from the east coast of Flinders Island, is also proved to be non-existent. The *Dart* also made soundings in two localities with the view of determining the exact locality of the Constance Reef, originally reported by a navigator of that name in 1804. As four of Her Majesty's vessels had previously endeavoured to find this reef before the *Dart* made her futile attempts, its existence is regarded as disproved; and, with the other rocks enumerated above, it has been expunged from the Admiralty charts, upon which it should never have been placed.

The frightful loss of life resulting from the foundering of the *Quetta*, consequent upon her striking upon an alleged uncharted rock in the Torres Strait, emphasises in a most painful manner the necessity of a thorough survey of the seaways by which Queensland is reached.

The Great Barrier Reef with its countless ramifications of coralline patches calls for the utmost skill and watchfulness on the part of navigators. In October of last year the *Taroba*, bound from London to Brisbane, struck on a rock, the previous existence of which was unknown. Fortunately, she got clear again almost immediately, and her commander managed to keep the water below the fires until he beached her on the soft mud of Keppel Bay. Here temporary repairs were effected, and she proceeded to Brisbane, where it was found that her keel and keel-plates were bent out of line for a distance of one hundred and thirty feet. A detached reef, on which the least depth is about fifteen feet, has since been discovered in the position where the vessel struck and where a depth of seven fathoms is marked on the chart.

It is gratifying to learn that shortly after the *Taroba* case the Admiralty despatched H.M.S. *Penguin* on an extended surveying expedition to these waters. The result will no doubt greatly add to the stock of knowledge already attained relative to the rocks, shoals, banks, and currents circumjacent to our antipodean littoral.

The safe conduct of the maritime industry of Great Britain is dependent to a very large extent upon the thorough reliability of the charts to which the navigators trust to apprise them of visible and sunken dangers. Examination of the sea-bed, where silting or volcanic and earthquake disturbance is rife, should be regular and systematic. Nautical surveying is one of the distinctive functions of the British navy in time of peace; and in this field of geographical research honours may be won as beneficial to the truest interests of a mercantile community as are those gained by the sterner glories of naval warfare.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE BRIG'S LONGBOAT.

I WAS awakened by a knocking at the door. The little cabin was bright with sunshine, that was flashing off sea and sky upon the thick glass of the scuttle. 'Hallo!' I cried, 'who is that?' The voice of the young fellow Wilkins responded:

'Capt'n Braine's compliments, sir, and he'd be glad to know if there's anything you or the lady wants which it's in his power to supply ye with?'

I got out of the bunk and opened the door.

'Captain Braine is very kind,' said I to the veal-faced youth, who stood staring at me with faint eyes under his white lashes and brows.—'What time is it, Wilkins?'

'Half-past eight, sir,' he answered.

I knocked upon the bulkhead. 'Are you awake, Miss Temple?'

'Oh yes,' she answered, her voice sounding weak through the partition.

'Captain Braine wishes to know if you are in want of anything it is in his power to let you have?'

'There are many things I want,' she exclaimed; 'but they are not to be had, I fear.'

I am afraid I shall have to use that comb.—I can do nothing with my hair, Mr Dugdale.'

'All right, Wilkins,' said I; 'we shall be on deck in a few minutes.' He went away.

I found the comb that had belonged to Mr Chicken on a shelf, and knocked on Miss Temple's door. She opened it, and an arm of snow, of faultless shape, was projected to receive the comb. 'Thank you,' said she, whipping the door to, and I entered my cabin, calling out that I would wait for her there till she was ready.

Happily, in respect of toilet conveniences we were not wholly destitute. The water in my can was indeed salt, but I contrived to get some show of lather out of the fragment of marine soap which I found inside of the tin dish that served me as a wash-basin. I was without Miss Temple's scrupulosity, and found old Chicken's hairbrush good enough to flourish. There was a little parcel of razors, too, on the shelf where the comb had been, and with one of them I made shift to scrape my cheeks into some sort of smoothness, wholly by dint of feeling, for Miss Temple had Chicken's glass, and there was nothing in my cabin to reflect my countenance. By the time this little business was ended, and I had carefully concealed the pistol and powder-flask, Miss Temple was ready. She knocked on my door, and I stepped out.

I could see her but very imperfectly in the dim light of that steerage, yet it seemed to me that there was more vivacity in her eyes, more life in her carriage and air than I had witnessed in her on the yesterday. She told me that she had slept soundly, and that her mattress was as comfortable as her bed aboard the *Countess Ida*.

'I am heartily glad to hear that,' said I. 'You found the marine soap tough, I fear?'

'It cannot be good for the complexion, I should think,' said she with a slight smile.

'How shocking,' I exclaimed, as we moved to the hatch, 'would such a situation as yours be to a young lady who is dependent for her beauty on cosmetics and powder! How would Miss Hudson manage if she were here, I wonder?'

'Is there anything in sight, do you know, Mr Dugdale? That is a more important subject to me than complexions.'

'I did not ask; but we will find out.'

It was a brilliant morning, a wide blue, blinding flash of day, as it seemed to my eyes after the gloom below. The sea was all on fire under the sun, and the wind held it trembling gloriously. A hot and sparkling breeze in the same old quarter gushed freshly into the wide expanded wings of the *Lady Blanche*, whose swift pace over the smooth plain of ocean seemed a sort of miracle of sailing to me when I contrasted it with the rate of going of the *Countess Ida*. The flying-fish in scores sparked out from the barque's white sides. The foam came along her sheathing like a roll of cotton-wool to her wake. The ocean line ran round in a firm edge with an opalescent clarification of the extreme rim that gave the far-off confines a look of crystal.

But I had not stood longer than a minute gazing around me when I spied a gleam of canvas about a point on our weather-bow. I saw it under the curve of the forecourse that lay plain in sight under the lifted clew of the mainsail.

'A sail, Miss Temple.'

'Where?' she cried, with her manner full of fever on the instant. I pointed. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, bringing her hands together, 'if it should be the Indianan!'

But the captain was walking aft, and it was time to salute him.

'Good-morning, sir,' I said as I approached him with Miss Temple at my side. 'We have paused a moment to admire this very beautiful morning.—I perceive a sail right ahead, captain.'

It was a part of his destiny, I suppose, that he should stare hard at those who accosted him before answering. He carried his unwinking, dead black eye from my companion to me, and then stepped out of the shell of his mood of meditation as a bird might be hatched.

'Hope you slept pretty comfortably?'

'Yes; I passed a good night; and I am happy to know that Miss Temple rested well.'

'Which way is that ship going?' cried the girl, whose cheeks were flushed with impatience.

'She is not a ship, mem,' he answered; 'she is seemingly a big boat that's blowing along the same road as ourselves under a lug.'

The telescope lay on the skylight, and I pointed it. Sure enough, the sail was no ship, as I had first imagined, though the white square hovering upon the horizon exactly resembled the canvas of a large craft slowly climbing up the sea. I could readily distinguish a boat, apparently a ship's longboat, running before the wind under a lugsail; but she was as yet too distant to enable me to make out the figures of people aboard, considerable as were the magnifying powers of the glass I levelled at her.

'Only a boat?' cried Miss Temple, in accents of keen disappointment.

'What will a craft of that sort be doing in the middle of this wide sea?' said I.

'She may have gone adrift, as you did,' answered Captain Braine.

'Is it imaginable that she should be the corvette's cutter?' cried Miss Temple, straining her fine eyes, alight with conflicting emotion, at the object ahead.

'Oh, no,' said I. 'First of all, the cutter had no sail; next, yonder boat is three or four times bigger than she was; and then, even if she had a sail, I question if she could have run all this distance in the time from the spot she started from.'

I noticed whilst I spoke that Captain Braine watched me with a singular expression, and that his face slightly changed as to an emotion of relief when I had concluded my answer.

'The lady,' said he, 'is speaking of the man-of-war cutter that rowed ye aboard the wreck, and lost ye there?'

'Yes,' said I.

'How many of a crew?' he asked.

'Six men and a lieutenant; but the officer was drowned.'

He took the telescope from me, and brought it to bear upon the little sail over the bow, and kept it levelled for some moments. He then put the glass down, and said: 'Have you had any breakfast?'

'Not yet,' I answered.

He called through the skylight to Wilkins, and told him to put some biscuit and tea and cold meat upon the table.—'I have made my meal,'

said he, contriving one of his extraordinary bows as he addressed Miss Temple; 'and so, I hope, mem, you'll excuse my presence below. Eat hearty, both of ye, I beg. There's no call to stint yourselves, and I'm sorry I can't put anything more tempting afore ye, as Jack says.'

We at once descended, both of us being anxious to get the meal, such as it might be, over.

'Why is he repeatedly saying, "as Jack says?"' asked Miss Temple.

'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'and why does he stare so? Yet, on my word, he seems an exceedingly good-natured fellow. I assure you, we might have fallen into worse hands. No man could make a homeward-bound ship to rise up out of the sea or signal our whereabouts to the *Countess Ida* when she is leagues and leagues out of sight; but another captain might not have shown half the friendly concern this poor eccentric creature exhibits in our comfort.'

She agreed with me, but quickly dropped the subject as something distasteful, and spoke of her disappointment, and of the strangeness of meeting a small boat in the middle of such an ocean as we were sailing through. By some trick above my comprehension, she had contrived to smooth out her dress, inasmuch that a deal of its castaway aspect had left it. She had also manoeuvred in some fashion with the feather in her hat; and I told her, as she sat opposite me, that she looked as fresh as though she had just left her cabin in the *Indiaman*.

'Youth must always triumph,' I said, 'if it be but fairly treated. Sleep has made your former self dominant again; but I will reserve all my compliments until I am able to pull my hat off to you ashore and say good-bye.'

She shot a glance at me under her long fringes, but held her peace.

The tea was so vile that I called to Wilkins, who stood on the quarter-deck, to procure us some coffee if there were any aboard; and in a few minutes he returned with a sailor's hook-pot full of it from the galley. This Miss Temple seemed able to sip without a face of aversion. It vexed me to see her imperilling her delicate white teeth with the hard fare that was sheer fore-castle stuff, and bad at that; but it was not for me to give orders, nor was I willing to protract our sitting by inquiring if there was other food aboard. Besides, every hour in such weather as this might provide us with the opportunity we hungered for, to escape into some homeward-bound ship with a cabin capable of affording endurable entertainment.

We rose from the table, and regained the deck. The moment my head showed above the companion-way, the captain called to me hastily. There was a look of disorder in his countenance that immediately excited my wonder; there was the alacrity of fear in his manner; he could address me now without a prolonged stare and his usual tardy emergence of mind.

'Please, take this glass,' said he, thrusting the telescope into my hand; 'and look at that there boat, and tell me what you think.'

The smooth, swift sliding of the *Lady Blanche* over the level surface of sea that was running in fire and foam lines to the brushing of the merry breeze and the sparkling of the soaring sun, had closed us rapidly with the boat ahead since

Miss Temple and I left the deck to breakfast. The little fabric was now scarcely more than a mile on the bow, and the captain's glass, when I put it to my eye, brought her as close to me as if she were no farther off than our fore-castle. She was a large, carvel-built longboat; one of those round-bowed, broad-beamed structures which in the olden days used to stand in chocks betwixt a ship's foremast and galley, with often another boat stored inside of her, unless she was used to keep sheep or other live-stock in. She was deep in the water, and as much of her hull as was visible was of a dingy sallow white. She showed a broad square of dark old-lug, before which she was running with some show of nimbleness. She seemed to be crowded with men, and even whilst I stood looking at her through the glass, I counted no less than twenty-seven persons. They were all looking our way, and though it was scarcely possible to define individual faces amid such a yellow huddle of countenances, I could yet manage to determine a prevailing piratic expression of the true sort, suggested not so much by the vagueness of swarthy cheek and shaggy brow as by the singularity of the fellows' apparel—the flapping sombrero, the red sash, the blue shirt, with other details—which but very faintly corresponded indeed with one's notion of the coarse homely attire of the merchant sailor.

Captain Braine's eyes were fixed upon me as I turned to him. 'What do you think of her, sir?' said he.

'I don't like the look of those fellows at all,' I answered. 'I would not mind making a bet that they are a portion of the crew of the privateering brig from whose hull you rescued us yesterday morning.'

'Just the idea that occurred to me,' he cried. He levelled the glass again. 'A boatful of rascals, sir. Armed to the teeth, I daresay, and on the lookout for some such a vessel as mine to seize and get away back to their own waters in. And yet, it is awful, too, to think that the creatures may be in want of water. What's to be done? I can't allow them to board; and I'm not going to heave to, to give 'em a chance of doing so.'

'We're overhauling them fast,' said I. 'Best plan perhaps, captain, will be to hail them as we slide past and ascertain their wants, if we can understand their lingo; and if they need water, there's nothing to be done but to send some adrift for them to pick up.—But for God's sake, sir, don't let them come aboard. They look as evil a lot of cut-throats as ever I saw; and besides the safety of our lives and of the ship, we have this lady to consider.'

Captain Braine listened to me with his eyes fixed upon the boat.

'She can't hook on at this,' said he, as if thinking aloud; 'we should tow her under water at such a pace.—Yes!' he shouted, with a wild look coming into his face, 'if she attempts to sheer alongside, I'll give her the stem!' and springing with the agility of a monkey upon the rail, he grasped a backstay, and stood in a posture for hailing the boat as we swept past.

Forward, the seamen had quitted the jobs they were upon, and were staring open-mouthed from the fore-castle rail. I picked up the glass again to look at the crowd, and every face in the lens was

now as distinct as Miss Temple's who stood beside me. An uglier, more ferocious-looking set of men never stepped the deck of a picaroon. I had not the least doubt whatever that they were a portion of the crew of the brig. Indeed, I seemed to have some recollection of the boat, for I remembered, whilst examining the brig from the poop of the Indianan, that I had been struck by the unusual size of her longboat, and that the colour of her was the sallow pea-soup tint of the fabric yonder. There were several chocolate-coloured faces amongst the little crowd; here and there, a coal-black countenance with a frequent glitter of earrings and gleam of greasy ringlets. Many of them eyed us over the low gunwale under the sharp of their hands; one stood erect on the thwart through which the mast was stepped, clasping the spar with his arm, and apparently waiting to hail us. The steersman watched us continuously, and now and again the boat's head would slightly fall off to a sneaking movement of the helm, as though to some notion of edging down upon us without attracting our observation. But the barque's keen stem was ripping through the water as the jaws of a pair of shears drive through a length of sailcloth. I had no fear of the boat hooking on; she would have to manoeuvre under our bows to do that, and it needed but a little twirl of the spokes of our wheel to drive her into staves and to send her people bobbing and drowning into our wake.

'Boat ahoy!' shouted the captain with such delivery of voice as I should have thought impossible in so narrow-shouldered a man.

'Yash! yash!' vociferated the fellow who clasped the mast, frantically brandishing his arms. 'Ve are sheepwreck—you veel take us—ve starve!'

The captain looked and hardly seemed to know what to say.

'How long have you been adrift?' he bawled.

The fellow, who wore a red nightcap, shook it till the tassel danced to the violent gestures of his head. He evidently did not understand the question. 'Take us!' he shrieked—'ve starve!'

The boat was now on the bow, within pistol-shot from the fore-castle rail.

'Mind your helm, Captain Braine,' I suddenly shouted, 'or she'll be aboard you!' for my young and, in those days, keen eyes had marked the action of the fellow who steered the boat, and even as I bawled out, the head of the little fabric swept round with a fellow in the bows flourishing a boathook, and others standing by ready to help him when he should have hooked on.

'Steady as she goes!' cried Captain Braine.

'Oh Mr Dugdale,' shrieked Miss Temple, 'they will get on board of us!'

The boat's head drove sheering alongside into our bow just forward of the fore-chain plates. I saw the fellow erect in her head fork out his boathook to catch hold.

'Let go!' roared a voice forward. The figure of Joe Wetherly overhung the rail, poising either an iron marline-spike or a belaying-pin, or some short bar of metal; this I saw. Then he hurled it at the moment that the boathook had caught a plate. The missile struck the man full on the head; he fell like a statue in the bottom of the boat, leaving the boathook swinging at the plate, and the boat herself grinding

past us as the barque, to the impulse of her great overhanging squares of studdingsail, swept on-wards at some seven or eight knots in the hour.

It was their only boathook, and they were so crowded besides as to be in one another's road. I saw a dozen grimy paws extended to catch hold of the main-chain plates as the boat came bruising and groaning and washing past; but the iron bars were swept like smoke out of the wretches' frantic grip. Never shall I forget the picture the little fabric offered in the swift glimpse I caught of her as she glided past. The crowd in her, in their desperate efforts to catch hold of the sweeping projections in the barque's side, squirmed and surged and rose and fell like rags of meat stirred up in a boiling stewpot. Their cries, their yells, their Spanish oaths, the brandishings of their arms, the fury expressed in their malignant faces, the sudden uprootal and crash of their one mast and sail by the fouling of it with our main-brace, all combine into a memory which is not to be expressed in words. I caught sight of a number of breakers in the bottom of the boat along with some bags, and was instinctively assured that they were lacking in neither food nor water. As the boat sped under the rail on which Captain Braine was standing, the fellow who had been at her helm, a brawny mulatto in a wide straw-hat, loose red shirt, and naked feet, suddenly whipped a pistol out of his breast, took aim at the skipper, and fired; and then, in a breath or two, the craft was astern, tumbling in the seething white of our wake, lessening into a toy even as you looked with half of her people getting the wreck of mast and rail inboard, and the rest of them furiously gesticulating at us.

Captain Braine stood on the rail watching them with an air of musing that was incredibly odd in the face of the wild excitement of the moment.

'Are you hurt?' I cried.

He turned slowly to survey me, then very leisurely dismounted from his perch, meanwhile continuing to gaze at me.

'No,' said he, after an interval during which I ran my eyes over him with anxiety, thinking to see blood or to behold him suddenly fall; 'it's all right. This is the fourth time I've been shot at in my life; and be my end what it will, it is certain I am not to perish by another man's bullet.—Rogues all, ha!' he continued, directing his dead black vision at the boat astern; 'they would have carried the little *Blanche*, and slit our throats. Just the sort of ship, sir, for the likes of their trade: the heels of a racehorse and the sober look of the honest marchantman.'

'They never could have held on with that boathook,' said I, struck more by the man's manner than his speech, strange as it was. 'I suppose they hoped to cling long enough to chuck a few of their beauties aboard us.—Well, Miss Temple, let us trust that we have now seen the very last of that confounded privateer brig and the gallant, good-looking chaps who stocked her.'

'When is all this going to end?' said she.

'Every man of them,' exclaimed the captain, 'will have had a firearm in his breast.'

'No doubt,' I answered; 'the vessel must have been handsomely furnished in that way to judge

by what we found remaining in the cabin of the wreck.'

'Were they starving, d'ye think?' he exclaimed with a sudden troubled manner, as he looked at the speck in our wake.

'I should say not,' said I; 'there were breakers in the bottom of the boat, and parcels resembling bread bags aft.'

'Thirst is a fearful thing at sea, sir,' said he, slowly; 'it's worse than hunger. Hunger, whilst it remains appetite, is agreeable; but the first sensation of thirst is a torture. I have known 'em both—I have known 'em both,' he added, with a melancholy shake of his head and a profound sigh; then bringing his unwinking stare to bear upon me, he exclaimed: 'Supposing that shot had taken effect, the *Lady Blanche* would now be without a master; and if you wasn't on board, she'd be without a navigator. Less than two sea-going heads to every ship *won't* do. I felt that truth when Chicken went, and I'm feeling of it every time I catch sight of that there man Lush.'—Miss Temple and I exchanged glances.—'Well,' said he, with one of his mirthless grins, 'I don't expect those privateersmen 'll trouble us any more;' and in his abrupt way he walked to the compass, and stood there looking alternately from it to the canvas.

A CORNER OF BRITTANY.

WHEN we put ourselves into the steamer at Southampton at eleven p.m. that fine night in August, we had fair hopes of a placid arrival at St Malo twelve hours later, and thoughts of a little French luncheon before our final destination was reached; but, *ehen!* one o'clock, two o'clock, next day found us wobbling, sick and sorry, in front of St Malo, gazing with unappreciative eyes on the bay, bristling with rocks and studded with islands. Nothing but inward miseries appealed to us; not the beautiful and picturesque old town; not the Hen and Chickens group of islets; not the lonely tomb of Chateaubriand on its desolate rock, iron-railed and cross-guarded. Neither the loveliness nor the dirtiness of St Malo moved us on that day, for when at last the tide allowed us to land, the fierce battle of the *douane* began; yelled at by porters, assailed by cab-drivers, shouldered aside by officials, for a long hour we waited before our luggage was allowed to wear the mystic white chalk-mark which freed it from further inspection.

The kind landlady of the house, or rather *appartement*, which we have taken here, ten miles from St Malo, had written to say that her farmer, with his *char-à-banc*, would await our arrival; so for him and his conveyance we looked, for by this time all thoughts of the little *déjeuner* had been abandoned, as it would put the shelter and rest for which we longed at a greater distance; and who can eat when *mal de mer* still reigns? Too low for pride, too abject for despair, too stultified for surprise, we behold our chariot, a common, roughly-painted haycart, provided with movable, sometimes too movable, benches; the grilled

back let down so as to be almost level with the floor of the wagon, and our luggage was piled up in it, and then we ourselves got in, and the two hours' drive began. Our coachman wore a blue blouse, full at the throat, loose below the waist. His whip was of string, so also was the harness. Did it break? Yes, frequently; but then the farmer got down and tied it together again. We drove past *Parramée*, with its gay casino and beautiful sands, through St Coulomb, whose church clock has not gone for twenty years. And why should it go? What need of a clock have they? ask its inhabitants. They get up when they wake, eat when they are hungry, and go to sleep when they have done their work. This good, wholesome, Stock Exchange sort of rule gives the key to much that passes in this breezy, healthy, unhurried country of the bright blue sky. Man dominates, not Time.

We passed through a little wood where, in the Great Revolution, many hundreds of poor refugees were concelled. The rich earth is richer for their graves; for dead and living were in close proximity, and the last soon became the first.

When the farmer urged the slow horse, the 'Camille'—with whom we became so intimately acquainted later on—to an attempt at speed, we felt that our voyaging for the time being was over; and when the *Grand Château* was pointed out, we rejoiced greatly, and uttered no disclaimer as to its title, but got down gratefully before the bleached, flat-faced house, whose long white shutters were tightly pinioned back at the side of each door and window. It was not exactly pretty, this hundred-and-sixty years' old French farmhouse; but the door, which opened outwards, showed a very large square central room, in which we were received with utmost courtesy and kindness by Madame our landlady, and every available relation of hers. The prettiest possible little repast awaited us; but no cheery teapot gratified the eyes of the ladies of our party; that had to be added by them later on. The whole room was decorated with flowers and ribbons. The furniture was covered with dainty frilled white; and the freshness and cleanliness of everything was delightful. Then kind Monsieur L—— signified his being at our disposal if we wished to see our other rooms, and we went with him into the kitchen, where our *cuisinière* Marie, of the smiling face and bolster figure, waited to welcome us. At one end of the kitchen was a large square cupboard. Monsieur L—— opened it, and a rope thick as an arm and knotted at intervals swung out. Monsieur L—— prayed us to ascend. Too weary to discern, in the semi-darkness, that the cupboard concealed a spiral staircase as well as the knotted rope, it was with many a wild inward tremor, with many a memory of 'Curfew shall not ring to-night' that we grasped the rope. But though 'the way up to my chamber was up a winding stair,' still, staircase there was. Not hand over hand was the ascent accomplished. It was a bad 'getting up stairs;' whilst for the descent, *facilis est*, &c.

The four large airy bedrooms were uncarpeted, save for occasional rugs, but sweet and clean, and contained a very comfortable bed, with pretty draperies, sweet semi-bleached linen sheets, and square monogram-embroidered pillows, reposing outside, and bashfully covered with lace-trimmed squares. These are the principal rooms, and were ours to have and to hold as long as we liked. The inferior rooms, with a separate entrance, were tenanted by the farmer and his family. The small courtyard in front, the earth of which was white with shells, contained a poultry-run, &c.; the pretty tufted black and white Houdan cocks and hens were quite ornamental. Fields and orchards were all about us. We looked out on a mass of *blé noir* (rye), growing under apple and pear trees. With this we made subsequent acquaintance in the form of the delicious *galettes* which Marie sent to table. She told us piles of the tempting-looking pancakes thus made were served out to the farm-labourers at harvest-time. Truly, we were pleased with our surroundings; and if bright brisk air, a country beautiful and wind-swept by ocean breezes, and a gashed and serrated coast, be charming, then indeed is Cancale full of charms.

In our unciled rooms, big beams, twelve inches square, ran from back to front, crossed by smaller ones from side to side. In our kitchen, various fires cooked our modest repasts. There was a tiny stove, supplemented by a wood-fire on the hearth; also by a bucket of charcoal, set in the middle of the floor; and also by a little closed-in portable oven, standing only fourteen inches high. In this last reposed one of the pair of fowls in which we now and then indulged; whilst the stove roasted the other, no one receptacle being large enough to cook the two together. These fowls were stuffed with prunes and raisins; and very good they were. The food-supply was sufficient; ample, indeed, but did not admit of great variety. Meat was cheap, but a trifle coarse. We gradually drifted down to excellent *bisticks*, veal and lamb, both very good; but the lamb of Brittany is larger than Southdown mutton. Fish is plentiful; but the audacity of the demands of the fishwomen 'who had come all this long way in the hope of pleasing Madame,' was so great, that our refusal to entertain exorbitant prices was firm, and led to our being obliged to do without any for a few days, as we were not energetic enough to attend the seven A.M. fish-market. Fruit and vegetables were abundant and delicious; the apricots looked the incarnation of sunlight.

Cancale is famous for its oysters; square fenced-in beds of them may be seen at low tide in the bay 'La Houle.' Unlovely they appear in their muddy parks; but they are excellent, albeit 'trailing no clouds of glory do they come.' Hideous are the low flat wood-fenced beds in which they are brought up, and which you are invited to inspect by women, who, dabbling in the mud, hire out clumsy overshoes to render your walk to them less offensive. The baby oysters live far from shore—those ready for consumption close to it; between these two grades all stages of growth may be found. It is emphatically a fishing village. The coming in or going out of the boats is a sight to be remembered; those boats in that bay, lying at peace

under the light of the moon, a sight never to be forgotten.

Women seemed to do most of the work; men were scarce, for fifteen hundred of them were in far-off 'Terre Neuf' (Newfoundland). When it was rumoured about that we had arrived, we, the only English in the place, we had eager inquiries as to whether St Pierre (in Newfoundland) was not quite close to England! so far off do both countries equally appear to this somewhat stationary population. In February the male inhabitants go to St Pierre, only returning to wives and sweethearts in October; for this reason marriages are greatly more numerous in winter than at any other time. 'The men are here then, and there is not so much work to be done.' The marriages generally take place early in the day; and the wedding party, two and two, promenade the town, headed by the bride and bridegroom. The pretty girl whom we saw, leaning on the arm of her newly-acquired husband, was in black silk—black is the gala dress here—with a mass of white in front, a white veil with a wreath of orange blossoms, and an immense bouquet—all the gift of the jaunty bridegroom, who smilingly smoked a gay cigarette. It was pleasant to hear that this was a love-match; the girl had no dot; but her *fiancé* would not let that stand in the way, and himself provided wedding-feast and wedding-clothes.

Cancale boasts a fine church, marvellous as to size and solidity for so small a place; but it is not yet mellowed by age. A ship or two hangs from the roof, gaily decked out with flags—a votive offering from some sailor on the eve of a voyage, or of some sailor's wife in hope of her husband's speedy and favourable return. On Sundays the church is filled to overflowing, and never once, on other days, did we enter it without finding reverent peasant worshippers. At *le Verger*, a sandy beach about two miles off, is another small, very pretty 'Church of the Virgin Mary.' It is built right on the sands, and is supposed to commemorate a shipwreck which took place there a thousand years ago. This is, par excellence, the mariners' church, and hither, barefoot, walk the sailors on their return from Terre Neuf, in winter, to testify gratitude if a favourable voyage has been granted. Hither, too, on the 15th of August, the day of the 'Fête de Marie,' came all Cancale. A long procession was formed of priests and Sisters, and 'Filles de Marie' and 'Enfants de Marie,' and boys as choristers and as miniature seamen. The whole road was gay with fluttering surplices, and the air melodious with 'Ave, Ave, Maria.'

The neat appearance of the peasants was striking; all are well shod, and walk well; pretty faces abound; the universal black dress is always fresh; and the black shawl, be it new or old, is put on with the utmost care. This universal and simple costume must surely save time and money, as well as prevent those outrages of colour universal in a country where 'motley's the only wear.' The thrifty wardrobe can be replenished with ease when fashions continue the same year after year, and no 'favourite colour this season' has to be aspired to and obtained in some sorry material. Every peasant at her wedding has a large mahogany or rosewood *armoire* or wardrobe in which to keep her

clothes, and these shining presses reflect the loving labour spent on them. A tall old-fashioned clock, too, often stands by the *armoire*; the brass-work of some is beautiful.

Peaceful harvesting operations went on all round us: we saw the old-fashioned flail, wielded by women as well as men. In many places we saw a horse going round and round, forming, as it were, the outer circle of a huge wheel, on the centre of which stood a blue-bloused man, urging on his steed with 'Hui done!' 'Va-t-on,' &c., &c. They were thrashing out the corn. But not so pleasant was it to see that unfortunate horse who, to achieve the same end, mounted a terrible tread-mill, tied up to the summit by a short rope; stoppage in that weary task would lead to the breaking of his neck. Evidently, no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty obtains in Brittany; the cats and dogs are a wretched half-starved race, flying from the voice or touch of man.

We alone in Cancale were English; we alone spoke our language; echoes from the great home-country reached us deadened by a day's distance; but we were satisfied, 'wishing for nothing, quite content with sunshine and sweet air.' These we had in abundance. Fresh sea-breezes swept the land, and carried away the odours of the undrained streets; and we boiled and filtered our drinking-water, lay down to rest in peace, and rose to remember with gratitude that there was but one post a day, and very late in the day too.

During our seven weeks' stay we saw but one case of drunkenness. Bunches of mistletoe over the doorways of the cafés denoted that cider was there sold. It is the great drink of the country, and not a ferocious tipple.

We took many a drive in the farmer's cart, passing the irregular picturesque fields, and watched the broad-leaved tobacco plant come to perfection. It was at last gathered, and hung up in long straight strips under extempore sheds, or beneath trees, gradually turning a genial brown. Great care has to be exercised in the drying, which must be neither too quick nor too slow; so it is carefully sheltered from heat or damp. Acres of this plant grow all about. It is never allowed to go to seed, lest a free supply of it should get into the hands of the people, to whom Government sells the seed, paying the grower twopence-halfpenny for every pound delivered. During the time of its growth, strictest watch over it is kept by Government inspectors, who count every plant and every leaf. Any deficiency in the producible quantity is taxed with a fine of sixteen francs a pound.

The flora of this corner of Brittany is exquisite: honeysuckle, white, pink, lemon-coloured, hangs from the hedges; the ground is yellow with toad-flax and bedstraw; purple loosestrife abounds, rare ladies' tresses, orchids are beneath your feet, whilst ferns spring up everywhere. The country walks all round are practically inexhaustible, whilst the sea-border leaves nothing to be desired. At every turn of the rugged coast you come upon some new little bay—'ports,' as they are called—each differing in character, and each full of charm, from Port Briac—where we take daily baths, untroubled by bathing-machines, and finding excellent dressing-rooms in the rocks—to Port Guimorais, with its small cave and its passionate

waves. Port Mer abounds with shells, and with the lovely blue sea-thistle or 'chardon'; Port Verger has shifting sands, and its chapel; Port Guesclin is fortified, and has a beautiful double bay.

Everywhere one comes across wayside stone crosses, worn and rounded by age. Here and there, notably in Port La Houle, a crucifix may be seen, gigantic in size—a story of infinite love and sorrow, carved in wood.

For excursions, St Malo and St Servan, with their cathedrals and tempting shops, are near; so also Parramée, Dinard, Dinan, with its picturesque approach up the Rance. We drove, too, to Dol, taking care to go there on Saturday, market-day, when a variety of costumes may be seen amongst the peasants. The quaint cathedral is of itself worth a day's march, and is, we are told, unique. Then there is world-famous Mont St Michel, built, so the legend runs, by angelic direction. It was used first as a monastery, then as a state prison; a marvellous erection. How were those huge slabs of stone, those wonderful pillars, those great arches, brought and built up here, miles and miles from civilisation, on a little island—now connected with the mainland by a causeway—which rears itself straight up from the sea? It claims kindred with our Cornish St Michael's Mount, to which it bears a strong resemblance, owning the same godfather. To see this marvellous place, it is well to sleep there for a night; it deserves two days for exploration. Its chapel is beautiful, its *oubliettes* horrible. Here you are shown the arch which formed the back of the iron cage in which perished the unfortunate Dubourg, a political prisoner. French gaiety and ferocity seem to meet when a pretty woman smilingly offers you a photograph of his rat-caten body and other similar horrors. Amongst them, you may be struck by the calm refined *personnel* of the 'Man with the Iron Mask' with his half-veiled face. As to the authenticity of these portraits, who can vouch for, who deny it?

FORGET-ME-NOT.

CHAPTER II.

THERE are some of us born and reared far enough beyond the contaminating influences of evil, who, nevertheless, take so naturally to rascality, that one is prone to ask a question as to whether it is not the outcome of some hereditary taint or mental disease. To this aberrant class, Anthony Wingate, late of the Queen's Own Scarlots, naturally belonged.

Commencing a promising career with every advantage conferred by birth, training, and education, to say nothing of the possession of a considerable fortune, he had quickly qualified himself for a prominent position amongst those cavaliers of fortune who hover on the debatable land between acknowledged vice and apparent respectability. In the language of certain contemporaries, he had once been a pigeon before his callow plumage had been stripped, and it became necessary to lay out his dearly-bought experience in the character of a hawk. Five years of army

life had sufficed to dissipate a handsome patrimony; five years of racing and gambling, with their concomitant vices, at the end of which he awoke to find himself with an empty purse, and a large and varied assortment of worldly knowledge. Up to this point, he had merely been regarded as a companion to be avoided; as yet, nothing absolutely dishonourable had been laid to his charge, only that common report stated that Anthony Wingate was in difficulties; and unless he and his bosom friend Chris Ashton made a radical change, the Scarlets would speedily have cause to mourn their irreparable defection.

But, unfortunately, neither of them contemplated so desirable a consummation. In every regiment there are always one or two fast young 'subs' with a passion for *écarté* and unlimited loo, and who have no objection to paying for that enviable knowledge. For a time this pleasant condition of affairs lasted, till at length the crash came. One young officer, more astute than the rest, detected the cheats, and promptly laid the matter before his brothers-in-arms. There was no very grave scandal, nothing nearly so bad as Ashton had suggested to Winchester, only that Captains Wingate and Ashton resigned their commissions, and their place knew them no more. There was a whisper of a forged bill, some hint of a prosecution, known only to the astute sub and his elder brother and adviser-in-chief, Lord Bearhaven, and to Vere Dene, Ashton's sister, who is reported to have gone down on her knees to his lordship and implored him to stay the proceedings. How far this was true, and how Vere Dene came to change her name, we shall learn presently. But that there was a forged bill there can be no doubt, for Wingate had stolen it from Winchester's studio while visiting Ashton, after the crash came; and, moreover, he was using it now in a manner calculated to impress upon Ashton the absolute necessity of becoming the greater scoundrel's tool and accomplice. Since that fatal day when he had flown to careless bohemian Jack Winchester with the story of his shame, and a fervid petition to the latter to beg, borrow, or steal the money necessary to redeem the fictitious acceptance bearing Bearhaven's name, he had not seen his sister, though she would cheerfully have laid down all her fortune to save him. But all the manhood within him was not quite dead, and he shrank, as weak natures will, from a painful interview. Winchester had redeemed the bill, and Wingate had perjured it.

Winchester had been brought up under the same roof as Vere Ashton, by the same prin puritanical relative, who would hold up her hands in horror at his boyish escapades, and predict future evil to arise from the lad's artistic passion. It was the old story of the flint and steel, fire and water; so, chafed at length by Miss Winchester's cold frigidity, he had shaken the

dust from his feet, and vowed he would never return until he could bring fame and fortune in his train. There was a tender parting between the future Raphael and his girlish admirer under the shadow of the beeches, a solemn interchange of sentiments, and Jack Winchester started off to conquer the world with a heart as light and unburdened as his pocket.

But man proposes. Vere's mother had been the only daughter of a wealthy *virtuoso*, who had literally turned his only daughter out of doors when she had dared to consult her own wishes in the choice of a husband; and for years, long years after Vere and Chris had lost both parents, he made no sign. Then the world read that Vavasour Dene was dead, and had left the whole of his immense fortune to his grandchildren; three-fourths to Vere on condition that she assumed the name of Dene, and the remainder to Chris, because, so the will ran, he was the son of his mother. Presently, Winchester, leading a jolly bohemian existence in Rome, heard the news, and decided, in the cynical fashion of the hour, that Vere would speedily forget him now. And so they drifted gradually apart. Winchester had been thoughtless, careless, and extravagant; living from hand to mouth, in affluence one day, in poverty another; but he was not without self-respect, and he had never been guilty of a dishonourable action. He hated Wingate with all the rancour a naturally generous nature was capable of feeling, and set his teeth close as he listened.

'Of course it was only a matter of time to come to this,' he said. 'Well, of all the abandoned scoundrels! And that man once had the audacity to make love to Vere, you say? I wish I had known before.'

'That was a long time ago,' Ashton replied; 'before—before we left the army, when you were in Rome. Remember, Wingate was a very different man, in a very different position then. Do you suppose that he knows whose place it is that he contemplates?'—

'Knows! of course he knows.—Now listen to me, Chris, my boy, and answer me truthfully. I believe, yes, I do, that if you had a chance you would end this miserable life. You say you are in Wingate's power. What I want to know is whether he carries that precious paper about with him?'

'Always, always, Jack. With that he can compel me to anything; the only wonder is that I have never forced it from him before now. Still, I do not see what that has to do with the matter.'

Winchester smoked in profound silence for a time, ruminating deeply over a scheme which had commenced to shape itself in his ready brain. 'I don't suppose you do understand,' he said dogmatically. 'Do you think if I were to see Vere she would acknowledge me, knowing who I am?'

For answer Ashton laughed almost gaily. 'Your modesty is refreshing. Do you think she has forgotten you, and the old days at Rose Bank? Never! There are better men than you; handsomer, cleverer by far; she meets

daily good men and true, who would love her for her sweet self alone. She is waiting for you, she will wait for you till the end of time. Whatever her faults may be, Vere does not forget.'

A dull red flush mounted to the listener's cheeks, a passionate warmth flooded his heart almost to overflowing; but even the quick sanguineness of his mercurial disposition could not grasp the roseate vision in its entirety. Its very contemplation was too dangerous for ordinary peace of mind.

'One more thing I wish to know,' said he, reverting doggedly to the original topic. 'Of course the dainty Wingate does not intend to soil his fingers by such an act as vulgar burglary. Who is the meaner rascal?'

'So far as I can gather, a neighbour of ours, a very superior workman, I am told, who is suffering from an eclipse of fortune at present. The gentleman's name is Chivers—Benjamin Chivers. Is the name familiar?'

'Why, yes,' Winchester answered dryly, 'which is merely what, for a better word, we must term another coincidence. The fellow has a most respectable wife and three children, who are distinguished from the other waifs in the street by a conspicuous absence of dirt. I thought I recognised the fellow's face.'

'Recognised his face? Have you seen him, then?'

Winchester gave a brief outline of his interview with the individual he had chanced to encounter in Arlington Street. A little circumstance in which one day he had been instrumental in saving a diminutive Chivers from condign chastisement had recalled the ex-convict's face to his recollection. Perhaps—but the hope was a wild one—a little judicious kindness, and a delicate hint at the late charitable demonstration, might sufficiently soften the thief's heart and cause him to betray Wingate's plans. That they would not be confided entirely to Ashton he was perfectly aware, and that the meaner confederate had been kept in want of funds by his chief the fact of his begging from a stranger amply testified.

'Which only shows you that truth is stranger than fiction,' said he, as he rose to his feet and donned his hat. 'If I only dared to see her; and even then she might—but I am dreaming. However, we will make a bold bid for freedom. And now you can amuse yourself by setting out the Queen Anne silver and the priceless Dresden for supper;' saying which, he felt his way down the creaky stairs into the street below.

The ten days succeeding the night upon which this important conversation was held were so hot that even Ashton, much as he shrank from showing himself out of doors in the daytime, could bear the oppressive warmth no longer, and had rambled away through Kennington Park Road, even as far as Clapham Common, in his desire to breathe a little clear fresh air. Winchester, tied to his easel by a commission which, if not much, meant at least board and lodging, looked at the blazing sky and shook his head longingly.

Despite the oppressive overpowering heat, the artist worked steadily on for the next three hours. There was less noise than usual in the street below, a temporary quiet in which Winchester

inwardly rejoiced. At the end of this time he rose and stretched himself, with the comfortable feeling of a man who has earned a temporary rest. In the easy *abandon* of shirt sleeves he leant out of the window, contemplating the limited horizon of life presented to his view. There were the usual complement of children indulging in some juvenile amusement, in which some broken pieces of platter and oyster shells formed an important item, and in this recreation Winchester, who had, like most warm-hearted men, a tender feeling towards children, became deeply engrossed. One or two street hawkers passed on crying their wares, and presently round the corner there came the unmistakable figure of a lady, followed by a servant in undress livery, bearing a hamper in his arms, a burden which, from the expression of his face, he by no means cared for or enjoyed.

'Some fashionable doing the Lady Bountiful,' Winchester murmured. 'Anyway, she has plenty of pluck to venture here. If she was a relation of mine'—

He stopped abruptly and stared in blank amazement, for there was no mistaking the tall figure and graceful carriage of Vere Dene. She passed directly under him, and entered a house a little lower down the street with the air of one who was no stranger to the locality. In passing the group of children, she paused for a moment, and selecting one or two of the cleanest, divided between them the contents of a paper parcel she carried.

Directly she had disappeared, a free fight for the spoils ensued. The interested spectator waited a moment to see which way the battle was going, and then hurried down the stairs and out into the street towards the combatants. The presence of the new ally was sorely needed. The three representatives of the house of Chivers were faring sorely in the hands of the common foe. In that commonwealth all signs of favour were sternly discountenanced.

'What do you mean by that?' Winchester demanded, just in time to save the whole of the precious sweetmeats. 'Don't you know it is stealing, you great girls, to rob those poor little children?'

'They don't mean it, bless you,' said a voice at the mediator's elbow; 'and they don't know any better. It's part of their nature, that's wot it is.'

Winchester turned round, and encountered the thickset form and sullen features of his Arlington Street acquaintance. As their eyes met, those of Chivers fell, and he muttered some incoherent form of thanks and acknowledgment for the past service. Presently he went on to explain.

'You see, my wife is better brought up than most of them about here, and she do try to keep the childer neat and tidy; and that makes the others jealous. They ain't been so smart lately,' he continued, with a glance half kindly, half shameful, at his now smiling offspring, 'cause mother has been poorly lately, and I've been out o' luck too.'

In spite of his shamefaced manner and the furtive look common to every criminal, there was something in the man's blunt candour that appealed to Winchester's better feelings. Besides, knowing something of the ex-convict and his

doubtful connection with Wingate, it was to his interest to conciliate his companion with a view to possible future advantage.

'It must be a miserable life, yours,' he said not unkindly. 'Better, far better, try something honest. You will not regret it by-and-by.'

'Honest, sir! Would to heaven I could get the chance! You are a gentleman; I can see that, though you do live here; and know what misfortune is. If I could only speak with you and get your advice. You have been kind to me, and good to my poor little ones, and I'm—I'm not ungrateful. If I could help you'—

Winchester laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder with his most winning manner. He began to feel hopeful. 'You can help me a great deal,' said he; 'come up to my room and talk the matter over.'

It was a very ordinary tale to which he had to listen.

'I was a carpenter and joiner, with a fair knowledge of locksmith's work, before I came to London. I was married just before then, and came up here thinking to better myself. It wasn't long before I wished myself back at home. I did get some work at last, such as it was, a day here and a day there; till I became sick and tired of it, and ready for anything almost. I needn't tell you how I got with a set of loose companions, and how I was persuaded to join them. . . . I got twelve months, and only came out ten weeks ago. I have tried to be honest. But it's no use, what with one temptation and another.'

'And so you have determined to try your hand again. You run all the risk, and your gentlemanly friend gets all the plunder.'

It was a bold stroke on Winchester's part; but the success was never for a moment in doubt. Chivers's coarse features relaxed into a perfect apathy of terror. He looked at the speaker in speechless terror and emotion.

'We will waive that for the present,' Winchester continued. 'What I wish to know is how you have contrived to live for the past ten weeks?'

'I was coming to that, sir, when you stopped me. You see, when the trouble came, my poor wife didn't care to let her friends know of the disgrace, and tried hard to keep herself for a time. But illness came too, and she and the little ones were well-nigh starving. Mary, my wife, sir, remembered once that she was in service with an old lady whose niece came into a large fortune. Well, she just wrote to her and told her everything. And what do you think that blessed young creature does? Why, comes straight down here into this den of a place and brings a whole lot of dainty things along. And that's the very lady as is up in my bit of a room at this very minute.'

'I am quite aware of that,' said Winchester quietly. 'Miss Dene, as she is called now, and myself are old friends. I remember everything now. Your wife was once a housemaid at Rose Bank; and you are the son of old David Chivers, who kept the blacksmith's shop at Weston village. —Ben, do you ever remember being caught bird-nesting in Squire Lechmere's preserves with a neer-do-well fellow called Jack Winchester?'

For answer, Chivers burst into tears. Pres-

ently, after wiping his eyes with the tattered fur cap, he ventured to raise his eyes to his host. 'You don't mean to say it's Mr Winchester?' he asked brokenly.

'Indeed, I am ashamed to say it is. This world of ours is a very small place, Ben, and this is a very strange situation for you and me to meet. But before we begin to say anything touching old times, there is something serious to be discussed between us. Remember, you are altogether in my hands. I might have waited my opportunity and caught you red-handed. Don't ask me for a moment what is my authority, but tell me'—and here the speaker bent forward, dropping his voice to an impressive whisper—'everything about the Arlington Street robbery you have planned with that scoundrel Wingate.'

Once more the old look of frightened terror passed like a spasm across the convict's heavy features. But taking heart of grace from Winchester's benign expression, he, after a long pause, proceeded.

'I don't know how he found me out, or why he came to tempt me—not that I required much of that either. It seemed all simple enough, and I was very short of money just then, and desperate-like, though I won't make any excuse. I don't know all the plans; I don't know yet whose house'—

'Whose house you are going to rob,' Winchester interrupted with a thrill of exultation at his heart. 'Then I will tell you as an additional reason why you should make a clean breast of it. Perhaps you may not know that Miss Dene lives in Arlington Street; and that Miss Dene, whose name, I see, puzzles you, is Miss Ashton, once of Rose Bank?'

'I didn't know,' Chivers exclaimed with sudden interest. 'If it is the same'—

'It is the same. She changed her name when she inherited her grandfather's fortune. Come! you know enough of Wingate's plans to be able to tell me if No. 281 Arlington Street is the house?'

'As sure as I am a living man, it is,' said Chivers solemnly.—'Mr Winchester, I have been bad; I was on the road to be worse; but if I did this, I should be the most miserable scoundrel alive. If you want to know everything, if you want me to give it up this minute'—

'I want to know everything, and I certainly do not want you to give it up this minute. You must continue with Wingate as if you are still his confederate. And of this interview not a word. I think, I really think that this will prove to be the best day's work you have ever done.'

Chivers answered nothing, but drew from a pocket a greasy scrap of paper cut from a cheap society paper, and placed it in Winchester's hand. As far as he could discern, the paragraph ran as follows:

'The delicate and refined fancy of a "jewel ball," designed by the Marchioness of Hurlingham, will be the means of displaying to an admiring world the finest gems of which our aristocracy can boast. Starr and Fortiter, *et hoc genus omne*, are busy setting and polishing for the important event, not the least valuable *parure* of brilliants in their hands being those of Miss Dene, the lovely Arlington Street heiress, who,

rumour says, intends to personify diamonds. Half a century ago the Vere diamonds had become quite a household word. Certainly they never had a more lovely mistress to display their matchless beauty.

'That,' explained the penitent criminal in a hoarse whisper, 'is about all I know at present. But if I made a guess, I should say it would be the night after the ball.'

FORTUNES IN OLD FURNITURE.

ACCIDENT has from time to time revealed many treasures hidden away in various countries during the troubles of war. It would be a lucky find, could one unearth the treasure-chests of the Imperial army, said to have been buried in Spain during the Peninsular War, or those along Napoleon's line of retreat from the Beresina.

But even the more prosaic details of ordinary life are occasionally enlivened by some little romance of accidental discovery of wealth in old pieces of furniture picked up, perhaps, at an auction. The fortunate finders under consideration have all had reasons to rejoice over the possession of oak-chests and ancient cabinets. One does not usually associate anything very valuable or curious with charitable institutions, yet in the almshouses at Wells an interesting discovery of more than a thousand original documents was made in an old oak-chest. Some of these documents dated back to the thirteenth century, and many of their seals were in a wonderful state of preservation.

A few years ago a gentleman bought a cabinet at a saleroom for five shillings. This piece of furniture was put on one side, unexamined for some time. After the lapse of about two years, the owner agreed to sell it to a purchaser—anxious to buy a cabinet of the kind—for just double the sum he had paid for it. With this intention he took it out of the corner where it had been standing, in order to dust it. He pulled out a drawer, and discovered that it was shorter than the hole into which it fitted, and there was a bundle of what at first looked like five-pound notes inside. On taking them out, he found there were two bundles, one containing fourteen one-hundred-pound notes, and the other twenty-six notes, also of one hundred pounds apiece. They proved to have been lost twenty years ago by a gentleman in London, to whose representative the money was restored, and the finder rewarded.

It is not so satisfactory to the discoverer of hidden wealth when he has to refund his suddenly-acquired treasure to the rightful owner, as happened also in the next case. A carpenter not long since in Vienna received from the wife of a tailor an old chest of drawers to be repaired. On examining the back, he discovered a secret drawer in which were several rolls of paper. These proved to be various bonds and shares, all with their coupons attached. The finder at once

honestly deposited these valuable papers with the Commissary of Police. It appeared that the former owner had died suddenly, and as he was a parsimonious man, his relatives were not a little surprised to find that he had only left a small amount of property. He kept his savings in a secret drawer, which he had not mentioned to any one. As he died without making a will, nothing was known of this hidden treasure, the value of which amounted to over ten thousand florins. The chest of drawers passed to the next of kin.

Another interesting discovery is said to have been made by the executors of the late hereditary Princess Caroline of Denmark. An old chest, which, like the oaken one in the mournful ballad, 'had long been hid,' was found amongst the miscellaneous curiosities of a lumber-room. Not even the oldest servant remembered ever having seen it opened; and as no keys were found which fitted the lock, the lid was forced, when, to the surprise of every one, the box was found to contain a collection of rich furs, loose brilliants, pearl and diamond necklaces, velvets, pieces of richly-embroidered satin, canes and riding-whips with handles of beautifully-chiselled gold or silver inlaid with precious stones, gold cups—in short, a quantity of valuables worth many thousands of pounds. Apparently the existence of this treasure had been entirely forgotten by the late Princess. Doubtless the secrets revealed by such bureaus would be considered of much greater importance by most finders than any divulged by political cabinets.

An old oak-chest which was bought for four shillings in Derbyshire turned out to be worth a great deal more money even from its appearance, for it was very old, clumsy, and nicely carved. The purchaser was still better pleased with his bargain when he found a secret drawer in the bottom of the chest and forty spade guineas in the secret drawer. With the gold was a memorandum written in faded ink; it was to this effect: 'When my uncle Brown gave me fifty guineas at Christmas, as a present for waiting on him during his illness.—ANNE L.—, 1798.' Of this reward for the lady's attention to her kinsman she had spent but ten guineas. The rest lay for sixty-five years untouched in her desk, while the world so strangely altered from the slow old days to the bustle and hurry of modern times. On the old lady's death, the husband of her niece became the possessor of her goods, and it appears that he sold the chest. As the chest had been out of the original owner's keeping for nine years, it was legally decided that the guineas belonged to the gentleman who bought them and the chest for four shillings.

To collectors of bric-à-brac there is a charm of old associations with people now forgotten—a sentimental motive—which will not be denied by collectors who do not merely follow a fashion, but love to fill their houses with curious waifs of time and mementoes of different ages.

But though sentiment is powerful, the influence of mammon is greater, and often makes buyers of bureaus, cabinets, chests, and such-like, examine them carefully in hopes of finding fortunes in secret drawers. But whatever motive may actuate the buyers of old oak or mahogany, we fear that little of the furniture of this Victorian

age will ever be purchased in the future for similar reasons, because it would crumble into fragments long before time had stamped it as an antique.

HUMOUR AT SCHOOL.

By H. J. BARKER.

THE fund of ingenuousness and humour locked up within the four walls of an ordinary day-school is practically inexhaustible. The school-room walls, indeed, remain the same; but the generations of children—like a stream speeding betwixt its banks—are ever shifting and changing and disappearing, and each juvenile generation affords its sure quota of amusement.

Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Thus, it is no great task for me to cull a number of interesting specimens—both oral and script—from my examinational notebook.

Questions in geography, based upon 'boring a hole through the middle of the earth,' are very favourite ones with examiners in testing the earth-knowledge of the lower classes of a school. Such questions are put with the special object of eliciting whether the children have exact and abiding notions of the size and shape of the earth. A certain examiner put the favourite question in this form: 'If I made a hole right through the centre of the earth where should I come out?' And one little lad, whose wit was readier than his geographical knowledge, and who was quite above such commonplace answers as 'Australia' or 'the Antipodes,' promptly replied, 'Out at the hole, mester!'

I may mention that when I related this anecdote in my lecture on 'Very Original English' in the theatre of the Birkbeck Institution, London, it caused such a spontaneous outburst of applause that I felt regret that the inspector and the juvenile prodigy were not both present to hear it.

The following literary selection is from a scholar's exercise on 'Governments.' With the exception of the introductory paragraph, which is of an ordinary character, I give the lad's complete effusion:

'It is not proper to think that the Governments of all countrys are alike. It may surprise your fathers and mothers to learn that we read in our books that there are many kinds of Governments. Five or Six I can count. In Persia the people call the Shah a Desspot. And your fathers and mothers will say that he deserves it. Why, if a man does anything wrong as not to please him, the Desspot has only to say, "Cut his head off." And the police does it. Or if the Desspot asks a woman to be one of his wives, and she says, "I will not marry you," he only says, "Cut her head off." And the police does it. But when this man who thinks as he is a king, comes to England, he cant do it. My mother remembers him once coming, and she says as he had to behave hisself, whether he liked it or not.

'In France, they have not now a king. Only a man as they choose for a Government, called a Prezident. In our reading-books it tells you a lot about this country, only I can never think of it. Wives plough in the fields, it says, and the poor boys and girls have not got no English home. The men are too fond of Governments, and they have had more of them than any other country nearly. Napolien was one, but there was lots of others. The city of Paris looks the finest place you ever see. There is a river runs straight up the middle, and lots of bridges drawn right across, and places sticking up, and bits of people walking by the side of the water. The Government this year is Prezident. These Prezidents have got queer names, but they are not kings nor Desspots.

'Our country has a Queen who cant do anything but what she ought to. She has been at the Government for nearly fifty years, and still she looks nice. Also Georges I., II., III., and IV., but there was VIII. Henrys. There is also houses called the Houses of Parliament. One of these is full of Lords, called the House of Lords, but the other is only built for them gentlemen as perhaps you have seen some of them, and it is called the House of Commons. No gentleman can get in there unless they know as he can make laws. But the Queen has to look them over, and see as they are made right. These Commons are called Conservatives and Liberals, and they try and hinder one another as much as they can. They sometimes have sides, and then you see it on the placards, and you can hear men and your fathers a talking and quariling about it. Our country is governed a lot better than France, and Germany comes about next. Then theres a lot of others, and then comes Persia. Our country allways comes first, whoever you like to ask.'

On one occasion, during the examination of an 'object' lesson on the 'Cow,' I received a most original answer from a scholar. I had asked a series of questions having reference to the practical uses to which the various parts of the cow's carcass are put. And although I was quite satisfied to hear that cups and combs were made of the beast's horns, knife-handles of its bones, leather of its skin, &c., I certainly was somewhat startled and rendered incredulous by hearing one lad inform me, with the most confident and complacent air in the world, that 'wash-leather was made of its stomach!'

The next essay has for its title 'The Irish.' The writer is a lad attending a school situated in one of the poorest districts of Lambeth.

'The Irish are so called because they live in the island of Ireland. It is a beautiful country, which is chiefly noted for three principal classes of things, which is namely, its great greenness, its big bogness, and its little shamrocks. It says in our lessons as green is the favourite colour with all the Irish great and small classes. Shamrock is nothing but a little bit of green clover. But the Irish love it.

'They cant manufacture things in Ireland same as we can, from a trackion engine to a sowing needle. But still the Irish manufacture the following classes of things very exseedingly, namely, Linin, bacon, shop eggs, and whisky. The Irish are nearly as fond of bacon as they are

of potatoes; and as for that there whisky, the Irish love it. The hearts of the Irish, the book says, are all very warm. If you was walking out in the country and you met a poor man, you could easy tell whether he was an Irishman; for if he was an Irishman he would perhaps be in a passion and have a pig with him.

'There is one Irishman as nearly everybody nose on, which is Mr Parnell. I have seen his picture in a many different papers, and it is always the same. He has a nice minister's face, and his eyes look straight out at you. I do like to see his face. Mr Parnell does not dress same as the other Irish, and his eyes seem to draw you to him. He doesnt look as fat as he would like. Them Irish as is poor and lives about here have a queer way of speaking, like as if they had a side-tooth out, and the wind was blowing through it. They seem to have a lot of wind inside of them. These poor men's faces have a lot of wrinkles on them, and they look funny at you like what Gypsies do. The Irish women have even got warmer hearts than the men, for they will actually sometimes pull their husbands' cheeks in the street; and when there's no men about, they begin dragging one another's hair off.

'But the Irish are one of the two finest classes of men in the world. The English are a bit fatter, but the Irish can run about and fight the best. The Irish have produced nearly all our great soldiers, because father told a man in our house that when he once took mother to the Music Hall, there was an Irishman a-kicking up his heels all by himself on the stage, and singing a song which said, What was Wellington? why, an Irishman; what was General More? an Irishman; what was Sir Garnit Woolsey? an Irishman. And father said that he showed the people that everybody as had ever done anything worth menshening was Irishmen. Father said he left out Nelson, because he knew the people woodn't stand it. Then I said to father that if the man had have said as Nelson was an Irishman, that the people ought to have called out as Mr Parnell was an Englishman. Then my father laughed, and told the man he was telling, as I was a fair coshen.'

I was once giving a lesson in physiology, with special reference to the nature and composition of the various 'food-stuffs.' I had compared the human constitution to the mechanism of an ordinary steam-engine, showing the pupils that just as the mechanical force of the latter is due to the burning of the fuel in the furnace, so the power and vigour of the former, or human engine, is dependent upon a very similar internal combustion. I had divided the food-stuffs into the 'flesh-forming' and 'heat-giving' classes, and had clearly explained to the lads—so, at least, I thought—why certain proportions of each class of food were necessary for a thoroughly nourished and vigorous condition of the human machine. Hence the reason, I continued to illustrate, why—as by an intuition—we ate 'ham and eggs' together, 'bread and butter,' &c.; and hence, also, the reason why such articles as milk and whole-meal bread were even in themselves almost 'perfect' foods. Towards the close of the lesson, I asked—by way of recapitulation—why it was advisable that we should always eat a fair

proportion of fat meat with our lean. I was somewhat surprised to observe one lad thrust out his hand very precipitately, since I knew that he was by no means endowed with a specially scientific turn of mind. However, I called upon him for an answer.

'Because, sir, the fat makes the lean slip down better!' he cried, rolling his eyes with satisfaction and smacking his lips with lively relish.

I looked at him as who should say, 'What is the use of endeavouring to entice the feet of such urchins into the mystic groves of the occult sciences?' and he, on his part, gaped back upon me as who should say, 'Well, sir, you are makin' them easy this morning. Why, that was almost as nice and straightforward as a taste of the genuine article. Keep the pot a-boiling, sir!'

The following essay on 'Winter' is an effort by a boy who was eleven years of age at the time of examination. He came from a miserably poor home; for his father was dead, and the mother had to support a little family of three by the labour of her own hands:

'Winter is the 4th season of the year, and therefore it is the coldest. It is so cold that we have fine red fires in the schoolrooms, big enough to boil a sheep on them. You never see such fires anywheres else, not even in the church. They are fires, them are, and no mistake. Whenever I see the schoolkeeper come in with that big skuttle of his, and tipple the coals on, I always think how pleased my mother would be only to have one of them lumps. Why, theres more coals in that one skuttle than there even is in all our coal bin at home. I do wish that my mother was the School Board, so as she could make good fires for her and me and my two little sisters. I never cry with the cold, not me, but our little Hannah does. But then I get so regular warm at school, that it seems to stick to me for ever so long.

'In the winter you have to pick up the bits of coals from the middle of the road after the carts have gone by. This is not stealing, because the coal man would never pick them up himself. When there is snow upon the ground, the carts bump a good deal and jog more coals out, and besides you see the pieces plainer lying on the ground. Our Hannah has been very ill this winter. Whenever she coughs extry loud, I see the tears come to my mother's eyes. I see her look at Hannah, and then she always wipes her eyes and nose with her apron. I wish as my mother was the School Board.

'You seem to get thinner in winter, and your boots seem to get thinner, and you always feel a lot hungrier. Dont I like that toast and drippin which I have with mother when she gets home from her washing. She toasts 3 or 4 slices at the laundry fire where she works, and so shes only got to warm it a bit afore we eat it. But I shouldnt mind winter very much if it wernt for the chillblanes. Sometimes your toes feel as if theyre tickling one another, and sometimes as if theyre a skorching one another. I feel regular mad with them sometimes. When shall I have some nice thick hard boots again same as what that gentleman give me at school a long time since. He has been to school once or twice since, looking

at our feet under the desks, but every time he came my boots happened not to have no holes in, so he past me by. Perhaps he will come again afore long.'

A NOVEL VESSEL.

CROSS-RIVER communication has always held a foremost place in the duties of the engineer, and the various methods by which it is effected have never failed to produce one of the most interesting problems of his calling. The earliest method of crossing streams too deep for wading or stepping-stones doubtless originated in a falling tree spanning the opening and affording to the primeval savage a means of passage—a device now expanded into the scientific steel girder, with strains on every point calculated with the utmost exactitude, and duly proportioned throughout in accordance with both strength of material and manner of loading. Where bridges are unsuitable owing to obstruction of headway or other causes, tunnels are substituted to effect the desired means of communication.

Yet another means of cross-river communication and one possessing undoubted advantages claims our attention—namely, ferry-boats. Bridges and tunnels are undeniably fixtures, and in this respect compare unfavourably with ferry-boats, which can be readily transferred from point to point to suit the exigences of fluctuating traffic.

Bridges, if built at a sufficient elevation to admit navigation, may require long approaches, an item, in crowded localities and cities where land is valuable, of no small cost; whilst a similar necessity imperatively swells the estimates for tunnels, unless shafts at either end be employed, worked as a rule by hydraulic hoists; an alternative, however, not only involving delay in passage, but requiring considerable outlay in plant, with attendant permanent working expenses. Hence ferries still hold their own, though the inconvenience of using them in tidal waters constitutes a serious drawback. To obviate such difficulty, much ingenuity has been expended in designing landing-stages to rise and fall with the tide, enabling vehicular traffic at all times by traversing an inclined plane, or by means of hoists to proceed on board the ferry. The latest method of dealing with this problem is well worthy of passing note, and will by its novelty hardly fail to merit the attention of our readers.

The vessel recently launched for service on the Clyde, and known under the name of the Patent Elevating Steam-ferry, has as its distinctive feature a platform or deck so constructed that it can be raised and lowered at will, and therefore always maintained at the same level as the quay or landing-place, whatever the state of the tide may be. Passengers and vehicles are therefore able to pass direct on board, and similarly to disembark, without any difficulty. The platform is not lowered for the passage, the vessel having ample stability to carry the heaviest load in safety even with the platform at its maximum height.

The vessel is constructed almost entirely of steel, with a length of eighty feet, breadth forty-

three feet, and depth amidships twelve feet, and has thirteen water-tight compartments.

Six columns carry the platform, which is raised and lowered by a screw working inside each column, a range of fifteen feet being given. Three hundred passengers and eight loaded carts and horses can be accommodated at the same time; or if passengers alone be carried, as many as six to seven hundred can be taken at once. Rails are placed on the platform, and all provision made for conveying across railway carriages and trucks. Two sets of engines are provided, either of which is capable of driving the vessel, in the event of the disablement of the other. The engines are triple expansion, and the vessel is provided throughout with all the latest and most approved appliances. The platform is worked by special separate engines actuating the vertical screws in the columns, already described.

The wear and tear to both horses and vehicles in traversing inclines will be entirely obviated, and the career of this ingenious vessel will be watched with the keenest interest, not merely by engineers and shipbuilders, but by the public generally.

Before closing our account of this novel ship, we may mention that at the same place where it is shortly destined to ply, a tunnel is in course of construction; so that ere long the interesting spectacle of direct competition between the vessel under consideration and a tunnel may be witnessed, and without doubt many problems of great professional interest will be in a fair way to admit of direct solution by the stern test of practical working.

VILANELLE.

THESE half-blown roses, yesternight,
My lady gathered laughingly—
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

She smothered them with fern-leaves quite,
Till through the green you scarce could see
These half-blown roses, yesternight.

Her face was flushed with rosy light;
On each fair cheek shone charmingly
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

I cannot surely tell aright
With what sweet grace she gave to me
These half-blown roses, yesternight;

Gave me, in pledge of all delight
That in the coming days shall be
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

Lady, my days are golden-bright,
Because you plucked, half-playfully,
These half-blown roses, yesternight,
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

H. D. LOWRY.

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MISAPPLIED TALENT.

THE land which has given us the electric light, the phonograph, tramways, Pullman trains, tinned fruit, Mark Twain, syndicates, dress paper-shapes, petroleum, patent rockers, washing-machines, ginsling, and other actual or doubtful boons, has also sent us many curious specimens of misapplied ingenuity. Perhaps in a cargo of American 'notions' of the present day one might not find wooden nutmegs, ligneous hams, and eyeless needles; but these were once actual articles of commerce. The writer has seen, in the days before 'brands' attained a commercial value which compelled honest dealing, barrels of American butter which contained only a layer at top and bottom of the yellow substance, while the interior was filled up with coarse salt carefully adjusted to the usual weight of a barrel of butter. It is consolatory to know, however, that American swindlers do not manufacture for export so exclusively as they used to do, and that they have devoted themselves to cultivating the domestic markets.

In the State of New Jersey a public inquiry was recently held into alleged adulterations of food, and the Report presented by the Committee is remarkable. They had caused six hundred and twenty-three separate articles of food offered for sale to be analysed, and of these they found only three hundred and twenty to be pure. Among the pure commodities were those peculiarly American products 'canned goods,' and only one specimen of these was found to be other than it professed to be. But when the 'canned goods' were deducted from the list, the result was even less favourable to transatlantic honesty, for of the remaining articles only 46·83 per cent. were found to be pure, while 53·17 per cent. were adulterated.

Some of the disclosures were very curious. Thus, it seems that the active legislation of some years ago has prevented oleomargarine from being sold as butter, and oleomargarine has come to be a regular and presumably wholesome article

of domestic consumption under its own proper name. The analysts found that which professed to be butter, really butter; but when they came to examine what was offered as oleomargarine, they found a great deal of it was not good oleomargarine, but only bad butter. This is a sufficiently curious turning of the tables.

Lard, again, has become a very indefinite article. What used to be 'Leaf Lard' is declared to be now almost non-existent. What is now offered as 'Western Lard,' say the reporters, is composed of the fat of all portions of the hog mixed indiscriminately; while 'Refined Lard' they found to be a compound of beef-fat, cottonseed oil, and a small proportion only of hog-fat.

Coffee is largely used in America, but of twenty-four samples analysed, only eight passed the inspection. The others were found to be more or less mixed with roasted and ground peas, beans, rye, wheat, and chicory. One sample of reputed 'Essence of Coffee' contained no trace of coffee whatever, being a compound of burnt treacle and roasted ground corn.

The perfection of fraud, however, was revealed in the various samples of so-called 'Ground Spices' examined. The greatest ingenuity is exercised in the manufacture of pepper, ground ginger, mustard, ground cinnamon, ground cloves, and allspice. The way to make 'Pure Pepper' in America is to mix thoroughly buckwheat hulls and cocoa-nut shells well charred, and then to add a little cayenne for flavouring. To make 'Pure Ginger' you only need Indian corn-meal, turmeric, and a pinch of cayenne. For 'Mustard' all you want is corn-meal, a little real ginger, turmeric, and cayenne. Any kind of spice known to Ceylon or the Eastern Archipelago can be produced in New Jersey on the shortest notice from ground cocoa-nut shells, walnut shells, corn-meal, buckwheat hulls, mustard chaff, ground charcoal, cayenne, turmeric, charred grains of any kind, and burnt bread. Truly, there is no limit to American inventiveness and to human gullibility.

It is not, however, to such more or less manufactured articles of food that the spirit of fraud confines itself, for even in the market for fresh fruit it finds scope. Thus it is alleged by a Chicago paper that all the lemons grown in Florida are artificially and fraudulently coloured for market. 'All' is rather a large word; but let us assume 'some,' and then examine how it is done.

When lemons are picked prematurely—over-green—they never ripen, and therefore will not turn yellow. But lemon-growers in Florida in haste to catch the market before the European crops begin to arrive, cannot afford to wait for the yellowing of the sun. They pick their lemons as green as grass, and then pile them in a sulphur-chamber to be properly and expeditiously coloured.

A rich golden yellow is the result of the sulphur bath; but that is not so bad if the juice is really inside, for we buy lemons for their flavouring essence, not for their yellow skins. Unfortunately, however, as the fruit is pulled when quite green, the pulp is almost dry.

In much the same way are the orange-growers moved to assist, or to usurp, the operations of Nature. 'Blood-oranges' are supposed to be superior in flavour to the ordinary orange, and at any rate they command an extra price in certain markets—principally, perhaps, because the supply is limited. How to get the benefit of the extra price without increasing the actual supply is the problem which some Florida orange-growers addressed themselves to solve. And this is how they solve it: They take a syringe with a very delicate point, which they gently force through the rind, and by this means inject a small quantity of aniline dye. The dye quickly permeates the whole pulp of the orange and colours it up to the standard of a first-class 'Blood-orange.' The cost is trifling, and the extra return handsome. The effect upon the consumer? Ah! that is a detail which troubles neither the grower nor the dealer, however much it may trouble the patient himself. Aniline dye *may* not be hurtful, but it certainly cannot be wholesome as an article of diet.

It is but right to say that this process for manufacturing 'Blood-oranges' is not an American invention. It was the discovery of an Italian, who practised it long and successfully in his own country, until he was found out. He suffered for his inventive genius in a State prison for a long term, and when he was released, carried his invention and enterprise to the Land of the Setting Sun, where 'smartness' and the almighty dollar are still objects of worship. It is said that 'Blood-oranges' manipulated by this Italian genius will fetch even a higher price from inexperienced purchasers than the genuine article.

Perhaps it was this Italian who served up a toothsome banquet in which some of the most notable dishes were a spider fricassee, a purée of mealworms, a salmi of beetles, and deviled spiders.

But although the Old World may have been the monitor of Uncle Sam in the case of the oranges, he is generally well able to set his European relatives an example in 'smartness' and fraudulent ingenuity.

Take, for instance, the latest system of horse-stealing in Texas. Two men work in concert; they watch the columns of the newspapers for advertisements of strayed horses; and as soon as they read that a ranchman has picked up a strange animal for which he wants the owner, they begin work. One of the pair calls at the ranche, examines the horse, and declares that it isn't his. But he takes note of all its points, and on rejoining his companion, 'posts' the latter thoroughly. Then No. 2 goes to the ranche and describes his lost animal so thoroughly and minutely that there can be no deception. The description tallies exactly with the strayed horse on the ranche, which is therefore handed over to the stranger without further proof. But the stranger is a long way from home, and talks about the distance and the trouble of leading a spare horse, and so on, until he winds up with an offer to sell the wanderer to the ranchman at something considerably under its value. The ranchman jumps at the bargain; the stranger goes away with the money in his pocket; and a few days later, the real owner of the horse turns up to claim and remove his property.

These are but a few examples of the manner in which genius is prostituted by civilised men who presumably call themselves Christians. It is doubtful, however, if even an American swindler can equal in cleverness the Asiatic. The smile, which is childlike and bland, of the accomplished Chinaman, often masks a profundity of cunning and a dexterity in fraud that the Caucasian cannot rival.

Even the mild Hindu has a faculty for fraud that is not always suspected. In the bazaars of Calcutta and Bombay the vilest poison is sold to the English sailors in bottles branded and capsuled as Martell's or Hennessy's Brandy, Dunville's Whisky, and the like. Jack pays the full price of the genuine article, but is supplied with a villainous compound of native concoction. The dealer knows the value of brands. He lays in a stock of the genuine bottles, and never disturbs labels or capsules. By the skilful application of the blowpipe, he drills a small hole in the bottom of the bottle, draws off all the genuine liquid, replaces it with his poisonous stuff, closes up the hole so that no trace remains, and palms off the bottle on unsuspecting Jack as real 'Martell' or 'fine old Irish.' The abstracted liquor will, of course, always sell on its own merits elsewhere.

Another ingenious device of the mild Hindu is to drill a hole in the thickness of a rupee, and then, with infinite labour and skill, to scrape out the silver from the *inside*, leaving only a sort of shell, without damaging the impression or the rim. Lead is then poured gently in, mixed with some alloy which gives the requisite ring, and the hole is carefully closed. Only a very keen and experienced eye can detect the imposture. The silver which is thus abstracted will be worth less than a shilling, and the manipulator has still his rupee to spend. But the operation may occupy him the greater portion of a week, during which time he might have earned two rupees by honest work!

In fact, it may be said that if all the ingenuity and talent which are applied to swindles were directed to legitimate ends, the rewards would be

both greater and more continuous than in the precarious and hazardous harvests of fraud. Leaving out of sight the moral question, it is indisputably the fact that honest labour *pays* best.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXIX.—I QUESTION WETHERLY.

It had now become so much one thing on top of another with us, and everything happening in a moment, so to speak, too: first our being left on the wreck all in a breath as it were: then our being picked up by this barque without the dimmest prospect, as my instincts advised me, of our falling in with the *Countess Ida* this side of Bombay: then our destitute condition aboard a craft whose skipper's sanity I was now honestly beginning to distrust, and whose people, if he did not lie, were for the most part a gang of scoundrels: then this sudden narrow shave of being boarded by above a score of miscreants whose undoubted hope was to seize the *Lady Blanche* and to use her in the room of their own extinguished brig: I say it was so much one thing on top of another—a catalogue of adventures scarcely conceivable in these safe-going days of the ocean mailboat, though real enough and in one way or another frequent enough in my time, I mean in the time of this narrative—that I protest something of the dismay which possessed Miss Temple visited me, though I struggled hard in the direction of a composed face, as we talked over the incident of the morning, and took a view of the singular staring figure who had charge of the barque, and directed our eyes at the crew, all hands of whom hung about forward, briskly yarning, as I might suppose, about the Spanish longboat's attempt (and with God knows what sympathy, I would think, as I peered at the groups), or as we sent our eager gaze into the blue and brilliant ocean distance in search of any little leaning flake of white that might flatter us with promise of escape from our disagreeable situation.

'I have fully and immovably formed my opinion on two points,' said Miss Temple to me as we continued to pace the deck together for some half-hour after the boat had disappeared astern: 'one is, that Captain Braine is mad; and the other that he is firmly bent on making you serve him as his mate.'

'I own that I now believe he is madder than I first suspected,' I answered. 'His manner and language to you just now were extraordinary. But as to his employing me as mate—I think this: if the man is crazy, he may easily go wrong in his navigation; if we sight nothing that will carry us home, we must obviously stick to the barque, and her safety, therefore, is ours; consequently, it is desirable I think that I should know what her skipper is doing with her from day to day; and this I can contrive by consenting to oblige him with taking sights.'

'I see what you mean,' she exclaimed thoughtfully. 'I had not taken that view; but it is a cruel one to entertain; it implies our remaining on board until—until—— Oh Mr Dugdale, this sort of imprisonment for the next two or three months is not to be borne.'

'Anyway,' said I, 'you now understand that our very safety demands we should know where that fellow is carrying his ship. If, then, he should request me to shoot the sun, as we call it, you will not be vexed by my compliance?'

'Who am I, Mr Dugdale, that you should trouble yourself about my opinion?'

'You can make yourself felt,' said I, smiling; 'I should consider your eyes matchless in their power to subdue. There is a little passage in Shakespeare that very exquisitely fits my theory of you.'

'I would rather not hear it,' she answered, with a slight curl of her lip and a faint tinge of rose in her cheeks. 'You once applied to me a very unflattering Shakespearean metaphor.'

'What was it?'

'You compared my complexion to the white death that one of Shakespeare's girls talks about.'

'I remember. I am astonished that your aunt should have repeated to you what she overheard by stealth.'

'I do not understand,' she exclaimed, firing up.

'She was behind me when I made that quotation, and I was unconscious of her presence. She should have respected my ignorance. I meant no wrong; I went on, pretending to get into a passion. Your complexion is pale, and I sought to illustrate it to my little friend Saunders by an expression of striking nobility and beautiful dignity. If ever I have the fortune to find myself in your aunt's company, I shall give her my mind on this business. How am I to know but that her repeating what she had heard me let fall excited in you the disgust I found in your treatment of me?'

She cooled down as I grew hot.

'The extravagance of your language shocks me,' she exclaimed, but with very little temper in her voice. 'Disgust? You have no right to use that word. You were always very courteous to me on board the *Countess Ida*.'

'Am I less so here?' said I, still preserving an air of indignation.

'Do not let us quarrel,' she said gently, with such a look of sweetness in her eyes as I should have thought their dark and glowing depths incapable of.

'If we quarrel, it will not be my fault,' said I, disguising myself with my voice, whilst I looked seawards that my face might not betray me.

At that moment the captain called out my name: 'Can I have a word with you, sir?' he cried along the short length of poop, standing as he was at the wheel, whilst we were conversing at the fore-end of the raised deck.

'With pleasure,' I answered.

'I shall go into the cabin,' said Miss Temple; 'it is too hot here. You will come and tell me what he wants.'

I waited until she had descended the ladder, and then strolled over to the captain, determined

to let him know by my careless air that whatever I did for him he must regard as an obligation, or as an expression of my gratitude; but that I was not to be commanded. I believed I could witness an expression of embarrassment in his fixed regard that I had not before noticed in him. He eyed me as though lost in thought, and I waited.

'Would you object,' said he, 'to ascertain our latitude at noon to-day?'

'Not in the least.'

He seemed to grow a little brighter. 'And I should feel obliged,' he continued, 'if you'd work out the longitude.'

'With pleasure,' I said. I looked at my watch. 'Where shall I find a sextant?' I demanded, not choosing he should know I was aware that there was one in Mr Chicken's locker.

'I have a couple,' he exclaimed; 'I will lend you one;' and down he went for it with a fluttered demeanour of eagerness.

I lingered till I supposed he had entered his cabin, then put my head into the skylight and called softly to Miss Temple, who was seated almost directly beneath for the air there: 'He wishes me to take an observation with him.'

'What is that?' she answered, also speaking softly and turning up her face.

'I am to shoot the sun—you know, Miss Temple.'

'Oh, pray, contrive to make some error—commit some blunder to make him suppose'—She checked herself, and I heard the captain say that it was very hot as he came to the companion steps.

In a few moments he arrived on deck, hugging a brace of sextant cases to his heart. He told me to choose; I took the one nearest to me, perceived that the instrument was almost new, and as it was now hard upon the hour of noon, applied it to my eye, the captain standing alongside of me, ogling the sun likewise. I could see the men forward, waiting for the skipper to make eight bells, staring their hardest at the now unusual spectacle to them of two sextants at work. For my part, I should have been shocked by the weakness of my memory, if I had not known what to do. During the two years I had spent at sea I was thoroughly grounded in navigation—such as it was in those days; and as I stood screwing the sun down to the horizon, the whole practice of the art, so far as my education in it went, came back to me as freshly as though I had been taking sights ever since.

He made eight bells. Mr Lush came aft to relieve the deck, and I went below with Captain Braine to work out the barque's position.

I smiled at Miss Temple as I entered the cuddy; she watched me eagerly, and the movement of her lips seemed to say, 'Don't be long.' In fact, her face had that meaning; and I gave her a reassuring nod ere turning to follow the captain into his berth. The apartment was small and cheerful, plainly stocked with the customary details of a humble skipper's sea-bedroom: a cot, a small table, a cushioned locker, a few mathematical instruments, a little hanging shelf of strictly nautical books, and so on. His chronometer was a good one, handsome for those days, of a quality one would hardly expect to find in a little trading-barque of the pattern of this *Lady Blanche*. There was a bag of charts in a corner,

and a small chart of the world lay half unrolled upon the table, with a bit of the Atlantic Ocean visible, exhibiting the skipper's 'pricking' or tracing of his course down to the preceding day.

'Here's ink and paper, sir,' said he; 'sit ye down, and let's see if we can tally.'

I was always a tolerably quick hand at figures, and had soon completed my calculations, feeling as though I was at sea again in sober professional earnest. The captain worked with extraordinary gravity; his singular eyes overhung the paper without a wink, and his yellow countenance, with his blue chops and chin, wore the melancholy of a mute's face, mixed with an indefinable quality of distress, as though his mental efforts were putting him to physical pain. We agreed to a second in our latitude, but differed in our longitude by something over seven miles.

'You'll be in the right, sir—you'll be in the right!' he cried, smiting the table with his fist. 'It is clear you know the ropes, Mr Dugdale. I'll abide by your reckonings.—And now I want ye to do me a further service.'

'What is that, captain?' said I.

'Well, ye may reckon, of course, that I can write,' he answered; 'but I never was topweight with my pen, as Jack says, nor, for the matter of that, was Chicken much of a hand. There was some words which he was always making a foul hawse of. Now, what I want ye to do, Mr Dugdale, is to keep my log for me.'

'All this,' said I carelessly, yet watching him with attention, 'is practically making a chief officer of me.' He did not answer. 'Of course, I don't object,' I continued, stimulated more perhaps by Miss Temple's than by my own views, 'to oblige in any possible manner a gentleman'—

'I am no gentleman,' said he, with a wave of the hand.

—to whom Miss Temple and myself owe our lives. But I may take it that it is thoroughly understood the young lady and myself are to quit your hospitable little ship at the first opportunity that may offer.

He regarded me in silence for I should say at least a minute; I was positively beginning to believe that he had fallen dumb. At last he seemed to come to life. He nodded slowly three times and said very deliberately: 'Mr Dugdale, you and me will be having a talk later on.'

'But, good God, captain,' cried I, startled out of my assumed manner of indifference or ease, 'you will at least assure me that you'll make no difficulty of transshipping us when the chance to do so occurs?'

He was again silent, all the while staring at me; and presently, in a deep voice, said, 'Later on, sir;' and with that stood up.

'How much later on?' I inquired.

He tapped his brow with his forefinger and answered: 'It needs reflection, and I must see my way clearly. So far it's all right. I'm much obliged to ye, I'm sure;' and he went to the door and held it open, closing it upon himself after I had stepped out.

At the instant I resolved to tell Miss Temple of what had passed; then swiftly thought no! it will only frighten the poor girl, and she can-

not advise me; I must wait a little; and with a smiling face I seated myself by her side. But secretly, I was a good deal worried. I chatted lightly, told her that there was nothing whatever significant in the captain's request that I should check his calculations by independent observations, and did my utmost, by a variety of cheerful small-talk referring wholly to our situation, to keep her heart up. Nevertheless, secretly, I was much bothered. The man had something on his mind of a dark, mysterious nature, it seemed to me; and I could not question that it formed the motive of his interrogatories as to my seamanship, and of his testing my qualities as a navigator by putting a sextant into my hand. Whatever his secret might prove, was it likely to stand between us and our quitting this barque for something homeward bound? It was most intolerably certain that if Captain Braine chose to keep me aboard, I must remain with him. For how should I be able to get away? Suppose I took it upon myself to signal a vessel when he was below: the hailing, the noise of backing the yards, the clamour of the necessary manœuvring, would hardly fail to bring him on deck; and if he chose to order the men to keep all fast with the boat, there could be no help for it; he was captain, and the seamen would obey him.

These thoughts, however, I kept to myself. The day passed quietly. Again and again Miss Temple and I would search the waters for any sign of a ship; but I took notice that the barrenness of the ocean did not produce the same air of profound misery and dejection which I had witnessed in her yesterday. In fact, she had grown weary of complaining; she was beginning to understand the idleness of it. From time to time, though at long intervals, something fretful would escape her, some reference to the wretched discomfort of being without change of apparel; to the misfortune of having fallen in with the ship, whose fore-castle people, if her captain was to be believed, were for the most part no better than the company of brigands whom we had scraped clear of that morning. But it seemed to me that she was slowly schooling herself to resignation, that she had formed a resolution to look with some spirit into the face of our difficulties, a posture of mind I was not a little thankful to behold in her, for, God knows, my own anxiety was heavy enough, and I did not want to add to it the sympathetic trouble her grief and despair caused me.

All day long the weather continued very glorious. The captain ordered a short awning to be spread over the poop, and Miss Temple and I sat in the shadow of it during the greater part of the afternoon. There was nothing to read; there was no sort of amusement to enable us to kill the time. Nevertheless, the hours drifted fleetly past in talk. Miss Temple was more communicative than she had ever before been; talked freely of her family, of her friends and acquaintances, of her visits abroad, and the like. She told me that she was never weary of riding, that her chief delight in life was to follow the hounds; and indeed she chatted so fluently on one thing and another that she appeared to forget our situation: a note almost of gaiety entered her voice; her dark eyes sparkled, and the cold,

marble-like beauty of her face warmed to the memories which rose in her. I gathered from her conversation that she was the only living child of her mother, and that there was nothing between her and a very tolerable little fortune, as I might infer from her description of the home Lady Temple had kept up in her husband's life, and that she still, though in a diminished degree, supported for the sake of her daughter, though she herself lay paralysed and helpless, looked after in Miss Temple's absence by a maiden sister.

I recollect wondering whilst I listened to her that so fine a woman as she and a fortune to boot had not long ago married. Was she waiting for some man with whom she could fall in love? or was it some large dream of title and estate that hindered her? or was it that she was without a heart? No, thought I; her heart will have had nothing to do with it. Your heartless girls get married as fast as the rest of them; and was she heartless? It was not easy to let one's gaze plumb the glowing liquid depths of her eyes, which seemed to my fancy to be charged with the fires of sensibility and passion, and believe her heartless.

There was something wild in the contrast betwixt the imaginations she raised in me by her talk of her home and her pleasures with her own beauty at hand to richly colour every fancy she inspired—betwixt my imagination, I say, and the realities about us, as I would most poignantly feel whenever I sent a glance at old Lush. He was a mule of a man, and stood doggedly at a distance, never addressed nor offered, indeed, to approach us, though sometimes I would catch him taking me in from head to toe out of the corner of his surly eyes. Possibly, my showing that I had a trick of navigation above his knowledge excited his spleen; or maybe his hatred of the captain led him to dislike me because of the apparent intimacy between the skipper and me. Anyway, I would catch myself looking at him now with a feeling of misgiving for which I could find no reason outside of the mere movement of my instincts.

It was in the second-day watch that evening; Miss Temple was resting in the little cuddy, and I stepped on to the main-deck to smoke a pipe. The topmost canvas of the barque delicately swayed under a cloudless heaven that was darkly, deeply, beautifully blue with the shadow of the coming night. A large star trembled above the ocean verge in the east; but the glow of sunset still lingered in the west over a sea of wonderful smoothness rippling in frosty lines to the breeze that gushed from between the sunset and the north.

The carpenter had charge of the deck; the captain was in his cabin. Whilst I lighted my pipe, I caught sight of the man Joe Wetherly seated on the coaming of the fore-hatch past the little galley. He was puffing at an inch of dusky clay with his arms folded upon his breast, and his countenance composed into an air of sailorly meditation. This seemed an opportunity for me to learn what he had to tell or might be willing to impart about the inner life of the *Lady Blanche*, and I went along the deck in an easy saunter, as though it was my notion to measure the planks for an evening stroll. I

started when abreast of him with a manner of pleased surprise.

'Oh! it is you, Wetherly? My old acquaintance, Smalbridge's friend! No sign of the Indian-man, though. I fear we have outrun her by leagues. And always when you are on the look-out for a sail at sea, nothing heaves into sight.'

He rose to my accost, and saluted me with a respectful sea-bow, that is, by scraping his forehead with his knuckle with a little kick back of his left leg.

'That's right enough, sir,' he answered. 'I've been sailing myself in a ship for six weeks in middling busy waters, too, with ne'er a sight of anything—not so much as the tail of a gull.'

'Pray sit,' said I; 'I'll keep you company. This is the right spot for a smoke and a yarn; quiet and cool and out of the road of the poop.'

He grinned, and we seated ourselves side by side. I talked to him first about the *Countess Ida*, explained the circumstance of my being in company with Miss Temple, told him who she was, and spoke of her shipwrecked condition so far as her wardrobe went, and how eager she was to return to England; but the old sailor made very little of her being in want of a change of dress.

'There is no need, sir,' said he, 'for the lady to distress her mind with considerations of a shift o' vestments. I allow she can use a needle for herself; there's needles and thread at her service forrads; and how much linnen do she want? Why, one of the skipper's table-cloths 'ud fit her out, I should say.' He turned his figure-head of a face upon me as he added: 'Tain't the loss of clothes, sir, as should occupy her thoughts, but the feeling that she's been took off that there wreck and is safe.'

I fully agreed with him, with some inward laughter, wondering what Miss Temple would think if she had overheard his speech. One thing led to another; at last I said:

'Wetherly, I am going to ask you a plain question; it is one sailor making inquiry of another, and you'll accept me as a shipmate, I know.'—He nodded.—'Is not your captain wanting?' and I touched my head.

'Well,' he answered after a pause, 'I think so, and I've been a-thinking so pretty nigh ever since I've been along with him.'

'What caused his mate's death?'

'He died in a swoon,' he answered—'fell dead alongside the wheel as he was looking into the compass.'

'Have the sailors noticed anything queer in their captain?'

'They're such a party of ignorant scowbankers,' said he, with a slow look round, to make sure that the coast was clear, 'that I don't believe they're capable of noticing anything if it ain't a pannikin of rum shoved under their noses.'

'I don't mind whispering to you,' said I, 'that the captain hinted to me they were not a very reputable body of men—talked vaguely of mutineers and convicts, with one fellow amongst them.' I went on, bating my voice to a mere whisper, 'who had committed a murder.'

He stared at me a moment, and then tilted his cap over his nose to scratch the back of his head.

'He'll know more about 'em, then, than I do,' he responded; 'they're ignorant enough to do wrong without troubling themselves much to think of the job when it was over. Mutineering I don't doubt some of 'em have practised. As to others of 'em being convicts, why, who's to tell? Likely as not, says I. But when it comes to murder—a middling serious charge, ain't it, sir? Of course I dunno—who might the party be, sir?'

'Oh, I exclaimed, 'it was a vague sort of talk, as I told you. But if Miss Temple and I are to stick to this ship till we get to the Mauritius, it would comfort her, and me, too, for the matter of that, to learn that her crew are not the band of ruffians we have been led to imagine them.'

'Well, sir,' he exclaimed thoughtfully—'I'm sure you'll forgive me, but I don't rightly recollect your name.'

'Dugdale.'

'Well, Mr Dugdale, as you asks for my opinion, I'll give it ye. Of course, it'll go no further, as between man and man.'

'Certainly not. I am myself trusting you up to the hilt, as what I have said must assure you. You may speak in perfect confidence.'

He took a cautious look round: 'There's but one man to be regularly afeered of, and that's Mr Lush. I believe he'd knife the capt'n right off if so be as he could be sure we men wouldn't round upon him. I don't mean to say he han't got cause to hate the capt'n. He's a working man without knowledge of perlite customs, and I believe the capt'n's said more to him than he ought to have said; more than any gentleman would have dreamt of saying, and all because this here carpenter han't got the art o' eating in a way to please the eye. But this here Mr Lush feels it too much: he's allowed it to eat into his mind; and if so be there should come a difficulty, the capt'n wouldn't find a friend in him, and so I tells ye, sir. I don't want to say more'n's necessary and proper to this here occasion of your questions; but though the crew's a desperate ignorant one, ne'er a man among 'em capable of writing or spelling any more'n the carpenter himself, there's only *him* to be afeered of, so far as I'm capable of disarming; though, of course, if he should tarn to and try and work up their feelings, there's naturally no telling how the sailors 'ud show.'

'They seem a pretty smart set of fellows,' said I, finding but little comfort to be got out of this long-winded delivery; 'the ship is beautifully clean, and everything looks to be going straight aboard of you.'

'Oh, every man can do his bit,' he answered; 'but if I was you, sir, being in charge, as you are, of a beautiful young lady, for the likes of which, this here little barque, with nothen but men aboard, and such shabby food as goes aft, is no proper place—if I was you, I says, says I, I'd get away as soon as ever I could.'

I mentally bestowed a few sea-blessings on the head of this marine Job's comforter, but contrived nevertheless, to look as though I was much obliged to him for his information and advice; and after we had continued discoursing on a variety of nautical topics for some ten minutes

or quarter of an hour longer, I proceeded aft, and spent the rest of the evening in conversing with Miss Temple in the cabin or in walking the deck with her.

PUNISHMENT OF NAVAL OFFICERS.

AFTER reading your late article upon the Punishment of Seamen in Her Majesty's Navy, I thought it would not be altogether inappropriate to offer your readers a short account of the manner in which punishment is meted out to the officers of that service for the various offences to which human nature is subject, and especially that part of human nature which 'goes down to the sea in ships.'

And first with regard to junior officers, and by junior I mean what is known in the service as 'subordinate,' not having yet received a 'commission' from Her Majesty. These young officers vary in age from fourteen to nineteen, and mess, together with a few of the very junior commissioned officers, in the gunroom. By far the larger number of subordinate officers are, of course, midshipmen.

Every reader of Marryat's novels must be well acquainted with the many scrapes into which the midshipman of that day was constantly falling, and with the various forms of punishment which seem to have formed the routine of a junior officer's life.

His day was made up very easily; the whole time he had to spare from punishment, for offences already committed, was spent in devising new schemes, in breaking more laws. Apparently, to vary the monotony of this kind of life, he would occasionally 'keep a clear sheet' for a short time, pay strict attention to duty, and be a pattern to his messmates; but these fits never lasted long, the temptation to again break through the routine of the ship or to act in disobedience to the laws of the service, always proving too strong to be resisted.

The usual punishment for all minor offences in the old days was 'mast-heading.' This consisted, as every one knows, in the culprit being 'perched' aloft upon the cross-trees for a certain or uncertain number of hours, the time depending upon the gravity of the offence committed and the temper or mood of the officer ordering the ascent. To receive instructions to remain at the mast-head 'until further orders,' must have been the most galling, the item of uncertainty being added to the other inconveniences; and then, may be, forgetfulness was a well-known failing of the officer of the watch, and the uncertainty was almost reduced to a certainty that the fact of there being a midshipman at the mast-head would be altogether forgotten, and the said midshipman's stay there prolonged even more indefinitely than seemed likely when he at first ascended. One can imagine the anxious glances directed to the deck, the occasional spark of hope when the officer's eagle glance happened to be directed skywards.

The principal factor in mast-heading as a punishment seems to have been the enforced solitude, the separation from congenial companionship and pursuits, which it entailed; yet Captain Marryat recalls some of the hours he

thus spent aloft as among the happiest in his existence, passed in quiet, restful contemplation, and somewhere tells a story about a young frequently-punished messmate of his who, wise by experience, always, when mast-headed, carried up some interesting book with which to pass away the otherwise, to him, tedious hours, and who, carrying out this practice one day, found that his sole companion during his stay aloft was a Prayer-book which had been given him by his mother, and which he had unintentionally secreted in his haste, instead of the more worldly volume he had sought; his consequent reflections, and the study of the contents of his mother's gift, which he now opened for the first time, produced so good a result that he became a reformed lad, and, formerly idle and careless, a good and trustworthy officer.

Mast-heading undoubtedly gave the junior officer ample time for reflection upon the misdeeds of which his punishment was the consequence. To sit 'up aloft' for hours undisturbed, except for an occasional hail from the officer of the watch of 'Mast-head there! do you see anything of the gig?' or, 'Let me know when the Admiral leaves the pier;' or, again, if at sea, of some shouted request to know what you make of 'that barque on the lee bow,' ought undoubtedly in the long run to tend to one's reformation; solitary confinement without the deadening effect of the four walls.

In these days of mastless ships, of stump masts with military tops, mast-heading is almost out of the question; even in those very few ships still left with tall, fully-rigged masts, their cross-trees are seldom used as seats of penance. Mast-heading as a punishment is out of date; no longer does the refractory junior officer calm his feelings by the enforced survey of a boundless sea from a dizzy height above the snow-white deck. 'Snow-white decks' themselves are rapidly becoming scarce in Her Majesty's navy; their places are being occupied by turrets, conning towers, 'turtle-backs,' and unsightly steel structures of every description.

And now to come to what is really the subject of this article, the present-day punishments.

Stoppage of leave ranks first, being in most general use, and is applied in a more or less severe degree for all those offences against discipline which are not of so highly serious a nature as to merit 'reporting to Admiral' or 'Admiralty.' If the gravity of the offence committed demands communication with the Lords Commissioners, removal of the officer's name from the Navy List usually follows. Stoppage of leave is a much more irksome punishment now that so much time is spent in harbour, so many 'shore-going' acquaintances made, than in the times of long ago, when remaining on board was often preferable to a long trip in a bumbait and a solitary ramble on terra-firma. Then, again, before the introduction of steam, voyages were very long, and a midshipman would often, on arrival of his ship in harbour, find that his one suit of mufti was sadly deteriorated owing to the combined action of cockroaches and damp.

'Breaking leave,' which very seldom occurs, is always very severely punished. Keeping 'watch and watch' and an extra allowance of night-watches are both useful methods of

correcting the young officer, and are chiefly applied when the crime consists of some neglect of duty, late relief of the deck, &c.

A midshipman's wine-bill is limited by the Admiralty Instructions; but the captain has the power of still further limiting, or, if necessary, stopping it altogether for offences in that direction.

Inattention to the teaching of the instructors, backwardness in studies or duty, is met by 'extra school' or 'extra drill,' as the case may be.

In the words of Mr Gilbert, the punishment is made to fit the crime; for instance, the case of the midshipman of a sailing cutter failing to bring his boat alongside in a proper seaman-like manner would possibly entail that officer 'standing off and on' the gangway during an hour, when otherwise he would be enjoying the comforts of his berth and the companionship of his messmates. Not keeping a proper lookout when on watch might meet with an order to keep the remainder of the four hours in one spot, well in sight, instead of being free to roam fore and aft as before. Inattentance at 'reelers,' or failing to 'heave the log' accurately, would possibly carry with it the objection of having to 'report' every quarter of an hour, when on watch, until further orders.

First offences are always dealt with very lightly, and are usually met by a caution or a reprimand.

Disobedience or neglect of 'gunroom' law is often punished by the senior officers of the mess—who are responsible for internal order and discipline—and is usually administered by means of a 'dirk' scabbard. This kind of punishment is, of course, not recognised, but is admittedly of good effect, and materially aids in the right training of those born to command in the future, and upon whom the results of England's future battles—may they be few—will greatly depend.

Infringement of the Articles of War, or Queen's Regulations, and Admiralty Instructions, by a senior officer is followed by a trial by court-martial, the sentence varying from a 'reprimand' to that of 'death'; or the 'prisoner' may, of course, be 'acquitted.' The more usual punishments are 'Dismissal from ship,' 'Loss of more or less seniority,' 'Dismissal from Her Majesty's service,' and the more lenient one of 'a severe reprimand'; but in every case the fact of having been 'court-martialed' carries with it a black mark to the end of the officer's career.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

CHAPTER III.

IN point of artistic beauty and delicacy of floral arrangement throughout Arlington Street, No. 281 certainly bore away the palm; for Miss Dene, like most country girls, had a positive passion for flowers—a graceful fancy she was fortunately in a position to gratify. Many an envious eye fell upon that cool façade with its wealth of glorious bloom; many a darling of fashion paused as he passed on his listless way, and forgot his betting-book and other mundane speculations, to wonder lazily who might some day be the fortunate man

to call that perfectly-appointed mansion and its beautiful mistress his own. For Vere Dene could have picked and chosen from the best of them, and graced their ancestral homes; but now she was five-and-twenty; so they came at last to think it was hopeless, and that a heart of marble pulsed languidly in that beautiful bosom.

The hall-door stood invitingly open; more, perhaps, in reality to catch the faint summer breeze, for the afternoon was hot, and inside, the place looked cool, dim, and deliciously inviting. On a table there lay a pair of long slim gauntlets, thrown carelessly upon a gold-mounted riding-whip; and coming down the shallow stairs, against a background of feathery fern and pale gleaming statuary, was Miss Dene herself. A stray gleam of sunshine, streaming through a painted window, lighted up her face and dusky hair; a beautiful face, with creamy pallor, overlaid by a roseate flush of health. The dark-brown eyes were somewhat large; a trifle hard, too, a stern critic of beauty might have been justified in saying; the tall graceful figure drawn up perhaps too proudly. Vere Dene was, however, no blushing débutante, but a woman who knew her alphabet of life from alpha to omega; who was fully conscious of her power, and the value of her position well enough to discern between honest admiration and studied flattery, and to gather up the scanty grains of truth without mistaking chaff for golden corn. There was no reflection of wistful memory on the heiress's face as she rode slowly down the street some time later, the cynosure of admiring eyes. There was a rush and glitter of carriages hurrying parkwards, as she rode on her way alone, bowing to one acquaintance or another, and dividing her favours impartially.

'A beautiful face,' murmured a bronzed soldierly-looking man to his companion as they lounged listlessly against the rails of the Row, watching the light tide of fashion sweeping by. 'A perfect face, wanting only soul to make it peerless.—Who is she, Leslie?'

'Who is she?' laughed the other. 'Is it possible you do not know Miss Dene?—But I forgot you had been so long in India. You remember old Vavasour Dene, of course, and his son, the poetical genius, who married some demure little country maiden, unknown to Debrett or Burke, and who was cut off with the traditional shilling accordingly. You can imagine the rest of the story; a life-long feud between father and son, ending, as it usually does, in the parent's dying and cheating condemnation by an act of tardy justice. That handsome girl is old Dene's heiress, a woman with all London at her feet, a quarter of a million in her own right, and never a heart in the whole of her perfect anatomy.'

Wholly unconscious of this storiette, and apparently of the admiration she naturally excited, Miss Dene rode on down the Mile, with many a

shake of her shapely head as one gloved hand after another beckoned her to range alongside barouche or mail Phaeton; till at length a slight crush brought her to a standstill. Almost in front of her was an open stanhope, wherein was seated a delicate fragile-looking lady, exquisitely dressed, and apparently serenely indifferent to the glances and smiles in her direction. By her side sat a child of six or seven, a diminutive counterpart of herself, to her fair golden hair and melting pansy-blue eyes. Vere would fain have pushed her way through the crowd and passed on; but the child had seen her, and uttered her name with a cry of innocent delight; and Vere, like many another who is credited with want of heart, had a tender love for children.

'Really, I owe Violet my grateful thanks,' murmured the owner of the stanhope as Vere ranged alongside. 'Positively, I began to fear that you meant to cut me. I should never have forgiven my brother, if you had. My dear child, I warned him it was useless; I did indeed. And now he says that his heart is broken, and that he shall never believe a woman any more.'

Vere looked down into the Marchioness of Hurlingham's fair demure face with a little smile.

'So Lord Bearhaven has been abusing me?' she said. 'I am disappointed. I did not think he would have carried his woes into the boudoir.'

'My dear Diana, he has done nothing of the kind. Surely a man might be allowed to bewail his hard lot with his only sister.—Violet, my darling child, do be careful how you cross the road.'

This warning, addressed to the diminutive little lady, who had succeeded unseen in opening the carriage door, came too late; for by this time the volatile child had recognised some beloved acquaintance over the way, and indeed was already beyond the reach of warning. Vere watched the somewhat hazardous passage breathlessly, then, satisfied that her small favourite had made the dangerous journey in safety, turned to her companion again.

'I have a genuine regard for Lord Bearhaven,' said she, speaking with an effort, 'too great a regard to take advantage of his friendship under false pretences. I shall never forget the kindness he once did me in the hour of my great trouble. Will you tell him so, please? and say that perhaps for the present it will be well for us not to meet.'

'Now, that is so like both of you,' Lady Hurlingham cried, fanning herself in some little heat. 'Why will you both persist in making so serious a business of life? at any rate, you might have some consideration for us more frivolous-minded mortals. Vere, if you do not come to my Jewel Ball on Thursday, I—I—well, I will never speak to you again.'

'So I am to be coerced, then. I am morally bound to be present since the Society papers have promised the world a sight of the Vere diamonds; besides which, I simply dare not incur your ladyship's displeasure.'

'I wonder if you have a heart at all,' said the other musingly. 'Sometimes I almost doubt it;

and the times I generally doubt it most, are immediately after those moments when I have flattered myself that I really have begun to detect symptoms of that organ. The romantic ones have been libelling again. Would you like to hear the latest story?'

'You stopped me for this, I presume. Positively, you will not know a moment's peace till you have told me. I am all attention.'

'They are saying you have no heart, because it was given away long ago: they say there is a rustic lover somewhere in hobnails and gaiters who won your affections, and is afraid to speak since you became a great lady.'

Vere did not reply or glance for a moment into her friend's sparkling mischievous face. A deeper tinge of colour flushed the creamy whiteness of neck and brow, like the pink hue upon a snowy rose.

'They do me too much honour,' she replied. 'Such a model of constancy in this world of ours would indeed be a pearl amongst women. Pray, do they give a name to this bashful Corydon of mine?'

'Naturally, nothing but the traditional second-cousin, *ma chère*. Really, it is quite a pretty romance—the struggling artistic genius who is too proud to speak, now you are in another sphere. Surely you are not offended?'

In spite of her babyish affectations and infantine innocence, mere mannerisms overlying a tender kindly heart, Helena, Marchioness of Hurlingham, was not entirely without an underlying vein of natural shrewdness. She was clever enough to see now that the innocently-directed shaft of a bow drawn at a venture had penetrated between the joints of Vere's armour, in spite of her reputation for being perhaps the most invulnerable woman in London.

'I am not offended,' Vere answered, recovering her chill composure at length; 'only such frivolity annoys one at times. What a lot of idle scandal poor womankind has to endure!—What is that?'

Gradually above the roll of carriages, the clatter of hoofs, the subdued murmur of voices, and light laughter, a louder, sterner hum arose. Borne down on the breeze came distant sounds of strife, and now and then a shriek in a woman's shrill notes; it seemed to swell as if some panic had stricken the heedless crowd farther down the drive. Every face restless and uneasy with the sudden consciousness of some coming danger, was turned in the direction whence the evidence of trouble arose, as a carriage and pair of horses, coming along at lightning speed, scattered pedestrians and riders right and left, like a flock of helpless sheep, in a wild medley of confusion.

As if by magic, a lane seemed to have opened, and coming along the open space tore a pair of fiery chestnuts, dragging after them in their fear and fright a mail phaeton as if it had been matchwood. With a feeling of relief, the helpless spectators noticed that the vehicle was empty, save for its driver, who, with bare head and face white as death, essayed manfully to steer the maddened animals straight down the roadway, a task rendered doubly dangerous and difficult from the crowded state of the Row, and the inability of certain tyros to keep the path sufficiently clear.

In the midst of the turmoil and confusion there arose another cry, a shout of fear and unheeded expostulation, for, crossing the roadway smilingly, without the semblance of a fear, came a little child, bearing in her hand a bunch of roses; a little girl, with sunny golden curls and laughing blue eyes, standing like a butterfly before a sweeping avalanche. There was another shout, and again the tiny passenger failed to note her danger as nearer and nearer came the horses, till through the now paralysed, helpless crowd burst the figure of a man, who, without a moment's hesitation, sprang forward and caught the child just as the pole of the carriage threatened to strike her to the ground. There was no longer time for an escape, a fact of which the heroic stranger was perfectly aware; and grasping the laughing maiden with one powerful arm, with the other he made a grab for the off-horse's head, and clung to the bridle with the bulldog tenacity of despair. For a moment the animals, checked in their headlong career, swerved to the right; there was a crashing sound of broken panels, and a moment later child, rescuer, horses, and driver lay in an inextricable struggling confusion.

For a second or two there followed a dread intense silence, as each butterfly of fashion contemplated in fascinated horror the struggling mass; then, before the nearest could interfere, it was seen that the stranger had risen to his feet, his garment soiled and stained, and a stream of ruddy crimson slowly trickling down his face. Just for a brief instant he reeled from very faintness, till, dashing the blinding blood from his eyes, he stooped swiftly, and at the imminent risk of his brains, drew the now thoroughly frightened child right from under those terrible hoofs, and taking her in his arms, staggered rather than walked to a seat.

Meanwhile, Lady Hurlingham, beside herself with grief and terror, the lady of fashion merged for the moment into the mother, had descended from her carriage, her face pale and haggard, and hurried with Vere to the seat where the stranger reclined. It was no time for ceremony or class distinction. With a gesture motherly and natural, as if she had been moulded of meaner clay, she snatched little Violet from the arms still mechanically holding her, with a great gush of thankfulness to find that, with the exception of the fright, not one single hair of that golden head had been injured.

By this time the crowd had sufficiently recovered from the threatened realisation of sudden death, and, with regained wit, sufficient society veneer to murmur the usual polite condolences and congratulations to the now elated mother. Still the rescuer sat, his face buried in his hands, a whirling, maddening pain in his head, and a mist before his eyes as if the world had suddenly lost its sunshine. Vere, with tears in her eyes and a tremble in her voice, pushed her way through the too sympathetic crush and laid her hand gently on the sufferer's arm. 'I am afraid you are hurt,' she said. 'Can I do anything for you?'

Winchester, for he it was, looked up vaguely, the words coming to his ears like the roar of the sea singing in a dream, a dream which was not all from the land of visions. He wondered dreamily where he had heard that voice before.

With an effort he looked up again. For the first time in five years their eyes met in the full light of day.

She knew him now, recognised him in a moment. But it was scarcely the same Winchester who had restored her lost ornament a fortnight ago. The old shabby raiment had disappeared, giving place to a neat suit, such as no gentleman had been ashamed to wear. Fourteen days' steady work, inspired by a worthy object, had met an equal reward. It was no longer Winchester the outcast that Vere was addressing, but Winchester the gentleman, and in his heart he rejoiced that it was so.

For a moment they were no longer the centre of a glittering host of fashion; their thoughts together had gone back to the vanished past, as they looked into each other's eyes, neither daring to trust to words.

'Jack,' said Vere at length—'Jack, is it really you?'

'Yes, dear, it is I,' Winchester responded faintly. 'You did not expect to meet me like this if—you ever expected to meet me at all.'

'Do you think I forget, as—as some people do? You did not always judge me so harshly. How could we meet better; how could I feel more proud of you than I do at this moment?'

Gradually the crowd fell back. There was not much mischief done after all; nothing that a clothes-brush and a little warm water would not rectify. Besides, Miss Dene seemed to know the stranger, and from one or two expressions, would apparently prefer to be left alone.

Winchester's answering smile had no trace of its accustomed bitterness. After all, there was something in the soft music of Vere's tones, a charm in the reckless abandonment of self which fell upon his troubled heart like balm in Gilead. There was something sweet also in the consciousness that he had played the man so recently in her sight, under the very eyes whose brightness alone he had only valued. There was a stimulant worth all the tonics in the pharmacopoeia.

He would have spoken again, but he was suffering still from a great rush of pain and giddiness, as if the whole universe was slipping into space. Directly after, the feeling passed away, and he was himself once more. By this time Lady Hurlingham had driven away, while some one, more thoughtful than the rest, had remained to place his carriage at Winchester's disposal.

'This gentleman is a friend of yours, Miss Dene?' he asked. 'Allow me to suggest that your groom takes your horse, and that you drive likewise. You will pardon my sister's apparent heedlessness, but you see Violet is an only child, and'—

Vere looked gratefully into Lord Bearhaven's grave, handsome face, and extended her hand in an impulse of gratitude. The meeting she had so much dreaded was made smooth and pleasant by his kindly courtesy.

'I might have expected this from you,' she answered warmly. 'Believe me, I am deeply obliged. Mr Winchester is not only a friend, but a relation.'

Lord Bearhaven gave Jack a hand-grip which said more than the most carefully chosen words. But what an effort this magnanimity cost him,

only Vere, who saw that he had heard everything, alone could tell.

'I am forgiven, then?' asked Winchester as they drove along Oxford Street. 'Well, it is worth playing the poor part I have played to-day to hear that.—Vere, Vere, what a sorry self-opiniated fool I have been! Do you know that for the last week I have been screwing up my courage to the sticking-point? But whenever I found myself near you, my pluck failed.'

'You do not deserve to be spoken to,' Vere replied, her cheeks aflame, her eyes laden with unshed tears, though the thrilling tenderness of her voice robbed the words of their sting. 'How dare you venture to treat me as if I should be ashamed of my old friends?'

Up to this point, Winchester had scarcely dared to analyse his sensations. Now that all the impenetrable barriers of restraint were broken down between them, he found himself talking in the old familiar strain, and wondering if the last five years was merely a phantasm of his own creation.

'And Chris,' Vere ventured at length, though the question had long been trembling on her tongue, 'do you ever hear anything of him?'

Winchester told her everything, disguising nothing except the part of good Samaritan he himself had played towards the unfortunate Ashton. It must have been an interesting conversation, for Vere's face as she listened grew very soft and tender, her eyes sweet and luminous. When at length the end of Arlington Street was reached, Winchester stopped the coachman, and insisted upon alighting, a step which Vere vehemently opposed.

'You are coming home with me,' she said. 'Have you any idea who you will find waiting there to welcome you?'

'Not the slightest; unless you have persuaded—but that is impossible. Still, you must have a chaperon of some sort. Is it possible that you have our dear old Aunt Lucy at Arlington Street?'

'Not only possible, but an actual fact. Come; you cannot refuse now.'

Winchester hesitated for a moment, then, with a sudden impulse, complied. Of all his relations, the 'Aunt Lucy' in question was the only one who kept a green spot in his recollection. A few moments later he passed a welcome guest through the very portals outside which so short a time before he stood a wretched outcast and useless member of society.

Two hours later, when he descended the steps again, with a bright eager look of exultation on his face, a servant loitering in the hall saw and wondered if it was the same man whom his mistress had brought home so recently. He lingered for a moment for a few parting words with Vere.

'So that is settled,' he said; 'and if you should feel afraid'—

'Afraid!' she echoed scornfully. 'I shall not be afraid.'

'I do not think you will. Now, remember you have promised. And above all things, Lord Bearhaven must know everything.'

'I promise,' she answered. 'If I could only see Chris'—

'But you can't do anything of the kind—for

the present, at least. You must have perfect faith in me.'

'I have,' Vere replied, looking into his glowing eyes. 'Had I not always?'

PROTECTIVE COLOURING IN BIRDS.

THERE comes periodically to this country a bird of the starling kind, known as the Rose-coloured Pastor. It has the back, breast, and sides of an exquisite pale pink; and it is perhaps this bright plumage which prevents it from establishing a residence here. In its continental haunts it is observed to affect trees or shrubs bearing rose-coloured flowers, such as the blossoms of the pink azalea, among which the birds more easily escape notice. This is an instance of what is known as adaptive or protective coloration, which we need not go abroad to observe.

The struggle for existence among plants and animals is a hard one, and every point gained in the direction indicated tends to survival. The modification in the form and colour of insects, and the successful shifts thereby made to elude their enemies, provide the striking facts of the case. Birds modify and rearrange the colours of their plumage, adapt the coloration of their eggs, and the structure and material of their nests, all to the same end. We know that the more highly organised flowers have changed both form and colour to satisfy insect visitors; while the insects themselves have modified their organs so as to enable them the better to visit certain flowers. In Sumatra, Mr Wallace found a large butterfly, its upper surface of a rich purple, with a broad bar of deep orange crossing each wing. The species is found in dry woods and thickets, and when on the wing, is very conspicuous. Among bush and dry leaves the naturalist was never able to capture a specimen, for, however carefully he crept to the spot where the insect had settled, he could never discover it until it suddenly started out again. But upon one occasion he was fortunate enough to note the exact spot where the butterfly settled, and although it was lost sight of for some time, he at length discovered it close before his eyes. In its position of repose it exactly resembled a dead leaf attached to a twig.

So in our own country we may observe that the Purple Emperor Butterfly affects certain of the brightly-coloured wild geraniums, upon which, in repose, it is almost impossible to detect it. The Brown-spotted Fritillaries of our birch-woods also offer examples of this class, it being difficult to detect them against the fungus-pitted leaves of every shade of brown and dun and yellow.

Birds afford the most numerous examples. The pencilled plumage of the Snipe lying still in the brown marshes is almost impossible to detect, although the birds get up at one's feet everywhere. The same may be said of the Woodcock in the leaf-strewn woods, and of the nests and eggs of both species. The eggs of the wild duck assimilate to the colour of the pale-green reeds, and those of the Lapwing to the ploughed field or the upland. During the breeding-time of the common Green Plover, a person unaccustomed to bird-nesting was sent up a furrow in which were six nests, each containing

eggs which were to be collected. By the time the end of the furrow was reached the collector had put his foot into one nest and failed to find the other five. The colour of Red Grouse conforms very nearly to that of the brown and purple heather among which they lie, as do also their richly-speckled eggs. The Partridge has a double protection. It is most difficult to pick out her quiet brown plumage from the hedge-bottom so long as she remains still. She adopts the duns and browns of the dead leaves among which she lies. When she leaves her eggs deliberately, she is careful to cover them over; but this seems almost superfluous, for there is no great contrast between the tint of the eggs and that of the leaves among which they lie. A hen Pheasant sitting in a bracken bed is equally difficult to detect; and this applies particularly to the young of all the game-birds just mentioned. The bright dark eyes of birds and animals frequently betray their presence, those of the former being generally large and prominent. A short-eared Owl on a peat-moss we have mistaken for a clod of turf; and a gaunt Heron with wind-fluttered feathers, for drift stuff caught in the swaying branches of the stream. Another characteristic case of protective imitation and colouring is furnished by the Nightjar or Goatsucker. This large night-flying bird, half owl, half swallow, rests during the greater part of the day on the bits of bare limestone of the fells. Its mottled gray plumage exactly corresponds with the gray of the stones; and its eggs, in colour like its plumage, are laid upon the bare ground without the slightest vestige of a nest, and again entirely resemble the stone.

It will be remarked that all these birds live much upon the ground, obtaining the principal part of their food therefrom, and therefore have special need of protection. And then incubation in every case takes place on the ground; and just as the imitation of the plumage of the female bird is perfect, so will the fact tell upon the survival of the species. There is no such need for tree-builders, as these for the most part are out of the reach of predatory animals. The Chaffinch is by far the most abundant bird of our fields and woods; and there is one good reason why it should be so. It invariably covers its nest on the outside with dead lichens like those of the trunk against which its nest is built. Against predatory boys and birds and animals the device succeeds admirably, with the result that the chaffinch as a species flourishes vigorously. The common Wren constructs her nest of moss, and places it upon a mossy background, so as to present no sharp contrasts. Sometimes she interweaves one or two dead oak-leaves, so as to render the deception more deceitful; and, from the number of wrens which abound, she evidently succeeds. Starlings and sparrows and jackdaws, which build in holes at a considerable elevation, and have therefore less need of protection, hang out straws and sticks and bits of wool and feather as impudent advertisements. But Wheatears and such birds as build in low walls cannot afford to do this; they build neat nests, leaving no trace without. Several of our warblers drag dead leaves to the outside of their nests, and a hundred others employ like ingenuities.

Fish rapidly assimilate to the colour of the river-bed; and the same rule applies to animals. It is commonly known that mountain hares are brown in summer, white in winter; so are ermines, silver foxes, ptarmigan, snow buntings, the snowy owl, Iceland falcons, and a host of other creatures. All assimilate to the general colour of the ground on which they live; and the one which assimilates most closely is the most successful as a species.

THE MAD SPANIARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CROSS OF GLENCARRIG.'

We all wondered what brought him into this wild district, so far from his own land, or what induced him to take up his abode in that old ruined tower. Such a place as it was to make a home in! Gray and old; storm-beaten; with deep crevices, into which you could put your hand, between its huge stones; and quaint nooks in the high eave-courses, in which the wandering swallows in summer-time built their nests—as one might see by the straws and moss that peeped thereout; it was about as unlikely a spot as any one not altogether demented would be expected to select for habitation. There was nothing standing but the bare walls, and how thick and strong they were! Local history and tradition had alike failed to tell its story; it had been roofless and ruined for longer than the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation could remember; and was likely to remain so until the lapsing ages should make its walls crumble on the precipice they surmounted, and cause them to topple over into the sea.—Not, indeed, that they could fall right into the sea, save when the winter winds sent the great rolling waves of the Atlantic inwards and swept them, leaping and surging, to the base of the cliffs. At such a time they would, no doubt, if they gave way, descend into the sea; but at other periods they would simply fall on a small strand, crescent-shaped, of the finest sand, as white as flour; or, otherwise, on the great beams and timbers protruding with uncouth prominence through it—the relics of a great vessel that some time in the past had been wrecked by the pitiless sea and driven in there.

It must have been a ship of no ordinary kind that was thus driven in and wrecked, for its gigantic beams were too unwieldy for any vessels that our island had ever seen. Moreover, they were fastened and clamped with iron and copper bolts and nuts to a degree, and in themselves were black and hard, so much so, indeed, that they had remained there for generations untouched by the inhabitants, who would rather do without firing than go to the trouble of cutting them up. When it came there; who manned it; when it sailed the seas; what nation's flag it bore aloft; were all things that the great ever-advancing wave of time had buried away and hidden out of sight. And for aught one could see of decay about them, they were likely to last as long as the old castle itself. But a change came over them and the surroundings quite unexpectedly; and this brings me back to the commencement of my story.

He was a small, withered, black-looking, little

man. I remember very well when I first saw him—standing at the door of the old castle, looking down on the strand and over the sea, and taking note generally of the place. He might be sixty years of age, or only forty, from what any one could judge by his appearance. And the gibberish he spoke!—it was enough to make all the neighbours laugh when they heard it. Much he cared about this laughing! He ordered in timber, got a local carpenter to help him, and soon had a portion of the old castle roofed in. Had two or three rooms made in it, too, quite comfortable—though it was the wonder of everybody what a single man, and a stranger to boot, wanted so many for. And then it became rumoured that he had taken a lease of the place from Lord Clare, as if he were going to live in it for ever. Knowing-people shook their heads, and said: 'Wait until winter; wait until the storms come from the west and the great Atlantic waves roll in, and see how long he will remain in it!'

'What was he going to do with it?—what was he going to do with himself?—how was he going to live?' were questions constantly asked. Not asked of *him*—people were too much afraid of him to do that—but of one another.

They were very soon answered. He began boat-building. If he had begun to build another Noah's Ark, people would not have been one whit more surprised. The only boats used along our portion of the Irish coast were corraghs, which were merely a slight framework of timber covered over with hides or skins. Nothing else would live in the stormy and tumbling seas that surrounded us. Who was going to buy *his* boats when made, or where were they to be used? And then people shook their heads and laughed more consumedly than before. But quite heedless of what any one said or thought, the new arrival kept straight and steadily at his work.

It was not the least curious thing about him that he should try to work up the huge beams of the sand-covered wreck into materials for his trade. It was quite of a piece with all his other oddities, and those who laughed at him before pitied him now, for they considered him thoroughly demented. The Mad Spaniard—I should have told you that he came from Spain; I don't know how we chanced to know it, but we did—the Spana-Oge, or Mad Spaniard, as he was called, soon came to be spoken of far and near; and people would wander to the place Sunday after Sunday, when they had time, to look at the progress the new trade was making and at the boat-builder himself.

But they had soon something else to talk about, when, one summer's evening, they found that another had joined him—a young girl. How she had come there, or when she had come, no one knew or could tell, but there she was, walking with him. If the boat-builder were old and withered and grizzly, the new-comer was fresh and soft and sweet as the May flowers growing in the valleys hard by. Slender and elegant, with a face singularly sweet and winsome—though its dark olive colour contrasted curiously with the fresh red and white of our island girls—and with a pair of dark eyes, out of which shot gleams of light brighter than the brightest sunshine, when she smiled. She was the very

perfection of gentle and blooming girlhood. Her step was so light it would scarcely bend the flower on the hill-side; and her slender form put to shame the most graceful of the island lassies; though, I can tell you, looking back at it now after the lapse of some fifty years, there were some among them who needed not to blush beside the best of those who trod the streets of the metropolis—and who knew it, too, moreover!

But the most attractive characteristic of the Donna Gracia—for so the old man termed her—was her voice. Unlike him, she spoke the English language; but it was with a foreign accent that seemed to give it a charm that it never before possessed; and in her tones you would wonder whether it was the soft murmuring of the stream in the summer-time you heard, or the silver note of a golden harp. At any rate that was the way Phadrig Coady, the philomath, put it; and if he did not know how to describe it, who could?—for he was a man of deep learning, so deep, indeed, that very few could fathom it, and had read a wonderful deal of books.

Just about this time there came to Ennismore House—Lord Clare's place—his son, Captain Ormond. He was not the eldest son, only the second eldest, and had been away serving with the colours in the wars. He had been with Lord Gough in India; had crossed swords with the Punjab chivalry at the passage of the Sutlej; had seen the sun darken with the haze of battle on the plains of Sindhia; and had been one of the first to reach the ramparts on the great day of victory, when the flag of England was planted on the bloodstained redoubts of Chillianwalla. Had been seriously wounded, too, and was home now for a time invalided.

A gay, handsome, stalwart young fellow he was, notwithstanding that he was obliged, for the time being, to use a crutch to assist him in walking; and no one would think, looking at his bright, pleasant, laughing eyes, that he had ever drawn sword to smite a foeman, or that he had ridden over a battle-field with the dead and dying lying thick around him. But the ways of human destiny are wonderful, and so it was that in his rambles over the hills of Clare in search of health he came into the neighbourhood of Mona Castle. And coming into the neighbourhood of the old ruin, of course he heard of the stranger that had settled down there; and of course, too, out of an indolent curiosity, he visited the place.

It was only a few days after the sweet foreign young lady had come to it, and no doubt they must have been completely unknown to one another. But they might have known one another for years, so intimate they became in a short time. They were always together. If Donna Gracia went for a walk along the cliffs overlooking the Atlantic, it was not long until she was joined by Captain Ormond. If the sea were calm, and the sun turned it into a sheet of molten gold, until it spread away glistening to the horizon, be sure if a speck broke the level reach of glowing waters it was Captain Ormond's corragh, with the Spanish Rose beside him. Charlie Ormond—for so the tenantry were wont affectionately to call him—used to laugh

gaily if any one joked him on the subject, and say he was only teaching her to sail the corragh in return for her teaching him the Spanish language. But we all knew very well how it was, and that the soft winsome ways of the Spanish Rose had caught him, and that the sparkles of her black-blue eyes had fairly bewitched him. Bewitched him, indeed, is the only way to say it, for after a few months, and when the captain was restored to as good health as ever he was in, the order for his recall came. His regiment was ordered for foreign service again, and he was bound to go. But he did not go. If they had offered him the colonelcy of his regiment, nay, if they had made him general of division or commander-in-chief, he would have refused it, for the pleasure of listening to Donna Gracia's silver accents and basking in the light that streamed from her sunny eyes.

It was a time when England needed all her men, and when honour and duty were words first on all men's lips, and, for the matter of that, in all men's hearts too; and the first consequence of Charlie Ormond's delay or reluctance in going was that he was broke from his commission; and the second that he was, in a fit of wrath and humiliation, disinherited by his father. He was the second son, you remember, and the estates were strictly entailed.

All this time the old man—the Mad Spaniard as they called him—was working away steadily at his boat-building, pretending to mind nothing, but keeping a pretty sharp eye, you may depend, on his daughter, or niece, or grand-daughter, or whatever relation she might be to him. And it was really wonderful to see what a fair and trim and stately little boat he did finally construct, and how blithe and free she swam the waters even of the stormiest day.

But there soon came a new development in affairs; for, one evening in the late autumn, a strange schooner dropped her anchor in the offing. In the morning she was gone; and, lo and behold! with her, too, was gone the Spanish Rose, Donna Gracia—gone beyond all doubt and question, for she was seen there no more. Gone—what was worse—without Charlie Ormond's knowledge, as was clear enough from his distracted condition when he found it out.

His worst enemy—if he had one, which was very unlikely—would have pitied him in the sorrow and desolation of his heart. It was not that he cared, I do believe, for the loss of his commission or for his being disinherited by his father—it was for the gloom that had fallen on his heart and his life owing to her disappearance. The Mad Spaniard could, or would, give him no information of her whereabouts or whither she had gone, only that she had taken a sudden notion of joining her friends who were on board the schooner. Indeed, it would have been difficult to get much more information out of him, for he could not, or pretended he could not, speak our language; and Captain Ormond knew none of his save what he picked up from the Rose, and we doubt whether that was much.

Day after day and week after week Charlie Ormond moped about on the hills and along the shore, hoping against hope that she might come back as unexpectedly as she had gone away. But she

never came. By degrees the bright look of health and vigour died out of his face, the quick good-humoured gleam from his eye, the buoyancy and activity from his form. He was falling into bad health, and what was worse, into bad spirits; and the difference between his appearance now and what it was in the summer days when he shot his corragh over the shining waves with Gracia beside him was very painful to see. There was no home for him at Lord Clare's; his commission was gone, his love had fled—what was he to do?

When it became palpable enough that the beautiful Spanish girl was coming no more, he answered the unasked question himself: he disappeared without telling any one whither he was going. He had been seen about the rocks overlooking the little harbour one evening, and the next morning was nowhere to be found. Nor did he turn up again. Some said the poor young fellow had drowned himself in a fit of melancholy; others, that he had gone away and volunteered into the ranks of his former regiment. Most people believed the former; for, indeed, how could a high-spirited young fellow consent to serve as a private where he had worn the gold epaulets of an officer? Many an anxious search was made—not by Lord Clare or any of his people; he never made the slightest inquiries after him—disowned him, in fact—but by the dwellers of the island—along the shore for his body, in case the waves should cast it up; but they never did. If the sea held his body, it kept it close in its depths, and did not yield it up to the searchers.

By-and-by it began to be rumoured that his 'felch' was appearing. People, belated at night along the rocks overhead the old castle, declared they had seen him or some one like him. Of course nobody believed them. Why should they? Such things are nonsense, you know; but all the same the islanders began to give a wide berth to the rocks when the shadows of night commenced to fall; all the more because strange lights began to be seen occasionally over the cliffs at untimely hours. There was no mistaking these latter. Not one or two, but ten and twenty, had seen them from a distance, far into the night—nay, at and past the midnight hour—rising and sinking, as if carried by some one walking over, and through, the ups and downs of the cliffs. As a consequence, naturally enough that portion of the shore was less and less frequented thereafter; for, fortunately, the usual harbour for the fishing-boats lay on the other side, and there was no essential need to go there.

It may be readily imagined that after the misfortunes which had come on the young officer, the Mad Spaniard did not grow in more favour with the inhabitants. But as no one molested him, and as he did not know, or if he did, did not care for what they thought, but worked on unceasingly, it came to pass that by degrees people withdrew their attention from him and concentrated it on their own proper business. He was always looked upon as uncanny, and it rather began to be thought that the troubles that had come on Captain Ormond might readily come in other ways on those who impertinently meddled with his affairs. Wherefore, people let him quietly alone; and a good deal of the interest attaching

to him and his affairs when he first came having died out, it was but rarely, if indeed at all, any one went to that portion of the island. But stray fishermen, sailing around in their corraghs, brought word that he was still at work; for they could hear him busily hammering with his axe at the sides of the old hulk, or see him scooping the sand from her interior and burrowing it out.

One evening, late in the month of October, when the Atlantic storms might be expected at any moment to begin on the coast, the tall masts of a foreign-rigged vessel appeared in the offing, and later on in the same evening, dropped anchor hard by the coast, and not far from the Mad Spaniard's harbour. It was a reckless thing to do, for if a storm came on, nothing in the world could save her; and very suddenly they did come on this wild coast. Of course we all wondered what brought her there; and many were the surmises concerning her. Had she come with a supply of winter provisions for the lone worker? Or, again, had she brought back Charlie Ormond's lost love, the fair Spanish Rose? This latter looked so very likely, that we all jumped at once to the conclusion that she had, that this was the mission that brought her here.

You may depend curious footsteps were straying early next day to the shore, for not a few thought and hoped that the missing youth might have, by some curious turn of the wheel of chances, come back with the Rose. Numerous lights had been seen about the place—on the cliffs, on the sands, on the sea—all night, as if some scenes of rejoicing were going on. But behold! when they arrived there, the vessel was gone; stranger still, the Mad Spaniard was gone. There was not a soul about the place; they had all departed with the morning dawn. The news soon spread, and quite a crowd gathered, who scattered themselves over the place, curiously searching and investigating. And then came a strange revelation! The old hulk, massive and magnificent even in her ruin, had been quite excavated, the sand completely cleared away down to the lowest timbers of her keel. Compartments hidden away for generations—centuries—had been laid bare and broken up; and scattered here and there over the naked timbers were—shining pieces of gold! Yes, shining pieces of gold—broad Spanish doubloons, which had fallen about, either unnoticed by the finders, or perhaps considered by them, in the hurry of their departure and in the larger treasure they had to deal with, as not worth the trouble of picking up.

Then we knew it all. The very name, *Sanctissima Trinidad*, in huge bronze letters on her uncovered side, half hidden by a greenish coating of verdigris, was enough to tell the tale. If we did not understand it at once, Phadrig Coady, dominie and philomath, was there to explain it—not a little, he it said, to our mortification.

The *Sanctissima Trinidad* was one of the treasure-ships of the famous Armada. When that great fleet had come a-sailing up the English Channel in mighty crescent, her tall masts stood high above the others. Don Vespasian Gonzaga, of the great house of Mantua, sometime Viceroy in Spain, commanded her. She formed a mark for the attacks of the great naval leaders, the bold sea-lords, whom this crisis in England's fortunes

called forth. Drake had levelled his guns under her huge sides, and poured shot and shell into her almost solid wooden walls; Howard of Effingham had mantled her in a haze of battle-smoke; Hawkins had riddled her acres of sails with chain-shot; and Sir Martin Frobisher had swept her bulwarks with grape until not a living Spanish face could peer above them. With the defeat and scattering of the Armada, the tattered and torn *galliasse* shook herself free from these dreadful watchdogs, mustered what sail she could, and, in despairing retreat, bore northwards around the shores of Scotland, and homewards by the western Irish coast. There, the fierce Atlantic storms had caught her; had rent her torn sails afresh; had made her a helpless wreck on the wild waters; and had finally flung her on the quicksands of Arran island, not a soul of her crew or officers remaining to tell her tale. The wild waves completed their work by sweeping the drifting sand around and over her, until nothing but the shattered timbers of her prow remained visible. There the winter winds of two centuries and a half had moaned over her; the suns of twelve score summers had brightened the sands above her; but no one knew or dreamt of the huge treasure that lay concealed beneath.

Until the Mad Spaniard came! The wonder was how *he* learned it. Some Spanish archives, perhaps, preserved remembrance of the vessels in which the gold was carried, and some chance incident had brought to light where her ruined timbers lay.

Now we understood what the old foreigner's boat-building meant! Now we knew how little of the fool or the madman there was about him! He had laboured zealously, untiringly, in his quest; had taken cunning steps enough to keep our superstitious islanders' eyes from his work; and had found at last his reward. The strangely-rigged barque was bearing, even now, off to Spanish soil solid gold and treasure.

How we wondered, to be sure, and how many of us writhed under our sense of wrong and disappointment! For was it not *our* gold he had carried off?—it was long enough in our island to be our property. Oh, if we only had known it was there! Maledictions loud and deep followed in the wake of that treacherous Spanish barque, with that cunning Spanish rogue on board. However, there was nothing for it but to put up with the loss, and pick up what gold had been scattered and dropped by the thieves, and look vainly for more.

We daresay there was no one more disappointed and annoyed when he heard of it than was Lord Clare. It was not enough that the villainous Spaniard and his daughter had bewitched his son and destroyed his prospects in life, but they should despoil his estate of the treasure therein! And indeed it did seem as if, in carrying off the gold, the Mad Spaniard had carried off a good deal of the old lord's luck too, or, rather, had left behind for him a special series of misfortunes. For one day Gerald, his eldest son, out shooting on the hills, by accident, passing a fence, lodged the contents of his gun in his own breast, and was carried home—dead! More than that heavy reverses came to the Earl in some mining speculations he had long been engaged in; the mort-

gagees on his property foreclosed their mortgage; and the broad acres of his ancestors and every stiek and stone in Ennismore were advertised for sale.

Of course we islanders were all deeply concerned in this. It was of deep moment to us who should be our next landlord. We were sorry for the old lord, for he had been a good and kindly ruler of his tenantry. The story of the Mad Spaniard and his treasure quickly left men's minds in presence of this new event, which we beheld in the light of a grave calamity. We could only look on and sorrow for him; we were as powerless to help him as we were to stay the storm that swept the coast.

The day came when the sale was to be effected, the mortgage foreclosed, and the estates of Arranmore to pass from the hands of its ancient possessors. Of course the tenantry all assembled to witness a proceeding that was of such deep moment to them; and of course, among the others, went we, the islanders. There was a large concourse assembled. There are few things more melancholy than the breaking up of an ancient home; it means the sunderance of so many ties, the ruin of so many hopes, the coming of so many changes. Wherefore an air of gloom pervaded the place as we wandered aimlessly about waiting for the sale to commence. Carriages bearing many of the surrounding gentry drove up; containing, also, many London gentlemen interested in the matter, either as intending purchasers, as relatives, or as mortgagees. We were watching the various vehicles as they came, discharged their freights, and went away, without indeed any motive more potential than vague and idle curiosity, when suddenly a neighbour touched me on the arm and said, in a voice which at once caught my attention, so full of strange surprise it was: 'Look!—look!'

I looked in the direction his outstretched hand indicated, and there, in the act of descending from an elegant carriage, the same curious grin I remembered so well on his tawny wrinkled face, was—yes, by the immortal ghost of King Bryan!—was Spana-Oge, the Mad Spaniard himself!

I rubbed my eyes quick and hard, for I thought I was bewitched or dreaming. I rubbed them harder still, when the next moment there stepped down—like a sunbeam, a summer flower, entrancing, radiant—Donna Gracia, the Spanish Rose! smiling, delighted; with a halo of loveliness around her which far outshone even her beauty on the summer sands of Arran! I think I rubbed my eyes hardest of all when there came from the carriage, third and last, Charlie Ormond—the future Lord Clare!—looking just as good-humoured and brave as when he carried the colours of England on the redoubts of the stormed Indian stronghold!

Is it necessary to tell how the sale was stopped; how the old baronial castle remained undesploiled; how the mortgage was paid off; how such a wedding never yet was seen in Norman tower as that which celebrated the union of the Hon. Captain Charles Ormond and Donna Gracia, heiress to I don't know how many Spanish quarterings—for she was lineal descendant to the powerful grandee whose bones whitened on the un pitying Arran coast; how, when the old lord was gathered to his fathers, the succeeding lord and Lady Clare

made themselves so popular and beloved that I don't think a single soul envied the possessors of the treasures torn from the depths of the *Sanctissima Trinidad*? I trow not.

A WEIRD SCENE.

DIMLY and slowly breaks the dawn,
The dawn of a cold and drear March day;
In the city there hangs a gloomy pall
Over reeking roof and blackened wall;
Over noisome slum and stately hall;
Over filthy alley and velvet lawn,
In the grimy city, far away.

Here, on this wild and rocky coast,
A wind roars over the darkling sea;
It raves round the splintered spires of stone,
Then dies away in a hollow moan
In the slimy caverns wide and lone,
Like the plaint of a pale and flitting ghost
At its curse of Immortality.

From the drifting cloud-wrack overhead
Come slants of pitiless hissing rain;
Each headland frowns through the rainy gloom
Like a couchant Sphinx with a face of doom,
Solemn and calm through the fret and fume
Of the hissing waves in their ocean bed,
And the winds that buffet and rage in vain!

Something moves on that lonely shore,
A shapeless shadow against the gray;
Is it a creature of the sea?
A boneless horror, whose lair may be
In the caverns that yawn so gloomily?
Some loathsome monster that hates the day,
And hides from the sun for evermore?

The day advances; a wan cold light
Gleams from the torn gray sky o'erhead;
Drearly strikes on the cliff's bare steep,
Disnally glances on rocks that weep
With the raindrops that down their furrows creep,
Or hang on their trailing growth unshed:
The day is more drear than the bygone night.

'Tis a strange wild figure that grows defined,
In the chilly light of the dismal morn;
A maid stood there, of dishevelled mien
And lovely presence, or once had been.
But now; ah, picture the desolate scene
And the wind-tost maid and her state forlorn,
A broken life, and a wandering mind!

Her lover was drowned on that rock-bound coast;
Keel upwards, his boat came back from sea;
She watches and waits for his spectral form,
Her figure drenched, but her love still warm;
Her dark hair rent by the raging storm.
Love triumphant as Love can be:
Her heart like the elements, torn and tost.

E. R.

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IN THE SAND-HILLS OF KENT.

A SUNNY April morning, with a mist rising from the sea, and veiling in its clinging folds the white cliffs of the Foreland that stretches out to our north, and locks in on one side the blue waters, whose waves are lazily lapping the yellow sands of Pegwell Bay. To the south, at a distance of three or four miles, rise glimmering amid the haze the red roofs and pointed spires of the little town that stands where Julius Cæsar found a flat sandy plain convenient for the landing of his legions. A mile westward are the ancient towers of an old walled city—a sandy *wic*, that was formerly the chief port of Kent, and whose wealthy burgesses witnessed the embarkation of Knights Templars for the Crusades, of kings and armies for the famous battle-fields of France, or of stately prelates journeying Romeward on the business of their benefices.

Our vantage-ground is the summit of a hillock at the seaward boundary of a wild waste district, denominated on the Ordnance maps 'Wind-blown sand'—a district inhabited so far as human beings are concerned by a small detachment of coast-guard, a few shepherds, and a solitary innkeeper, who might with reason mourn the good old times when a stream of traffic passed his door. For his house of entertainment borders upon a grass-covered and long-forsaken highway, that has been but little traversed since the grand occasion when good Queen Bess progressed towards the proud Cinque port on the banks of Stour from its less important limb and dependency four miles south-by-east. In fact, the ancient road is almost forgotten by those who pad the hoof along the modern high-road that has taken the place of the sand-hills route, and it is only casual way-faring men who turn aside into the secluded parlour of the quaint old hostelry, that provided accommodation for many travellers and many beasts of burden in days of long ago.

But this wide expanse of desolation is tenanted by tribes of conies that would make a grant of free warren much more than a nominal honour,

and the plaintive-voiced plovers find a haven of refuge in this little known and less disturbed region. The eye wanders over many hundreds of acres of rough rusty-green hillocks, where rushes, wiry grass, lichens, and mosses struggle sometimes in vain for life, and where the golden sand in places refuses to support the scantiest vegetation. A few sheep are browsing near us; but their occasional utterances are peculiarly doleful, and it would appear that they are not truly thankful for the repast provided for them by niggard Nature. As they approach nearer to the gray sea-beach the herbage becomes still sparser and less juicy, until, with a final long-drawn 'baa' of piteous disgust, the leader of the foraging party heads away inland, to seek a more succulent subsistence on the borders of the marsh, where the salt sea-spray is less deadly in its effects upon the green growth.

Below us and close to the sea nestles a dismantled battery, built in the days when George III. was king, what time the wicked Frenchman haunted the narrow seas, and made little children's lives a bogeyish misery, while he kept the inhabitants of the Channel coast in continual dread of night invasions. The sea-front facings of red brick are now crumbling in the salt air, and the guns have long since gone the way of old metal. The military garrison has marched away to kingdom come, and the place is now a coastguard station. A mile or so farther south, a similar structure of contemporary origin has entirely become the prey of the hungry waves, and the only traces of its existence are a few Ordnance boundary-marks, whose stony delimitations are still contemned by the annexatory passions of the sea. At low tide, one can yet discern, peering above the sand, the blackened stakes and piles driven down in earlier days to protect the tiny fortification from its impending doom. Its more fortunate neighbour, however, for the present survives, and with its trim white coastguard quarters and its natty flagstaff, forms a pleasant resting-place for the eye, as it stands mutely defying the waves, and watching

over the interests of Her Majesty's revenue, instead of the perfidious designs of the 'darned mounseer.' For smuggling lingers yet in its old historic haunts, and the 'hovellers' of the neighbouring town occasionally prove that their free-trade principles are bred in their bones. The glory, however, has altogether departed from the smuggler's calling, and the local justices are no longer in league with them, so that their enthusiasm for fiscal reform meets with but scant sympathy from magisterial benches. Two of these free-traders therefore recently found it impossible to persuade the county bench that their possession of a large quantity of tobacco, found upon them in these sand-hills, was due to their own finding it by a casual chance while they were gathering mushrooms. It is possible that the justices considered it an unusual incident that the ancient mariners should select a pitch-dark night to seek for mushrooms; but they certainly found the defence not sufficiently plausible, and one of the professed snappers-up of unconsidered tobacco suffered for his unfortunate discovery by a period of duration in the county jail.

But what a falling-off is there from the old days, when the sand-hills were the specially-chosen scenes for the running of numberless cargoes of French brandy, silks, and tobacco! Old men still live, and tell us of their having many times formed part of a long string of men, filing away from the sea-beach in the black gloom of night, leaving behind them a stout lugger rapidly putting out to sea, and perchance a gagged, bound, and disarmed preventive-man, who had been pounced upon and rendered powerless, helpless, and harmless by one of the most active of the gang, before he could summon aid by a tell-tale pistol-shot. Then would come the stealthy march across the silent hills to the wide marsh-country of the Stour Valley, with a vanguard in list-shoes heading the file, to spy along the line of march for traces of the riding officer, or to listen keenly for the subdued tread of his horse's hoofs in the soft earth of the narrow marsh causeways. Occasionally a sudden warning from the advance guard would scarcely leave the noiseless column time to subside with their half-ankers into the ditches running at each side of the marsh 'walls,' as the dreaded official comes trotting cautiously down upon the party, muttering curses upon the uneven road, and upon the contraband traffic that compelled him to take riding exercise at midnight in a melancholy marsh. Then, as his course led him farther and farther from the hidden brandy-carriers, they would safely arise, like Iolanthe, from the bottoms of the ditches, to thread their way farther inland, and hide their burdens in the farm-buildings of some trusty accomplice, until it might be safe to negotiate with the innkeepers and farmers of the countryside for the purchase of brandy or tobacco at reasonable rates—in fact, pretty much at buyers' own prices.

The waters of the famous Downs seem anxious to regain their ancient mastery over this realm of sand and marsh valley, and to break again in waves at the foot of the hills that rise far inland on the borders of the level country, and form the landward sky-line. That the sea did in comparatively recent days prevail exceedingly

over the flat grazing-grounds that skirt the sand-hills on the west, is evidenced by the nature of the soil, as well as by the bringing to light by railway navvies (when 'our branch' was made) of a large boat of what was supposed to be Danish construction, but might have been of Roman build. Its long burial had greatly interfered with what symmetry it might once have possessed, and the local antiquaries were inclined to disagree upon the point of origin. It remains, therefore, a vexed question whether it was a ship hailing from the Tiber, and bound to the Rutupine Bay for oysters, or a Danish 'keel' on a voyage of murder and rapine, that met its fate while hugging a little-known coast too closely, in order to catch glimpses of the secluded religious houses that promised well for plunder.

A happy hunting-ground for entomologists are these sand-hills in summer-tide, when the little borough by the sea yonder is occupied by an invading army from the sweltering inland towns. Many species of insects seem to make this a favoured habitat, and the wild thyme that flourishes in the richer soil beyond the sea-spray's reach is sweetly scented enough to attract, we should think, all the summer honey-hunters. And many a young naturalist with his equipment of gauze net and insect box has halted before a wayside stone that lies half a mile on the Sandwich side of the old *Chequers Inn*, to read the inscribed record, telling how 'On this spot, August 25, 1782, Mary Bax, Spinster, aged 23 years, was murdered by Martin Lash, a foreigner, who was executed for the same.' The local traditions have it that ill-fated Mary Bax wore silver buckles on her shoes, and that their value led to robbery and murder—to murder, that was witnessed by a shuddering little boy hiding behind a haystack, a little distance away, who afterwards gave the alarm that led to the apprehension of the culprit. The boy gave fatal evidence at the assizes, which led the murderer to exclaim that he would have killed the boy too, if he had seen him.

One almost wonders how even foreign Martin Lash could have lifted his hand to do murder early on a summer morning, with the larks singing high in air, and the streaming sunlight bringing out all the glory of the hill and valley scenery, and glinting on the spires and towers of the old-world villages that nestle amongst the blue and distant hills—hills that circle round beyond the fragrant meadow-land, and terminate only at the points of the two far-famed Forelands.

The sun is ascending still higher, and on this southern slope of the sand-dune we might imagine that we were basking in the warmth of mid-August, although round the shoulder of the hill the north-east wind is whistling its keen suggestions of the frozen Pole. What the sand-hills are in winter is brought vividly to our apprehension by a little stone that struck our notice this morning on the bank of one of the winding waterways that intersect these solitary expanses. An inscription on the stone runs: 'S. E. Thrum died here, 11th December 1849;' and it records the fate of the wife of one of the coastguards stationed at the battery, who, while on her way home from an errand in the distant town, was overtaken by a whirling snowstorm. She

struggled on along the trackless path, exposed to all the fury of the pitiless north-easter; and when only a few hundred yards from the west gateway of the old fortification, she missed her footing, stumbled, fell into the treacherous ditch, and perished. Truly, a waste howling wilderness is this lonely district in the snow-clad winter, and perilous for foot-passengers by reason of the numerous pools that form in the hollows of the hills. The easterly gales sweep across from the howling sea with gusts of stinging sleet, and the salt spray dashes in clouds far inland as the great waves thunder on the shelving beach. Sometimes a little coaster is caught by a sudden gale that blows dead on to the shore, and leaves the hapless craft no time to clap on sail and fly, so that, after a longer or shorter interval of dragging her anchor through the sand, the doomed ship is drifted close inshore to become the plaything of the crashing breakers.

All these thoughts and many more occur to us as we sit this Sunday forenoon on the hill-side. The mists of the earlier morning have all risen now, and the big ocean steamers are coming down in a procession through the Gull Stream that separates the Goodwin from the Brake Sands. The utterances of 'linked sweetness long drawn out' that the steam siren at the South Foreland had been sending forth since dawn have at last ceased with the fog that rendered them necessary, and the larks, like Orpheus, are giving us a better music. On the hills nearer Sandwich a party of golf-players are busily employed, notwithstanding that it is a holy-day; but as we watch their distant manœuvres, we become conscious that our own long stay upon the hill-side has excited the curiosity of the coastguard on the lookout down below, and that he has levelled his telescope to us-wards. The inclination to greet this inquisitive naval man with that species of salutation known as a 'double sight' is a temptation, that is ultimately overcome by the reflection that discretion is the better part of valour. But it is somewhat disconcerting to become an object of lengthy telescopic scrutiny, and we therefore decide to quit our elevated perch and make our homeward journey across the sandy hills and hollows to the wave-washed town—Doomsday-book's 'Ad Delam.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE CAPTAIN BEGINS A STORY.

For a couple of days nothing that need find a place in this narrative happened. On the afternoon of the third day of our being aboard the barque we sighted a sail, hull down, to windward. I climbed into the main-top and examined her through the glass, and found her a brig, very loftily rigged, her canvas soaring into moonsails, a sight I had never before witnessed at sea, even in those days when ships went more heavily draped than they do in these. She was heading our course, perhaps making a slightly more weatherly navigation, and full blown as she looked to be—a large, soft, cloud of canvas in the lenses of the telescope—we passed her at the rate of two feet to her one; and some time before

sunset we had sunk her to her royals on the quarter.

Miss Temple wanted me to ask Captain Braine to run the *Lady Blanche* into speaking distance of the brig, that we might ascertain where she was bound to and get on board of her. 'For she may be sailing,' she said, 'to some South American port that will be, comparatively speaking, close at hand, where we shall be easily able to find a ship to convey us home.' But after thinking a little, I decided to keep quiet. It would not sound very graciously to request Captain Braine to tranship us into an outward-bound vessel; nor would it be wise to put him to the trouble of deviating from his course merely, perhaps, to ascertain that the brig was bound round the Horn to parts more distant than the Mauritius. Besides, I had no wish to court a blunt refusal from Captain Braine to put his vessel within hailing distance of another until a real opportunity to get to England should present itself by some homeward-bound ship passing close; when, of course, I should take my chance of his assent or refusal. So I suffered the brig to veer away out of sight without speaking to the captain about her, or even appearing to again heed her after I had come down from aloft.

It was a terribly dull, anxious, weary time; I am speaking of those two uneventful days. The hot breeze had drawn abeam, and blew feverishly under a cloudless sky that was a dazzle of brass all about the sun from morn till evening. We showed royals and a fore-top-mast-studdingsail to it, and drove along over the smooth plain with half a fathom's height of foam at the entwater, and a spin and hurry of snow alongside that made the eyes which watched it reel. I entered the day's work and the necessary observations, and so forth, in the log-book in compliance with the captain's request. He was delighted with my handwriting, sat contemplating it with his unwinking gaze for some considerable time, as though it were a picture, and then, drawing a deep breath, exclaimed: 'There's no question but that eddication's a first-class article. Look at your writing alongside of mine, and at mine alongside of Chicken's. Chicken and me was brought up in the same college—a ship's fore-castle, and so far from standing amazed at my own fist and that there spelling, I'm only astonished that I'm able to read or write at all.'

However, though he broke forth thus, he fell silent, and remained so afterwards, became, indeed, extraordinarily meditative, and at meal-times scarcely opened his lips, though his stare grew more deliberate in proportion as his reserve increased, until it came at last to his never taking his eyes off one or the other of us. Again and again Miss Temple would say to me that she was certain he had something on his mind, and she looked frightened as she theorised upon his secret. Sometimes, when on deck, I would observe him standing at the rail, gazing seaward, and talking to himself, frequently snapping his fingers, whipping round, as though suddenly conscious that he had talked aloud, then starting off in a short, restless, unsteady walk, coming to an abrupt halt to again mutter and to snap his fingers with the air of one labouring to form a resolution.

It was on the afternoon of the second day of those two about which I have spoken, and it was drawing on to six o'clock, four bells of the first dog-watch. The captain had been on deck since four, and for the last twenty minutes he had been standing a little to the right of the fellow who was steering, eyeing me with an intentness that had a long time before become embarrassing, and I may say distressing. Whenever I turned my head towards him, I found his gaze fixed upon me. Miss Temple and I were seated too near him to admit of our commenting upon the singular regard that he was bestowing upon me. She contrived to whisper, however, that she was certain his secret, whatever it was, was slowly rising from the depths of his soul to the surface of his mind.

'I seem to find a change in the man's face,' she said under her breath. 'Let us walk, Mr Dugdale. Such scrutiny as that is unbearable.'

As she spoke, four bells were struck forward. Mr Lush, who was leaning against the windlass end, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and slowly came aft to relieve the deck. I rose to walk with Miss Temple as she had proposed. Captain Braine called my name. He met me as I approached him, and said: 'I want to have a talk with you in my cabin.'

There was something in his manner that alarmed me. How shall I express it? An air of uneasy exultation, as of a mind proud of the achievement of a resolution at which the secret instincts tremble. For a moment I hung in the wind, strongly reluctant to box myself up alone, unarmed as I was, with a man whose insanity, to call it so, seemed stronger in him at this moment than I had ever before observed it. But the carpenter had now gained the poop; and the captain, on seeing him, instantly walked to the companion, down which he went to midway the ladder, and there stood waiting for me to follow him.

Tut, thought I, surely I am more than his match in strength, and I am on my guard! As I put my foot on the ladder—the captain descending on seeing me coming—I paused to lean over the cover and say to Miss Temple:

'If you will remain on deck, I shall be able to get away from him if he should prove tedious, by telling him that I have you to look after.'

'What do you imagine he wishes to say?' she exclaimed with a face of alarm that came very near to consternation.

I could only answer with a helpless shrug of the shoulders, and the next minute I had entered Captain Braine's cabin.

'Pray sit you down,' said he. He pulled off his straw hat and sent it wheeling through the air into a corner, as though it were a boomerang, and fell to drying his perspiring face upon a large pocket-handkerchief; then folding his arms tightly across his breast, and crooking his right knee whilst he dropped his chin somewhat, he stood gazing at me under the shadow of his very heavy eyebrows with a steadfastness I could only compare to the stare of a cat's eye.

'Well, Captain Braine,' said I in an off-hand way, though I watched him with the narrowness of a man who goes in fear, 'what now is it that I am to hear from you? Do you pro-

pose to ask me more questions on navigation and seamanship?'

'Mr Dugdale,' he exclaimed, speaking very slowly, though the excitement that worked in him rendered his voice deep and unusually clear and loud, 'I have come to the conclusion that you are a gentleman very well able to serve me, and by serving me to serve yourself. I've been a-turning of it over in all hours of the day and a good many hours in the night, too, since the moment when ye first stepped over the side, and I've resolved to take ye into my confidence.'

He nodded, and stood looking at me without speech for a few moments; then seated himself near me and leaned forwards with a forefinger upon his thumb in a posture of computing.

'It was in the year 1831,' he began, 'that I was third-mate aboard of a ship called the *Ocean Monarch*. We sailed from London with a cargo of mixed goods, bound to the port of Callao. Nothing happened till we was well round to the westwards of Cape Horn, when the ship was set afire by the live cinders of the cabin stove burning through the deck. The cargo was of an inflammable kind. In less than two hours the vessel was in a blaze from stem to stern, by which time we had got the boats over, and lay at a distance waiting for her to disappear. There was two boats, the longboat and a jolly-boat. The longboat was a middling big consarn, and most of the men went in her along with the captain, a man named Matthews, and the second mate, a foreign chap named Falek. In our boat was the chief-mate, Mr Ruddiman, myself, two sailors, and a couple of young apprentices. We was badly stocked with water and food; and after the *Ocean Monarch* had foundered, Captain Matthews sings out to Mr Ruddiman to keep company. But it wasn't to be done. The longboat ran away from us, and then she hove-to and took us in tow; but there came on a bit of a sea, and the line parted, and next morning we was alone.'

He paused.

'I am closely following you,' said I, fancying I perceived a suspicion of inattention in me in his face, and wondering what on earth his story was going to lead to. He stood up, and folding his arms in the first attitude he had adopted, proceeded, his voice deep and clear.

'It came on to blow hard from the south-ward and east-ward, and we had to up hellum and run before the seas for our lives. This went on for three or four days, till Mr Ruddiman reckoned that we was blown pretty nigh half-way across to the Marquesas. It then fell a stark calm, and we lay roasting under a broiling sun with no fresh water in the boat, nor nothing to eat but a handful of mouldy fragments of biscuit in the bottom of a bag that had been soaked with spray o'er and o'er again. One of the apprentices went mad, and jumped overboard, and was drowned. We was too weak to help him; besides, ne'er a one of us but thought him well off in that cool water, leaving thirst and hunger behind him, and sinking into a deep sleep, as it might be. Then the other apprentice was took bad, and died in a fit of retching, and we put him over the side. When daylight broke on the morning following that

job, we saw one of the sailors dead in the bottom of the boat. T'other was the sicklier man of the two, yet he hung out, sir, and lived for three days. We kept his body.'

His deep tones ceased, and he stared at me. Just a story of a bad shipwreck, thought I, so far.

'There came a light breeze from the east'ard,' he continued after a little pause; 'but neither Mr Ruddiman nor me had the strength of a kitten in our arms, and we let the boat drive, waiting for death. I thought it had come that same afternoon, and on top of the sensation followed a fit, I allow, for I recollect no more, till on opening my eyes I found myself in a hammock in the 'tween-decks of a little ship. The craft was a small Spanish vessel, called the *Rosario*. She had floated into sight of our boat, and there was just enough strength left in Mr Ruddiman to enable him to flourish his handkerchief so as they might see the boat had something alive in her. Ne'er a soul aboard spoke a syllable of English, and neither Mr Ruddiman nor me understood a word of Spanish. We couldn't even get to learn where the brigantine was bound to or where she hailed from. We conversed with the crew in signs all the same as though we had been cast away among savages. We was both hearty men in those days, and it wasn't long afore we had picked up what we had let fall during our ramble in the boat. Well, the course the vessel made was something to the south'ard o' west, and I took it we were heading for an Australian port; but though I'd make motions, and draw with a piece of chalk on the deck, and sing out the name of Sydney, Melbourne, Otago, and such places, I'd never get more'n a stare, and a shake of the head and a grin, and a shrug of the shoulders, for an answer. In fact, it was like being sent adrift along with a company of monkeys.'

He dried his face again, took his seat as before, and leaned towards me in his former computing posture with his eyes glued to my face. The singularity of their habitual expression was now greatly heightened by a look of wildness, which I attributed in a measure to the emotions kindled in him by this recital of past and dreadful sufferings. I sat as though engrossed by his story; but I had an eye for every movement in him as well as for his face.

'It came on to blow a gale of wind one night after we had been aboard the brigantine about a fortnight. They were a poor lot of sailors in the vessel, and so many as to be in one another's road. They got the little ship in the trough, somehow, under more sail than she could stand up to; the main-topmast went; it brought down the fore-topmast, which wrecked the bowsprit and jib-boom. The Spaniards ran about like madmen, some of them crossing themselves, and praying about the decks; others bawling in a manner to terrify all hands, though I can't tell ye what was said; the ship was in a horrible mess with wreckage, which nobody attempted to clear away. It blew very hard, and the seas were bursting in smokes over the brigantine, that lay unmanageable. At last the boatswain of her, holding a sounding-rod in his hand, yelled out something, and there was a rush for the boats stowed amidships. They were so crazy with fear

they hardly knew how to swing 'em over the side. Ruddiman says to me: "I shall stick to the ship. If those boats are not swamped, they'll blow away, and her people'll starve, and our late job in that line is quite enough for me." I said I would stick by the ship, too, and we stood watching whilst the Spaniards got their boats over. It was luck, and not management, that set the little craft afloat. The captain roaring out, made signs to us to come; but we, pointing to the sea, made motions to signify that they would be capsized, and shook our heads. They were mad with fright, and weren't going to stay to argue, and in twos and threes at a time they sprang into the boats like rats; and whether they took food and water with them I can't tell ye; but this I know, that within twenty minutes of the Spanish bo'sun's singing out, the two boats had disappeared, and Mr Ruddiman and me were alone.'

He rose as he said this, and fell to pacing the cabin floor in silence, with his head drooped, and his arms hanging up and down like pump handles.

'A very interesting story, captain, so far as it goes,' said I, shifting a bit on my seat, as though I supposed that the end was not far off now. 'Of course you were taken off by some passing vessel?'

He made no reply to this, nor, indeed, seemed to heed me. After several turns, he stopped, and looked me in the face, and continued to stare with a knitted brow, as though he were returning to his first resolution to communicate his secret with an effort that fell little short of mental anguish. He came slowly to his chair, and started afresh.

'We sounded the well, and presently discovered that the water she was taking in drained through the decks, and that she was tight enough in her bottom; and we reckoned that if we could get her out of the trough, she'd live buoyant; so we searched for the carpenter's chest, and found it, and let fly at the raffle with a chopper apiece, and after a bit, cleared the vessel of the wrecked spars and muddle, and got her to look up to it, and she made middling good weather, breasting it prettily under a tarpaulin seized in the weather main rigging. The gale blew itself out after twenty-four hours, and the wind shifted into the east'ards. We let drop the foresail; there was no more canvas on her to set, with the head of the mast gone, and with it the peak halliards and the sail in rags. Our notion was to head for the Sandwich Islands, for we stood by so doing to fall in with a whaler, and failing help of that sort there was civilisation over at Hawaii; but t'others of the Polynesian rocks were mostly cannibal islands, we believed, and we were for giving them a wide berth. Yet we could do nothing but blow before it. That you'll understand, Mr Dugdale?'

'Quite,' said I.

'It came on thick,' he continued, speaking with intensity and in an utterance deep, clear, and loud, 'with a bit of a swell from the east'ards and a fresh wind singing over it. I was at the hellum in the afternoon, and Ruddiman lay asleep close against the companion hatch. I was drowsy for want of rest, and there was sleep enough in my eyes to make me see very ill. Suddenly

looking ahead, I caught sight of a sort of whitish shadow, and even whilst I was staring at it, wondering whether it was vapour or white water, it took shape as a low coral island, with clumps of trees here and there and a small rise of greenish land amidships of it. I put the hellum hard over, and called to Ruddiman, who jumps up and takes a look. "A dead lee-shore, Braine," says he; "what's to be done? There's no clawing off under this canvas." What was to be done? The land lay in a stretch of reef right along our beam, with the brigantine's head falling off again to the drag of the foresail, spite of the hellum being hard down. In less than twenty minutes she struck, was took by the swell, and drove hard aground, and lay fixed on her bilge with her deck aslope to the beach that was within an easy jump from the rail.

He broke off, and went in a restless, feverish way to the table and unlocked and drew out a drawer, took a look at something within, then shut the drawer with a convulsive movement of the arm and turned the key. I was now heartily wishing he would make an end. Down to this, the tale was just a commonplace narrative of marine suffering, scarcely reclaimed from insipidity by the singularity of the figure that recited it. But that was not quite it. I was under a constant fear of the next piece of behaviour he might exhibit, and my alarm was considerably increased by the air of mystery with which he had examined the drawer and hurriedly closed it, as though to satisfy himself that the weapon he had lodged there was still in its place. Having locked the drawer, he stood thinking a little, then taking up his Bible from the table, he approached me with it.

"Mr Dugdale," he exclaimed, "before I can go on, I must have ye kiss this here book to an oath.—Take it!" he cried with a sudden fierceness; "hold it, and now follow me."

"Stop a minute," I said; "you are telling me a story that I have really no particular desire to hear. You have no right to exact an oath from me upon a matter that I cannot possibly be in the smallest degree interested in."

"It's to come," said he in a raven note; "ye shall be interested afore long.—Take the oath, sir," he added with a dark look.

"But what oath, man, what oath is it that I am to take?"

"That as the Lord is now a-listening to ye, you will never divulge to mortal creature the secret I'm agoing to tell ye, So help you God: and if you break your oath, may ye be struck dead at the moment of it. So help ye God, again!"

I looked at him with astonishment and fear. No pen could express his manner as he pronounced these words—the dull fire that entered his eyes and seemed to enlarge them yet, the solemn note his deep and trembling yet distinctly clear voice took—his air of command that had the force of a menace in it as he stood upreared before me, his nostrils wide, his face a dingy sallow, one arm thrusting the little volume at me, the other hanging at his side with the fingers clenched.

"I dare not take that oath," said I, after a little spell of thinking, with every nerve in me tight-strung, so to speak, in readiness to defend myself should he attack me. "Miss Temple will cer-

tainly inquire what our talk has been about; I will not undertake to be silent to her, sir. Keep your secret. It is not too late. Your narrative is one of shipwreck, and so far there is nothing in it to betray."

With that I rose.

"Stop!" he exclaimed; "you may tell the lady. There need be no objection. I see how it lies betwixt you and her, and I'm not so onreasonable as to reckon she'll never be able to coax it out of ye. No. Your interests'll be hers, and of course she goes along with us. 'Tis my crew I'm thinking of."

I was horribly puzzled. At the same time curiosity was growing in me; and with the swiftness of thought I reflected that whether I had his secret or not it would be all the same; he was most assuredly a madman in this direction, anyhow, if not in others; and it could be nothing more than some insane fancy which he had it in his head to impart, and which might be worth hearing if only for the sake of recalling it as an incident of this adventure when Miss Temple and I should have got away from the barque.

"Mr Dugdale, you will swear, sir," he exclaimed.

"Very well," said I; "but put it a little more mildly, please.—Or see! suffer me to swear in my own way. Give me that book."

I observed that his hand was trembling violently as I took the volume from him.

"I swear," I said, "to keep secret from all mortal persons in this world saving Miss Temple whatever it is your intention now to tell me, So help me God," and I put the book to my lips. "That oath excludes your crew," I added, "and I hope you're satisfied?"

His face took a little complexion of life, and he almost smiled.

"It'll do—oh yes, it'll do," he exclaimed. "I knew I could count upon you. Now then for it."

He resumed his seat, and leaning towards me with his unwinking eyes fixed upon my face as usual, he proceeded thus.

(To be continued.)

HYACINTH CULTURE IN HOLLAND.

THE Hyacinth, which beautifies our homes and gardens with its graceful bright-coloured spikes, even before Spring has 'come o'er the mountains with light and song,' is the source of much wealth to our friends the Dutch. At the present time there is in Holland a tract of land equal to about one thousand English acres used for the cultivation of Hyacinth bulbs, and it is estimated that nearly forty thousand Dutch folks are directly dependent on the trade for their livelihood. Many millions of the bulbs are annually exported, Great Britain and the United States of America being their best customers; and Dutch Hyacinths are now household flowers in all parts of the civilised world.

The mother-species of most of the cultivated Hyacinth race is *Hyacinthus orientalis*, a native, as its specific name implies, of the East. It is found wild in abundance on the shores of the Levant, in Cilicia, where it grows seven thousand

feet up the mountains, and eastward to Mesopotamia. The year of its introduction into Holland cannot now be determined. It is very probable that, like *Ranunculus Asiaticus*, it was carried into Italy by some returning Crusaders, and thence introduced into Western Europe, where, towards the end of the sixteenth century, it found a congenial home on the moist, sandy flats of Holland. Some authorities fix the date as 1585, others 1596. We know, however, that Hyacinths were grown in the Botanical Gardens of the city of Leyden in the year 1600, as they are mentioned in a Catalogue still extant of plants cultivated in these gardens in that year.

In another plant Catalogue dated 1602, several varieties of *Hyacinthus orientalis* are specified, which shows that some progress was being made in Hyacinth culture even in these early days. The colour of the first cultivated specimen is doubtful. It may have been white, blue, purple, or pink. All the wild specimens of it in the Herbarium of the British Botanical Gardens at Kew have blue flowers.

The Tulip mania early in the eighteenth century seems to have withdrawn the attention of the Dutch from the Hyacinth, as the historical facts recorded regarding it during the continuance of that unreasoning craze are very meagre. Yet it cannot have been entirely neglected, for St Simon, in an interesting book on the Hyacinth published in 1768, enumerates as many as two thousand distinct varieties which were then grown in Holland.

Like many other plants, after being under cultivation for some years, the Hyacinth showed a tendency to produce semi-double and double flowers. These in the early days of its culture were regarded as monstrosities, and treated accordingly. Whenever one revealed itself among the seedlings, it was destroyed. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, double flowers which had escaped detection, and were thus allowed to come into full bloom, were seen to possess a distinctive beauty, and soon attained great popularity. A famous double variety named 'King of Great Britain,' with elegant rose-coloured flowers, was sold for one hundred and twenty pounds sterling soon after double varieties became popular. In 1734, when the Tulip mania had somewhat abated, the stock of a new double blue variety named 'Non Plus Ultra,' which consisted of one large and eight small bulbs, was sold by public auction for £133, 8s. 6d. One single bulb of a new double red variety brought eighty-three pounds to its fortunate raiser in 1815. Such extraordinary prices show that the Dutch of those days had faith in the Hyacinth. Its value now to their descendants fully justifies their faith.

The Bulb-farms are nearly all situated on the sandy flats between the cities of Haarlem and Leyden. The former city is the centre of the trade. There the dealers and larger growers have offices and stores. The soil in which the Hyacinths are grown is a light, fine sand, which is generally dry on the surface, but immediately below moist and cool. It matters not how dry and hot the weather may be, there is always plenty of moisture a few inches beneath the surface, which keeps the bulbs sweet and healthy. Should a period of wet weather set in, the super-

fluous water easily percolates through the fine sandy soil, and the land soon regains its normal healthy moistness.

The ground is very heavily manured every two or three years with cow manure, which is brought from all parts of the country, and is a valuable source of profit to the Dutch dairymen. This manure is kept in heaps until it has become thoroughly decomposed before being put on the ground. The farms are all similar in appearance. Tidiness and order in the manner of culture are almost invariable. The fields vary from five to twenty or twenty-five acres in extent, and are cut up into patches by canals and ditches, which intersect the whole farm, and cross each other at right angles. The canals are wide enough to admit of the passage of a good-sized boat, and consequently require to be bridged wherever communication between the plots is necessary. The ditches are narrow enough to be stepped over. Water being always present in these cuttings, the irrigation is perfect. The surface of the fields is usually about two feet above the level of the water. All the farms are connected with the extensive canal system of Holland by means of these private canals, this arrangement enabling the farmers to draw their supplies of manure and the other necessaries of their trade from all parts of the country, and to send off the ripened bulbs to the shipping ports. The canals running through the farms are quite green in summer with the little aquatic plant, the Lesser Duckweed (*Lemna minor*); and when a boat passes along, all the water the visitor sees is a small triangular bit at the stern, which is soon green again as the little plant floats back into place.

The custom, in the early days of bulb-growing, was to plant the same ground only once in three years. Now, however, the Dutch find that Hyacinths and most other bulbs do very well if planted on the same ground each second year. The land is divided into two portions, one of which is planted with the bulbs, while the other is dug and heavily manured. The latter portion is allowed to lie fallow, or is planted with a crop, such as potatoes, suited to prepare the soil for the bulbs.

Every bulb, even the smallest, is lifted and planted once a year. September and October are the planting months. The bulbs are placed in rows in large beds, each variety being kept separate, and carefully labelled with a wooden label containing its name or number stuck in the ground at the beginning. The large bulbs are put in first, then the smaller ones. This arrangement mars somewhat the effect of the beds at flowering-time, as strong growing bulbs are seen blooming side by side with much weaker ones. However, utility, not ornament, makes the rule, and after all, it does not matter much, as the flowers are only permitted to open far enough to allow of their being proved true to colour or name, and then cut off. This cutting off of the flower-spike lets the leaves develop to their fullest extent, and helps to strengthen and enlarge the bulbs.

As soon as the planting is finished, which is always by the end of October, the ground is covered to the depth of four inches by reed-grass or straw, to keep off the frost, which is there much more severe than in this country. In

the milder days of spring, when the growth begins to appear, this covering is gradually taken off.

The flowering season is generally about the end of April; sometimes not till well on in May if the season is late. When the flowers have been proved, the spikes are cut off, and the plants left in this condition to mature.

Towards the end of June the leaves are well withered; the bulbs are then lifted, the foliage cut off down to the neck of the bulbs, and the roots carefully trimmed off. They are then carried into sheds and placed on dry shelves, where they remain from four to six weeks. Packing and exporting then begin, which duties engage the attention of all the workers on the farm till September arrives, when the planting-time has again come round.

For the export trade, the Hyacinths are generally made up in four sizes or qualities. First: the largest, soundest, and best-shaped named bulbs. Second: second-size named bulbs. Third: bulbs suitable for bedding-out purposes. These are usually made up in colours, and are unnamed. Fourth: the smallest size, and badly-shaped bulbs.

The methods employed to increase the number of bulbs are various and interesting. The oldest and most natural way is to leave the bulb in the ground after it has reached its full development, when a number of offsets are formed round the parent bulb, which then decays. Another method is to hollow out good-sized bulbs so that the lower part and a portion of the inside are taken away. After being planted, a number of bulbils are formed inside this shell between its several remaining layers. Still another way in which propagation is effected is by making several deep cuts across the bottom part of the bulb, the cuts crossing each other near the centre. Soon after planting, young bulbs are formed in these incisions.

The second and third methods are usually adopted. Some varieties are found to produce better results when hollowed, others, when cut. When hollowing is the process used, the young bulbs take six years to reach maturity; when cutting is employed, they mature, as a rule, in four years. However, by hollowing, a larger number of bulbils is produced, which result compensates for the longer time required to grow them to marketable size.

The farmers have many enemies to contend against. The worst of these is a disease called 'the Rot,' which is caused by a fungus. Sometimes the whole stock of a variety is destroyed by it in one season. To protect themselves from its ravages, they divide the most valuable varieties into two or more lots and plant them in separate fields. In this way, should one portion be attacked by the fungus, the other may be safe. In the larger farms, during the growing season, workers are detailed whose duty is to go round the beds and watch for any appearance of the 'rot.' As soon as a bulb is seen to be attacked, it is pulled out and burned. Rats and mice are also very destructive. These vermin find shelter among the dry grass protecting the bulbs during winter, and sometimes exterminate whole beds of fine bulbs.

Many efforts have been made in this and other

countries to obtain a share of the Hyacinth-producing trade, but hitherto these attempts have been almost fruitless. Whether the means employed were at fault, or the climatic conditions unsuitable, it is difficult to say. When spoken to on the subject, the bulb-farmers of Haarlem say that they have no fear of competition from any direction, as the natural advantages they possess in soil and climate place them beyond its reach.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

THE hour was a little after two in the morning; a perfect silence, broken at intervals by the roll of some passing carriage, or faint echo of distant music, reigned in the streets of Vanity Fair. Vere Dene swept down the marble steps, with their coating of crimson cloth, which lay before the Marchioness of Hurlingham's residence in Park Lane, her head drawn up, the Vere diamonds flashing in the lamplight under her thin gossamer wrap. There had been some faint surprise, a little well-bred expostulation at her early departure; and Lord Bearhaven, standing at the carriage door bare-headed and regretful, murmured against the fates. 'Your presence is absolutely necessary?' he asked.

'Absolutely. You understand everything, and besides, I should be so miserably anxious all the time.—Good-night.'

'Good-night, Miss Dene; or, rather, let us say *au revoir*.'

The carriage rolled away into the darkness, carrying with it no delicious whirl of thought, no sweet consciousness of a night of triumph. Lord Bearhaven threw a coat over his evening dress and hailed an empty cab crawling down the street. A moment later, he, too, was hurrying Arlington Street way.

There was a fitful gleam of light in some of the windows at No. 281 as the carriage drew up and the door opened. A few feet farther on was a hackney coach with the outline of a policeman on the box with the cabman, the conveyance from Starr and Fortiter's, in which their confidential agent had arrived to convey the Vere diamonds to safe custody.

Under the subdued light of the shaded lamps, Vere waited, but for what she scarcely knew. The ancient butler, a faithful old servant of Vavasour Dene's, came forward with a poor attempt to conceal his agitation. 'Some one has been inquiring for you, Miss,' he said. 'I did not know what to do. I had to hide him in the library. But'—

'Who is up, Semmes? Are all the servants in bed?'

'Every one except myself and Miss Ashton, Miss. Your maid said you left orders for her not to wait for you. Mr Winchester has been here some time; but where he is now I know no more than'—

'And the agent from Starr's, where is he?'

'In the breakfast-room. He has been here half an hour.'

Vere's heart was beating fast enough now; a curious choking in her throat checked her ready flow of speech for a moment. Then all the dominant courage of her nature seemed to come

again, strengthening every nerve and limb, till she felt almost exulting in her audacity of purpose. She swept up the stairs leading to her dressing-room, her face calm and placid, as if she had no consciousness of danger, a profusion of soft wax-lights flashing upon the living fire of jewels gleaming on her dusky hair and round the full white throat. For a moment she stood contemplating her own perfect loveliness, then she removed the glittering jewels from her wrists and throat and bosom and placed them one by one in their leathern cases. Taking the cases from the table, she walked down the stairs again. At the foot of the stairs stood Ashton, a smile of uneasy meaning upon his neat handsome face, a smile of uncertainty as to his welcome. They made a strange picture as they stood thus, this brother and sister, after a parting nearly five years old, as different now as light from darkness, as wide asunder as the poles.

'Come with me,' Vere whispered, conscious of the danger of being overheard, at the same time leading the way into a small room half-concealed behind a bank of gardenias and tuberoses, and where one dim light was burning. 'You have chosen a strange time for your visit, Chris. You might have selected a more appropriate hour.' Her eyes wandered over him from head to foot, over all the signs of pitiless poverty he bore, till her heart melted, and all the pure sisterly love came to the surface.

'Chris, Chris, what have I done that you should treat me like this? Why do you keep away from me as you have done, when all mine is yours, and I would have sacrificed it all to help you.'

Ashton turned away his face as if the words had been the lashes of a whip; even the thickening folds of self-pity which the years of trouble and misfortune had wrapped around him were penetrable to one touch of Nature.

'Do not grudge me the last embers of my manhood,' said he with an imploring gesture. 'Don't make it any harder, Vere.'

'I hate to hear you talk like this,' Vere answered, her voice trembling. 'You, a young man, with all the years before you; time enough to wipe out the stain and regain your honourable name.'

'An honourable name for me, with the recollection of the cowardly part I am playing at this moment! But cost what it will, I play the hypocrite no longer.—Do you guess what brings me here to-night?'

'Yes, Chris; I know only too well what brings you here to-night.'

So utterly surprised was Ashton by the unexpected reply, that he could only cling to the back of the chair against which he was standing and regard the speaker with starting eyes. That Vere had been taken into Winchester's confidence he had not had the smallest conception.

'Is it possible you can really know? And if you have discovered everything, why do you not ring the bell and order your servants to thrust me out into the street? What can you gain by keeping me here?'

'Much that I want—much that you need also. Chris, it is folly for you and me to stand here wasting bitter words. You came here because there was no help for it; you imagine yourself

to be deserted. Even now, we are all doing our best to save you.'

Ashton laughed mirthlessly. 'To save me,' he cried. 'And how?'

'How, another hour will prove. For the present, I am merely an instrument in cleverer hands than my own. Only wait and see.'

'Your patience will be tried no longer.—Vere, are you ready?'

The suddenness of the interruption caused brother and sister to turn uneasily. In the dim light, Winchester's tall figure was faintly visible, though the lamp shining on his face showed it illuminated by a smile of hope and pleasurable expectation. His very presence seemed to give them a fresh meed of comfort. Vere would have spoken, only that he laid a finger on her lip and pointed silently to the door. For a moment Vere hesitated, as if half afraid; but gathering up her courage, somewhat shaken by the unexpected interview, without another word took up the jewel cases and left the room.

A bright light was burning in the breakfast room as she entered. There was still the consciousness of unseen danger, till beyond, in the darkness of an inner apartment, she discerned the outline of Winchester's figure as he came in noiselessly by another door. There was only one other person present, a tall, slim individual with a small black moustache, and gleaming eyes, but little dimmed by the *pince-nez* he wore. He bowed, and brightened visibly as Vere laid the leathern cases upon the table.

'You come from Starr and Fortiter's, I presume?' she asked.

'I have the honour to be their confidential clerk, madam,' replied the agent smoothly. 'If you will be good enough to read this letter, you will see that I am what I represent. In such matters we usually take every precaution.'

Vere glanced through the letter carelessly; after which, at the clerk's direction, she initialled it. With almost suspicious alacrity he took up the cases, and with another profound bow, walked towards the door. As he did so, Winchester came out of the inner apartment and stopped him with a gesture.

'I hardly think this is quite formal,' he said. 'Perhaps Miss Dene has no objection to my asking a few questions?—And you, sir, pray, be seated. If Miss Dene will do me the favour to retire for a moment'—

Vere wanted no second bidding. Already her courage, high as it was, began to fail. It had been a trying night, and the sense of danger overpowering. Moreover, the evil had not been seen, but rather implied. Without waiting to hear more, she left the apartment, and stepped across to the little room opposite, fearful lest Ashton might in a moment of rashness betray himself.

Directly the last sound of her footsteps had died away, the patent politeness of Winchester's manner underwent a change. 'Now, you scoundrel,' he said grimly, 'give me those jewels.'

'My good sir, I am quite at a loss to know who you are; but, representing as I do one of the first houses in town'—

'You are at no loss to know who I am,' Winchester returned, approaching the agent, and with a dexterous movement, removing wig, mous-

tache, and glasses from the other's face. 'My name is Winchester, and yours is Wingate. There is not the least occasion to deny the fact.'

Wingate, for he it was, dropped the cases and staggered into a seat. For a moment he measured his antagonist with his eye, and despairingly gave up the wild idea of a struggle as at once hopeless and perilous. An instant of wild baffled rage was followed by a cold trembling of the limbs. There remained only a last effort for freedom to be made, and as the detected thief remembered the forged acceptance in his pocket, his spirits rose to the encounter. 'Perhaps you will be good enough to prove what my name is,' he answered doggedly.

'Prove it!' Winchester echoed contemptuously; 'yes, before a jury, if you like. Do Starr and Fortiter's agents generally do their business in disguise, with a cab waiting for them outside with a pantomime policeman alongside the driver? The scheme was a very neat one; but, unfortunately for you, I happen to know everything.'

'En après,' said Wingate, with all the cool insolence at his command. 'Upon my word, you carry matters with a high hand. Perhaps you forget that I hold an "open sesame" that will allow me to depart whether you like it or not.'

'Pon my word, I am greatly obliged to you for mentioning it,' Winchester returned. 'You are naturally alluding to the acceptance you stole from my studio.'

'Bearing the forged name of Lord Bearhaven.'

'Bearing the forged name of Lord Bearhaven. Exactly. For that reminder also allow me to tender you my sincere thanks. You are an audacious rascal, Mr Wingate, a truism we both appreciate. If that bill was in my pocket, you would not feel so easy as you do.'

'Certainly. That, as you are perfectly aware, is my sheet-anchor. Come what may, you dare not prosecute me; and so far as I am concerned, I shall walk out of this room as freely as I came in.'

'That is very likely,' Winchester returned dryly. 'But if I may venture to prophesy, not without paying something for your freedom. You may rest assured of one thing, that unless that bill is in my possession, your exit will be accompanied by an official not altogether unconnected with Scotland Yard.'

'You would force it from me,' Wingate cried, the first real feeling of alarm getting the better of his matchless audacity. 'You would never dare.'

'I would dare anything. Can't you see that you are completely in my power? However, I do not desire to use force; it would be bad for me, and a great deal worse for you. You are counting upon Lord Bearhaven's character for severity, and also how you can be revenged upon Ashton for betraying you. Upon my word, when I think of everything, the cool villainy of this plot, now I have you in arm's length, I can scarcely refrain from thrashing you within an inch of your life; and I should do so with the liveliest satisfaction.'

'You will treat me as a gentleman,' Wingate faltered, shrinking back with blanched lips and chattering teeth. He was completely cowed;

but the malignant cunning of his nature did not fail him quite yet. 'I—I could do a lot of harm. If I sent to Lord Bearhaven and said to him'—

'Should you like to see him?' Winchester asked abruptly.

Wingate's dark eyes blazed with the intensity of impotent malice. 'Like to see him!' he cried. 'I would give anything, five years of my life, if I could, for the opportunity of ten minutes' conversation at this moment.'

Winchester touched the little silver bell on the table. 'I am delighted to be in a position to accommodate you,' he replied cheerfully, as Semmes entered. 'Will you be kind enough to ask Lord Bearhaven to step this way?'

A moment later, Bearhaven entered, calm, cool, and slightly contemptuous, in his immaculate evening dress, and looking down from his superior height upon the thoroughly bewildered Wingate; while Winchester, content to leave the matter in such competent hands, discreetly vanished.

'You wished to speak to me,' said the newcomer after a long pause. 'I would advise you to be brief in your confidences, Mr Wingate.'

'Captain Wingate, if you have no objection,' responded the discomfited rascal, with a fair assumption of ease. 'Let us preserve the ordinary courtesies.'

'Pooh, my good fellow, a jury will not recognise so fine a distinction. I am sorry to disappoint you of your promised treat, but everything is known to me. Your confederate Chivers—Benjamin Chivers, to be correct—has disclosed everything. We know how you ingratiated yourself into the good graces of Starr and Fortiter's agent, how you stole his credentials from him, and where he lies drugged at this moment. What you are most desirous of mentioning is that forged bill bearing my signature. Will you be surprised to hear that I knew all about that three years ago?'

'But if I liked to disclose the facts, my lord,' broke in Wingate, now thoroughly alarmed, 'if I am pressed to do so'—

'You dare not,' Lord Bearhaven sternly replied. 'I am not going to argue with you one way or another. Let me bring myself down to your level. Try it; and I will be prepared to acknowledge the signature, and Mr Winchester will be prepared to swear you stole the bill from his studio.—And I think,' concluded the speaker, with stinging contempt—'I think that you will be a long while in persuading a jury to give credence to your story. Lord Bearhaven's testimony, I presume, will go further than that of a well-known sharper and blackleg.'

Wingate's head fell lower and lower, till his face rested on his hands. The struggle, long and severe, had been too much for even his temerity. 'I am quite in your power,' he said. 'I think, I hope you will not be hard upon me. Tell me what I must do, and it shall be done.'

'The acceptance you have at this moment in your possession—nay, do not prevaricate; it is your last chance; so you may expect little mercy from me. Place it in my hands and trust to my discretion.'

'And supposing I agree—what then? I will make terms'—

'You will do nothing of the kind; it is I who will make terms. Hand it over without another word and you leave here a free man. I say no more.'

Slowly, grudgingly, Wingate drew from his breast-pocket a worn leather case, and taking therefrom a narrow slip of paper, handed it to Lord Bearhaven, as if it had been some precious treasure at which his soul recoiled from parting with. After a hasty glance at its contents, Lord Bearhaven held it over the flame of a lamp till nothing but a few blackened ashes remained in his fingers.

'Now you may go,' he said, with a motion towards the door. 'Allow me to see you safely off the premises. Your cab is still at the door, I think. You must make your own peace with the cabman and the artificial policeman.'

Winchester was standing in the hall somewhat impatiently waiting for the termination of the interview. One glance at the detected scoundrel's face was sufficient evidence of the successful issue. As Wingate disappeared in the darkness, Bearhaven turned to the artist and held out his hand.

'I think we can congratulate ourselves,' he said. 'The paper we spoke of no longer exists.—And now I will retire, if you have no objection. Miss Dene will not care to see me again to-night, especially as—you understand'—

Winchester nodded; it would have been impossible to express his feelings in words. Once alone, he ran lightly up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Chris and Vere together with Miss Ashton were awaiting him. As he entered, the light was falling full upon Vere's face, from which all the pride and haughtiness had gone, leaving it soft and tearful. There was a tremor of her limbs, her lips worked unsteadily as she tried to smile in return for his bright face. For a moment all were silent, Ashton watching them without daring to speak.

'It is done,' he said gently, noting the dumb piteous appeal in Chris's eyes. 'Thank Heaven, you are free at last.'

There was another silence, at the end of which he told them all. Miss Ashton, weeping quietly, hung on every word with breathless admiration. To Winchester she firmly believed there was nothing impossible; this favourite erring nephew had always been the delight and terror of her simple life. Now the tale was told, the play was ended. With a passionate sigh, Winchester turned to go.

'This is no longer any place for us,' he said.—'Chris, are you coming with me?'

'You will do nothing of the kind,' cried Miss Ashton, firm for the only time in her amiable existence. 'I will give Semmes orders to lock every door and bring me the keys.—Jack, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

Winchester sighed again wistfully as Aunt Lucy bustled out of the room. He held out his hand to Vere, but she could not, or would not, see. At the door he lingered for a moment with a backward glance; and Vere, looking up at length, their eyes met, each telling their own tale in the same mute language.

He was at her side in a moment. 'What dare I say?' he asked.

'What dare you say? Rather, what dare you

not say? What did you promise years ago, and how have you fulfilled that promise? Do you think that I forget so easily—that because riches and prosperity have come to me—Oh! can't you see? Can't you say something I may not?'

'Is it that you care for me, darling—that you still love me?'

'I am weak and foolish; but I cannot help it, Jack,' Vere cried with her face aflame. 'Oh, how blind you have been, and how unhappy I! Of course it is.—What will people say? What do I care what people say, when I am the happiest girl in England!—But, Jack, there is one thing I would not have them say, that I had actually to ask a man to—to marry me.'

There was a great glow of happiness upon Winchester's face, reflected in a measure on Ashton's pallid cheek. For a few moments he dared not trust himself to utter the words trembling on his lips.

'You always had my love,' he said presently. 'Fate has been very good to me in spite of myself. My darling, if you are willing to brave the world, you shall never regret it so long as God gives me health and strength to shield you.—Chris, have you nothing to say?'

'Only, that you may be as happy as you deserve to be. And what you have done for me to-night, with God's help, you shall be repaid for, all the days of your life.—And now, Vere may perhaps be persuaded to let us go.'

'I will,' she whispered, 'for I know you will come again to-morrow. To-morrow—rather to-day; for, see, the sun has risen, and daylight has come at last!'

FRED. M. WHITE.

THE ABUSE OF ATHLETICS.

It is the glory and the pride of the English-speaking race that they are the outdoor-game people of the world. There is much solid truth in the saying that Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. Englishmen owe their unrivalled physique, health, mental and bodily vigour, pluck, endurance, and good-nature largely to their fondness of outdoor exercise, without which it would be vain to look for such a result even in so happy a fusion of the Briton, the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane. The Frenchman laughs at cricket and ridiculous football. The result is a national character brimming over with élan, but deficient in stamina. The Spaniard, the Italian, the Greek, have all the laziness of the Gaul exaggerated, without even his fitful energy. Their complaint is Pecksniffian, it is chronic. In his Irish element the Britisher has all the go and dash of the French; while from his slightly phlegmatic mixture of English and Scotch blood he has derived something of the intrepid and long-sustained perseverance of the North American Indian. It is this unique combination, applicable at once to the intellectual and the physical part of his nature, that won for the Englishman Crécy and Poitiers, that made the epic Westward Ho! possible, and packed the would-be despot of the nineteenth century off to St Helena.

But there is a danger which has lately become more and more evident. Englishmen ought to profit by their glorious history, and to have a

care that what has been in the past a source of strength shall not become a source of weakness. It is very necessary to guard against any abuse of athletics, for there is a disposition abroad to allow them to usurp the position of an end in themselves, instead of remaining only an important means to a useful end. Too much produces similar effects to not enough. In avoiding the Scylla of abstinence from games, Englishmen are falling into the Charybdis of excess. Field-sports are a desirable part of a perfect education, the progress of the whole man, soul and mind and body. It is a natural law that when a faculty or a muscle ceases to be used, it begins to be impaired, and may ultimately become hopelessly paralysed. And the converse is just as true, and hardly, if at all, less disastrous in its effects. When an organ is unduly developed, the balance of nature is disturbed. The abnormal is always repulsive, witness the top-heavy appearance of the prize-fighter, whose shoulders, chest, and arms have been developed at the expense of his legs. In the same way the unnatural growth of the physical is to be deprecated, because it implies the stunting of the spiritual and the mental. But viewed only from a severely physical standpoint, over-indulgence in exercise produces most baneful results. The proper function of athletics is not to make athletes, but men. The perfect man, if such there be, is he who preserves a just equilibrium between work and play. Any preponderance of the one or the other must inevitably be accompanied by undesirable effects. When play becomes a business, it is at once prostituted. But apart from professionalism pure and simple in games, it is an unmitigated abuse to make a toil of a pleasure. The extent to which it has become so has evoked a warning protest from an eminent physician. Says he: 'Play, with millions, has become the chief thought and business of life. It is no longer relaxation or recreation—it has developed into a most dangerous, a most pernicious over-exercise of heart and muscles, a profligate expenditure of the vital surplus-force of the frame required for mental and moral uses, and which, so wasted, will in a few years realise a harvest of death through heart-disease, and, in the future, entail a lessened constitutional power upon the children. Fatigue and violent exercise not only injure the body, they load the system with waste matter and lessen the energy of the brain.'

All this is largely brought about by ignorance of the true province of recreation, which is to develop those muscles and faculties least brought into play in the pursuit of a daily avocation, and to maintain constitutional rather than physical strength. The most suitable form of recreation for the manual labourer, the carpenter, the mason, the artisan, the mechanic, whose labour, if not purely physical, is mainly so, is not boxing, rowing, cycling, and football, but an exercise of those mental qualities with which they have been endowed, and which will otherwise become the victims of dry-rot through disuse. The recreation for these is reading, science, geometry, chess. But to the tired brain-worker, such pursuits would be no relaxation, no recreation, but only an aggravation of his weariness. If he wishes to turn his leisure to good account he will walk, ride, run, jump, row, play football, cricket,

tennis, enter the gymnasium, the swimming-bath, the cycling track. What is wanted is a change in the kind of occupation. It would be as absurd as it would be unfair to deny to the head-worker all the pleasures of literature, or to require the worker with his hands to forego all the delights of outdoor games. But enough has been said to indicate the direction which the recreation of the respective classes should take. No hard and rigid line can possibly be drawn if it were only for the reason that many employments partake both of the character of manual and of mental labour.

Even when the surplus energy is directed into the right channel, it is necessary to guard against an over-use of it. The competitive spirit has infected sport to an unparalleled degree. In place of the lowly disciple of Izaak Walton enjoying with placid delight the landscape and the pastoral calm, and satisfied with a few fish as they come, many anglers engage in a fierce struggle for pre-eminence and renown totally foreign to the genius of the art. Football players and cricketers play, not for amusement, but to win Challenge Cups. The primary object now is to beat the record. To coast gently down a decline on an ordinary bicycle, with the fragrant zephyr kissing the receptive cheek and playing hide-and-seek with the ringlets of the fair tricyclist, is not enough. It is voted tame by common consent to drink in the view, it is imperative to tear down the hill on the ungraceful Rover, or the journey from Land's End to John o' Groat's House will have been in vain, because it has occupied a quarter of an hour longer than the best on record. Hence the prospect for the rider is strictly limited to the portion of road exactly beneath his eye. This is not pleasure; it is hard work, producing an inevitable reaction in flaccid tendon and aching limb, work which would be severely kicked against, and justly so, if demanded by an employer. The right spirit which so many require to have renewed within them, and that should pervade athletic as well as intellectual education, is not the desire to cover so much distance or acquire so much knowledge, but so to conduct affairs bodily and mental as to preserve a sound mind in a healthy body. The man of the future, 'the improved man,' will doubtless regard with astonishment in the British Museum the skeleton of the man of the later part of the nineteenth century with the bicycle back.

The proper man is he who enjoys good health without knowing it. To him, as to that true peptician, who, questioned as to the state of his system, replied that he had none, training is the fad of the valetudinarian. Yet it is impossible to enter the dressing-room of a modern athlete without being assailed by the smell of embrocations and lotions, bearing silent but eloquent witness to sprains and stiffness which ought not to exist. The spirit of competition has indeed so pervaded the domain of athletics, that it becomes all who love games for the relaxation and exercise they afford to see to it that they do nothing to encourage or to aggravate it. Let them not countenance the action of any club that deems it necessary to uphold its prestige by hiring professionals or offering large prizes. Let them protest against the undermining of constitu-

tions by over-training. Above all, let them try to infuse into the youth of England the idea that while a healthy rivalry in games imparts a stimulus and adds a zest, unbridled competition will reap its own bitter fruit of physical degradation and disease. The antidote lies here. Then might we anticipate and realise a return to the simplicity of older times when the Queen of Love and Beauty dispensed the modest premium to the vanquisher in the tourney; or to that period, still more remote, yet not less worthy of imitation in this regard, when the *victor ludorum* felt that he received his full meed of praise when he obtained at the hands of the gracious Roman matron the unpretentious wreath of laurels.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SOME discussion has recently been raised as to the destructive effect of the London atmosphere upon the granite obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, which has for some years stood on the Thames Embankment. According to the opinion of experts there is no reason for alarm, for careful examination has shown that no erosion of the stone is discoverable. When this ancient monument was first erected on its present site, its surface was carefully treated with three coatings of a solution of silica, and this precaution has doubtless protected it. But the stone itself is peculiar in being harder and more resistant than other granites, a condition which is probably due to the absence of mica, which generally enters largely into the composition of granite, and gives to it its sparkling character. Like all the well-known obelisks, this one was cut from the bed of syenitic granite which crosses the Nile Valley at the first cataracts. Altogether, it has been exposed to the influence of the weather for thirty-seven centuries, and yet its hieroglyphics are almost as clean as the day when they were cut. The London air must indeed be bad if in a few years it could make any impression upon a stone which has braved so much wear and tear.

There is trouble once more at some of the gasworks because of the introduction of a machine for emptying and recharging the retorts. This machine is called the Iron Man, and it consists of two parts—the drawing-machine and the charger. Each runs on rails in front of the retorts, and the duty of one is to take out the coke after the carbonising process is completed, and of the other to shoot a fresh charge of coal into the empty retorts. The machine is the invention of Mr John West, the late gas engineer to the Manchester Corporation. He has spent thirty years in perfecting the machine, and it represents such a saving of labour that it is likely to be introduced into all gasworks. He reasonably complains that although the men have for years been lamenting the laboriousness of the work involved in charging the retorts by hand, and have represented the retort houses as unfit for human beings to work in, they threaten to strike because of the introduction of this machine, and are doing their best to prevent its being adopted.

Mr F. F. Payne, writing to the *American Naturalist*, describes the operation of whistling

for seals, which is practised by the Eskimo, and which he often witnessed during his prolonged residence at Hudson's Strait. The huntsman, armed with gun or harpoon, lies full length at the edge of an ice-floe, and commences a low monotonous and continual whistling, which is very difficult to describe in words. Although, when he commences his music, not a single seal may be in sight, they are speedily attracted by the sound, and first one head will appear above the water, and then another, until one more venturesome than his fellows comes within striking distance. The hunter thereupon quickly rises to his feet and throws his harpoon or fires at the animal, as the case may be, the rest of the seals seeking safety in flight. The whistling was generally more effectual if performed by an accomplice of the huntsman, who could then direct all his attention to bagging the game.

There has lately been quite a famine of turtle, and it is some comfort to reflect that the dearth is of a nature which does not cause any privation to the public at large, but is only felt by the richer members of the community. The normal price per pound for turtle is about eightpence, and if this should seem cheap to those who know what price they have to pay for a basin of turtle soup, they should remember that there is little flesh on the animal, and that the eightpence includes its harder and useless parts. However, the price has recently run up to half-a-crown, and what the cost of a basin of soup must be under such conditions it is impossible to imagine.

The establishment of Free Libraries in our cities and towns has been the means of giving some curious information regarding the kind of books which are most in demand, and the occupations of those who are the most diligent readers. In the last Report of the Birmingham Free Libraries Committee there appears amongst other interesting tables one that tells the occupation or profession of those who borrowed books during the past year. Students and scholars head the list, and clerks and bookkeepers are nearly as many in number—about fourteen hundred. Next come errand and office boys, the number of volumes borrowed by them being only three hundred. Teachers are next on the list, and they are followed by jewellers. Compositors and printers borrowed one hundred and ninety-two books, and milliners and dressmakers one hundred and nine. At the very bottom of the list we find journalists borrowing six volumes, and news-agents and reporters only two each. From these statistics it would appear that those who by their profession are brought most into contact with literary matter do not care to take up books as a recreation, perhaps on the principle that a confectioner does not care much for lollipops. But we are inclined to think that journalists and others who make a profession of literature have generally a sufficient command of books without having recourse to Free Libraries.

An experiment is reported in the *Scientific American* as having been performed by the chief of the San Francisco fire department, with a view to show the importance of establishing fire hydrants in the streets at frequent intervals, and to illustrate the loss of power by friction when the distance of a main necessitates the employ-

ment of a great length of hose-pipe. At first a hose one hundred feet in length was attached to the hydrant, and it was shown that the water at the issuing nozzle had a pressure of ninety pounds, and that the jet could be thrown to a distance of two hundred and six feet. The water was now turned off, and an extra nine hundred feet of hose was attached, through which the water had to be forced before it reached the nozzle. The pressure under these circumstances was reduced to six pounds, and the distance traversed by the fountain from the jet was just one-fourth of what it was with the shorter length of piping. We too often read in the reports of fires in our own country that the supply of water was short; but in many cases we feel convinced that this is caused by the great distance of the source of supply.

We have all been amused at reading year after year, in the Postmaster-general's Report, the curiosities of caligraphy revealed in the addresses of some of the letters received for postage, and other examples of ignorance on the part of the public. But nothing more curious has ever been published than the account of the manner in which the Post-office authorities themselves have framed their rules for charging for compound words in telegrams. Indeed, it would seem that there is no rule in the matter, but that each postmaster may charge as he thinks fit. Here are a few examples: 'Kingston-on-Thames' is counted and charged as one word, but 'Kingston Cross' is two words. 'Gateshead-on-Tyne' is counted as three words, but 'Newcastle-on-Tyne' is one word; and so on *ad infinitum*. But the most amusing example, perhaps, is the following: The Telegraph Acts allow the abbreviations 'can't,' 'won't,' and 'don't' to stand each as a single word; but the word 'shan't,' possibly because of its occasional rude application by the vulgar-minded, must be counted as two words, or be expressed in full, 'Shall not.' These little differences would be amusing if they were not most annoying to business men. It is obvious that all names of places should be charged as one word only.

'Anglo-Indian,' writing to the *Times*, makes a useful suggestion regarding a remedy against the pilfering of postage stamps, which, he says, has worked successfully for many years in the Indian Post-office. It is, that the word 'stamped,' or the initials of the user, should be written across the stamps at the time that they are affixed to letters, so as to destroy their selling value. This would certainly be a useful measure, and there could be no objection to its adoption, especially as firms are already permitted to perforate their stamps by a machine. It is to be hoped that the Postmaster-general may see his way to grant this concession.

At a recent meeting of the Zoological Society the photograph of a curious form of bird's nest was exhibited by Professor Flower. The nest was that of a hornbill from South Africa, which bird lays its eggs in a hole in a tree trunk. After the female bird has begun to sit, her companion walls her in by filling up the aperture in the tree with clay, leaving a small opening, through which he passes to her a daily supply of food.

A paper was lately read before a meeting of members of parliament and others at the West-

minster Palace Hotel by Dr Schacle-Sommer of Liverpool, on the subject of Sugar Beet-growing in England and Ireland. The author was of opinion that the present agricultural depression could be partially mitigated if the cultivation of the beet were seriously taken up, and endeavoured to show that a larger profit could be derived from this crop than from any other. He also said that the introduction of the beet into the rotation of crops usually cultivated in these islands would improve the soil to such an extent that other crops would be materially benefited. This subject of beet cultivation is one which seems to come up at frequent intervals; but trials which have been already made in this direction have not realised the anticipations of their promoters.

A plan is to be adopted this autumn by which the despatch of telegrams from home-coming steamers will be greatly accelerated. It is proposed that as the vessel passes Tory Island, Ireland, the messages shall be enclosed in a shell or box and dropped overboard. The packet will be picked up by a boat waiting for it, and will be taken direct to the nearest telegraph office. Passengers taking advantage of this means of communicating with their friends will pay a fee of one shilling for the privilege.

The revival of experiments in mesmerism, under its modern name of hypnotism, seems to be so full of fascination to that large section of the public who are attracted by anything which has the appearance of being supernatural, that no opportunity should be lost to warn them that they are treading upon dangerous ground. It is doubtful whether the surgical operations which have lately been performed under the influence of hypnotism could not have been conducted with far greater security to the patient by the use of the usual anaesthetics. But supposing that the new agent is serviceable in surgery, its use should most certainly, like chloroform, be restricted to those who are qualified to deal with it. The Belgian authorities have already taken alarm at the spread of experiments in hypnotism, and have forbidden public exhibitions which make them the chief attraction. It is not so easy to stop experiments which may be conducted in private houses, but when people begin to understand that degradation of will-power is a step towards weakening of the brain, they will think seriously whether the amusement, if amusement it can be called, is worth the risk involved.

A gentleman of Euston, Pennsylvania, has patented a process for silvering the back of sheets of celluloid so as to turn the material into a mirror. We do not see the exact use of such a mirror, the only advantage which it possesses over the ordinary looking-glass being that it is flexible and can be rolled up.

The metal platinum has recently gone up nearly two hundred per cent. in price, a circumstance which is due in the first case to the present activity in electrical apparatus manufacture, where the metal is largely used; and secondarily to its increasing employment in photography, one of its salts being now used for printing permanent pictures. Hitherto, platinum has had but few uses, its chief patrons being the manufacturers of certain chemicals, who found it economical to expend in some

cases a couple of thousand pounds sterling for a platinum crucible which would resist nearly every agent known. The fortunate holders of such apparatus will now rejoice to think that their investment has turned out to be so unexpectedly profitable. Platinum is a comparatively rare metal, and is found associated with five others in the form of small grains which are found in the soil in Siberia and Brazil.

Carbonic acid gas (carbon dioxide), which is used so largely by mineral-water manufacturers for giving their goods a sparkling effervescent character, is generally made by treating common whiting or chalk with sulphuric acid. Upon addition of the acid to the chalk the gas is given off abundantly. A Liverpool firm has recently called attention to the superiority of bicarbonate of soda as a material from which to produce the gas, and to an experiment by which its greater purity can be readily ascertained. A small quantity of the soda is put into one glass, and some whiting is put into another. A little acid is poured on each, and the gas is at once generated; but while that formed by the soda is without odour, that which comes from the chalk has an offensive smell. It is also proved that in practice the generation of the gas from the soda is more economical, the total saving, taking into consideration the value of the sodic sulphate formed as a by-product of the process, being between eight and nine pounds sterling per ton of gas produced.

There is at last some hope that the supply of water to the metropolis may be taken out of the hands of the eight companies who at present control it, and that it will be placed under municipal management. At a recent conference of the local authorities of London, it was resolved to request the Government to introduce a Bill forthwith to enable the London County Council to acquire the undertakings of the eight companies referred to; and failing any agreement as to terms, to settle the matter by arbitration; or failing both, to give powers for the establishment of an independent supply. The householders of London have long had to pay far too heavy a price for the first necessity of life, and contrary to every notion of fair dealing, they have been made to pay not upon the quantity of water consumed, but according to the valuation of the premises which they occupy. As the assessment is raised for parish purposes every five years, the water-rate is raised as well, without the companies spending one farthing in return. The unearned increment accruing to the water companies in this way amounts to an enormous sum, and there is no difficulty in understanding how it is that a share in one of these companies—the New River Corporation—fetches in the market considerably more than one hundred thousand pounds.

At all Government offices, and at most large mercantile establishments, the clerks sign their names on arrival each morning; and should they arrive after the time of grace has expired, they find that the sheet has been removed to the room of one of the principals, and to him they must explain the reason for being late. An instrument called the 'Instumgraph' has lately been introduced for checking the arrival of employees by mechanical means. Its principal part consists of

a desk having an aperture in its top, below which travels a paper band. Upon this paper the arriving clerk signs his name; but at the moment that the clock strikes the paper is withdrawn by electrical agency, and late-comers must sign on another sheet.

The administration of nitrous oxide gas as an anæsthetic in dental operations is now universal, and it is probable that some hundreds of persons in this country alone are placed under its influence daily. Yet there is in some quarters an impression that its administration is more or less risky, and some persons would far rather suffer the agony of tooth extraction than be relieved of it by such agency. Dr Silk recently read before the Odontological Society some notes respecting a series of one thousand cases in which the gas had been administered for operative purposes, and these records should set at rest any fears as to its effects, although it is always as well to act under medical advice in such matters. In the cases recorded no after-trouble was experienced, and no serious results, though headache was more or less present for a time. It is also stated that those subject to epilepsy can take the gas with impunity.

The municipal authorities in Paris have issued an order which obliges the owners of cabs to provide each vehicle under their control with a counting apparatus. This device indicates at every moment the distance which the cab has travelled, the hour of the day, and the fare chargeable. The mechanism continues to act while the cab is stationary, and the charge for cab-hire is then the same as if the vehicle were travelling at the normal rate. It is to be hoped that some such system will be adopted in this country; and we venture to affirm that its introduction would be beneficial to both passengers and cab-drivers. As matters at present stand, cabby very often loses a fare because of the indisposition of would-be passengers, ladies especially, to subject themselves to the inevitable dispute as to the amount chargeable.

THE HUDSON TUNNEL.

THE *raison d'être* of the projected Hudson Tunnel is readily made apparent by the briefest glance at the map of the United States. The city of New York is situated on Manhattan Island, and is separated by the Hudson River from no fewer than forty-two out of the forty-eight States comprised in the American Union. Railways having a total mileage estimated to be nearly seven times that comprised in the entire system of the United Kingdom are barred by the Hudson River from entering New York, and perforce compelled to make Jersey City their termini. When we further state that the present population of New York is estimated at one and a half millions, and that the present traffic between New York and Jersey City carried by ferries is computed at no fewer than seventy-five million passengers and sixty million tons of freight per annum, small wonder will be felt that more direct means of communication between the two cities has long been acknowledged a pressing necessity.

Moreover, as our readers will readily perceive, the passage by ferry carries with it not merely the delays and expenses of transshipment, but

is liable to interruption through fogs, storms, or ice; without mentioning the constant risk of collision in crossing the enormous traffic passing up and down the river at these points.

No one who has witnessed the immense traffic between Liverpool and Birkenhead will fail to appreciate the importance of the union of these two vast emporiums of trade by means of the Mersey Tunnel; whilst to readers north of the Tweed, and more especially those having occasion frequently to cross the Firths of Forth and Tay, the successful completion of the two great triumphs of engineering, which have bridged the estuaries and rendered the delays and discomforts of the ferry services things of the past, the advantages accruing from direct communication in lieu of steamboat service will at the present time be particularly emphasised. Small wonder, therefore, that our American cousins have long been alive to the desirability of forming direct means of communication beneath the Hudson River.

Some years back, the scheme was vigorously mooted, and a commencement made to drive a double tunnel through the silt and mud forming the river-bed. When, however, in 1880 about one hundred yards had been driven, the water suddenly burst in on the men, drowning twenty of them and flooding the tunnel.

Work was subsequently resumed with a pilot tunnel or iron tube about six feet six inches in diameter, which was advanced some thirty to forty feet ahead of the main tunnel, and supporting the iron plates of the main tunnel by means of radial screws. The silt and water were excluded from the tunnel, and prevented from crushing the lining by compressed air forced into the tunnel at a pressure of about twenty pounds per square inch. The compressed air was also utilised in ejecting the silt after the latter had been diluted with water. When about one-eighth of the total distance had been driven by this method, financial difficulties supervened, and the project was for the time allowed to fall into abeyance.

In 1888 efforts were made to resuscitate the scheme, and the abandoned works were visited by Sir Benjamin Baker. In 1889 a loan was raised in London in the form of first mortgage bonds on the undertaking, to complete the enterprise, under the supervision of Sir John Fowler, Bart., and Sir Benjamin Baker, K.C.M.G.—well known as the engineers of the Forth Bridge—and Mr Greathhead. The two parallel tunnels, each over a mile in length, can, according to the engineer's estimates, be completed for the sums of about £180,000 and £250,000 for the north and south tunnels respectively.

The method of driving the tunnels presents several features of interest, and is accordingly succinctly sketched for our readers. Compressed air will be employed, and shields constructed for protecting the workmen. Visitors to the Forth Bridge in the early stages of the undertaking will remember the caissons employed in founding the main piers. The shields to be utilised in piercing the tunnels under construction are similar in principle to the caissons that were made use of in laying the foundations of the Forth Bridge; but will be advanced laterally and not vertically down through the strata met with. The

shields, which are circular, have a diameter of nineteen feet eleven inches, and measure ten feet six inches from cutting edge to tail. Each shield is strengthened by being double-skinned; and horizontal and vertical stiffening is provided for by means of internal girders. The face is formed as a cutting edge, behind which is placed a partition of steel plating, dividing the shield into two separate compartments. Nine doors in this division give access to the face of the heading, and permit the removal of excavated material, the pressure of the compressed air in the tunnel keeping back the water.

Should strata be met sufficiently hard to retain the water, the doors are opened, and the face of the heading is attacked directly. The doors are lined with india-rubber, and secured by stout clips, so that the joints throughout are perfectly water-tight.

After sufficient material has been excavated, the shield is advanced by sixteen cast-steel hydraulic rams placed equidistantly around its circumference, and attached to it, pushing against the cast-iron lining of the tunnel already completed, and in position; a further section of lining being at once built, and this again forming the support for further advancing the shield after more excavation in front of it has been completed. A special machine running on rails follows up the shield, and places the cast-iron lining segments in position as the work advances. This is also actuated by hydraulic power. The shields have been manufactured by Sir William Arrol, at his Glasgow works, for Messrs Pearson & Son, contractors for the undertaking.

SONNET.

In my life's Pilgrimage, as I count o'er
Its pleasures, sorrows, dullness, joy, and pain,
Short hours of triumph—disappointments sore—
Hopes, fears, and wishes—balanced loss and gain—
Youth's wasted hours, and love bestowed in vain:
Of the long catalogue, there but remain,
Like bright spots, where my spirit loves to rest,
Sweet thoughts of those whom, with enduring chain
Of kindness, I have bound close to my breast.
I feel a love which I can not explain,
For them, as though some little better part,
Of the true nature of this wayward heart,
In cherished safety was with them embalmed,
To live, when in the unanswering grave its tumults
shall be calmed.

W. PRYCE MAUNSELL.

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ADMIRABLE, BUT—

By MRS LYNN LINTON.

ONE need not necessarily be a carping critic, making the faults which then we condemn, to acknowledge that sometimes not only things but people themselves are admirable, but— This discovery is one that every one has to make, and it begins unconsciously with the first injustice of the parents and the first act of treachery in the nurse. It is a small word enough, yet it is like a magic net which when cast into the wide waters encloses a whole host of possibilities. It plumbs the deepest recesses of human nature, and sweeps through its smallest crevices and most obscure crannies. It is the measuring-tape which determines the true height of qualities—the mirror which reflects their absolute value, not their apparent beauty. It is the alembic, the crucible, the winnowing-machine by which these virtues pass and are tested—only few to come out without leaving behind them trails of worthless alloy or some dead and useless residuum.

But. This word, one of the stumbling-blocks of slipshod writers, is one of the fatal disillusioners of human life. Full of good qualities—excellent—respected in good faith and real earnest—admirable exceedingly, but—

That peach is lovely to sight and delicious on the sunny side to taste, but round about the core lies a rotten bit that no one cares for, and the peach is essentially spoilt. It is only half good when it looked perfect throughout; and that 'but' ruins its claims to perfection. So with men and women. No one can deny his good qualities—no one wishes to deny them. He is eminently just, he is upright in all his dealings, his character is above reproach, no one can point to him as one who has ever wronged man or woman; and yet—Why is he not loved? He is respected by all, but loved by none. And that 'but' lies in his own heart. So admirable in his dealings—but so cold in his affections! Straight as the path of an arrow—exact as the scales of

justice—wise in counsel—cautious in action—it would seem that to know him would be to love him. No; to know him is to respect him, to believe in him, and to follow as he directs; but to love him is impossible. His wife does not love him, nor do his children. They respect him—so do others; but in the tender sweetnesses of life he has no share, because he has none to give on his own side. How many women, too, are like that—admirable, but— They do their duty with punctilious devotion. No house is better managed than theirs; no children are more scrupulously brought up; they are incorruptible as wives, without inconstancy as friends; they subscribe discreetly to the local charities, and perform their religious duties with decorum; they dress as befits their station, and they neither pinch nor exceed the just and proper amount of expenditure required. In all things are they admirable truly, *but* no young girl confides to them her perplexities; no child runs to their arms for consolation; no young man finds in them the shadow of the mother he has lost; no sinner kneels at their feet and pours out those broken-hearted confessions of past wrong and present contrition. They are too admirable for that—too pure to bear the smirch of sinful contact—too lofty in their cold isolation to be fanned by the hot flame of human passion or stained by the tears of sorrowful repentance. But they do their duty; and no man has a stone to throw at their spotless renown.

Yes, he is as generous as the day—open-handed, good-natured, a thoroughly good fellow; but, Lord save us, how foolish! Every one's friend and no man's enemy but his own, he is the dancing-dog of his strong-willed companions, and they can make him turn out his pockets in their behalf, or step and slide on the treacherous path of degrading pleasures just as they have a mind. No one can deny the abounding generosity of his nature. He will give and give to all who need or do not need, as if his moderate income were housed in Fortunatus's purse and his modest resources were inexhaustible. You cannot but love the

fellow's bright and unselfish generosity. Who would not love a heart so soft—a compassionateness so rich, so bounteous? In a selfish world the spectacle of one who finds a joy in giving is both too rare and too beautiful not to be admired when seen. But how can you praise the folly, the want of self-control, the absence of all sense of proportion, the absence even of all sense of what is due to himself in one who, if he had but these restraining forces, would have been so admirable throughout? As things are, he is admirable enough in certain parts, but— And that 'but' spoils all with him as it spoils the peach.

Loving, but inconstant, how can you praise unconditionally here, any more than you can praise that generous and unrestrained giver of good gifts who empties his own pockets that his friends' may be filled, and thinks more of another's fancies than of his own necessities? While your inconstant friend loves you, you are in the warm airs which blow round the Islands of the Blest. Your way of life lies through the very Rose-garden of Delight, and your nature has at last met the one congenial. Such a sweet, fond, loving creature! Could humanity show a fairer specimen? And then comes the 'but'—but exactly the same to every one as to you; but with what he or she calls gently a 'travelling mind,' which means the most distracting inconstancy; but broad and shallow as the low-lying lands which a deluge of rain has flooded; but heart-breaking to trust to for depth, perseverance, concentration—that general and impartial power of blessing which we admire in the sun and the rain, not being the thing we want in the one friend whom we love beyond all others.

No one denies her sincerity, but no one can admire her want of tact, her brusque bluntness, her want of reticence. Her sincerity is admirable, but a little dash of reserve in her expressions would add grace to her character, yet not detract from the beauty of her candour. All who know her praise her for that straightforward honesty which can conceal the truth as little as it can frame a lie. Still, all who know her breathe that 'but,' and say if she were a trifle less rugged, and just this trifle more considerate of the feelings of others, it would be so much better for all concerned! So, if that great-hearted philanthropist were but a little less boastful, how much more beauty his undoubted benevolence would gain! You know and gladly acknowledge his good deeds—his unwearying philanthropy—but if he would not blow his own trumpet with so loud a blast!—if he would not be so like the Dulcamara of public beneficence! Others give as freely as he, but without the fanfare that always heralds and accompanies his slightest donation. Others spend as many hours over plans for the improvement of the poor in house, food, and wages, but are content to add their contribution to the bettering of things in modesty and silence, not calling on the world at large to praise, and by that praise to reward. It is a pity, this black feather in the white wing—this 'but' of boasting as the shadow cast by that admirable quality of benevolence. All the same, pity or not, there it is, and it is no want of charity to see it, and no belittling of great things to acknowledge it. So is it only the truth to add 'but' to the praise for her exactness in doing what she ought to do, which that strict

doer of duty deserves. But if she would not make herself such a martyr—if she would not go about the world with those downcast eyes and lips depressed at the corners, and that curious look of pinched suppression about her nostrils—if she would do her duty with a gayer and more cheerful mien and not proclaim herself a martyr, a victim, a very Iphigeneia bound to the horns of the altar! It takes away from the grace of all she does to have her mutely parading herself as this martyr to her own high sense of duty—this victim to the exactions of others. She is most admirable in her unswerving devotion and duty—but why does she carry it before her as a flag whereon is inscribed her claim to consideration?—why does she not do as she feels she ought to do, and let the world find out her worth for itself?

Twin-born to this self-declared martyr is that energetic soul whose activities are at the service of any one who needs help, but who takes it out in a certain kind of tyranny to which many find it difficult to submit. He will help you, but not in your own way, only in his; she will not lighten your burden so much as rearrange it according to her ideas of easy bearing. Either is good at a pinch, and you know that you may call on them and they will respond—but you know also that you will have to pay the price. If you apply to your energetic friend for advice on a certain point—just on one kink in the smooth running of your business—you will get that advice only on condition of abject submission after the fullest discovery of all your affairs. Your energetic friend will take on himself the whole direction. He will go into every corner and sweep out all the cupboards—cobwebs, skeletons, and all; or he will do nothing. He will give himself worlds of trouble for you—but he will take all the skin off you in the process. He will trample under foot your pride, your delicacy, your sensitiveness, your natural reserve. He will help you, but at the cost of your temporary abasement by his own hard-handed tyranny; or he will do nothing at all, and you and your affairs may go *zum Henker* with all speed if you will not obey him out and out from A to Z. So with her. If her sister has need of her during a time of sickness, say, she will go down to help—of course she will—but only on her own terms. And those terms are absolute control while she is in the house. The nursery must be exactly as she thinks best, or she packs up her trunks and goes back by the next train. She will not help on the lines already laid down. She will make new tracks altogether, or none at all. When she does, however, put her hand to the plough she ploughs vigorously enough—so does he. But why cannot they drive their furrow alongside those already made and not insist on a totally new departure—and make of their help but another word for tyranny? So we go on through the whole list. As Love's shadow is Hate, so is this qualifying 'but' the shadow cast by the excellence which fails in the one essential quality of common-sense—which is proportion—or in that of self-forgetfulness when doing righteously. It is the confession of human frailty—the weak link in the golden chain which binds earth to heaven. Yet the qualifying quantity has its other side and second meaning. If but

few of the virtuous escape its modifying influence, so do none of the vicious. In the worst and most contemptible this humble little word lies like the germ of some fair flower, or the potential energy of some unused force. He is dissolute, idle, reckless, evil; but he has this good gift, he has done this fine action. She is narrow, bitter-tongued, hard-mouthed, impracticable; but those who know her best excuse her most, and she does more good than is made public. The shadow here is the sunlight there; and if this qualifying trilateral—"but"—cools our ardour of admiration to the right, it slackens our wrath of indignation to the left, and pleads for grace as it counsels discrimination.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE CAPTAIN MAKES A PROPOSAL.

'MR RUDDIMAN and I,' said the captain, as he began his story, 'got ashore and walked a little way up the beach, to see what sort of spot we had been cast away on. It was a small island, betwixt two and three miles long, and about a mile wide in the middle of it. There were no natives to be seen. We might be sure that it was uninhabited. There was nothing to eat upon it, and though we spent the hours till it came on dark in searching for fresh water, we found none. This made us resolve to land all we could out of the brigantine when daylight should arrive. As soon as daylight came we got aboard, and by noon we had landed provisions enough, along with fresh water and wines and spirits in jars, to last us two men for three months; but that didn't satisfy us. There was no other land in sight all round the horizon; we were without a boat; and though, if the vessel broke up, we had made up our minds to turn to and save as much of her as we could handle that might wash ashore, so as to have the materials for a raft at hand if it should come to it, we hadn't the heart to talk of such a thing then, in the middle of that wide ocean, with such a sun as was shining over our heads all day, and the sure chance of the first of any squall or bit of dirty weather that might come along a-drowning of us. So we continued to break out all we could come at. We worked our way out of the hold into the lazarette, and after we had made a trifle of clearance there, we came across three chests heavily padlocked and clamped with iron. "What's here?" says Mr Ruddiman. "If these ain't treasure-chests like to what the Spanish marchants sends away gold in along the coast, my eyes ain't mates," he says. He went away to the carpenter's chest, and returned with a crow and a big hammer, and let fly at one of the padlocks, and struck a staple off short. We lifted the lid, and found the chest full of Spanish pieces of gold. The other two was the same, full up with minted gold; and we reckoned that in all three chests there couldn't be less in the value of English money than a hundred and eighty to two hundred thousand pounds! It

wasn't to be handled in the chests; so we made parcels of it in canvas wrappers; and by the time the dusk drew down, we had landed every farden of it.'

Here the captain broke off and went to the drawer. I watched him with profound anxiety, incapable of imagining what he was about to produce, and collecting all my faculties, so to speak, ready for whatever was to come. He took from the drawer, however, nothing more alarming than a piece of folded parchment, round which some green tape was tied. This he opened with trembling hands, smoothed out the sheet of parchment upon the table, and invited me to approach. The outline, formed of thick strokes of ink, represented an island. Its shape had something of the look of a bottle with the neck of it broken away. It lay due north and south according to the points of the compass marked by hand upon the parchment; and towards the north end of it, on the eastern side, there was a somewhat spacious indent, signifying, as I supposed, a lagoon. Over the face of this outline were a number of crosses irregularly dotted about to express vegetation. In the centre of the lagoon was a black spot like a little blot of ink, with an arrow pointing from it to another little blot in the heart of the island bearing due east from the mark in the indent or lagoon. In the corner of the sheet of parchment were written in a bold hand the figures, Long. 120° 3' W. Lat. 33° 6' S.

'This,' said he, in a voice vibratory with excitement and emotion, 'is the island.'—I inclined my head.—'You see how it lies, sir,' he continued, pointing with a shaking forefinger to the latitude and longitude of the place in the corner. 'Easter Island bears due north-east from it. That will be the nearest land. Supposing you start from Valparaiso, a due west-by-south course would run you stem on to the reef.'

I waited for him to proceed. He drew away by a step, that he might keep his eyes upon my face, whilst he continued to hold his trembling forefinger pressed down upon his little chart.

'We agreed to bury the gold,' he said; 'to hide it somewhere where we should be easily able to find it when we came to look for it, if so be as Providence should ever allow us to come off with our lives from this destitute reef.—D'ye see this hollow, Mr Dugdale?'

'A lagoon, I suppose?' said I.

'Yes. This here mark amidsthips of it'—he turned his dead black eyes upon the chart—'signifies a coral pillar about twice as thick as my mainmast, rising out of the water to about fourteen foot. We reckoned that there was no force in nature outside an earthquake to level such a shaft as that, and Mr Ruddiman and me took it for a mark. We landed the brigantine's compass, and having hit on a clump of trees, found they bore east three-quarters south from that there coral pillar. We fixed upon a tree, and after trying again and again, made it exactly two hundred and eight paces from the wash of the water in the curve of the lagoon. There we buried the money, sir.'

'And there it is now, I suppose?' said I.

'Hard upon two hundred thousand pounds,' he exclaimed, letting the words drop from his lips as though they were of lead. 'Think of it, sir.'

He folded up the sheet of parchment, always with a very trembling hand, replaced it in the drawer, which he locked; and then, after steadfastly gazing at me for some little while, an expression of energy entered his face, and he seemed to quicken from his eyes to his very toes.

'All that money is mine,' said he, 'and I want you to help me to recover it.'

'I!'

'Yes, you, Mr Dugdale. You and me'll do it between us. And I'll tell ye how, if you'll listen'—

'But my dear sir,' I exclaimed, 'I suppose you recollect that you are under a solemn promise to Miss Temple and myself to transfer us to the first homeward-bound ship we meet.'

'I can't help that,' he cried with a hint of ferocity in his manner. 'There's this here fortune to be recovered first. After we've got it, home won't be fur off.'

Come, thought I, I must be cool and apparently careless.

'It is very good of you, Captain Braine, to wish me to participate in this treasure; but really, my dear sir, I have no title to any portion of it; besides, I am a man of independent means, and what I possess is quite as much as I require.'

'Ye'll not refuse it when ye see it,' he exclaimed. 'Money's money; and in this here world, where money signifies everything, love, happiness, pleasure, everything you can name—who's the man that's agoing to tell me he can get too much of it?'

'But you haven't completed your story,' said I, strenuously endeavouring to look as though I believed in every word of the mad trash he had been communicating.

'As much as is necessary,' said he. 'I want to come to business, sir. I could keep you listening for hours whilst I told ye of our life aboard that island, how the brigantine went to pieces, how one day Mr Raddiman went for a swim in the lagoon, and how the cramp or some fit took him, and he sunk with me a-looking on, being no swimmer, and incapable of giving him any help.'

'And how long were you on the island?' said I.

'Four months and three days. It was one morning that I crawled from the little hut we had built ourselves out of some of the brigantine's wreckage that had drifted ashore, and saw a small man-of-war with her tops'l aback just off the island. She was a Yankee surveying craft, and a boat was coming off when I first see her. They took me aboard, and landed me at Valparaiso two months later.—But all that's got nothing to do with what I want to talk to ye about. I've got now to recover this money, and I mean to have it, and you'll help me to get it, Mr Dugdale.'

'What is your scheme?'

'As easy,' he cried, 'as the digging up of the money'll be. I shall head straight away for Rio, and there discharge all my crew, then take in a few runners to navigate the vessel to the Sandwich Islands, where I'll ship a small company of Kanakas, just as many as'll help us to sail the *Lady Blanche* to my island. I shan't fear

them. Kanakas ain't Europeans; they're as simple as babies; and we can do a deal that they'll never dream of taking notice of.'

I listened with a degree of astonishment and consternation it was impossible for me to conceal in my face; yet I managed to preserve a steady voice.

'But you have a cargo consigned to Port Louis, I presume?' said I. 'You don't mean to run away with this ship, do you? for that would be an act of piracy punishable with the gallows, as I suppose you know?'

He eyed me steadily and squarely.

'I don't mean to run away with this ship,' he answered; 'I know my owners, and what they'll think. It'll be a deviation that ain't going to interfere with the ultimate delivery of my cargo at Port Louis, and I don't suppose it'll take me much time to fix upon a sum that'll make my owners very well pleased with the delay, and quite willing that I should do it again on the same terms.'

'But why do you desire to bring me into this business?' I exclaimed, startled by the intelligence I found in this last answer of his.

'Because I can trust ye. You're a gentleman, and you'll be satisfied with the share we'll settle upon.'

Though I never doubted for a moment that all this was the emission of some mad, fixed humour, I was yet willing to go on questioning him as if I was interested, partly that he might think me sincere in my profession of belief in his tale, and partly that I might plumb his intentions to the very bottom; for it was certain that, lie or no lie, his fancy of buried treasure was a profound reality to his poor brains, and that it would influence him, as though it were the truth, to Heaven alone knew what issue of hardship and fatefulness and even destruction to Miss Temple and me.

But even as I sat looking at him in an interval of silence that fell upon us, a thought entered my head that transformed what was just now a dark, most sinister menace, into a bright prospect of deliverance. As matters stood—particularly now that I had his so-called secret—I could not flatter myself that he would suffer me to leave his ship for a homeward-bound craft, or even for the *Countess Ida* herself, if we should heave her into sight. Consequently, my best, perhaps the only, chance for myself and the girl who looked to me for protection and safety must lie in this madman making for a near port, where it would be strange indeed if I did not find a swift opportunity of getting ashore with Miss Temple. I saw by the expression in his own face that he instantly observed the change in mine. He extended his hand.

'Mr Dugdale, you will entertain it? I see it grows upon ye.'

'It is a mighty unexpected proposal,' said I, giving him my fingers to hold. 'I don't like the scheme it involves of running away with the ship—the deviation, as you term it, which to my mind is a piratical proceeding. But if you will sign a document to the effect that I acted under compulsion, that I was in your power, and obliged to go with you in consequence of your refusal to transfer me to another ship—if, in short, you will draw up some instrument signed by yourself and

witnessed by Miss Temple that may help to absolve me from all complicity in this so-termed deviation, I will consent to accompany you to your island. But I must also know what share I am to expect?"

"A third," he cried feverishly. "I'll put that down in writing, too, on a separate piece of paper. —As to t'other document, draw it up yourself, and I'll copy it and put my name to it, for I han't got the language for such a job." He paused, and then said: "Is it settled?"

"Give me leave to think a little," said I. "I will have a talk with Miss Temple and settle with her the terms of the absolving letter you are to write and sign."

I opened the door.

"Mr Dugdale," he exclaimed, softening his voice into a hoarse whisper with a sudden expression of real insanity in the gloomy, almost threatening look he fastened upon me, "ye'll recollect the oath ye've taken, if you please."

"Captain Braine," I replied with an assumption of haughtiness, "I am a gentleman first of all, and my oath merely follows;" and slightly bowing, I closed the door upon him.

By this time it was nearly dark. I had scarcely noticed the drawing down of the evening whilst in the captain's cabin, so closely had my attention been attached to him and his words. Indeed, the man had detained me an hour with his talk, owing to his pausings and silent intervals of staring; though the substance of his speech and our conversation could have been easily packed into a quarter that time. I went half-way up the companion steps, but feeling thirsty, descended again to drink from a jug that stood upon a swinging tray. Whilst I filled the glass, my eye at the moment happening to be idly bent aft, I observed the door of the cabin adjoining that of Captain Braine's to open and a man's head showed. It instantly vanished. It was too gloomy to allow me to make sure. However, next moment the young fellow Wilkins came out, no doubt guessing that I had seen him, and that he had therefore better show himself honestly.

I was somewhat startled by the apparition, wondering if the fellow had been in the berth throughout our talk, for if so, it was not to be questioned but that he had overheard every syllable, for there was nothing between the cabins but a wooden bulkhead, and the captain's utterance had been singularly clear, deep, and loud. So, that the fellow might not think that I took any special notice of his coming out of that cabin, I asked him in a careless way when supper would be ready. He answered that he was now going to lay the table; and without further words I went on deck.

It was a hot and lovely evening, with a range of mountainous but fine-weather clouds in the west, whose heads swelled in scarlet to the fires of the sun sinking into the sea behind them.

Miss Temple stood at the rail, leaning upon her arms, apparently watching the water sliding past. She sprang erect when I pronounced her name.

"I was beginning to fear you would never come on deck again," she exclaimed as she looked at me with a passionate eagerness of inquiry. "How long you have been! What could he have found to say to detain you all this while?"

"Softly!" I said, with a glance at old Lush, who was patrolling the forward end of the poop athwartships with his hands deep buried in his breeches' pockets, and with a sulky air in the round of his back and the droop of his head. "I have heard some strange things. If you are not tired, take my arm, and we will walk a little. We are less likely to be overheard in the open air than if we conversed in the silence of the cabin."

There was something almost of a caress in her manner of taking my arm, as though she could not suppress some little exhibition of pleasure in having me at her side again.

I at once started to tell her everything that had passed between Captain Braine and myself. Her fine eyes glowed with astonishment; never did her beauty show with so much perfection to the animation of the wonder, the incredulity, the excitement raised by the narrative I gave her.

"So that is his secret?" she exclaimed, drawing a breath like a sigh as I concluded halting at the rail to gaze at her with a smile. "I presume now, Mr Dugdale, that you are satisfied he is mad?"

"Perfectly satisfied."

"You do not believe a word of his story?"

"Not a syllable of it."

"Poor wretch! —But how frightful to be in a ship commanded by a madman! What object has he in telling you this secret?"

"He wants me to help him recover the treasure;" and I then related the man's proposals.

She gazed at me with so much alarm that I imagined her fear had rendered her speechless.

"You tell me," she cried, "that you have consented to sail with him to this island of his in—the Pacific? Are you as mad as he is, Mr Dugdale? Do you forget that I look to you to protect me and help me to return home?"

Her eyes sparkled; the colour mounted to her cheek, her bosom rose and fell to the sudden gust of temper.

"Miss Temple, I am surprised that you do not see my motive," I exclaimed. "Of course I feigned to fall in with his views. My desire is to get to Rio as soon as possible, and ship with you thence for England."

"To Rio? But I'm not going to Rio!" she cried. "The captain solemnly promised to put me on board the first ship going home. Why did you not insist upon his keeping his word?" she exclaimed, drawing herself up to her fullest stature and towering over me with a flashing stare.

"He'll not tranship us now," said I. "I'm like Caleb Williams. I have his secret, and he'll not lose sight of me."

"Oh, what miserable judgment!" she exclaimed. "You are frightened of him! But were he ten times madder than he is, I would *compel* him to keep his word. Rio indeed! He shall put us on board the first ship we meet, and I'll tell him so when I see him."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said I. "If you open your lips or suffer your temper to come between me and any project I have formed, I will wash my hands of all responsibility. I will not lift a finger to help ourselves. He shall carry us whithersoever he pleases."

"How can you talk to me so heartlessly! I

have no friend but you now, and you are turning from me, and making me feel utterly alone.'

'I am so much your friend,' said I, 'that I do not intend you shall alienate me. My judgment is going to serve me better than yours in this dilemma. I know exactly what I am about and what I intend, and you must keep quiet and be obedient to my wishes.'

The tears suddenly gushed into her eyes, and she turned seawards to hide her face. I moved away; but before I had measured half-a-dozen paces, her hand was again upon my arm.

'I am sorry,' she said softly, hanging her stately head, 'if I have said anything to vex you.'

'I desire but one end,' said I, 'and that is your safety. To ensure it needs but a little exercise of tact on your part and a resolution to trust me.'

'I believe you are right,' said she, after a little pause, with something of timidity in the lift of her eyes to my face. 'I was shocked and made irritable by alarm. I am sorry, Mr Dugdale.'

The answer I was about to make was checked by Wilkins calling to us from the companion way that supper was ready.

THE LAW OF HALL-MARKS.

MR GOSCHEN'S recent pronouncements in the House of Commons show that there is no present intention of repealing the Hall-marking laws, as distinguished from those regulating the Plate duties. There is certainly no urgent demand for the change, and it may be remarked that its chief advocates argue that it will be at once replaced by a voluntary system. Many articles, it is true, which are exempt from duty have nevertheless always been fully marked, to satisfy the public. It is no doubt a hardship that no gold or silver plate can be exported unless it is up to the British standard and bears the British Hall-mark; and we confess that we see no reason why we should compel foreigners, whose own standards are not what they should be, to buy better wares than either they desire or deserve. It is, however, not a little curious that the Act of 1854, which enabled gold to be manufactured of the reduced standards of fifteen, twelve, and nine carats, did not lead to any great change, owing, it is believed, to the fact that these qualities are largely disapproved of by the trade. Both the Crown and the Duty mark of the Sovereign's head are omitted on these three lower standards, although they are liable to the same duty; and when the Birmingham manufacturers discovered this, and further, that the fineness was declared in a plain and intelligible manner, they showed a curious disinclination to avail themselves of the Act.

The suggestion that the alteration was desired for the purpose of exporting English manufactured goods with Hall-marks upon them in order that the public should imagine them to be of a higher quality than they were, which was raised before the Select Committee in 1878, is irresistible. The grievance, which undoubtedly

rested on a solid basis, that foreign-made watch-cases were sent to this country to be Hall-marked with the British Hall-mark, and afterwards fitted with foreign works and sold as British-made watches, has been to a large extent redressed by the stringent regulations issued by the Board of Trade under the Merchandise Marks Act, which make the practice no longer possible without fraud. Few dealers, we imagine, would be willing to make a false declaration at any Assay Office, and so render themselves liable to the penalties of perjury. The Indian grievance will be met if, as Mr Goschen proposes, Indian silver goods are admitted at the rupee standard, without, it may be hoped, abolishing compulsory Hall-marking altogether. These are not days in which the public will be satisfied with the relaxation of the few safeguards that remain to ensure honest and fair dealing in precious metals.

The British Lion, even in his heraldic form, commands one's respect, if not one's admiration. Yet it is curious that little or nothing should be known about the regulations governing him. There is a vague idea that the Lion and, for the matter of that, most of the other marks so liberally impressed upon both gold and silver ware and electro-plated goods, are a guarantee of something or other, and British housewives are content to count their spoons, secure in the belief that they are of 'stirling alloy.' British Hall-marks certainly possess a reputation of their own which in the main they deserve. They are not, it is true, infallible. Cases are constantly cropping up in which they have been so ingeniously imitated as to deceive any one but a connoisseur or a burglar. Against the counterfeiting of ancient marks, of which there are examples enough and to spare preserved in the archives of the Goldsmiths' Company, there is, of course, little or no protection. Experts, it has been said, can detect spurious goods by touch alone; but the public are certainly not experts in assaying gold and silver. Electrotyped copies, too, in which are reproduced, with a marvellous exactitude, almost every scratch upon the original, and even the marks left by the maker's hammer, as well as the Hall-marks themselves, are extremely difficult of detection even by the initiated. But more ingenious still is the deception practised by the transformation of old-fashioned articles and the transposition of genuine marks from one article to another. The Deceiters of the Tower formerly wore upon their arms large silver badges bearing the arms of three mounted cannon surrounded with a scroll. In a fit of economy, these were confiscated and sold, and, as the story runs, the purchaser of about a score of them, instead of consigning them to the melting-pot, or disposing of them as *curios*, converted them into sconces, and pointed triumphantly to the Hall-marks as a guarantee for their antiquity. For anything we know to the contrary, these *chefs-d'œuvre* are still going the round of the market. They would, no doubt, be highly valued by many people in the present rage for ornamenting reception-rooms with antique silver.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that, although it is permissible to add to any piece of silver a quantity which does not exceed one-third of the whole, the change must be made in such a

manner that the original use of the article is not altered. A tankard, for example, may, it is said, have a lip attached, but not a spout; but we doubt whether these statutory conditions are complied with, with any great regularity. When we remember the extreme severity of the old laws against fraud and abuse, it is easier to understand the exaggerated value which attaches to old gold and silver ware. At the present time, the penalty of ten pounds for each article imposed by the Act of 1844 is often cheerfully risked; but in days when the same offence was punished by death or transportation, men were more careful. It must, however, be confessed that at the present time the laws as to Hall-marking are in a very chaotic condition, for they are scattered through statutes innumerable, and are not sufficiently known to afford adequate protection to the purchaser. Their history, too, is not very complimentary to the craft. The Lion, for example, remained for nearly three centuries the standard mark both for gold and silver; but in 1845 the Crown was substituted for gold of both eighteen and twenty-two carats, in order to prevent a practice which had, it is said, come into vogue of gilding silver ware and selling it as gold, and the fact is worthy of the attention of collectors of old plate.

The various Hall-marks are rather complicated, and for the better understanding of our remarks, may be briefly described.

There are (1) The maker's mark, the initials of his name or firm, used since 1739.


(2) The standard mark. In England, for gold of 22 and 18 carats, a crown and 22 and 18 respectively. In Edinburgh, a thistle, and in Glasgow a lion rampant, are used in place of the crown. In Ireland, 22-carat gold has a harp crowned and 22; 20 carats—an extra standard, used in Ireland only—a plume of feathers and 20; for 18 carats, a unicorn's head and 18. Gold of 15, 12, and 9 carats has in most cases those numbers only. In England, for silver of 11 oz. 2 dwt. standard the mark is a lion passant, and for 11 oz. 10 dwt. a Britannia. In Edinburgh, a thistle, and a thistle and a Britannia; and in Glasgow a lion rampant, and a lion rampant and a Britannia, are used respectively. In Ireland a crowned harp is used for the 11 oz. 2 dwt. standard, the new standard not being used there. The figures in the gold standard denote the number of carats of pure gold in 24; so that 18-carat gold means that there are 18 parts of pure gold to 6 of alloy.

(3) The Hall-marks of the assay towns—London, a leopard's head; Birmingham, an anchor; Chester, a dagger and three wheat-sheaves; Sheffield, a crown; Newcastle, three castles; Exeter, a castle with three towers; Edinburgh, a castle; Glasgow, a tree, fish, and bell; Dublin, Hibernia.

(4) The duty-mark, stamped only on those articles which pay duty: the head of the reigning sovereign, introduced in 1784.

(5) The date-mark: each assay office has now its letter or date-mark, changed every year; twenty to twenty-six letters of the alphabet being used in rotation, and repeated in different styles of letter. In London, the assay year commences on 30th May, and is indicated by one of twenty letters of the alphabet A to U, omitting

the letter J. As an example, we give a Birmingham silver plate-mark:

(1) The maker's initials;  (2) the standard mark; (3) the Hall-mark of Birmingham; (4) the duty-mark; (5) the Birmingham date letter for the year 1889.

Amid all these multitudinous symbols, it is not to be wondered at that the public should be a little confused as to their respective meanings. And as all these have undergone many transformations, the history of Hall-marks can almost claim to rank as a science. There can, however, be little doubt, that although there are some objections to the compulsory assaying and marking of plate, it is to the system which has been in vogue in this country for nearly six hundred years that the superior reputation of British gold and silver ware to that of, perhaps, every other country in the world is mainly due. Our Hall-marks afford a guarantee of value to which it is not to be wondered at that considerable importance attaches, since these goods may safely be regarded as an investment. We doubt whether the assertion that no importance is attached to British Hall-marks abroad is borne out by the facts; but if only sentimental reasons remain, these are enough to give pause to any rash changes in a custom that can claim so high a proscriptive right.

The assaying of the precious metals is a science which has been more exactly practised in this than in any other country. When a piece of plate is sent in to an Assay Office, a little of the metal is scraped off it, and this 'diet,' as it is called, is tested in various ways, so as to ascertain its fineness, which must correspond with that of the standard plates kept by the Warden of the Standards at the Mint. Sheffield and Birmingham have to send up their 'diet boxes' to be proved by the Queen's Assay Master twice a year—a somewhat invidious distinction, since the other Assay Offices have only to do so as required. From this it appears that the guardians of the Standard of Wrought Plate of Birmingham and of Sheffield have always laboured under the disadvantages attaching to the reputation of those towns, and the fact serves to indicate the necessity for retaining a system of guarantee.

Jewelry, we know, has since 1739 been so largely duty free that, as Mr Goschen has pointed out, the gold-plate duty is practically paid on wedding rings alone; but it cannot be argued that this is any reason why Hall-marking should be abolished. Wedding-rings, it is curious to know, were expressly rendered dutiable by an Act passed in 1855, a direct 'tax upon matrimony.' But it is safe to predict that they will always be Hall-marked. Few bridegrooms would care to risk an accusation of having palmed off base metal on this occasion, although it might be done with some degree of safety, since fewer brides would, in the face of the old superstition, risk the dangers of taking off their rings to look at the Hall-mark. But even a wedding ring can be of any of the authorised standards. If it is only of nine-carat gold it satisfies the law. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the requirements of the law are generally known. Certainly gold of the reduced standard is palmed off, in spite of the absence of the Queen's Head

and the Crown, as being of a higher intrinsic value. An illustration of the practice is afforded by offers of gold chains weighing as much as five sovereigns for five pounds, the truth being that they are often of the nine-carat standard.

There are only two standards of silver—the old one of eleven ounces two pennyweights, and that of eleven ounces ten pennyweights, in the pound troy; so here there is not much room for fraud. But the laws of Hall-marking, scattered as they are over a multitude of statutes, are highly technical, and not the least necessary reform is their consolidation. This was urgently recommended by the Committee of 1856, and a Bill for the purpose was prepared by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in 1857; but although its necessity was again emphasised by the Select Committee of 1879, no measure of the kind has ever been laid before parliament. But we need hardly insist that the tendency of legislation should certainly not be in favour of greater laxity. There is much to say for the old demand of the Goldsmiths' Company for further powers of enforcing the law than the mere right to sue for penalties. Sales by auction now take place with practical impunity, no matter how spurious and debased the goods may be, and there is evidence and to spare to show that the general sense of the trade and the public is in favour of the preservation of the old guarantees.

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By P. L. McDERMOTT, AUTHOR OF 'JULIUS VERNON.'

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE DEAD HAND.

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It was a pity, because Arthur Loring was worthy of better fortune; but it was the hard fact all the same. He had partly expected this result, but not wholly; and the completeness of the ruin was only brought home to him by the solicitor of his late father, within a month after the funeral, when the mansion was already advertised 'to be let, furnished.'

'It is well, Mr Arthur,' said the lawyer that memorable day, in the late Squire's study, 'that you have no sisters or brothers—sisters especially. I think you are stout enough to face the world by yourself; for you must face it now.'

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'So I have just nothing, Mr Harding?' said the heir, looking the situation full in the face.

'Nothing, Mr Arthur. You see how plainly I put it,' he added, in a changed tone, 'for I want you to comprehend it clearly.'

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'All I want to take is the picture of my mother and my own private effects.'

The old solicitor looked at the picture, which hung over the mantel-piece, and from it to the boy—for he really looked a boy—beside him. 'Arthur, how like her you are,' he said, reverently. 'You hardly remember her. Ah, me! the sunny day she first came to Priors Loring, and the dark day she left it; for there never has been light in the place since.—So you are going to-day?'

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The two walked out to the front of the house and there parted; and then Arthur Loring went back to pack up his things.

He was in his old room at this sad task, with as brave a heart as could be expected, when a kitchenmaid—almost the last of the household now left—tapped at the door to say that there were two ladies below.

'Ladies?' he repeated with surprise. 'What ladies?'

'Strangers, sir, come to view the house; and there's no one in but me.'

'Very well, Jane; say I shall be down directly.'

There was no reason why he should not have followed at once, save for vexation and shame. It was mortifying to have to 'show' the house to inquisitive and captious strangers just as he was leaving it. If they were vulgar, they would probably offend him; if they were gentlewomen, no doubt they would pity him. Either prospect was bitter enough to the beggared heir. He went down, his pale face showing some of the colour which he could not quite drive back, and

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Preceding them from room to room, and briefly but courteously answering the few questions which the elder lady addressed to him—the girl not opening her lips at all—he conducted them through the several reception rooms. Once, before a certain picture, he knew that they both turned and glanced at him, though his face was directed another way; but the likeness was one that nobody could have missed.

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that is beside the question; you must apply to him.'

'Tell me this, uncle,' cried the young man with sudden energy: 'did my father ever injure him, that they should be enemies?'

'That depends on the way you look at it. Henry admired your mother; but your father won and wedded her. Before you were born, Henry came down to Priors Loring, half tipsy, and acted in so outrageous a fashion that your father horsewhipped him out of the place. He has never been there since. I know a good deal of his subsequent history, which I may tell you some time. He is now manager of a company, the Annuitants' Investment Association, and Heaven help the annuitants! It was he who advanced that last mortgage on Priors Loring.'

'And it is all lost?'

'All lost. Do you know why he did it? Of course it was the company's money, and his name was not in the transaction—at least your poor father was ignorant of it. He wanted to see your father's ruin. He was in treaty with the insurance people for the transfer of the first mortgage, so as to be able to strike the blow with his own hand. Instead of what he hoped for, he received two heavy blows himself. The insurance people declined to transfer their mortgage on the terms offered, and your father has died. Net result, thirty thousand lost, without the anticipated equivalent of breaking your father's heart.'

Arthur Loring turned this over in his mind for a few minutes. 'And will the mortgagees foreclose and sell the place?' he inquired anxiously.

'I don't think so, if they can get in their four and a half per cent. There will be no charge on the estates now—no Squire to keep up—and the rent of the house and park and shootings will be considerable. I'm afraid, though, your prospects of going back, Arthur, are very poor.'

'I was not thinking of that, uncle,' he answered sadly. 'I have bid farewell to Priors Loring. All the same, I shall be glad if it is not sold, though it will be much the same thing to have strangers living there.—Only fancy! I had the pleasure of showing two "viewers" over the house to-day.'

'Who were they?'

'I don't know; they were ladies—mother and daughter. Curiously enough, they seemed to be specially interested in the house, for they said very little; and'—It was on his tongue to mention the incident of the portrait, but instead he added: 'They didn't say a word as to whether they liked the place or not, but merely thanked me, and drove away to the station in a fly.'

'Any one who rents Priors Loring will require money to keep it up,' observed Ralph Loring. 'What were the ladies like?'

He described them briefly, only referring to the younger lady as being very beautiful and quiet.

'What kind of eyes has she? When I hear a lady described, Arthur, I make it a rule to know all I can about her eyes. A woman's eyes are everything, to my mind.'

'Well, as it happens,' said the young fellow, laughing, 'this young lady's eyes are very interesting.'

'What colour are they?'

'I don't know about the colour, Uncle Ralph; but,' he added softly, 'you remember my mother's eyes?'

'Ah!' said the old gentleman quickly. 'Just what I suspected. You would never guess who the tall woman was, who seemed so deeply interested in Priors Loring?'

'No.'

'Your enemy's wife, Arthur—Mrs Henry Loring.'

The young man started with an uneasy feeling. If the ladies' visit foreshadowed the coming of Henry Loring to occupy the place of master of Priors Loring, the heir would rather see the old house sold by public auction to any stranger in the land. 'Are you sure about the mortgagees, Uncle Ralph?' he asked with dim fear.

'Well, I don't think your uncle will get the mortgage, though he is a very clever man.—And now, hadn't you better see him to-morrow? I know you don't like it, but I think it will be best.'

Arthur Loring confessed to himself as he drove back to the hotel that night, that whatsoever odd humour his uncle Ralph might have been in, his words had not administered comfort. Ralph evidently detested his brother heartily, and Arthur was not disposed to deny that Henry entirely deserved it. But the young fellow was far from willing to approach the prosperous uncle who hated him as his father's son—or his mother's?—in the character of one in distress. He meant to try other resources first.

He tried them day after day for a week, and the vain applications he made here, there, and everywhere, left him sick at heart. At the same time he left the hotel and took a lodging in Marylebone.

One day, after failing in two new quarters to which he went in answer to advertisements, he took a sudden resolution and went to the offices of the Annuitants' Investment Association in Pall Mall. But his heir failed him when, in answer to his inquiry whether Mr Loring was in, a supercilious clerk shortly demanded, 'What name?'

He reddened, and declining to give his name, walked out.

He now resolved that he would go to Cadogan Square and leave his card with a request for an interview. This would be more dignified, at all events; and if his uncle should then suggest appointing him in the Annuitants' office, it would take away the humiliation of having to make the request himself.

Poor Arthur Loring was both startled and mortified when the door of the mansion in Cadogan Square was opened to him by one of the Priors Loring footmen.

'You here, Brooks?' he said.

A sense of shame coloured the menial's face as he answered: 'Yes, Mr Arthur. Mr Loring has taken on all of us as was willing to engage.—It isn't quite so comfortable as Priors Loring, sir, but we hopes soon'—

'Never mind,' interrupted Arthur, cutting him short; 'give my card to Mr Loring.' So saying, he turned from the door.

How the transfer of these servants' allegiance, and the half-spoken prospect of soon going back

to Priors Loring with their new master, made his pride smart! But the heart of a young man is more prone to other emotions, as Arthur Loring immediately found before he had descended the last step from his uncle's door.

A carriage drove up and stopped, and carelessly glancing towards it, he met the eyes of his cousin. The girl slightly coloured with surprise, and smiled a timid recognition. A young man who sat opposite to her noted these things, and treated Loring to a stare of haughty astonishment as he raised his hat to the lady; but Arthur Loring gave no thought to the presence of the gentleman—until he next met him—and walked away under the magic influence of a new feeling, which was, of course, kindled by his fair cousin's bright eyes.

'You are right, Uncle Ralph,' he observed that night, as he sat sipping a cup of that epicurean bachelor's cocoa—'you are right in what you hold concerning ladies' eyes.'

'Oh,' said Uncle Ralph with a short cough, 'so you have met her again, have you?'

'I didn't mean that—I wasn't thinking'—Arthur stammered, red and laughing. 'However, I suppose that was what put the thought in my head.'

'Very good,' was the dry remark.—'Well?'

'Well—I hadn't anything else to say. Of course Miss Loring's eyes are very attractive.'

'Of course.—And now, tell me how it happened.'

'Simply enough. I was leaving a card for my uncle, and she drove up as I came away—that was all.'

'Anybody with her?'

'Only a gentleman, who, by the way, seemed to resent the courtesy of raising my hat to her.'

'He resented your knowing each other, Arthur. That man, now, will be your natural enemy if you meet him again, as very likely you shall.'

'Why should he be my enemy?'

'Because he wants the girl for himself.'

'But I don't want to take her from him,' said Arthur Loring; 'and if I did,' he added, 'there would be little probability of my succeeding.'

'Let me tell you, though,' said his uncle, 'she is a prize worth the winning. Is there her equal for beauty in London? You admit there isn't. Furthermore, she owns none of your excellent uncle's blood; and her name is Maud Lavelle, and I believe she has a fortune of a quarter of a million.'

The young man heard this with amazement. 'Not my uncle's daughter? Whose daughter is she, then?'

'Her mother's, of course. Mrs Loring is an American lady, and was a widow when your uncle married her. She has money, too, but it is her own, though Henry enjoys the income of it. I suppose the mother's money will eventually go to the daughter. Think of Priors Loring again, Arthur, with such a mistress as Maud Lavelle!'

The suggestion, touching as it did his own secret sentiment respecting this lovely girl, sent the blood coursing through Arthur Loring and mounting to his very forehead. 'Ah, well, uncle,' he observed presently with a sigh, 'it is no use thinking of such things. I have other

matters to attend to at present. I suppose Uncle Henry will not notice my card. Mrs Loring seems to be a—stern lady.'

'She has been deceived, Arthur,' answered his uncle; 'and would have revolted if she had been able. But her husband inspires her with fear, and she is a mere slave to his will. So, for that matter, is her daughter. If Mrs Loring had the power to give him her money, he would have had every penny of it from her long since. It is a pity, for your sake.'

'What is a pity?'

'That the women have no will of their own. If they had, you could go in and win the girl in spite of him.'

'So, then, the case is this, uncle,' Arthur Loring replied with a bitter laugh—'that Miss Lavelle is not to be won without my uncle's consent. That's a hopeful prospect for me, is it not?'

'All the same, your father's son shouldn't be dismayed. I should try, if I were you.'

'And fail. But failure in such matters involves a good deal, Uncle Ralph; and I think I will spare myself the unhappiness. I have enough without it.'

DISCOVERY OF AN EARLY CHRISTIAN HOUSE AT ROME.

A DISCOVERY has been made of a unique description within the walls of ancient Rome, and that is of a house which belonged to Christians of the fourth century, as perfect as any of those that have been exhumed at Pompeii and Herculaneum. The house, with its painted halls, its baths, its cellars, its corridors, owes its preservation to very peculiar circumstances.

In A.D. 361, Julian—commonly known as the Apostate because he renounced Christianity and laboured to revive paganism—was desirous of having about his person and in his palaces only such men as sympathised with him. There were on his accession two chamberlains of the palace in Rome, named John and Paul, who were Christians. As they refused to renounce their religion, Julian sent orders that they should be strangled in their own house, buried in their cellar; and he gave out to the world that they had been banished. The truth, however, came out through their servants; and when a crowd of Christians went to visit their place of burial, soldiers were sent to disperse them and drive them from the house, three of them, two men and a woman, being killed.

Julian reigned but one year and eight months; and his successor, Jovian, a Christian, at once gave orders that a basilica, or church, should be erected over their tomb. This was done by a senator named Pammachius, the friend of Saint Jerome, son of the man to whom the commission was given. Later, in the Lombard invasion, the church was ruined, and was not rebuilt till the twelfth century.

Now it has been discovered that what Pammachius did was to use the old house, laying the floor of his church on the level of the first story, incorporating the walls into his church, and filling up all the ground-floor with earth and

stones, so as to assure a solid foundation for his pavement. All he really did in transformation was to knock away the floor above, and knock out one end of the house for the purpose of building an apse. Not only so; but when, in the twelfth century, Nicholas Breakspear, the English pope, rebuilt the church, he used all that remained of the earlier buildings, without altering them or destroying anything. But he had certainly no idea that under the floor was an almost intact ancient Christian mansion, though his builders must have found walls below the surface, which they strengthened, and built upon for their new structure. Unfortunately, side chapels were constructed in the seventeenth century, when the foundations were carried through the disturbed soil to the rock beneath.

The Padre Germano was the first to suspect what lay buried. He observed, on close examination of the south wall of the church, that it exhibited the peculiar appearance of the side of a modern house in a street of Edinburgh or London or Rome, with two rows of windows, one above the other, and a basement of arches. The whole were walled up with Roman bricks; but nevertheless were, when examined, found to constitute unmistakably the side of a house rising at one end to the height of thirty-six feet. In the lower story or basement were six arches. Seventeen feet above appeared the line of a floor, and that is the level of the actual floor of the church. The hill-side slopes rapidly from east to west, so that the level at the portico of the church to the east is seventeen or eighteen feet above the level of the ground at the west end. Above this arched basement appeared thirteen windows, all blocked with relieving arches in brick over them; and above these, again, signs of a second floor eleven feet six inches approximately; and then a row of thirteen more windows with their heads knocked off, and the wall of the church rising above and out of these broken windows.

Here, clearly, was the façade of an ancient house, consisting of a ground-floor and two upper stories, and this could only have been the house of the chamberlains, for from the fifth century there is documentary evidence as to the existence of a church on the spot. Moreover, on close inspection it appeared that the house had extended farther to the west by one more bay; but this had been destroyed when the basilica was built, the rugged ends of the wall being left.

The Padre Germano having come to the conclusion that he had found the façade of the house of the martyred chamberlains, next conjectured that the basement story remained fairly intact below the floor of the church. He proceeded to appeal for funds, and began to dig; by the spring of 1889 he had cleared out several vaulted chambers; and after some delay, caused by failure of funds, work has been resumed, and further discoveries will doubtless be made.

He soon proved to have come on the principal rooms of the house, the reception and dining rooms, and these have revealed walls painted richly in a style no way inferior to the best work at Pompeii. The plan of the house is very curious and intricate, and differs a good deal from the ordinary plan of a Roman house, the difference being probably occasioned by the rapid

fall of the ground, on the slope of Monte Celio, where the house of the chamberlains stood.

So far, four large chambers have been cleared, as well as two smaller ones—divans, we may call them—and a great deal of that portion of the house devoted to domestic purposes. One noble hall has a frieze of eleven nude figures holding festoons of flowers and fruit, each figure about three feet six inches high, drawn with perfect grace and mastery. Between the figures are peacocks and ducks pacing in easy attitudes, and birds fly above the garlands. The vaulting of this chamber is covered with an intricate pattern of vines trailing in all directions, with children picking grapes and scaring birds. One bird has pounced on a mouse, and is pecking it to death. This chamber belonged almost certainly to the house of the brothers' parents, and the painting to a period before the family embraced Christianity, not that there is any particular heathen symbol in the decoration, or that the early Christians objected to representations of the nude, but that the quality of the drawing is superior to the age of Constantine, and is determined to belong to the third century at the latest.

The Tablinum or grand reception room of the house, however, leaves no doubt as to the religion of the owners of the house. On the vault is represented Moses removing his shoes before he approaches the burning bush, also a woman with hands uplifted in prayer. In two places in the house are paintings representing a vessel of milk and two sheep, one approaching, the other turning away—a well-known symbolic representation found in the Catacombs, the vessel signifying the 'sincere milk of the Word,' which some receive and others reject.

The Padre Germano observed that the plaster of the wall, the plaster laid on to receive the painted decorations, was in one place raised in a sort of blister. He picked it, and from under the plaster came forth a leaden seal with the initials of Christ thereon. The Romans were wont to lay leaden seals stamped with the image of the Emperor in the foundations of their buildings. Here the plasterers must have held the leaden seal with the symbol of their Heavenly King with one finger against the wall, whilst they plastered over it, to fix it in place, to show to after-ages that the work had been done by Christians.

Two rooms were void of paintings; all the plaster had been picked off, and there were scratched figures and names on the wall: a ship—'Mayst thou live'—the names of visitors, some in Greek. Padre Germano concluded that this portion of the house must have been left open after the church was built; and that the plaster had been picked off by pilgrims. He conjectured, therefore, that he must be near the place of interment; and before long that was discovered, in the cellar, where was not only the white marble cist or box in which the bodies of the martyrs had been placed, but also a triangular corner table of white marble, standing on a marble pillar, with a hollow sunk like a basin in the top—in fact, the oil-lamp that burnt before their tomb. About this there is to be noted the curious fact that Pope Gregory the Great—the same who sent missionaries to England at the close of the sixth century—sent a present of relics

to Theodelinda, queen of the Lombards, and among them was 'oil from the confession of Saints John and Paul,' that is, oil taken from this identical lamp.

This cellar having been cleared of earth, Padre Germano noticed that the vault above had been rudely cut through, forming a rough hexagonal hole. Moreover, steps were found leading upwards; and these, on being cleared, led to a passage, at the end of which was a window with a grating, exactly over the place of burial of the martyrs. This was the window through which pilgrims let down ribbons to touch the tomb. But what was peculiarly interesting here was a series of paintings, representing on one side the martyrdom, on the other the figures of the martyrs themselves, and others, perhaps Pammachius himself and his wife, bringing baskets of offerings in their hands. As these paintings certainly belong to his time, and as he was a contemporary with the martyrs, it is not impossible that we have in this series actual portraits. That the ancient Romans were very particular about their family portraits we know; and indeed, already one white marble bust belonging to the family series has been found in this buried house.

Among the many objects of interest found besides, we can only notice that two of the wine-jars in the cellar have been found stamped with the Christian symbol; wine was probably contained in them set apart for sacred purposes.

In conclusion, we must point out that this discovery is absolutely unique. Many heathen mansions have been disinterred; but this is the only house that has been found that unmistakably belonged to Christians. In another way it is unique: it is the sole extant sample of a three-storied Roman house. One was uncovered at Pompeii, but the walls fell. Here the walls are intact, built into those of a church.

A HOT MORNING.

It was frightfully hot. The worst night we have had this hot weather; at least so H— says. But then she says that regularly every morning, and so the value of her observation is lessened. Still, it certainly was more stifling than usual last night. I got to sleep some time after two. The servants become abominably lively and talkative at night after their somnolence during the day, and their lines are close to the bungalow. The *syces*, or native grooms, squatting at the stable-door kept their hookahs bubbling merrily; and the kitchen-boy—a youth of education—regaled his brother Moslems with precepts from the Koran, intoned in the dismal minor chant which is the orthodox style of rendering such works. Then, after I had been asleep for a little, I was rudely awakened and requested to go and kick the punkah coolie. Now, of all things I hate getting out of bed in the dark: of course, I never can find my slippers; and even although it is only a frog that goes squelch under my naked foot, still it *might* have been a snake or a scorpion.

Having roused the erring coolie into a condition of comparative wakefulness, I took the opportunity to go across to the lines and threaten the kitchen-boy into silence and the hookahs with destruction. I stood in the compound for a

minute; there was not a breath of wind; the stars throbbed in the dusky blue as if threatened with heat-apoplexy. A watchman indulged in his peculiarly aggravating cough in a neighbouring compound. A faint chorus of jackals and frogs came over from the river, and the hum of mosquitoes was loud in my ears. On my way back to bed I came across my own watchman sleeping peacefully on his back in the veranda, his arms and legs stretched out on the cool stone. I placed my foot on his bosom; he gasped, squirmed, opened his eyes, and seeing me, relapsed at once into cringing apologetic servility. I again sought my couch. I believe I slept a little, for when I awoke it was gray dawn, and a lusty 'brain-fever' bird was busy at his matins in the pipal tree outside the window.

Reader, perchance you have been ill, and in the early morning, when sleep has first visited your eyes, you may have anathematised the doleful milkman or rumbling omnibus that destroyed your last hope of slumber. Think, then, what it is when the long hot wakeful night is over, and the breezes of daybreak at last bring some chance of repose, to have a fiendish bird sitting outside your chamber, singing or rather yelling to you by the hour the two words 'brain-fever,' in a maddening ascending falsetto, varied by a reiterated scale of shrill whistles. Such is the pleasing songster that makes the Indian dawn hideous in the hot weather. A small inconspicuous fowl, seldom seen, and inhabiting the tops of the highest and thickest trees round the house, he cannot be driven away, and glories in his security. How often have I prowled under the trees in the early morning, with gun in hand and murder in my heart, nearly dislocating my neck in futile efforts to spot the enemy in his leafy stronghold shouting with glee at my discomfiture.

Well, I lie and listen, fascinated as I always am by the brute; watching the punkah flapping to and fro in the hot gray air. The mournful notes of the reveillé come faintly over to show that a new day has begun, and the smell of wood-smoke and of the eternal hookah is wafted into the room. From where I lie I can see through the mosquito netting over the open windows the yawning *khidmatgar* filling the kettle for our morning tea. The *syces* and grass-cutters are still handing round the hookah, and look as if they had been thus employed all night, while the native head-servant reclines on his bed at the kitchen door in an attitude more easy than graceful.

Perhaps it may be a little cooler in the veranda, and it is not worth while trying to sleep now, so I go out and throw myself into a long chair. On my appearance the head-servant scuttles into his house; and the grass-cutters gather up their ropes and knives and slink off into the jungle with that air of a beaten hound peculiar to the race. The crows are up and doing, watching the preparations for breakfast with keen interest. A particularly tame myna comes hopping into the veranda to see about this meal, at which it is a constant and favoured guest. Then Karim brings the tea, and the clatter of the cups summons H— and more crows. H— makes her remark about the weather; and the crows, in an expectant circle on trees and roofs, look on

hungrily, and make remarks too. The myna gets a bit of toast, and loses two or three more, owing to the superior dexterity of the crows. I object to encouraging these evil birds in this way. The myna does not overstep the limits of decorum; but the crows soon become impatiently familiar, and grab things wholesale off the table, upsetting the milk-jug with their wings. So I call for Nettle to drive away the intruders. She appears from her usual resting-place, the cool moist stones of the bath-room, dragging her weary limbs along, with drooping ears and wagless tail. Poor little beast, she suffers terribly from the heat and from fever, which ailment is doubtless aggravated by the cold and damp of her chosen bed. She has not a bark left in her; so she makes a half-hearted dash at a crow, which merely jumps high enough to let the dog pass beneath it. Having thus done her duty, she subsides again, turning a deaf ear to all inducements to go after her favourite food, the lizards, which are scampering up and down the smooth walls like flies on a window-pane. She even betrays no emotion when a squirrel makes a desperate rush over the ground in full view from one tree to another, which opportunity of taking the squirrel at a disadvantage she is generally eagerly on the watch for. This particular squirrel and Nettle are old acquaintances, and many an exciting chase they have indulged in together. It must be even more thrilling for the squirrel than for the terrier, I should say, although Nettle has hitherto only arrived at the foot of the tree in time to bark fruitlessly at the squirrel, chattering in safety among the boughs over her head.

Our faithful *blisset*, the one hard-working and deserving member in all the lazy retinue of Indian servants, staggers into the compound from the well across the road, with his huge goat-skin of water on his back. Presently the delicious gush of the cool water into my tub invites me to that greatest of all luxuries, one's morning bath in the hot weather. Kadr Baksh, the regimental barber, hops over the low mud wall from the next compound, doubtless primed as usual with some choice morsel of scandal, which he straightway discharges into the head-servant's attentive ears. For the barber, making his rounds of all the bungalows every morning, takes the place of the daily newspaper for the gossip-loving domestics, and like that periodical, improves and embellishes with practised hand each item of his intelligence.

Now the sun is up and waxing strong, and the crows are getting every moment more offensively energetic. The Indian crow revels in the scorching glare of its native sun. In the white, silent, stifling noontide, as you lie gasping under the punkah, no sound save his unmelodious voice breaks the stillness; and when no other bird or animal or human being can do aught but crawl, panting, into the deepest, darkest shade to be found, and lie there speechless and motionless, the crows are hopping nimbly about the compound, cawing and squabbling, or flying aimlessly round the roof, looking quite cool and happy in their glittering jet-black plumage, that you know must be hot enough to scorch the hand that should touch it. In fact, it seems a necessity to these winged salamanders that they be

heated up to somewhere near boiling-point before developing their full amount of diabolical activity.

Over the wall our next-door neighbour is visible among his plants. He is a little fat man, and looks at present like a huge mushroom as he stands half eclipsed under a pith-hat as big as an umbrella. He has a mania for that most unprofitable amusement, gardening in India; and his compound is wonderfully laid out in a complicated system of irrigation canals between beds of vegetables, which never seem to strike the happy mean between rank unwholesome luxuriance and stunted dryness. At anyrate I am sure his garden-produce does not pay the keep of the two big white bullocks that spend the day walking dreamily round the groaning, squeaking Persian wheel which draws the water from his well.

H—— says she thinks she will go to the swimming-baths; but at the same time seems to doubt whether splashing about in the tepid water with a dozen other ladies, and drinking more tea there, will be worth the roasting drive she will have home. But the sight of my horse being saddled by the *syce* is a gentle reminder that work must be done although the merriness be over a hundred. So, leaving H—— to make up her mind on the knotty question of the baths, I shout for the barber, who has been sitting patiently at the kitchen door for the last half-hour, and depart to dress.

ODD PAYMENTS IN KIND.

'SEND me a side of the pork!' was the conclusive reply of the American lawyer, when a hog-stealer whom his eloquence had saved from conviction proposed to reward the service with unsubstantial thanks in default of dollars. He cared as little for professional etiquette as the old Edinburgh doctor who plumed himself upon taking the unorthodox fee of a sack of potatoes from a moneyless patient. 'The man,' said he, 'was a poor man. We must be liberal. Our Master enjoins it upon us, and it is recommended in the admirable aphorisms of Hippocrates.' The man had no money, so I had to deal gently with him, and take what he had; though, as a rule, I prefer the modern to the ancient exchange, *pecunia* instead of *pecus*.

Not quite of the same mind was Richard de Betonye, the representative of the City of London in the parliament held at York by King Edward III. in 1328. Taking a fancy to a certain coverlet furred with marten, valued at eight marks, which had come somewhat mysteriously into the possession of the City fathers, he was allowed to take it in part payment of the expenses he had been put to in his parliamentary capacity. Payment in kind was no unusual thing in Plantagenet times. Engaging Nichol to be his gardener of his 'manoir de la Sauvoye,' John o' Gaunt undertook to find such rails and fences as were necessary; but Nichol was to manure and work the ground at his own cost, and to receive twopence a day, and all the fruits and 'herbages' he raised, after supplying the requirements of time-honoured Lancaster's household. When a boat brought porpoise to the landing-

pictures for that gentleman, behaved in such a scandalous way that he was turned out of doors. Setting off for York, he interviewed a draper with whom his late patron had dealings to such purpose that he left the shop with a few hundred pounds, a goodly parcel of cloth, and a recommendation to a tailor living opposite, whom he forthwith favoured with his orders. These executed, the scampish artist became lost to sight by draper and tailor, although remaining in their memories and their books. Some months later, Mr Aislesby informed the draper that his debtor was to be found at Scarborough, and the recovery of his money being hopeless, advised him to get a picture for it if he could. The defrauded tradesman looked up the defaulter, and obtained a large head of 'Satan after the Fall' in satisfaction of his debt; which, being exhibited in his shop window, drew so much custom that he did not begrudge its cost. Thereupon the tailor determined to follow suit, found his way to Scarborough, and entreated Vandermeyne to do by him as he had done by his neighbour; adding, that as his bill was so much smaller, he should be quite contented with 'a little devil.' This tickled the Dutchman amazingly, and setting to with his brush, he speedily settled the account.

The knight of the shears was not utterly shorn; he had something to show; a consolation denied the Turin restaurant keeper, whose admiration of the appetite displayed by a burly Benedictine suddenly sank to zero upon that worthy intimating his intention of reciting a couple of masses for his host's benefit and crying quits; but bethinking himself of his many sins, and also that he had no choice in the matter, the disgusted purveyor accepted the situation and the offer, and showed his unprofitable customer to the door, inwardly vowing the while that he would never again be trapped into taking such payment in kind.

AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE rapid extension of those automatic machines which, for a small coin dropped into a slot, yield in return matches, postcards, cigarettes, sweetmeats, scent, photographs of celebrities, &c.; or register correct weight, height, strength, or lung-power, call for no special comment on our part. Hardly a railway station or place of popular resort where the public may have a few unoccupied minutes of waiting, but is furnished with one or more of the latest products of mechanical genius, offering its various wares in exchange for a trifling fee. Report has it that these inventions produce handsome returns, and certainly the low working expenses incurred should conduce to render them a good investment for their proprietors.

A new form of Automatic Machine has recently been perfected, and should shortly be in active operation, which, as regards the complicated process it performs automatically, far surpasses anything yet achieved in this branch of mechanical science. The new automaton will take instantaneous photographs, delivering finished prints of the same in forty-five seconds. Such a result, more especially when secured for the

trifling sum of one penny, may well be considered marvellous.

The process may be briefly sketched. The patron of this latest mechanical triumph, after duly placing his penny in the slot provided for the purpose, takes his stand in front of the lens, fitted into a substantial box, and adjusts his position by a small looking-glass placed above the lens. He leans against a post or rail placed some three feet from the machine, and in about five seconds the ringing of a bell announces the completion of his sitting, whilst forty seconds subsequently his photograph is delivered to him by the machine, requiring only half a minute's exposure to the sun or a lighted match to dry and finish it. An additional halfpenny placed in another slot procures a frame for the photograph thus obtained. The prints are on tin plate, and measure one inch by one inch and a half, each machine being constructed to furnish five hundred prints before requiring replenishing.

The exact processes through which the plate passes from the time of its exposure to that of its delivery to the purchaser are not made public, forming, in fact, along with the precise nature of the chemicals employed, the patents and secret of the invention. Suffice it to point out that it may be assumed that the developing, fixing, and working incidental to all photographic reproduction are carried out by mechanical arrangements inside the box carrying the lens, which forms the 'dark room' for these operations.

A recent public demonstration of this wonderful piece of mechanism is stated to have furnished results in every particular most satisfactory; and certainly the inventor, who must have had many difficulties to contend against in grappling with the problem of dealing with several complicated processes without human manipulation, deserves success.

Doubtless, our readers will have an opportunity themselves of experimenting with this latest development of photographic and automatic science.

A TWILIGHT SONNET.

A BLUSH, a smile, a dusk sweet violet—
And hopes like flowing waters slip away,
Away—away—through golden, green, and gray,
Till love meets ocean-love or hearts forget.
A withered flower that once was dewy-wet,
A dim dusk purple gathered by the way,
And treasured till the summer day—*our* day
Was clouded by the shadow of regret.

Twilight for dreams, the dun and dying glow
Of flames that filled the home with love's broad light;
After life's storm, the wavering to and fro
Of waters, the remembered youth and might;
And so from dreams to sleep, life's puppet-show
Stilled by the falling curtain of the night.

C. A. DAWSON.

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LONDON OUT OF THE SEASON.

'SWEET are the uses of adversity,' says the poet. 'Ay, bitter-sweet,' say I. Figure to yourself a poor wretch condemned to spend the hottest part of the summer in stuffy London lodgings. It is a piping hot day in the middle of August. Every one who can scrape together a few pounds and slip for a time out of harness is taking flight: moorward, forestward, Parisward, seaward. I, for the poor wretch aforesaid is myself, more than half inclined to kick at fate and to be envious of the good fortune of others, betake myself to a restaurant for my mid-day meal. The perspiring waiters have hardly energy to hand the bill of fare and to brush the crumbs from the cloth. But the flies show no lack of activity. They are ubiquitous—almost as numerous in London as Germans—they drown themselves in your tea, in your tankard of bitter—nay, even in the mustard they insist on taking a pungent bath; and worst of all, they settle with maddening iteration and pertinacity on the bald spot which barber Time has already begun to clear, and is day by day slowly but surely widening upon your crown. It is too hot to eat. Oh for one breath of sea-breeze or pure moorland air! Happy thought, the river! For, all said and done, London in summer is not without its compensations.

We embark on one of the new roomy steamboats, which make us wonder how generation after generation of Londoners has been able to put up with the horrible little penny steamer of the past; and cheerfully pay our twopence, and head towards Chelsea. The gardens along the Embankment are in all their bravery. What can be pleasanter for the jaded eye to rest upon than the star-like single dahlia, far prettier, to my mind, than its flaunting double sister? The clock tower at Westminster looms large through the golden haze; and even the church in Smith Square—which Dickens likens to a prostrate elephant with its four legs in the air, and which is memorable as having looked down upon the

walks of Lizzie Hexam and Jenny Wren and old Riah—puts on an almost poetical appearance. On past Lambeth, which carefully hides its gardens from the view lest one should be surfeited with beauty, or become discontented with dusty glowing pavements; and past Millbank, whose inmates may at least be cool, if inmates there be who still survive the condemnation of this most ugly prison; and presently we arrive at Battersea. One may spend an hour more disagreeably than in wandering on the turf of the Park, or in winding about the paths of its admirably arranged and well-kept subtropical gardens. At Chelsea we disembark, and lounge for a few moments on the suspension bridge, languidly regarding a fussy little tug which is laboriously towing up stream against a strong tide a string of lumbering barges. Then we seek the shade of the gardens in Cheyne Walk, beneath the stern face of Carlyle, who looks down from his library-chair upon his pedestal in the midst of the shrubs. As the afternoon creeps on, a slight breeze springs up, and gives us heart to go on as far as the dark red brick tower of Chelsea Church, with its shrubs and flowers. At the end of the churchyard we are fronted by the somewhat commonplace-looking tomb of Sir Hans Sloane; and immediately opposite the gate—which is uncompromisingly shut and locked—a simple headstone to the memory of the printer Woodfall reminds us of the *Letters of Junius*, the question of whose authorship has proved a greater puzzle to the curious than a 'World' double acrostic. Then we pass along Church Row, and halt opposite the medallion which marks Carlyle's house, and, looking at the well-worn steps leading to his door, we try to picture to ourselves the many men, great in literature, art, or politics, whose feet have trodden them; and are almost prepared to see the door open, and the slouched hat, and cloak, and thought-worn face of the Master himself issue forth.

But the lengthening shadows warn us that it is time to be returning to the prison-house, and so we again embark, getting out at Westminster, and

following the Embankment, at present hideous with the buzz of the steam-roller and scrunching of granite; though we cannot but admire the type of relentless force and purpose afforded by the newly-invented scarifier, which ploughs steadily through the unbroken roadway, sometimes, at a specially hard bit, bringing up with a jerk and quiver the plucky little engine, whose ensign of the prancing horse—for it hails from Rochester—brings to our thoughts the hop-gardens of Kent, now in their full glory. The Strand is simply chaos, with its heaps of wooden blocks, and the trenches, hills, and hollows, for it is under repair; and the various companies—Gas, Water, Electric-lighting—are holding high revel, and exasperating almost to madness the Strand tradesman, who sees week after week the traffic diverted, his goods spoilt by dust, and occasionally mud, and his profits steadily diminishing, while he has before him the pleasant prospect of insult added to injury in the shape of heavily-increased rates.

Later in the evening we come again to smoke a meditative pipe on the Embankment, and to enjoy what is one of the prettiest sights imaginable—sunset on the Thames. Looking eastward, through the spans of the noble Waterloo Bridge, we watch the steamboats appearing and disappearing through the haze; while high up, past the Temple and Cleopatra's Needle, and the colossal height of the new Savoy Hotel, we see the dome of the Cathedral almost floating in a sea of golden mist. At Charing Cross, the electric light is already throwing its white glare upon the busy platform; and after buying an evening paper, we stop to read a notice of a hop-pickers' train which starts at midnight, and carries the pickers for the small sum of two shillings and sixpence to the very heart of the hop-country. And so back to our solitary lodging—to the evening cup of tea, lingering a moment to get a box of vestas from the melancholy-voiced decayed gentleman in Villiers Street, and to exchange a word or two with the cheerful and contented-looking blind net-maker by St Martin's Church, and his clever but uncertain-tempered little Scotch terrier. In Seven Dials—almost regenerated, and no longer able to come up to its rival, the Five Points of New York, in the matter of unlawful attractions—we stop to look at the parrots and rabbits and dogs, and green lizards and snakes, and other live-stock whose presence makes itself felt by more senses than one.

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told me that she now preferred the idea of proceeding to Rio to the old scheme of going aboard a ship bound to England.

'I shall be able to purchase a few comforts,' she said; 'whereas I might be transferred to some horrid little vessel that would occupy weeks in crawling along the sea, and in all that time I should be as badly off as I am now.—Do the ladies in South America dress picturesquely, do you know? I should like to be romantically attired on my arrival home. How my dearest mother would stare! What colour a long Spanish veil and a dress of singular fashion would give to my story of our adventures.'

And so she talked.

It was a very calm and lovely night, with the moon, a few days old, going down in the west. The breeze held everything silent aloft; a murmur as of the raining of a fountain floated up from alongside as the white body of the little barque slipped through the darkling waters brimming in a firm black line to the spangled sky of the horizon. The captain had arrived on deck at eight, but he kept to the after-part of the poop, nor once addressed us, often standing motionless for ten minutes at a time, till he looked like some ebony statue at the rail floating softly up and down against the stars to the delicate curtseying of his little ship. I seemed to notice, however, yet without giving much heed to the thing, an indisposition on the part of the watch on deck to coil themselves away for their usual fine-weather naps. From time to time, though dimly, there would steal aft a hum of voices from the black shadow upon the deck past the galley. Once a man kindled a phosphorous match to light his pipe, and a small group of faces showed to the flash of the flame, so to speak, as it soared and sunk to the fellow's sucking at it; but I found nothing in this to arrest my attention saving that I recollect asking Miss Temple to notice the odd effect produced by the coming out of those faces amid the dusk; for one saw *them* only and no other portion of the men's bodies.

We walked to the companion to leave the deck. I scarcely knew whether or not to call a good-night to the captain, so absorbed in thought did his motionless posture express him. But as Miss Temple put her foot upon the steps, he quietly cried out: 'Are ye going to bed?'

'Yes, captain,' I answered; 'and we wish you a very good-night.'

'A minute,' he sung out, and came to us. He seemed to peer into Miss Temple's face, that showed as a mere faint glimmer in the starlight, the moon being then sunk, and addressing me, exclaimed in a voice but a little above a whisper: 'I suppose you have told the lady everything, Mr Dugdale?'

'Yes,' I answered; 'my oath allowed for that, you know.'

'Certainly,' said he.—'It's a grand opportunity for money-getting, mem. The brace of you know more than the wife of my own bosom has any suspicion of. Never once have I opened my lips to Mrs Braine about that there money.'

'I had hoped you would have transferred me to a homeward-bound ship,' said Miss Temple.

'You don't want to be separated from your sweetheart, do you?' he exclaimed.

This was a stroke to utter silence her. I believe she had spoken from no other motive than to finesse, that the captain might suppose her as sincere in her belief of his story as I was; but this word *sweetheart* was like a blast of lightning. What her face would have exhibited if there had been light enough to see it by, I could only imagine.

'It grows late, captain; good-night,' said I, pitying her for the confusion and disorder which I knew she would be under.

'Have you been thinking over the terms of that letter we were talking about?' said he.

'Yes,' I answered. 'I'll pay your cabin a visit after breakfast and write it out.'

'Very well, sir. That and the agreement about the division of the money too. I shall want to shift my helm for Rio to-morrow.'

He left us, and we descended in silence, nor did Miss Temple speak a word to me as we made our way to our gloomy deep-sunk quarters, excepting to wish me good-night.

I slept well, and rose next morning at seven to get a bath in the head. There were a few sailors cleaning up about the decks, and as I passed them on the road to the cabin, I could not fail to observe that they eyed me with a degree of attention I had never before noticed in them. Their looks were full of curiosity, with something almost of impudence in the bold stare of one or two of them. What, I reflected, can this signify but that the fellow Wilkins overheard everything that passed between the captain and me, and has carried the news into the forecabin. So much the better, I thought; for should the captain come to guess that the men had his secret, the suspicion must harden him in his insane resolve to carry the barque forthwith to Rio to get rid of his crew.

When Miss Temple came out of her berth there was a momentary touch of bashfulness and even of confusion in her manner; then a laughing expression flashed into her eye. As we repaired to the cabin we exchanged some commonplaces about the weather. The captain joined us at the breakfast table. I thought he looked unusually haggard and pale, appearing as a man might after a long spell of bitter mental conflict. He had been on deck since four o'clock, he told us, and had not closed his eyes during the previous four hours of his watch below.

'I get but little sleep now,' said he with a long trembling sigh.

'Were you ever at Rio, Captain Braine?' asked Miss Temple.

'No, mem.'

'I suppose I shall easily find a ship there to carry me home?' said she.

He stared at her and then at me; and then said, looking at her again, 'Don't you mean to go along with him?' indicating me with a sideways jerk of the head.

Her eyes sought mine for counsel.

'It will be a question for you and me to discuss, captain,' said I. 'With all due deference to Miss Temple, it may be you will come to think that the presence of a lady could but encumber us in such a job as we have in hand.'

'Ay, but she has my secret!' said he swiftly and warmly.

'Your secret is mine, and my interests are hers—you know that!' I exclaimed.

'What are the relations between you?' he asked.

A blush overspread Miss Temple's face and her eyes fell.

'Ask me that question presently, captain,' said I, laughing.

He continued to stare slowly at one or the other of us, but remained silent. Presently he rose.

'I've made out that document concerning shares,' said he; 'perhaps you might now come with me and co-act the letter you want me to sign.'

'Very well,' I answered; 'Miss Temple is to witness your signature, and you will allow her to accompany us?'

For answer he gave her one of his astonishing bows, and the three of us went to his cabin. He opened the drawer that contained the chart of his island, and produced a sheet of paper, very oddly scrawled over.

'I made this up last evening,' said he; 'jest see if it'll do, Mr Dugdale. If so, I'll sign it, and ye can draw me up a copy for my own keeping.'

'Miss Temple will have to witness this too,' said I, 'so I'll read it aloud:

"Barque *Lady Blanche*.

At Sea (*such and such a date*).

I, John Braine, master of the barque *Lady Blanche*, do hereby agree with Dugdale, Esquire, that in consideration of his serving me as chief-officer for a voyage to an island situate in the South Pacific Ocean, latitude 33° 16' S, longitude 120° 3' W., unnamed, but bearing due south-west from Easter Island, distant ; I say that in consideration of your helping me to navigate this ship to that there island, and from there to Port Louis, in the island of Mauritius afterwards, the said John Braine do hereby undertake to give and secure to the said Dugdale, Esquire, by this here instrument as witnessed, one whole and full third of the money now lying buried in the above-said island, whereof the amount, as by calculation allowed, is in Spanish pieces from 180 to 200,000 Pounds.

Witness my hand and seal."

It cost me a prodigious effort to keep my face whilst I read, almost tragical as was the significance of this absurd document to Miss Temple and myself, as forming a condition, so to speak, of the extraordinary adventure fate had put us upon. I durst not look at her for fear of bursting into a laugh. The man's strange eyes were fixed upon me.

'Nothing could be better,' said I.—'Now, sir, if you will kindly sign it—and I will ask you, Miss Temple, to witness it.'

He turned to seat himself; the girl's glance met mine; but Heaven knows there was no hint of merriment in her face. She was colourless and agitated, though I could perceive that she had a good grip of her emotions. The captain signed his name with a great scratching noise of his pen, then made way for Miss Temple, whose hand slightly trembled as she attached her signature to the precious document. It was now my turn; in a few minutes I had scribbled out a

form of letter addressed to myself guaranteeing me immunity from all legal perils which might follow upon the captain's piratical deviation from his voyage. This also he signed, and Miss Temple afterwards put her name to it as a witness.

'I'll take copies of these,' said I, 'at noon, after helping you to work out the sights.'

I opened the door and followed Miss Temple out. We got under the short awning on the poop and lounged away the morning there. I observed that Mr Lush frequently directed his eyes at me as he paced the weather deck. To my accost he had satisfied himself with returning a surly 'marning,' and we spoke no more. He seemed unable to view me attentively enough to satisfy himself without growing offensive by staring.

'I hope that fellow,' I whispered to Miss Temple, 'may not thwart my Rio programme. Yet I don't see how he could do so. The barque wants a chief-mate, so the captain contends. It is no falsehood; the need would by all sailors be regarded as an imperative one. Still, I hate that surly fellow without exactly knowing why.'

'Do you notice, Mr Dugdale, how those men yonder are constantly looking this way?'

'Yes. As I have explained to you, Master Eavesdropper Wilkins has reported all he heard; and the Jacks understanding at last that their skipper is a madman, are wondering what on earth is going to happen next. They'll be glad, you'll find, to learn that we're heading for Rio when the course is changed. They'll report the skipper as insane, and end our difficulties out of hand for us.'

'I hope so indeed!' she sighed.

Well, for the rest of the day nothing happened worth relating. I took an observation with the captain, worked it out in his cabin, and made draughts of the two extraordinary documents. When we had calculated our situation, he went on deck, and by a tell-tale compass in his cabin I perceived that he had changed the barque's course. Simultaneously with this, I heard the men bracing the yards more forward, and the heel of the barque slightly sharpened to the increased lateral pressure of the fresh breeze upon her canvas. I hastened on deck when I had done my copying to observe the crew's deportment; but in the manner of the few men who were about I witnessed nothing to lead me to suppose that they made anything of this sudden change of course.

When I told Miss Temple that we were now heading as close as the wind would let us, lie for the South American port she instantly grew animated; her eyes brightened, a look of hope and pleasure entered her face, and her voice was full of cheerfulness. The captain, on the other hand, grew gloomier as the day advanced. During his watch on deck from twelve to four he paced the planks without any intermission that I was sensible of, walking nearly always in the same posture, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed; and with his long black hair, yellow face, and blue gills he needed nothing but the dress of a monk to look one, rehearsing his part for the cloisters.

Some dinner was taken to him on deck; but I saw Wilkins afterwards carry the dishes forward,

and the food appeared to me untouched. At the supper hour he came to the table, but neither ate nor drank. During the greater part of the sitting he kept turning his eyes first on one and then on the other of us with a dim sort of strained interrogative expression in his stare, as though he was struggling with some degree of suffering to dislodge an imagination or idea out of a remote secret cell of his brain and bring it forward into the clear light of his understanding. He seemed to find Miss Temple's presence a restraint. Sometimes, after eyeing me he'd start as if about to speak, but instantly check himself with a glance at the girl, whilst his face would darken to some mood of irritation and impatience.

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Then Sarah Hammond, the mother, gave her evidence. She said that when she took the child out of the perambulator, the clothing was hot and dry, and smelt of brimstone. She had no doubt but that the child's death was due to witchcraft and wickedness.

George Corbyn, the grandfather, was also called. He gave it as his opinion that his late wife had the powers of a witch; he, in consequence, used always to try to do what she wanted him! This was all the non-scientific evidence.

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Does not it all—the smoke, the smelt of brimstone, the reputation of being a witch, the sense of certainty in the minds of near relatives that the death was caused by witchcraft and wickedness—read like some trial in the middle ages? Only one false note in its consistency—the prosaic modern perambulator. And poor George Corbyn! What proof more conclusive could man give of wifely witchery than that 'in consequence he used always to try to do what she wanted him!' If the poor woman had not timely died, we might soon have looked for a yet more tragic report: that she had undergone the old ordeal, and been ducked in the nearest pond.

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WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER II.—MAUD.

ARTHUR LORING sat down to his breakfast with the resolution that if no message came from his uncle he would proceed straight to Charing Cross and enlist with a sergeant of hussars whom he had noticed near the National Gallery. This act would cut the knot of his anxieties and separate him effectually—under another name—from the harassment of his present situation and every vain thought of Maud Lavelle.

There was a certain desperate comfort in the prospect, from which he was drawing that satisfaction that comes from a mind made up, when the landlady's little girl came in and put a letter on the table. It was a civil invitation from Mr Henry Loring to call at his office between two and five and to dine at Cadogan Square in the evening.

'I will go,' he said, 'and find out what he means. I wish I could see Uncle Ralph first, but it is impossible.—Perhaps, after all,' his thoughts suggested to him later on, 'it might be wiser to pass by his office and go straight on to the sergeant. My uncle has no love for me, and—and'—There was a certain danger ahead, which for the moment he possessed sense enough to appreciate; yet it was the fatal fascination of that very danger that was drawing him on towards his enemy.

The same supercilious clerk took his card, looked from it to Loring with cool surprise, and tossing it to a junior, directed him to take it to 'the secretary.'

Now Arthur Loring thought this proceeding an insult, and it was with no very gracious feeling he presently followed the junior into an adjoining room with the word 'Secretary' on the door.

The secretary looked at him with an expression of cold curiosity when he entered. Loring was not even invited to take a chair, an incivility

and the food appeared to me untouched. At the supper hour he came to the table, but neither ate nor drank. During the greater part of the sitting he kept turning his eyes first on one and then on the other of us with a dim sort of strained interrogative expression in his stare, as though he was struggling with some degree of suffering to dislodge an imagination or idea out of a remote secret cell of his brain and bring it forward into the clear light of his understanding. He seemed to find Miss Temple's presence a restraint. Sometimes, after eyeing me he'd start as if about to speak, but instantly check himself with a glance at the girl, whilst his face would darken to some mood of irritation and impatience.

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WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER II.—MAUD.

ARTHUR LORING sat down to his breakfast with the resolution that if no message came from his uncle he would proceed straight to Claring Cross and enlist with a sergeant of hussars whom he had noticed near the National Gallery. This act would cut the knot of his anxieties and separate him effectually—under another name—from the harassment of his present situation and every vain thought of Maud Lavelle.

There was a certain desperate comfort in the prospect, from which he was drawing that satisfaction that comes from a mind made up, when the landlady's little girl came in and put a letter on the table. It was a civil invitation from Mr Henry Loring to call at his office between two and five and to dine at Cadogan Square in the evening.

'I will go,' he said, 'and find out what he means. I wish I could see Uncle Ralph first, but it is impossible.—Perhaps, after all,' his thoughts suggested to him later on, 'it might be wiser to pass by his office and go straight on to the sergeant. My uncle has no love for me, and—' and— There was a certain danger ahead, which for the moment he possessed sense enough to appreciate; yet it was the fatal fascination of that very danger that was drawing him on towards his enemy.

The same supercilious clerk took his card, looked from it to Loring with cool surprise, and tossing it to a junior, directed him to take it to 'the secretary.'

Now Arthur Loring thought this proceeding an insult, and it was with no very gracious feeling he presently followed the junior into an adjoining room with the word 'Secretary' on the door.

The secretary looked at him with an expression of cold curiosity when he entered. Loring was not even invited to take a chair; an incivility

which he overlooked in recognising the secretary as the same gentleman whom he had seen in the carriage with Miss Lavelle.

'Well, Mr Loring,' observed the secretary, referring to the card, 'can I do anything for you?'

'Not that I am aware of,' said Arthur. 'I have called to see my uncle, Mr Loring, with whom,' he added, catching at the business formula, 'I have an appointment.'

'Ah, an appointment?' said the secretary doubtfully. 'Mr Loring generally advises me of his appointments, and I was not aware of this one. Are you sure it was for to-day? Perhaps, however, if you will state your business to me—'

'Perhaps, sir,' interrupted Arthur, 'you would have the goodness to send my card to Mr Loring? My business is with him, and I need not trouble you further.'

'Well,' said the secretary coolly, 'if you will wait outside, I shall see. One of the clerks will give you an answer.'

The secretary, smarting from the brief encounter, laid the card on his table for a quarter of an hour before he rang for the clerk to take it in.

The clerk came for Arthur Loring just as he was putting on his hat to go; and he was ushered into the presence of his uncle, whom he saw standing on the hearthrug, waiting for him with a smile most unpleasantly like a grin.

'So you have bid adieu to Priors Loring, Arthur,' he observed, fixing his eyes on the young man's face. 'Have you any plans for the future? I suppose your expensive education is not thrown away?'

'You know the value of an expensive education, uncle,' said Arthur courageously, 'when you want to earn bread by it. It is not worth much.'

'Do you want me to help, or merely to advise you? I presume it was not out of mere courtesy you left your card at my house.'

'I want to earn my living,' said the young man, swallowing a lump in his throat. 'I want no further help than to be put in the way of doing so.'

'Very well,' replied Mr Loring quietly; 'I will do as much as that for you. But the salary you will be worth—for a long while yet—will hardly keep you in the clothes you have been used to.'

'I want no more than I may be worth; and I mean to live upon it, be it ever so little, without disgracing either yourself or your office.'

'You will come to dinner this evening, of course? Very well.—And now let us understand each other, Mr Arthur Loring. I may ask you to my house again; but you will clearly understand that no intimacy shall ever exist between you and me. There is that in the past which does not allow it.'

In this sentiment Arthur fully concurred, but from another point of view. What followed rather took him by surprise.

'When I speak of intimacy, I refer only to myself. With my wife and daughter you may be as intimate as they; and your opportunities, permit. You see I am not unreasonable or unjust. Am I quite understood?'

'I think so, sir.'

'You have met my wife and daughter already, I understand. Perhaps I ought to explain why they went to Priors Loring. It is because I do not intend to allow the house I was born in to be occupied by strangers. I have more reverence for the old roof-tree than your father had, who brought it to this sad pass.'

'Then you have rented the house, sir?'

'I have rented it, pending another arrangement whereby I shall possess it.'

'It is not for sale.'

'What have you to do with it, that you should know whether it is or not?' he demanded sharply.

'Nominally, at least, it is still mine, although that, I admit, amounts to very little.'

'You have been talking to my brother Ralph,' said Mr Loring. 'But if you take my advice yourself, you will avoid your uncle Ralph; his counsel will be of as little value to you as it has been to himself.'

Arthur Loring had all this while been standing, and now he thought the interview had gone far enough, and observed: 'If it is your intention to give me a trial in your office, sir, I should be glad to know when I am to come here again?'

'Mr Longfield, the secretary, will arrange that with you; he has entire control of the office.' He touched a bell, and the secretary came in. 'This young gentleman, Arthur, is my nephew, Mr Arthur Loring. Hornby may leave the office this day week, and you will put Mr Loring in his place, or at such other work as you deem best.'

'Very well,' said the secretary, without deigning to glance at the young man; 'let him be here this day week at half-past nine.'

Arthur Loring went down the stone stairs full of shame and mortification, and half tempted to go back and decline to serve under two such men as his uncle and the secretary. But now that he had gone so far he set his teeth with the resolution to follow it up. That secretary, especially, he felt to be his enemy.

Arthur made the most of his opportunities that evening. The secretary was there; and during dinner Arthur exerted himself to the utmost in his attention to the mother and daughter; and as Mr Loring seemed secretly amused, they gave themselves freely to the enjoyment of their guest's good spirits and constant rattle of small-talk. After he had held open the door for them to withdraw, he returned, and rested his elbows on the edge of the table.

'Won't you take some wine, Arthur?' said his uncle.

'I don't care for any wine; but if you don't mind, uncle, I will join the ladies?'

'All right,' said Mr Loring; 'we shan't be very long after you.'

Arthur Loring proceeded to the drawing-room, where he found Miss Lavelle alone. The girl gave a little start of surprise, and looked pleased.

'Mamma has gone up for a handkerchief,' she said. 'You have left the dining-room very soon, Mr Loring. Will they not think you unsocial?'

'And what will you think me, Miss Lavelle?' he asked. 'I hope, not intrusive?'

'Oh no,' she said.

'Will you tell me now,' he asked, 'what you think of Priors Loring? Shall you like to live there?'

'I have never been in so lovely a place, Mr Loring.'

'When are you going down to live there?'

'Oh, I don't know at all,' she answered, looking frightened, as he thought.

'You will grow attached to Priors Loring. Wait until you know it better, and have seen the woods in their full dress: there isn't another place like it in England. I wish I was there to show it to you, I know it so well!'

He spoke with a little enthusiasm, for a very light touch of the subject made his heart warm; but Miss Lavelle recalled him to sober reality by an innocent suggestion.

'Perhaps you will come down—perhaps Mr Loring'—she never spoke of her mother's husband as her father—'will ask you to come down and stay a while with us. I should be so glad.'

'Thank you, Miss Lavelle. No; my uncle will not ask me down to Priors Loring; and if he did, I could not accept his invitation, even to meet you.'

'Oh, I beg your pardon, indeed, Mr Loring,' she quickly said, pink with distress. 'I did not think of what I was saying.'

'There is nothing to pardon. But I shall never stand in Priors Loring again.'

'Isn't "never" a long time, Mr Loring?' she inquired with a pretty smile, 'and you are not very old as yet.'

'True enough; but even earlier in life, people often have to say "never"—something is always coming to an end, you know—like this pleasant little conversation,' he added, as Mrs Loring returned to the drawing-room, and the other gentlemen came in. Mr Longfield, with a glance of contempt at Loring, walked over and seated himself beside Miss Lavelle on the couch.

Arthur Loring was taken aback for a moment by this proceeding. He was standing by the couch, and the situation became awkward for a minute or two, until, in spite of his self-control, the blood mounted to his face, and he moved away to where Mrs Loring sat. Longfield laughing softly as he retired—either at him or at something else—made his ears tingle, and gave him the first inspiration of a craving for retaliation, which afterwards led to singular results.

The rest of the evening was wretchedly uncomfortable. Mr Henry Loring stood mostly on the hearthrug, a silent observer of the scene. What he thought of it, no one could guess from his inscrutable face. Longfield was whispering to Maud Lavelle; and Arthur Loring doing his painful best to maintain a conversation with the cold and reserved mistress of the house. Perhaps an unexpected, and it may indeed have been unconscious, cordiality in her manner of saying good-night was a tribute to the spirit with which he had carried off a trying hour; perhaps, on the other hand, Mrs Loring was glad it was over.

Arthur, considerably on his mettle now, did not allow himself to be annoyed or abashed by the man's supercilious stare as he approached to take leave of the younger lady.

'Good-night, Miss Lavelle,' he said in his pleasantest manner, 'or—will you let me say Maud, for we are cousins, you know?'

'Oh, certainly,' answered the girl, taken a little by surprise, but reddening and smiling at the same time.

'Thank you, Maud.—Good-night.'

Returning Mr Longfield's courtesy by forgetting to notice him, Arthur took a cheerful leave of his uncle and went away.

There was a minute's silence. Miss Lavelle rose and went to her mother. Then Mr Longfield, recovering from his temporary stupefaction, observed: 'Well, I admire that impudence! I wonder you allowed it, Maud.'

That the girl possessed some spirit her suddenly rising colour made manifest, without the sharp rejoinder which she made to this observation.

'Mr Loring is a gentleman,' she said, 'and my cousin.'

'A gentleman, is he?' replied Longfield. 'I should hardly have thought it.'

'Perhaps you are not a good judge,' the girl quietly retorted; and then she and her mother retired.

Arthur Loring, singular to say, was in excellent spirits as he walked out into Sloane Street from the square—he was satisfied that he had given Mr Longfield a good knock-down, and his gratitude to Maud Lavelle for permitting him knew no bounds.

'She's a glorious girl!' was his fervid thought as he halted a minute, looking back into the square. 'Oh Maud, Maud! does that cad mean you to be his?'

That the 'cad' meant it, there could be no doubt; and indeed it looked as if the matter were already removed beyond the province of speculation. The conviction made Arthur Loring smart; but his step was firm and elastic, and he carried his head defiantly as he walked up the street and turned into King's Road.

From the opposite side of the street he saw light in the window of his uncle's sitting-room, and he immediately crossed the road and obtained admittance.

'Well, Arthur,' inquired Ralph with considerable curiosity, 'how did it come off?'

'Delightfully, uncle,' the young fellow dryly answered, throwing himself in a chair and stretching his rather long legs.—'Do you know, I wished you were there.'

'It's a pity I wasn't. Perhaps, if you gave him a hint, Henry might invite me next time you dine there!' The old fellow seemed to enjoy the fancy.

'I'm afraid that will never happen, uncle,' said Arthur, laughing. 'Indeed, I doubt whether I shall myself be again honoured, only there's no accounting for things. Do you know, I had a palpable brush with that fellow Longfield?'

'You don't say? Tell me all about it.'

Arthur did so, and Uncle Ralph enjoyed it immensely. The bold way in which the young fellow had made up to the girl and called her 'Maud,' quite carried him away.

'And you took her hand, I suppose?'

'Of course I did.'

'Squeezed it, I hope?—Hang me, Arthur,' he broke out, laughing, 'I'm sorry you didn't complete the business with a cousinly kiss! But that's coming, I take it.'

'Gently, uncle; I'm not so sure about all that. Miss Lavelle, as far as I can see, is engaged.'

'No doubt of it, but she isn't married. Would you have scruples about cutting out Mr Longfield?'

Arthur Loring made no answer to this question. He was not conceited enough to suppose that, after a couple of hours' acquaintance, the young lady would be in the least inclined to encourage him as a lover. These reflections were disheartening, for Arthur Loring was head and ears in love with Maud Lavelle already; thus, as he felt, illustrating the proverb that misfortunes never come singly.

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Before going down a mine, it is necessary to put on a well-lined flannel coat and overalls. The miners generally descend by the ladders; but as it is fatiguing, and here and there rounds are broken, it is easier, and perhaps safer, to go on the bucket. This is an iron receptacle, about two feet square and five or six feet deep, having a door at the bottom, through which the ore, when brought to the surface, is emptied. The steel cable by which it is hoisted is fastened to the middle of a strong iron bar fixed across the top. Only two persons can descend at a time, one on each side of the rope. Each places a foot on the bar, at the same time grasping firmly the rope well above his head. The other foot hangs close to, whilst the disengaged hand holds a candle and is kept against the hip. The object of this position is to bring the body into as small a compass as possible by adopting an extreme perpendicular attitude, the shaft never being made larger than is absolutely necessary. The space is ample, but it is not advisable to stick one's elbows out.

At one of the mines the men are very fond of telling about a gentleman who was a large shareholder and had come from London—all strangers connected with mines appear to come from there—to see it. On examining the mode of descending, he persuaded the captain, as a mine manager is called, to allow him to go down in the bucket instead of on it. This was evidently a safe method, although it was not quite apparent how his visitor was to be hauled out when the bottom was reached. However, down they went; but unfortunately the engineman had not been informed of the special arrangement, and consequently stopped the winding drum at the usual place, with the result of immersing the bucket and its occupant up to his waist in the water in the 'sump,' as the hole is called which is made at the bottom of every shaft. It is into this well that the water, draining from the mine, flows,

and which is afterwards pumped out to keep the workings comparatively dry.

Lead ore or galena, as found in the mineral veins of Cumberland, is always mixed more or less intimately with zinc ore or blende, and contains traces of iron and silver. These veins are vertical fissures in the common slate rock of the district, into which, during geologic ages—but certainly *since* that great upheaval previously mentioned—water has percolated, bearing with it minute particles of stone, earth, and metallic grains. In course of time it has been filled with this more or less rich metalliferous sediment, which by its own weight has become agglutinated into a soft rock-like mass, and which, although very heavy, is easily crushed into its original component parts.

These veins vary greatly in width even at the same level, the sides, or 'faces' as the miners term them, generally converging, however, towards the bottom. At Thornthwaite there are four of these fissures, which have been traced running nearly parallel for half a mile, and in no part are they more than sixty yards apart from each other at the surface. In fact, three of them, owing to inclining at slightly different angles, join into one at a depth of two hundred and twenty feet. In this mine, as in most others, the richest ore is found towards the bottom, and it is a recognised fact in the Cumberland lodes that the nearer perpendicular a fissure is, the richer its contents. All these practical experiences tend to prove the theory of mineral infiltration from the surrounding rocks.

The ore is generally obtained by sinking a vertical shaft, and then excavating at various depths along the lode. These burrows are called levels. But it may be interesting to learn something about how it is known where to sink the shaft. The first thing done, after ascertaining that particles of metal are present by examining, microscopically or otherwise, the surface soil and detritus, is to seek for a fissure. The old way of doing this was by damming up some mountain stream until a large quantity of water was collected, and then causing it to rush in a torrent down the hill-side. This flood, by washing away the surface soil, laid bare the underlying rock, and exposed any vein which might trend across its path. Nowadays, this somewhat extravagant method is dispensed with, as by the accurate surveying now attainable, the direction of all the principal lodes is pretty well known. Presuming that a vein is known to exist, whose outcrop is observed a thousand feet up a mountain side, as at the Theelkeld Mine, for instance, it is reached by an adit being driven horizontally close to the foot of the hill. It is always found to be most economical to have the shaft of a mine at as low a level as possible, for the following reasons amongst others: greater economy of carting to and from the mine, more regular supply of water for turning the water-wheel, nearer miners' homes, ore richer the deeper it is mined. Many of these are at once apparent if the reader pictures to himself a mine, say, at or near the summit of Skiddaw or Helvellyn.

After the ore has been extracted, the roof is supported by wooden props, which has to be very thoroughly done in lead-mining owing to the nature of the ore. On reaching the level which

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At one of the mines the men are very fond of telling about a gentleman who was a large shareholder and had come from London—all strangers connected with mines appear to come from there—to see it. On examining the mode of descending, he persuaded the captain, as a mine manager is called, to allow him to go down in the bucket instead of on it. This was evidently a safe method, although it was not quite apparent how his visitor was to be hauled out when the bottom was reached. However, down they went; but unfortunately the engineman had not been informed of the special arrangement, and consequently stopped the winding drum at the usual place, with the result of immersing the bucket and its occupant up to his waist in the water in the 'sump,' as the hole is called which is made at the bottom of every shaft. It is into this well that the water, draining from the mine, flows,

and which is afterwards pumped out to keep the workings comparatively dry.

Lead ore or galena, as found in the mineral veins of Cumberland, is always mixed more or less intimately with zinc ore or blende, and contains traces of iron and silver. These veins are vertical fissures in the common slate rock of the district, into which, during geologic ages—but certainly *since* that great upheaval previously mentioned—water has percolated, bearing with it minute particles of stone, earth, and metallic grains. In course of time it has been filled with this more or less rich metalliferous sediment, which by its own weight has become agglutinated into a soft rock-like mass, and which, although very heavy, is easily crushed into its original component parts.

These veins vary greatly in width even at the same level, the sides, or 'faces' as the miners term them, generally converging, however, towards the bottom. At Thornthwaite there are four of these fissures, which have been traced running nearly parallel for half a mile, and in no part are they more than sixty yards apart from each other at the surface. In fact, three of them, owing to inclining at slightly different angles, join into one at a depth of two hundred and twenty feet. In this mine, as in most others, the richest ore is found towards the bottom, and it is a recognised fact in the Cumberland lodes that the nearer perpendicular a fissure is, the richer its contents. All these practical experiences tend to prove the theory of mineral infiltration from the surrounding rocks.

The ore is generally obtained by sinking a vertical shaft, and then excavating at various depths along the lode. These burrows are called levels. But it may be interesting to learn something about how it is known where to sink the shaft. The first thing done, after ascertaining that particles of metal are present by examining, microscopically or otherwise, the surface soil and detritus, is to seek for a fissure. The old way of doing this was by damming up some mountain stream until a large quantity of water was collected, and then causing it to rush in a torrent down the hill-side. This flood, by washing away the surface soil, laid bare the underlying rock, and exposed any vein which might trend across its path. Nowadays, this somewhat extravagant method is dispensed with, as by the accurate surveying now attainable, the direction of all the principal lodes is pretty well known. Presuming that a vein is known to exist whose outcrop is observed a thousand feet up a mountain side, as at the Theekeld Mine, for instance, it is reached by an adit being driven horizontally close to the foot of the hill. It is always found to be most economical to have the shaft of a mine at as low a level as possible, for the following reasons amongst others: greater economy of carting to and from the mine, more regular supply of water for turning the water-wheel, nearer miners' homes, ore richer the deeper it is mined. Many of these are at once apparent if the reader pictures to himself a mine, say, at or near the summit of Skiddaw or Helvellyn.

After the ore has been extracted, the roof is supported by wooden props, which has to be very thoroughly done in lead-mining owing to the nature of the ore. On reaching the level which

it is intended to traverse, the bucket stops, and the visitor stepping off, proceeds between the iron rails along which the trucks containing ore are pushed. If one of these is heard approaching, it is necessary to step aside into one of the niches which are formed for the purpose at intervals of thirty or forty yards. To get into a working-place, it is generally necessary to climb up a sort of chimney, hanging down which a chain is noticed. It is under such circumstances that the necessity of the flannel coat is found. 'Keep a hand on the chain and use your back and toes,' is the advice of the captain, with frequent warnings, such as, 'Mind your head,' 'Mind that hole,' 'Don't step on that lump—it's loose.'

After a scramble up of some twenty or thirty feet, during which the novice generally manages to put his candle out, he emerges into a sort of chamber. The forms of two men gradually define themselves in the semi-darkness, and the visitor finds himself face to face with the lead-miner at work. The ore is torn from its resting-place by dynamite; the fallen mass is broken up, and sent down to the level through a wooden shoot. At the bottom of this there is a door or panel which prevents it from falling on to the tramway, thereby obstructing the trucks. By opening the panel, the ore falls into the truck, is wheeled away, and sent up by the bucket to the surface. In this form it is known on the bank as the 'crop,' and consists of both galena and blende. It is sorted by means of its colour, the former having a deep indigo-blue tint, whilst the zinc is of a brownish hue, caused by iron impurities. The ore is then crushed and treated by means of various complicated machines and water until the galena is separated from the blende, all the stone and earthy matter being washed away. To attempt a description of this apparatus would be tedious; but an experienced miner can show the whole process by hand in a few minutes. He will take on to a shovel as much of the crushed ore as will cover it an inch deep, he then lowers it into a cistern or trough of water, and by a few waves from side to side the earth and grit are gradually washed off, until nothing remains on the spade but a brownish powder; this is sulphide of zinc. He then continues, but more carefully, and by keeping up a quick vibratory movement of the wrists the zinc slowly disappears over the edge, leaving a residue of blue metallic grains known as sulphide of lead, which, owing to its greater specific gravity, has remained, whilst the various lighter substances have been floated off. This is quite a pretty experiment when done by skilled hands, and explains the theory of the working of the machines, whose ultimate purpose is only to do exactly what he has done, but in as cheap and effectual a manner as the ingenuity of man can invent.

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'No; she's old Joshua Holt's daughter. There's the two of them. They've never worked any other place but here.'

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'Oh, she is well enough for my mother; but I want some one for myself. It's not late yet; come back for one more turn. I've been seriously thinking it out this last day or two, Miriam; we must put an end to this sort of thing some time, and the sooner the better. When will you marry me?'

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was perfect in Miriam's eyes. When they finally parted at the end of Whitworth Siding, it was agreed between them that the marriage should be as soon as Oswald could make the needful arrangements. No one but Lisbeth was to know beforehand. What is the benefit of being a rich man's son, if it do not confer some amount of liberty? That the rich man has also some corresponding claim, is the reverse side of the question, with which they were not at present interested.

And then they parted. Mr Oswald strode down a road to the right that, after various doubles and turns, brought him to his father's gate. A square-built, well-to-do looking house, with a drive up to the pillared front-door, and a square conservatory jutting out on one side. A staid man-servant opened the door. He was a comparatively new institution, acquired with a view to Oswald settling down at home again, and possible entertainments in consequence. Oswald crossed the hall, and looked in at the drawing-room door. Two ladies were sitting by the hearth. One—his mother—looked round with an exclamation of relief. 'Oswald, I thought you were never coming. What has kept you to-night, when you knew we were waiting for you? Do go and get dressed, and something to eat; dinner is over long ago.'

'So I suppose I am expected to say I don't want any,' remarked Oswald lightly, walking up to the rug and shaking hands with the young lady in the easy-chair.—'Do you think that's fair treatment for a hungry man after a long day over cotton bales, Miss Laura?'

'It's not so hard as it sounds,' she laughed. 'I heard your mother giving orders about sundry dishes that were to be kept hot for you.'

'Then I had better go see what they are,' said Oswald.—'Don't be uneasy, mother; I'll be ready in less than half an hour, and that will give us lots of time. The company would not half see that new dress of Miss Laura's if we got there punctually. There's no glory to be extracted out of a local concert unless one is late.'

The carriage that took them to the town hall had to drive through some of the lower streets. Before a small millinery shop, two mill-girls, with shawls pinned over their heads, were earnestly inspecting the latest Paris styles as interpreted by Millgate talent. Miss Franks leant forward to look at them in some amusement.

'What a very uncommon face one of those girls has,' she said suddenly. 'Any painter might be glad to have her for a model.'

Mr Oswald flushed angrily in the dusk. A painter's model! The face that had been so near his own not an hour ago. He would speak to Miriam, though; she must not stand about those wretched shop windows after dark, he decided, oblivious of the fact that all Miriam's shopping, housekeeping, and everything else connected with private life had to take place after dark, or not at all.

'Don't you think so?' asked Miss Laura, rather surprised at his silence.

'Is Millgate exactly the kind of place one would select for models, as you think?' he said stiffly.

'I said nothing about Millgate,' retorted Miss Franks. 'I am sure Mrs Ashworth would have

agreed with me, and you are not generally so short-sighted.'

'Was it one of our mill-girls?' said that lady languidly, by way of response to the call upon her intelligence. Mrs Ashworth's people had been county squires, and she was considered to have sacrificed something when she consented to enter the firm of T. Ashworth & Son.

'Now, mother, how many of the mill-girls am I expected to know?' protested Oswald. 'I'm not the gate-keeper.'

'I believe your father knows every face in the factory,' said his mother as the carriage drew up at the lighted entrance; 'but you had never his turn for business, Oswald.'

'Thou'st late agen, lass,' said old Joshua Holt as Miriam slipped in at the half-open door and flung her shawl over a chair in the corner. 'Where hast thee been to till this time of neet?'

'I wanted a bit of ribbon for mysel.—Dun—not put more tea in, Lisbeth; I'm noan that clemmed [hungry].'

Lisbeth set back the brown teapot on the deal table; old Joshua turned his back on the room and smoked stolidly up the chimney. Miriam cut a wedge from the loaf, spread some butter on it out of a striped basin, and began her repast minus tablecloth, napkin, plate, or any other superfluities of that nature.

The room was not a bad one of its kind. A noble fire blazed in the dusty grate. Lisbeth had not begun her evening cleaning-up yet. A mahogany chest of drawers stood opposite the door, each foot mounted on a little block of wood. This gave height and dignity to the chest, and lifted it beyond the reach of broom or scrubbing-stone. On the top stood a family Bible, shrouded under a crochet doily, and on the Bible a swing looking-glass. Three or four wooden chairs—one a rocker—and the deal table comprised the rest of the furniture. The stone floor was bordered all round with a design in dappled whitening; the middle was sprinkled with coarse sand, that gritted cheerfully under the iron-bound clogs of the owners.

There was but the one room. All the family washing, cleaning, cooking, went on there. The shops of the neighbourhood might not be of the highest order, yet possibly Mr Oswald himself, had he occupied so small a room, might have been glad to go out and inspect them occasionally by way of change, after an evening indoors.

It was the end of March when Oswald made that formal tender of his hand and heart in Whitworth Siding. It was June—only son though he was—before he was able to carry out his plans.

Something went amiss at a New York house they did business with, and Thomas Ashworth decided to send his son out to inquire into the matter. It may have been necessary, or it may have been that the old man's keen eyes saw something not quite satisfactory in Oswald's proceedings, and trusted to the change to divert his thoughts. Be that as it may, it failed completely in that respect. Oswald came back the last week in May, and gave Miriam peremptory orders to hold herself in readiness to marry him on the coming Whit-Monday.

In Lancashire, Whitsuntide is an important epoch. Are new gowns and coats to be forthcoming through the summer, what satisfaction could possibly be taken in them if they were not to hand for Whitsunday? Was there a child whose mother failed to resurrect a white, or, at anyrate, light-coloured frock to wear in the Sunday-school procession? that child was an out-cast from respectability till the next year's Whitsuntide once more opened the door of hope.

Miriam was getting her gown in order too—a very quiet one. She liked bright blues and purples, warm crimson and orange. This was only a dark blue, almost black, but it was Mr Oswald's choice; and though Lisbeth and the dressmaker together protested in favour of something more summer-like, and Miriam in her heart agreed with them, she never dreamed of going counter to his wishes.

There was no bell at Ashworth's this bright Whit-Monday morning. The busy wheels stood still. Joshna and an ancient friend had taken themselves and their pipes to the canal bridge, which commanded an extensive view of various Sunday-school gatherings. Sunday-schools are for the grown up as well as the young in that region, for the married and middle-aged as well as children; and if Joshna was no longer a scholar, it was more from lack of zeal than from any disqualification on the score of age.

In the family sitting-room, with carefully-locked door, Lisbeth was helping Miriam into her blue gown with tears stealing down her plain seamed face.

'It's noon the wedding I thought you'd ha' had, Miriam, slipping out as if we were ashamed of ourselves. Even the Chadwicks had a trip to Manchester the day they wor wed.'

'We'll mak up for it after. The quieter the better. Oh Lisbeth, if old Thomas should get to hear of it! I'm feared of my very life to think of him.'

'He'll ha' to hear of it when he's thy feyther-in-law,' was the consoling reply. 'Now, Miriam, there's no one agate in the street, we'll best get away.'

In the dingy church—it was at the other end of the town, and one Miriam had never been inside before—were gathered a whole crowd of other aspirants for matrimony. Among them, Oswald and his soberly-dressed bride attracted little attention. In ten minutes it was all over, and the three stood in the porch hardly able to realise that the deed was done.

'You have been a useful friend, Lisbeth,' said her new brother-in-law, putting a tiny jeweller's case in her hand for parting gift. 'Tell your father about it, and say as little as possible to any one else till we come back from London.'

Lisbeth opened the case when she got back to the solitary house—an exquisitely-carved cameo brooch. She turned it over in some disgust. 'I could ha' picked out a better-looking thing than that at old Mother Deans's for a shilling. Not a bit of shine about it; and that was the best he could do, with all his money!'

By which it will be seen that Lisbeth's artistic education was yet in its infancy.

A little distance out of Millgate proper, on the Lancaster Road, stands a row of semi-detached

villas, with elaborate iron palisades. An air of dignified repose pervades the neighbourhood; no clogs tramp down the side-walk, no lorry-loads of cotton lumber along the roadway. The inhabitants know and understand nothing whatever about that clanging bell at Ashworth's—with one exception, and that is the middle villa, where Mrs Oswald Ashworth found herself established a few weeks after that fateful Whit-Monday.

They came home late one evening. There was no one to welcome them but the sedate middle-aged servants Mrs Ashworth had engaged at her son's request. She made one cursory inspection of the household, and saw that the essentials were in place; but the disappointed mother could not bring herself to face the first homecoming of the 'scheming mill-girl' who had robbed her of her son.

'Never mind, Miriam; it's only a case of a few weeks at the latest, before she quite gets over it,' said Oswald cheerfully as he set out the next morning. Probably not until he had grown-up sons of his own would he fully understand the hopes that had been vested in his future. 'Now I'm going to interview my father, and see how the land lies generally; and you'll have plenty of time to get things ship-shape before dinner. Six sharp, mind. I'll not need to go round by Whitworth Siding to-night.' And then the gate clashed behind him, and Miriam was left to herself.

She, whose whole day, except for some undesirable intervals when the hands had been 'half-timers'—which meant also half-wages—had hitherto been mapped out for her among the roar of machinery, suddenly stranded in the silence of this strange smart house, with strange servants, who looked at her curiously and half enviously—a person no better than themselves, who was yet the young master's wife. She sat down in the drawing-room, her hands idly folded, and wondered what she was to do with herself all day. It was no use going to see Lisbeth; she would be at the mill till six; besides, she had a sort of shyness about exhibiting herself in her old haunts under her changed conditions. There were 'standard authors' in the dwarf bookcase beside her; but Miriam was not a ready reader, and had had too little practice to find any pleasure in them. Needle-work—she had cobbled up the family stockings on Saturday nights, but that was the extent of her acquirements in that department. Resources in herself she had none.

A knock at the door and enter one of the prim servants. 'Would you please to say what is to be for the dinner, ma'am?'

Miriam gave a gasp of dismay. 'I—I don't quite know, Jane; I forgot to ask Mr Ashworth about it.'

Jane looked at the tablecloth in wooden silence—it was not her place to suggest anything.

'We must have some meat,' began her mistress desperately, 'and—and potatoes, and perhaps a pudding or something.'

'Very well, ma'am. Shall I order the things, or will you?'

'Oh, you. Or, stop a minute. I think we'll have tea for to-night, and some chops to it, and leave the dinner till to-morrow.'

Jane retired; and her mistress sat still with a hot face, wondering if this were to be the

programme every morning henceforth. Millgate tea and a rasher was a much simpler matter.

That was but the beginning of troubles. Miriam inspected the house as far as she could without encountering the domestics, and was standing at the window looking down the quiet road when she saw Mrs Ashworth's brown chariot draw up at the gate and two ladies get out. Miriam went down with a beating heart and trembling knees, too utterly confused to make any attempt at welcoming her visitors. Mrs Ashworth rose up stiffly from her seat and extended a chilly hand.

'I called to see if you found the house quite satisfactory, Mrs Oswald? Of course, we had no idea of what your personal tastes were likely to be.'

'It was very good of you to take so much trouble,' Miriam stammered out. 'It'll do fine. I'm feared to touch things, they're that grand.'

'It is a convenient distance from the town,' remarked the younger lady—'about a quarter of an hour, if you walk quickly, I should think.'

'Oh, I dunnot mind for that—I'm a rare good walker,' burst forth Miriam, eager to lay claim to anything she could do.

A little silence fell upon the room. Mrs Ashworth broke it: 'This is my half-niece, Miss Franks; she was good enough to help in the selection of your furniture.'

Miriam nodded. 'Yes; I knew it was her the minute I set eyes on her. Oswald has talked about you often.'

'Very good of him,' returned Miss Franks coldly. 'You must have been much interested.'

'I hope you will find the servants equal to their duties,' was Mrs Ashworth's next remark. 'My son is rather particular about details.'

Was he? Miriam's thoughts travelled back to one or two incidents during their London sojourn, then onward to the tea and chops provided for to-night, uneasily.

They went away soon after; and Miriam shut herself up in her own room till Oswald's step at the door brought her down to greet him.

'Had my mother and Laura Franks, have you? That's right. I am very glad they came so soon, Miriam. By the way, I hope you gave them some tea?'

'Tea!' echoed Miriam. 'It was only four o'clock.'

Oswald laughed; but he looked a little annoyed. He put his head inside the dining-room: 'There's tea in abundance now, at anyrate. Where is the dinner, Miriam? I've had none.'

'I told Jane we'd mak out with chops to-day,' said Miriam. 'I didn't just know what to order for a regular dinner.'

Only the setting, Oswald—only the setting, and that makes no real difference in the value of the stone.

Yet that same setting was destined to become a serious irritation. Scarcely a week later Oswald was detained late at the mill, and sent a message home to that effect. It was near ten when he turned in at his own gate: the sitting-room windows were in darkness, the hall lamp unlighted. He hung up his hat in some perplexity; the kitchen door stood ajar, and a babel of voices issued forth. Oswald looked in: Jane was no-

where visible; but his father-in-law was. Old Joshua sat, his feet on the fender, a jug of beer at his elbow, and a long clay pipe in his mouth, puffing out volumes of smoke. Miriam and Lisbeth sat beside him, their feet likewise on the fender, all three loudly talking in broad native dialect, that broke off abruptly at the entrance of the master of the house.

'How do you do, Joshua and Lisbeth? I did not know you were here.'

Mr Oswald shook hands a little constrainedly, and looked at his wife.

'Father's taking his pipe in the kitchen,' she explained. 'I know you don't like the smell of it in the dining-room.'

That strong twist—certainly not. Oswald coughed. 'Where is Jane?' he said, looking round. It only needed her presence to complete the circle.

'Oh, I told her she could go play hersel for an hour or two, as you were not at home.'

Oswald was tired; he was also hungry, a condition not favourable to a fine sense of justice. 'It doesn't exactly look as if I had been expected either,' he said with some stiffness.

Old Joshua had risen from his chair, and was brushing the ashes out of his pipe. 'Come, Lisbeth; it's toime we were going, lass. Thon'st had crack enough for one neet.'

'Do not let me disturb you,' said Oswald politely; 'I am going up for a wash directly.'

But Lisbeth was already putting on her shawl. She wore a hat to-night, in honour of the visit—a black velvet structure, with a bunch of red roses that set Oswald's teeth on edge to look at. They bowed themselves out by the back kitchen door, which Oswald afterward set wide open, to let out the fumes of Joshua's pipe.

He made no remark to Miriam about the incident, but somehow that was Joshua's last visit to his daughter's house. The old man had some of the sturdy Lancashire independence that declined to go anywhere on sufferance.

'If thy sister wants to see us, she can come here, Lisbeth,' he announced the next morning after he had slept upon the matter; 'but I'm blowed if I go to her foine house agen. There's no room for the loike of us there.'

EVENING.

LANDWARD, in haste, the screaming sea-fowl fly
Across the waters, for the day is done;
And, lonely, in the west, the sinking sun
With golden fingers grasps the darkening sky.
Sullen, on rocky shore the wild sea breaks,
Its white foam gleaming through the gathering night
With fitful motion in the waning light,
And in dim caves an answering echo wakes.
Then, one by one, the golden fingers loose
Their golden hold upon the darkening west;
And half the earth is filled with quiet rest,
Which shadows deep and slumbers soft induce,
Save where, beneath the star-beams, silver-bright,
The sleepless ocean murmurs through the night.

J. J. HALDANE BURGESS.

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STORIED GRAVES.

SHELLEY has said of the grave of Keats outside the walls of Rome that 'it would almost make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot.' But in our own 'north countrie' there are nooks as sweet where the dead rest under the shining sun and the sighing wind, and where the living, sometimes, when the heart is heavy and the eyes ache with unshed tears, might almost wish to lie. Among such places one remembers the silent pine-circled oval of Cul-loden, where, in the green trench-lines, traceable yet amid the white heather, so many gallant men of the clans were laid; the fair flower-sprinkled hollow among the castle rocks at Stirling, where, overlooking the tourney-ground of the ancient Stuart kings, two martyr sisters are remembered; and the little mountain graveyard at the foot of Loch Voil, in Balquhiddy, where, under that rude carved stone at the doorway of the little roofless kirk, rest the ashes of 'the bold Rob Roy.'

Little, perhaps, does it matter to the dead in what place they are laid; and the dim churchyard in the city's heart where, amid the traffic of the surrounding streets, a single footstep only wanders sometimes among the graves, possesses a certain poetry of its own. But few who have the choice would ask for such a resting-place; and to him whose childish days have been spent among the scented clover-fields or by the ever-speaking sea, such a spot can seem no place of rest. When the last still shadows are falling, and the voices of friends are growing fainter in the ear, the heart goes wistfully back to the sunny paths of long ago, and the wearied dreamer would fain be laid for his last long sleep under the edge of the moth-haunted woods or within hearing of the rushing foam.

Where the sun might shine and the sea-spray fall was the wish of Montague Stanley, actor and painter, for the place of his long rest; and few have been so fortunate in the fulfilment of their desire. He had been an actor in the

Edinburgh Theatre Royal, and had known all the stir of that exciting life—the glitter of the foot-lights, and the thrill and thunder of theatrical applause; but the weariness, the unsatisfaction of the stage-artist's life had fallen upon him, and, forsaking the boards, he had sought happiness, like many another saddened soul, in gentle deeds among the rustic poor. Amid the soothing influences of wild and fair nature he made his home, and, when his time came, amid these soothing influences he sought to be laid asleep. And still, outside the sunny wall of the little kirk at Ascog, in Bute, on its tiny peninsula washed by the firth's clear waters, may be seen his quiet grave.

Many of the most suggestive grave-places of the north are to be found in the Highlands. Overhung by the silver birch and the scented brier, haunted by the perfume of bog-myrtle from the moors and wild mint from the glens, with no sound about them but the bleat of the far-off sheep, and no signs of human life in sight but the blue peat-smoke curling upward from some mountain shieling—most peaceful, perhaps, of earthly spots to-day, they are yet reminiscent of more 'strange, unhappy, far-off things' than history will ever record; and it is impossible to forget that the dust below was hot-hearted once with all the fierce loves and hates which are the especial heritage of the Celtic race. Frequently these tranquil resting-places are situated on remote islands. There the tombs of the dead were least likely to be desecrated by the foes of the living, and there a silence and solitude were found most in keeping with the sleep of the dead. Of these island graveyards a typical instance remains on Inch Buidhe in the Dochart at Killin. It is a place which once seen is not likely to be forgotten. The rocky island itself is coffin-shaped; and on its centre, under the shadows of ancient Scots firs, in a little square enclosure with mossy walls and quaint carved gateway, rest the ashes of the clan Macnab. A bridge over the Dochart at the spot now affords access to the island; but before

this was built, Inch Buidhe must have been difficult enough to reach, and the graves, therefore, so far free from disturbance. Many a story of these Macnabs has been handed down by tradition; but the most characteristic is that which accounts for the peculiar device to be noticed here on more than one of the tombstones. This is a severed head; and it was long, and probably still remains, the armorial cognisance of the clan. Every Highlander on Loch Tay-side knows the story—how the district for years had been molested by a band of marauders named Macneish, who made their home on an island impossible of access in a loch among the neighbouring mountains. At last one night, when Macnab's sons were sitting round the fire discussing gloomily their ill success in apprehending the bandits, their father came in with the laconic words: 'The nicht's the nicht if the lads were the lads!' To this the young men made no reply, but, with the terrible 'Smooth John' at their head, got up one after another and went out. In the gray of the morning they returned. The old chief was still sitting by the fire, when 'Smooth John' placed the Macneish's head upon the table before him with the significant utterance: 'The nicht's the nicht and the lads are the lads!' To effect their purpose they had carried a boat from Loch Tay all the way over the mountains—an almost unparalleled feat; and crossing by this means to the island, had surprised the marauders under the effects of a convoy of liquor they had just secured. The only man still sensible, it is said, had been old Macneish himself, and when he saw strangers approaching on the island he began to shake with fear. He called out to them, however, to know who they were. For answer he was asked whom he would be most afraid to see. 'I would be afraid for no man,' he replied, 'if it were not Smooth John Macnab.'—'It's well you may fear Smooth John Macnab,' returned the other, 'for it's him you're speaking to.' And with that he despatched him.

On a summer afternoon, when the still sunshine is making Inch Buidhe a veritable 'Yellow Island,' its tranquil seclusion may make it seem a strange place for the preservation of such a legend. It is on a night of late autumn, when the storm roars terrific through the pines overhead, and the Dochart is thundering down among its rocky ledges on every side, that one can best understand the spirit of those who sleep there under the fern.

A spot of similar sort is the graveyard on Inch Caillach, in Loch Lomond. Deep hid among thickets of birch and thorn, with no sounds about it but the hum of flies, the occasional twitter of a bird, and the murmur of the blue loch on the island shore below, no fairer nook could be found for a poet's musings. Here once, tradition says, stood a nunnery, remembered yet in the island's name, as the monastery once existing on the other side of the loch is remembered in the name Inch Tavanach, the Isle of monks. Many a weary heart, doubtless, long ago found its last refuge here, and many a strange and pitiful story lies forgotten with the dust under these crumbling stones. In later days the spot contained the church of the neighbouring parish of Caillach, now known as Buchanan; and the clansmen had

to ferry themselves over the narrow strait at Balmaha in order to attend worship. The bell of the little kirk, however, has long since ceased to ring its summons over the water, and the grassy island paths are trodden now only by occasional wandering feet. A downfallen and mossy dike remains the only guard to the brier-grown graves, and where the surpliced choir once chanted its human hymns of praise, is heard to-day the twitter of chaffinch and wren, happy over their fluttering young. Not altogether forgotten, nevertheless, is the ancient resting-place, and tumbled and broken as are many of the time-worn stones, they have still the reverent regard of many a simple soul. Here in bygone days many of the Macgregors from the neighbouring hills were laid, and yearly to the present time a pilgrimage of the Macgregor clansmen is made to the spot. But the strength of the clan-spirit still existing could not be better illustrated than by a circumstance related of the place not many years ago. Some neighbouring farmer, it seems, had proposed to turn one of the remaining tombstones to account for the purposes of a kitchen hearth. As chance had it, the stone covered the grave of a Macgregor, and presently the proposal, getting abroad, came to the ears of a descendant of that clan. Such an indignity to the tomb of his kin of course no son of Alpine was likely to brook; but the method taken to prevent this particular desecration savoured somewhat of the spirit of the clan's more heroic days. Furbishing up an antique dirk and broadsword, the man mounted guard himself over the stone, and is said actually to have slept on it, armed in this fashion, night after night for full six weeks.

Ballad and song have bequeathed an interest of their own to more than one otherwise unthought-of grave-place throughout the country. Among these may be remembered that churchyard amid the smoke of Greenock overlooking the Firth of Clyde, where rest the ashes of Highland Mary, the fair gentle creature so tenderly enshrined in the heart and verse of Burns; as well as the quiet green corner by the kirk door at Mauchline, in Ayrshire, where the wayfarer reads the lyric name of the poet's Mary Morison.

Less known, perhaps, to the wanderer is a gray spot on the mountain side above St Mary's Loch on the Border. Only a low mound remains there now to mark the site of the once famous St Mary's Kirk, and seldom, indeed, does the tourist coaching past on the road below give a second thought to the lonely enclosure of graves. Yet hither the feet of Scott and Hogg and Wordsworth have made pilgrimage in their time, and hither always will turn the pitying thoughts of the readers of ancient folk-song. Here it is that the lovers lie buried whose story is told in one of the most famous of the ballads of Yarrow.

Who knows the beginnings of that old-world story? What were the circumstances which led to the flight of these luckless lovers? Was it a feud of Border Capulets and Montagues? The tragedy, indeed, has some faint likeness to the sad old Italian tale. No one can tell now even the name of the ballad's hero; and 'Lord William' rides through the dim pages of the

past with no other lustre about him than the romance of his fatal love-errand. No one knows, either, the name of the ballad writer: he is immortal only in his song. But clear as action itself every reader sees the picture—early morning in the Douglas Glen; the maid, sweet flower of the mighty Douglas blood, stealing tearfully down to her lover under the walls of the gray old castle; the moment of hesitation between desire and duty, and then, love conquering all, the flight—

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Presently the pursuit, the slaying of the seven bold brothers, and the wounding of the father, followed by the discovery of Lord William's hurt in the staining of the stream at which he stooped to drink—all stand clear out against the curtain of the past. Then the pitiful death of the lovers that night, he of his hurt, and she of a broken heart, needs no modern pen to touch it to sadness or to make it more distinct. Here, at anyrate, among the graves of St Mary's Kirk, it is said they were laid; and here, these hundreds of years, have come the readers of the old-world tale to muse above their dust.

Scotland is full of spots like these, where the story of the past, like a flower that has withered, sheds a faint sweet fragrance yet upon the air; and here it is pleasant to linger sometimes, apart from the whirl of busy life, to catch some breath of a half-forgotten atmosphere, and to recall, it may be, something of the 'tender grace of a day that is dead.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A TRAGEDY.

How long it was before I fell asleep I cannot say. The humming of the wake racing away close outside was noisy; the light cargo in the steerage creaked and strained, and the thump of the rudder was frequent, and sometimes startling. I was aroused by a continuous knocking on the bulkhead. It was pitch-dark, despite a small sliding dance of stars in the porthole glass. I thought the knocking was upon my door, and cried out: 'What is it?' It did not cease; and gathering by this time that it proceeded from the bulkhead that divided the cabins, I jumped out of my bunk and beat upon the boards to let Miss Temple know I heard her.

I called; but though I caught her voice, I could not distinguish her utterance. I had turned in partially clothed, and groping my way to the door, stepped forth and knocked upon her cabin. The handle was touched and I was sensible that the girl's door was ajar.

'Are you there, Mr Dugdale?'

'Yes. What is the matter?'

'Did not you hear a pistol-shot?'

'No,' I cried.

'I am certain a firearm has been discharged,' she exclaimed.

'Stay a bit,' said I. 'I will see if anything is wrong, and let you know.'

After some groping, I succeeded in lighting the candle in my lantern; and then slipping on my shoes, I made for the hatch ladder, which I was able to see by leaving my cabin door open. I entered the cuddy and listened. The lamp had been extinguished; but a sort of spectral illumination of stars and white water came sifting through the skylight and the portholes and the little windows in the cuddy front, and I was able to determine the outline of objects. All was right in this interior, so far as I could tell. I listened; but not so much as a footfall sounded upon the upper deck, not a note of human voice or movement of men forward. The barque was sweeping through the seas bravely, and the atmosphere of the cuddy was vibratory with the resonant cries of the wind up aloft.

I made for the cuddy door and looked out; nothing stirred on the quarter-deck that ran pallid into the impenetrable shadow past the waist. I returned to the companion steps, which I mounted, and stood in the hatch a moment or two. There was nobody on the poop saving the man at the helm. I stepped over to him and said: 'Where's the captain?'

'He's gone below,' he answered; 'he told me he wouldn't be long.'

'When did he leave the deck?'

'Seven or eight minutes ago, belike.'

'Did you hear a noise just now that resembled a pistol-shot?' I inquired.

'No, sir,' he answered. 'But who's to hear anything atop of this here shindy of wind and water?'

'That's true,' I exclaimed. 'I doubt if the noise will have meant more than a fall of something below. It is the lady who heard the sound, and I've just stepped up to see what it might mean. It's to be hoped the captain won't linger. This is not a breeze in which to leave a ship in charge of her helmsman only.'

And indeed the little craft wanted too much watching on the part of the fellow to suffer him to talk or to permit of my calling off his attention from his duty. I resolved to wait, that there might be some sort of lookout kept whilst the captain stayed below.

Five minutes passed, but the captain did not make his appearance. The sound that Miss Temple had heard was beginning to work an ugly fancy in my mind. I stepped aft to the wheel.

'Did the captain tell you why he was going below?'

'No, sir,' was the answer. 'He'd been standing for about a quarter of an hour stock still; then he comes suddenly in a sort o' run to the binnacle, takes a look at the card, and says: "Keep her as she goes; nothing off: see to it! I shan't be long." That was all.'

At that instant the wind breezed up in a gust that came in a long howl over the weather rail, and the little vessel bowed down to it till the smother alongside looked to be up to the covering-board.

'No use waiting for the captain,' said I, made desperate by irritable anxiety; 'we shall have the masts out of her if we don't mind our eye; and running forward, I shouted at the top

of my voice: 'Lay aft and haul up the main-sail!'

In a moment the watch came tumbling aft out of the darkness forward. Their manner of rushing gave me to know that they had been standing by for the order to shorten sail, and were wondering why it had not been given sooner.

'Furl it, lads,' I shouted, 'when you've hauled it up; but first get your maintopgallant stay-sail hauled down. I must find out what has become of the captain.'

Without losing another moment, I ran into the cuddy and knocked upon the door of the captain's cabin. No answer was returned. I knocked again, thundering with my fist; then tried the handle, and found the door locked. 'Good God!' thought I, 'the man has shot himself. That will be the meaning of the sound that Miss Temple heard.' As I turned for a moment, utterly at a loss how to act, the girl rose through the hatch close to where I stood. She held in her hand the lantern I had left alight in my berth.

'What has happened?' she cried.

'I have no notion as yet,' I responded; 'but I fear the captain has shot himself. Let me take that lantern from you.'

I swiftly hitched it by its lanyard to a hook in a stanchion, noticing as I did so that she had completely dressed herself.

'Remain here for the present, will you?' I went on. 'I must go on deck—there is no one to give orders to the men.'

I ran up the steps, and perceived the shadowy shapes of the seamen ascending the shrouds to lay out upon the main yard.

'Who is that there?' I called, observing a dark figure standing near the main hatch.

'Me—Wilkins, sir.'

'Jump forward, Wilkins,' I shouted, 'and call Mr Lush. Tell him I want him aft—that I'm afraid something serious has happened; in fact, rout up all hands. We shall be having to reef down shortly.'

I re-entered the cuddy, where the candle end burning in the lantern made but a wretched light. Close beside it, in such radiance as it emitted, stood Miss Temple, white as stone, and her eyes wide and luminous with alarm.

'Is the vessel in danger?' she asked.

'Oh dear, no,' I replied; 'the breeze has freshened considerably, and the men are shortening sail.—But this light is truly abominable. We shall require to be able to see clearly presently;' and with that I took out the candle and lighted the cabin lamp with it.

'I have been every moment expecting to see that door open, and his figure creep out!' said Miss Temple, pointing with a shudder, and without looking, towards the captain's berth. 'Do you believe he has shot himself?'

To satisfy a small doubt that had arisen, I stepped once again over to the captain's cabin and hammered loud and long upon the door, shouting out his name, and then trying the handle; but to no purpose.

'For what new horrors are we reserved?' cried Miss Temple. 'Shall we ever escape with our lives? How much has been compressed within the last few days: the dead body on the wreck—

the drowning of the poor lieutenant—the loss, perhaps, of Mr Colledge and the sailors in the man-of-war's boat—and now this!' she cried, bringing her hands to her face with a sudden convulsive, tearless sob; then looking at me she said: 'If Captain Braine has killed himself, what is to follow?'

'Rio,' I answered. 'I shall carry the ship there straight. Thank God for such knowledge of navigation as I possess! I trust the captain may not have killed himself; but if he has done so, it will make for our good. He was a madman, and it was impossible from hour to hour to be sure of his intentions.'

'But, Mr Dugdale, there will be no head to the ship if the captain be dead. Who, then, is to control the crew—this crew of convicts and mutineers and—and?—'

'It was a madman who drew that picture,' said I. 'I suspect he is as correct in his description of his crew as in his description of his treasure. The men are without a navigator; they can do nothing without me. If they are true Jacks, they are already sick of the voyage, and will be glad to have a port under their lee, with the promise of a jaunt ashore and fresh articles to sign on another ship's capstan.'

We continued talking thus; presently the carpenter Lush entered the cabin by the cuddy door.

'What's this about the capt'n, sir?'

As he spoke, I observed the glimmering faces of the crew, the whole body of them, leaving out the fellow at the wheel, crowding to take a peep through the cuddy windows and doorway. I saw Miss Temple glance with terror towards them; but there was nothing more natural than that the fellows should desire to obtain all news of an event that concerned them so closely as the suicide of their captain. I repeated what little I knew to the carpenter, who at once stalked to the captain's door and tried the handle for himself, shaking it viciously.

'I suppose it'll have to be broke open?' he exclaimed, looking round.

'Certainly,' I answered, 'and the sooner the better. This stuspense is intolerable.'

'I'll go forwards and get some tools,' he said.

He returned after a few minutes, and two seamen accompanied him, one of them being Joe Wetherly. The others, heedless of all custom, in their devouring curiosity came shouldering one another into the cuddy, thrusting inch by inch to the centre of it, where they stood staring—a wild and rugged group, indeed, in that light; hairy breasts, naked, weather-darkened nervous arms liberally scored with blue devices, bare feet, gleaming eyes, sheath-knives on their hips—I could scarcely wonder that Miss Temple shrunk from them, and clung to my side with her hand in my arm! They did not need the character the captain had given them to make her do that!

Lush forced the door of the berth; it flew open to a heavy blow, and I advanced to take a view of the interior, Miss Temple letting go of my arm with an exclamation, rather choosing to remain alone near the sailors than take a peep at the horror her imagination bodied forth. A small bracket lamp was burning brightly. In the centre of the deck of the cabin lay the body of

Captain Braine. He was on his breast, his arms were outstretched, one leg was crooked, as though broken under the other. A pistol of a pattern somewhat similar to the one I had discovered in Mr Chicken's locker lay beside his right hand.

'He has shot himself, as you said,' exclaimed the carpenter in a hoarse note, and backing half a pace to the right.

The crew had come shoving right to the very cabin door, and stood in a huddle, staring open-mouthed with a sort of groaning of exclamations breaking out from amongst them.

'A bad job this, sir,' said Wetherly, looking round to me.

The carpenter seemed to wait, as if he expected me to give directions.

'Better get the body into the bunk, Mr Lush,' said I, 'and cover it up for to-night.'

'Ay, hide it as soon as ye will, Joe,' exclaimed the carpenter; and as he said these words, I observed that he rolled his eyes with an expression in them of keen and thirsty scrutiny over the cabin.

Wetherly and the other man who had entered with him lifted the body, placed it in the bunk, and threw a blanket over it. We then quitted the cabin, leaving the lamp burning, though, I fancy, nobody noticed that but myself; and the carpenter put a little wedge of wood under the door to keep it shut. The sailors slowly walked away out on to the quarter-deck, casting inquisitive glances around them, and at Miss Temple, as they withdrew. The carpenter came to a stand at the table, and turning his surly face upon me, exclaimed in his deep-sea, bad-tempered voice: 'What's to be done now?'

'There's nothing for it,' I answered, 'but to make for the nearest port, and Rio will be that.'

'Ay; but that ain't the question just at present,' he exclaimed. 'What I mean is, what's the discipline agoing to be?'

'Why, of course,' I exclaimed, 'I must render all the assistance I possibly can. If the crew consent, I shall be happy to keep watch and watch with you. In any case, I'll navigate the ship. Very fortunately, I can do so.'

'It'll be a matter for the crew,' said he, talking with his eyes upon the deck and speaking after a pause. 'To-morrow morning will betime enough to settle what's to be done. I kep' a lookout from eight to twelve to-night; and if you'll stand this here middle watch, I'll be a relieving of ye at four; and arter breakfast, giving you time to get some sleep, I'll call the crew aft, and we'll see what they've got to say, now there ain't neither mate nor capt'n left.'

'But you're the mate; an acting second mate,' I cried, sensible of an indefinable misgiving that grew rapidly into an emotion of cold and heart-sickening consternation.

'I tell ye *no*, sir!' he shouted; 'I'm no second mate. I signed on as ship's carpenter, and I've told ye so. Since Mr Chicken died, I've been treated by that man there—he pointed with a square forefinger to the cabin door—'worse than any mongrel dog that e'er a blunderbuss was brought to bear on. Me a second mate?' He struck his breast in a sort of frenzy with his clenched fist and grinned in my face.

'Very well,' said I, forcing a note of composure into my voice; 'it is a mere detail of routine, which we can settle to-morrow, as you say.'

'All right,' he exclaimed; and pulling his skin cap down over his head, he trudged on his rounded legs out of the cuddy.

'I must go on deck, Miss Temple,' said I.

She was eyeing me, as though speechless, when I addressed her.

'I will accompany you,' she exclaimed.

'No! It is out of the question.'

'Why?' she cried imperiously, with the irritability of dismay and dread in her manner.

'I shall be on deck till four. Such a spell of exposure it will be needless for you to undergo. You are perfectly safe in your cabin.'

'How dare you ask me to return to that horrible lonely part of the ship?' she cried with wrath and alarm brilliant in her eyes.

'Then take some rest upon that locker there.'

'You ask me to remain here alone with the dead body close to in that cabin?'

'Miss Temple,' said I firmly, 'if you decline to return to your cabin, you will at least oblige me by staying in this cuddy. I have no time to reason with you. You must obey me, if you please. Give me your hand.' She extended it, and I conducted her to the sofa locker, on which I gently but resolutely compelled her to seat herself. 'You can rest here with perfect safety,' I went on. 'I am astonished that a woman of your spirit should find anything to render you uneasy, in the face of the real difficulties which confront us, in the neighbourhood of a harmless corpse. I can command a view of you and of this interior through that skylight. But you must not come on deck.'

She watched me in a motionless posture with an air of haughty resentment upon her lips, to which a kind of awe in her gaze gave the lie. I left her, and had my foot upon the companion steps, when a thought occurred to me. Going to the door of the captain's berth, I withdrew the wedge, and entered and picked up the pistol that lay upon the deck. It was a heavy single-barrelled concern, but a firearm all the same, and I thrust it into my breast. I perceived no materials for loading it; but I had what was necessary in that way below; and now I was possessed, as I did not doubt, of the only two pistols in the ship.

I extinguished the lamp, wedged the door afresh, and responding to Miss Temple's appealing stare with a smile, I went on deck.

What a midnight watch was that! I was sick at heart, and miserable with misgiving. My distrust of the carpenter, a feeling that had all along possessed me, was strong even to a conviction that he was equal to the acting of a hellish part, and that being free, and at the head, so to speak, of a gang of men, of whom one only—I mean Wetherly—seemed worthy of confidence, he might be presently hatching some plot of deadly menace to Miss Temple and me. There should have been nothing to particularly disturb me in this suspicion, for enough lay in the captain's death to account for the men keeping awake and talking; still, the belief that the sailors were conversing in their gloomy little sea parlour, with Lush's

growing tongue sulkily active amongst them, greatly increased my uneasiness.

I continued to pace the deck, keeping a close eye upon the ship, with watchful regard also of the compass, for every hour of this sailing was bringing us by so many miles nearer to the South American seaboard. Shortly before two o'clock, on looking through the skylight, I observed Miss Temple lying back upon the cushion of the locker in a sound sleep. Her hat was upon her knees, her cheek was pillowed upon her arm; thus she rested in sideways posture. Whilst I stood looking at her, as at a picture of a beautiful sleeping woman framed in the square of the skylight, and touched with the soft illumination of the oil-lamp swinging hard by her couch, a man struck four bells on the fore-castle, and a minute or two later the dark figure of a seaman came along to leeward to relieve the wheel. I waited a little, and then stepped to the binnacle under pretence of inspecting the card.

'Are the watch below up forward?' said I.

'All hands are awake,' he answered, and I recognised him by his voice, though I could not discern his features. He was a young sailor named Forrest, a fellow I had often taken notice of for the elastic suppleness of his body, the peculiar swing of his walk, an amazing agility aloft, and an air of mntinous impudence in his manner of going about any job he might be put to.

'I suppose they have been talking about the captain's death?' said I.

'They've been talking of a many things,' he responded with a sort of chuckle in his voice, as though he had been drinking.

'Is Mr Lush among them?'

'Oh, ay.'

'Well, keep your luff,' said I: 'she's a couple of points off her course as it is.'

'Her course for where?' said the man.

'For Rio,' I answered.

He made no answer, and I resumed my pacing of the planks.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE BEE.

FLOWERS are the most accessible of all Nature's treasures. These alone of all her beautiful gifts to man she bestows ungrudgingly. Earth guards with jealous care her ores of silver and gold deep hidden in the rocky vaults. Sentinel-like, ever wakeful, the restless tides of ocean pace to and fro, keeping watch over shells of pearl and over fans and flutes of white and pink coral, fearful lest the eye of man behold them. Thus frugal of her precious things, Nature freely gives us flowers. It is their mission to please, and they seem to vie with each other, as though every bright cluster aspired to be the cynosure of neighbouring eyes and the observed of all observers. With that vanity peculiar to his species, man readily accepts this as a compliment exclusively intended for himself, forgetting that from strange corners other eyes than his are looking out upon the world. Flowers have other admirers than mankind, more devoted, whose appreciation of

the blossom is untainted by any lurking impatience for the fruit that is to follow. The end for which flowers exist cannot be simply the gratification they are fitted to afford to human senses, for on this nosegay theory we cannot explain the marvellous mechanism observed in a great many flowers. Neither on this view can we account for the existence of a large class of flowers which are neither brightly coloured nor sweet scented. Some of this class, indeed, emit an extremely disagreeable odour. The circumstance, then, that flowers minister to human pleasure cannot be regarded as affording a sufficient reason for their existence.

The honey at least might remind us of other creatures quite as deeply interested in flowers as man; indeed, the bee is much better entitled to claim the flowers as its own than we are. They afford us pleasure; but the insect they supply with food. To mankind, flowers are a luxury; to insects, a necessity. Not only so, but the shape of the flower often bears an obvious relation to the insects by which it is frequented. This adaptation is well seen in the common primrose. The broad brim of the yellow corolla of this flower forms a convenient platform on which the insect can stand while inserting its proboscis into the flower-tube to draw up the honey. In the primrose, clover, and other tubular flowers, there is an evident relation between the length of the bee's proboscis and the depth of the flower-tube. Some bell-flowers, again, are just large enough to admit a bee; while the corolla of the dead nettle fits the insect's body with the exactness of a glove. That the exemplary diligence of the bee should meet with an appropriate acknowledgment in the shape of a store of sweets is a view that harmonises very well with our natural ideas of the fitness of things. There are, however, many facts opposed to the theory that flowers exist for the benefit of insects.

One of the most obvious characteristics of flowers is their transitory and fleeting nature. How short-lived the blossom in comparison even with the leaf! In general, a few days is all the length of time a blossom can retain its freshness, and in some cases the flower fades within a few hours of its expansion. The frequent allusions of the poets show how deeply the popular imagination is impressed by this evanescent character; and when due allowance has been made for this, the inadequacy of the notion that flowers exist for the sake of insects becomes apparent. Again, there is the scanty supply of nectar, the great labour involved in its collection, the total absence in some flowers of honey or other inducement, the deception practised upon insects by others, not to speak of those exceptional cases where the insect is subjected to rather strange treatment. One of the Rubiaceæ rather unceremoniously shuts the door in its visitor's face; Aristolochia, Arum, and Ceropejia imprison their guests for a

time; bees escape half-drowned from the involuntary bath to which they are subjected by the gigantic flowers of the orchid *Coryanthes*; the flowers of the milkwort and periwinkle tar and feather their callers; various small flies, unable to escape, are starved to death in the lip of *Cypripedium*; and some of the Aroids are even said to poison their visitors.

Although, then, flowers do furnish certain classes of insects with food, this cannot be the end for which they exist. It may indeed be accepted as a general axiom that no organism possesses any organ exclusively for the benefit of another. A flower must, therefore, be of some service to the plant by which it is produced. If we regard flowers as existing simply for the benefit of insects, we leave altogether unexplained the connection between flower and fruit. But why should the blossom always precede the fruit? What is to prevent the fruit from appearing before the flower, and how does a display of flourish affect the productiveness of a tree? It was shown by Grew in 1676 that when the pollen falls on the stigma of a flower the pistil is stimulated, and begins to develop into fruit. In 1711, Geoffroy remarked that the embryo never appears in the seed until the anthers have shed their pollen. He also proved that if the stamens be removed from maize its seeds do not ripen. Fertilisation, or the application of the pollen to the stigma, was thus shown to be essential in order to a flower's yielding fruit. Bees visiting flowers get dusted with pollen, and frequently leave some of it adhering to the stigmas. In this way they become unconscious agents in effecting fertilisation. Towards the close of last century the German naturalist Sprengel discovered that many flowers are quite incapable of effecting their own fertilisation without the intervention of insects. The accuracy of Sprengel's observation can be easily verified. One of the first of our garden shrubs to put forth its blossoms is the flowering currant. Its flowers are much frequented by bees and other insects, and in ordinary circumstances the plant produces berries in abundance. With a view to exclude insects from the flowers, the present writer on one occasion covered several of the newly-opened blossoms of this bush with muslin. In the course of a week or two it was noticed that the protected flowers continued fresh and bright, while their unprotected neighbours were almost all withered. Later on, an abundant crop of berries was apparent on all the exposed branches which had been visited by bees, while not a single berry appeared on any of those from which insects had been excluded by the muslin.

The relative position of the organs of the flower often renders spontaneous fertilisation impossible. In others, the anthers and stigmas do not ripen at the same time, so that self-fertilisation is impossible, as occurs in *Geranium*, *Campanula*, and *Epilobium*, where the stigmas do not expand until the pollen has almost all been removed from the flower. Neither can self-fertilisation take place when the stamens and pistils are produced in different flowers. The male and female flowers are produced on the same individual plant in the case of the hazel,

oak, birch, burr-reed, begonia, box, atriplex, amaranthus, &c.; but in the cucumber, bryony, pink, mistletoe, crowberry, hop, hemp, poplar, willow, dog's-mercury, sorrel, and nettle, the stamens and pistils grow on separate plants. Certain flowers are also known to be absolutely sterile if fertilised with their own pollen. But though the fact that cross-fertilisation occurs was long known, it was Darwin who first clearly perceived the superiority of this method over self-fertilisation. In his work on the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, Darwin expressed his conviction that 'Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation.' In the first instance, this was merely an inference based on the experience of stock-raisers, who have long been familiar with the evil effects of close interbreeding on their cattle. We can conceive of no nearer relationship than that of the organs in the same flower. If, therefore, the degeneration caused by close interbreeding be apparent anywhere, it ought to be in the case of self-fertilised flowers. And this is just what we find. Darwin experimented with a large number of flowers, and found almost invariably that the seedlings obtained from crossed seeds were taller and more vigorous than those produced by self-fertilised seeds. The results obtained with a species of convolvulus may be taken as typical. The height of the intercrossed plants was greater than that of the self-fertilised ones in the proportion of 100 to 77. In other words, the crossed plants stood to the self-fertilised in the same relation that a man six feet in height stands to one who measures four feet eight and a quarter inches. Not only were the crossed plants taller and more vigorous, but they flowered earlier in the season, and produced far more seeds than the self-fertilised ones. Darwin thus succeeded in proving that even in those flowers which are able to produce seeds when fertilised with their own pollen, cross-fertilisation, since it is attended with great advantages, must be highly desirable.

We may accept it as conclusively proved that every flower requires to be fertilised before it can produce any seeds, and that all ordinary flowers are more or less adapted to cross-fertilisation. A flower is, in fact, a branch that has been specially modified for the production of seed. The purpose of the flower is to form seeds, and all its parts help, directly or indirectly, to attain this object. Flowers are not merely ornamental, neither do they exist simply for the entertainment of their winged guests; they are organs of the utmost importance in relation to the perpetuation of vegetable species. In short, a flower is little more than a contrivance for securing cross-fertilisation. As soon as this has been accomplished, the perfume ceases to be emitted, the stamens quickly shrivel up and drop away, the petals and, in most cases, the sepals as well wither and fall off, leaving only the pistil, which in time becomes the fruit. The botanical fruit is simply the ripened pistil of the flower. A flower is not, however, in nature fertilised for the sake of its fruit, but for its seeds. The fruit is subordinate to the seed, and in the majority of plants the fruit is nothing more than a seed-case. When additional structures are present, their function is to promote the dispersion of the seeds. Succulent and coloured fruits, such as berries, apples, plums, cherries, oranges, and the like

are adapted to have their seeds dispersed by birds. Nearly all the peculiarities of fruits and flowers become intelligible when viewed in relation to the formation of seed. The presence of brightly-coloured petals renders the flower visible from a distance, and serves to attract insects. Darwin removed the petals from some lobelias, and noticed that they were neglected by the bees, which continued to visit the neighbouring flowers which still retained their petals. Sir John Lubbock proved experimentally that bees were guided by colour; and more recently, Herman Müller demonstrated that, with other things equal, the number of insect visits which a flower receives is in proportion to its conspicuousness. The markings on the petals observed in so many cases serve to guide the insect to the honey after it has alighted on the flower. These lines always point towards the honey. They are of use to the insect in preventing loss of time; in relation to the flowers they are also of service by inducing the insect to enter the flower in the way most calculated to promote fertilisation, and this, no doubt, is their primary intention. The shape of the flower in most cases can be explained on the same principle. The floral organs are generally so arranged that they not only attract insects, but also in such a way that their visitors are compelled to touch the stigma or stamens, or both, before reaching the nectar. We might compare these floral contrivances to the arrangements at the entrances of theatres and other places of entertainment. To these, people are attracted by means of advertisements; but a system of barricades and turnstiles compels the visitor to pass in front of the ticket office before he can obtain admission.

Perfume also serves to attract insects. Artificial flowers were attached to branches of trees by Nägeli; some of these he scented with essential oils; insects were attracted to these in an unmistakable manner, while others which he left unscented were almost neglected. The perfume appears in general to proceed from the honey, which constitutes the chief attraction inducing insects to frequent flowers. In the anemone, poppy, and St John's wort, we have examples of honeyless flowers which are, however, sought by insects which feed upon their pollen, of which they produce an excess. The more attractions a flower presents the better will be its chance of cross-fertilisation, and the greater the likelihood of its offspring surviving and spreading. Inconspicuous flowers, on the other hand, are in danger of being overlooked by insects. Accordingly, most small, obscurely-coloured flowers are either self-fertilised, or are adapted to have their pollen transported by the wind. Wind-fertilised flowers, such as the ryegrass, nettle, and ash, have small flowers without conspicuous colouring, honey, or scent. When we look at the flower as merely a phase in the development of the fruit, and when we consider that its end is served as soon as cross-fertilisation has been accomplished, the short duration of the blossom becomes intelligible. Once the stigma has been pollinated, a flower seldom lasts any time. Gardeners are well aware of this, and take precautions to exclude bees from their greenhouses; otherwise, they would find it impossible to keep their flowers in good condition for any length of

time. On the other hand, it is wonderful how long a flower may remain fresh and bright if it has not been visited. We have already noticed this in the flowers of the currant when protected by muslin. The fuchsia is another example. This plant when grown out of doors may sometimes be seen, especially towards the end of the season, with its flowers in perfect condition, after almost every other flower has disappeared, giving thus unmistakable evidence of having been neglected by the bees.

It thus appears that flowers are not primarily intended for man's gratification. Our very finest wild-flowers only bloom far up the heights of the lofty Grampians, nearly four thousand feet above the level of the sea, where man seldom or never comes; and for the most part on inaccessible crags which afford him no foothold. The little gem-like Mountain Speedwell and the great blue clusters of the Alpine Forget-me-not display their loveliness amid the solitudes of the mountain. There no man may behold their beauty; but there by day the bee is working, there by night the moth is busy. Nor, on the other hand, must we regard flowers as goblets of nectar to be quaffed by festive bees. In reality, they are organs of the highest importance in furthering the great physiological process of reproduction by which each race of plants is kept up and the variety of vegetable forms sustained. On the old popular conception of flowers—the bouquet or nosegay theory, it is impossible to account rationally for the phenomena which flowers present; but these all admit of ready explanation on the supposition of their being serviceable in the ways now indicated. Sentimental people will no doubt object that this is robbing flowers of all their poetry and romance; they will no longer continue to exercise a refining and elevating influence upon humanity if each bright scarlet cup and delicate golden disc must be regarded as nothing more than a business advertisement—a placard addressed to frugal bees, hungry moths, and parsimonious butterflies, setting forth the merits of a particular brand of honey. Nevertheless, such an every-day commonplace commercial theory is the view to which Science now gives undivided support. The bright hues of flowers serve the same purpose as the glaring colours of bills in the streets. In the one, the colour is intended to attract the attention of busy men as they pass and repass to their daily toil; in the other, the colour appeals to the eyes of the no less industrious bees as they hasten to and fro on their frequent and laborious errands.

Contemplating the attractions which flowers offer to insects, we seem to listen to an ancient story. In days of yore, the Argonauts on their homeward voyage listened spell-bound to the melody of the Sirens, and narrowly escaped a dreadful fate. Flowers are Nature's Sirens; but no treachery lurks beneath their fragrance. Their object is not to destroy; the relation they seek to establish is one of mutual benefit. And so the winged argonaut of the hive need not fear their charmed essence or hesitate to turn aside and enrich his golden freight. Thus Nature tells her own beautiful version of the Golden Fleece.

Long ago, people used to think that the sun revolved round the earth. We know now, thanks to Copernicus, that it is the earth that goes round,

and that the sun, not the earth, is the centre of the solar system. And so we must no longer look on man as the centre of Flora's realm, for the vegetable world revolves on its own axis.

WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER III.—THE END OF A WEEK.

WITH a heart full of bitterness and conscious impotence, Arthur Loring rose from his bed in the middle of the night and went out. The streets were silent and deserted. He walked southward, and along Oxford Street and Park Lane, and down Knightsbridge way, thinking all the while not of whither he was going, but whether it would not be wiser to take himself off the scene at once, by enlisting as a soldier next day.

In this unsatisfied and distracting state of mind he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, in front of his uncle's house in Cadogan Square. Arthur was rather ashamed on making the discovery, and beat a quick retreat. On his way back to Marylebone, the poison of Ralph Loring's advice began to have its turn, and—as poisons have a way of doing—it flew rapidly through every vein.

'If there only was a chance, ever so faint a hope!' he exclaimed. 'Ah, but it would be worth trying for!'

The fates seemed to be with Loring, or against him, according as you look at it. Sleeping none that night, he went out early for a walk in Hyde Park, and met Maud Lavelle having her morning gallop. She was unattended, and reined up her horse immediately she saw him. How charming she looked! with the light of youth and health in her eyes, and their pink on her cheeks. And she was glad to meet him, too, and made no secret of it.

She glanced down in his face with some concern, and, hesitating a little, asked: 'Have you been ill since we saw you last night?'

'Oh no,' he answered, laughing, 'not ill; a little ill at ease, perhaps. I am not quite reconciled to things as yet, I suppose. But that is nothing. Tell me, Maud, were you offended with me?'

'Surely not—Arthur,' she replied, adding his name with the sweetest and friendliest shyness imaginable. She continued, more soberly: 'Mr Longfield, I think, didn't like it; but I suppose you don't mind that. Mamma said nothing at all. And, Mr Loring, would you guess what he said?'

'I should never guess.'

'He said it was just what he expected. There. And for my own part, Arthur, now that I know you, I should like to know you better; it is so nice to have a cousin to talk to and go out with sometimes, and I have had nobody.'

She said this so innocently and seriously, that Arthur Loring, conscious of his own thoughts, felt ashamed.

'Mamma and I lunch at half-past one,' she proceeded in the same way: 'and if you mean to call to-day, and can come about that hour, you might lunch with us.'

'I shall be delighted, Maud.'

'And afterwards, would you—would you take

me to see the Tower of London on one of the penny steamboats?'

The proposition was a little startling, but if the thing could be carried out he would go with her too gladly.

'Do you know,' she continued, feeling relief for having got the expedition to the Tower off her mind, 'I have often thought that if I had a brother or—or a cousin,' with ever so faint a blush at this point, 'I should like him to take me all over London, at least once a week in fine weather, on the outside of an omnibus.'

'It would be jolly, I admit,' he assented, with considerable doubt as to whether such pleasure was ever to be his. 'You have a capital view from the top of an omnibus; and as only two can sit on one chair—an advantage to which he was not oblivious—you are never crushed. And if you take one of the front seats, you escape the tobacco-smoke, if there is any going.'

Certain thoughts, suggested by the confiding innocence of this charming girl, troubled the breast of Arthur Loring on his way back to breakfast. He feared it was not honourable to lay siege to the unsuspecting citadel of her heart. But the temptation was too great to be resisted, and once for all he defiantly flung to the winds every anxious forecast of the result. He should find it easy enough by-and-by—if successful—to prove to himself that it was his duty to save her from the fate of becoming Longfield's wife.

'It is mean,' he said, 'to have to resort to treachery in getting at her heart; but if she suspected it now, she would be too alarmed to suffer me to go on. However, in the end it will be best for her, and she will forgive me.'

Doubtless she would, supposing everything to turn out as he hoped.

Arthur Loring did not fail to present himself at half-past one, and he was received by Mrs Loring with a stately courtesy that rather chilled him. However, Maud made up for this; and he was much surprised and puzzled by the absence of interest with which Mrs Loring appeared to regard the excursion to the Tower of London. She did not utter a syllable, in his hearing, either for or against a project the nature of which might certainly suggest some special observation.

'Does your mamma care for your coming with me down the river?' he asked Maud when she was buttoning her gloves in the hall before starting.

The suppressed interest of his manner was different from that of the matter-of-fact reply: 'Mamma is quite satisfied; why shouldn't she?'

'I don't know, though, what my uncle Henry would say.'

'Mr Loring knows all about it, Arthur; I told him at breakfast.'

This was another surprise, for Maud's way of speaking left no doubt that she had her stepfather's sanction. Arthur was next half tempted to make a remark as to Mr Longfield's sentiments in relation to the matter when he should hear of it; but he thought he had gone far enough.

Carrying a warm shawl on his arm, in case it should be cold on the river, he took her out to Sloane Street and hailed a hansom. When he had put her in and taken his seat beside her—paying the design of the vehicle a silent tribute

of admiration—he pulled the doors to. For a time Maud sat looking straight before her, saying nothing, until he asked what she was thinking of.

‘I was thinking, Arthur,’ she said, ‘might we not come back on an omnibus?’

‘Certainly, Maud, if you wish,’ he answered with alacrity.

They were soon on the steamboat, churning down the river; and the breeze was so cool and strong that he foresaw the keeping of the shawl round her pretty shoulders would demand his constant and close attention.

There is no doubt that Arthur Loring made the most of his opportunities during the remainder of that week, and laid siege to Maud Lavelle with an ardour that arose not from deliberate design, but from an intensity of love that was akin to worship. In the fire of this passion, fed by daily intercourse which was free—on her side—from reserve as the companionship of a child, he forgot or refused to listen to the warning that had in the beginning startled his conscience. The week was all too short for love; but when it came to an end, it looked indeed to have been too long for prudence. Never missing a change in her sweet face, Arthur Loring was reproached by an expression of trouble that began to hover at times about the girl's eyes.

The last day—the day before he was to commence his duties under Mr Longfield—they had gone for only a short walk in the Park, and Maud was most of the time very silent. Once he asked what was the matter; but she quickly brightened up and said, ‘Nothing at all!’ This was not satisfactory; and if her pensiveness were due merely to the termination of what might be likened to an enjoyable holiday, he knew her habitual frankness well enough to be sure that she would have said so. But she never referred to it at all, which was very strange.

Two other explanations of her manner occurred to him, but he dared not mention either. She might be in fear of Mr Longfield on account of the liberty she had enjoyed those past few days, and no doubt she had earned the man's displeasure, and should experience it. Or it might be—Arthur Loring hardly ventured to form the wild hope—it might be that, if her choice were free, she would not now become Longfield's wife.

‘Good-bye, Maud,’ he said that evening, after taking her home. ‘I suppose that is the right word now, for I go to work to-morrow, and Heaven knows when I shall meet you again.’

She did not raise her eyes, but quickly answered, ‘Good-bye, Arthur,’ and ran up the stairs.

He was standing, looking after her in pained surprise, when Mrs Loring came out of an adjoining room. ‘Where is Maud, Mr Loring?’ she asked.

‘Gone up-stairs. I have just said good-bye to her.’

Mrs Loring looked at him with her cold eyes, reflected a moment, and said: ‘I believe you are going to the office to-morrow, and that we shall consequently not see you so much after to-day. Could you spare me a few minutes before you go?’

‘Certainly, Mrs Loring,’ he answered; and then he followed her to the back drawing-room with an uneasy feeling.

Mrs Loring sat down, and pointed to a chair facing her, and facing the light of a window as well. Loring did not fail to notice this, and the circumstance did not make him more comfortable.

‘I suppose, Mr Loring,’ she said, coming to the point with a directness that gave him a start, ‘you are aware that my daughter is engaged to be married very soon to Mr Longfield?’

‘I have concluded as much,’ he answered, trying his utmost, with his face to that high window, to betray no discomposure.

‘I am glad you have known it, Mr Loring. Indeed, I think you ought to have been told; but then, it is a somewhat embarrassing thing to do all at once. But I am glad you have known it, for your own sake as well as my daughter's.’

This was plain speaking, and Arthur Loring turned very red. ‘I am very conscious, Mrs Loring,’ he answered, with a visible effort of suppression, ‘that in my altered circumstances I should be a very ineligible suitor in any quarter, and I know that in this case I should be a most unacceptable one. May I therefore request you to believe that, if I have lost everything else in the way of inheritance, I have not yet lost my pride?’

Mrs Loring's impassive face changed ever so slightly under this speech—it might have been from surprise, perhaps. But she made no answer in words, merely inclining her head in acquiescence.

Then there was silence, and Loring rose. ‘I presume, Mrs Loring, the situation is quite clear now, and I may take my leave? I must thank you for a few very pleasant days. Of course I need not say that in the walk of life on which I enter to-morrow all my old habits and relations of life come to an end.’

‘I do not know that it need be so, Mr Loring. No doubt, my husband will still recollect that you are his nephew, and you will not cease to be a gentleman.’

‘I hope not,’ he answered, with a laugh; ‘but the character of a gentleman and the resources of a pound a week—which I suppose will about represent Mr Longfield's estimate of my value—do not go well together. But I do not complain; I am quite ready and resolute to accept the fact.’

‘I trust you do not mean all that—quite,’ she remarked, with more courtesy than sincerity, as it certainly seemed to Arthur Loring.

‘I do mean it, Mrs Loring,’ he answered quickly, with the blood again in his face. ‘I am too proud to go out of this house with a concealment. I love Maud with my whole heart, and I never again can enter this house for that reason. There. I do not deceive you, nor have I dishonoured myself. Your daughter has no suspicion of my secret, nor shall she ever know it from me. As a humble clerk in her husband's office, she will understand the unfitness of any further acquaintance with me.’

Mrs Loring was moved now, but the inscrutability of her face gave no index of the character of her emotion. Loring cared too little to give the matter a moment's thought.

'I expected it would happen,' she said. 'I do not know what my husband expected, or why he was so willing to throw you two together. It was a thing that was sure to happen.'

'I hope, then, you do not hold me to blame? I have been honest with you.'

'I know there will be sorrow out of this,' she said, without looking up from the carpet.—'Good-bye, Mr Loring. I think you had better not come here again, even if your uncle invites you.'

Arthur Loring swept out of the house looking savage. It is little to say that his blood was boiling. There were a hundred-and-one wild notions dancing through his head—desperate schemes for blowing sky-high that infamous and heartless plot for the disposal of poor, innocent Maud Lavelle, whom he worshipped; and it was at the same time maddening and sickening that every thought of the kind should receive its sudden death-blow from the despicable fact of an empty purse. The iron went into his soul. It was no wonder he looked savage.

As he went tearing along the pavement down Sloane Street, his aspect and impetuosity sent an exceedingly pretty maiden flying out of his way before him. He could not avoid noticing her after a while, and when he saw her going along at that pace, now and then glancing back at him over her shapely little shoulder, the idea struck him—did she fancy he was pursuing her to take her life? He had to stop and laugh, the incitement was so irresistible; and the curious thing was that the girl stopped too, regarded him doubtfully an instant, and then laughed likewise. It was altogether a comedy of the pavement.

She waited for him while he approached, and for his life he could not think what it all meant. As there was no doubt that she was waiting for him, he halted when he came up with her, looking into her very winsome pink-and-white face with considerable surprise and interest.

'Law, Mr Loring,' she said, showing her pretty teeth in a laugh, 'never look as if you'd eat a body when a body wants to speak to you.'

'I'm not a cannibal, yet,' he answered, joining in the laugh; 'but if I was, you would be a very dainty body to catch and—eat.'

He recognised the girl now, though he had only casually seen her once or twice at his uncle's house. She was Maud's maid; and of course Arthur became at once attentive and interested, and walked on with her. Equally of course he expected that the girl wanted to speak to him concerning her mistress; but to his great surprise he discovered presently that she had no such intention. She wanted to talk to him about herself, and about herself, too, in the most interesting relation which a girl can have. After a good deal of blushing and giggling, he learned that Kitty—which was her name—was privately engaged to a young man, who was pressing on the propriety of their marrying without further delay. Interrogated as to the young man's name and prospects, Kitty confessed, shyly, that his name was 'Jack'—Jack Hornby, and that by profession he was a clerk. The name struck Loring as one that he had heard before, but he could not recollect where, until the girl gave him the uncomfortable information that Mr Hornby

was a clerk in Mr Longfield's office, Kitty herself having obtained the desirable post for her lover through the friendship of her mistress.

Arthur Loring roughly handled his adolescent moustache for a minute. Did Kitty know that her lover was now under 'notice,' in order to make way for him, Mr Arthur Loring? The thought was bitterly humiliating to him; until it occurred to him that perhaps another arrangement might have been made at the Annuitants' office during the past week.

'Well, now,' said Arthur Loring by-and-by, when they had become confidential on the subject and were sitting on one of the seats in Sloane Square, 'the question is, are you willing to make Jack a happy man?'

'Oh, quite willing, Mr Loring,' she answered simply; 'but it isn't that exactly. I don't know that I ought to consent this particular time, though Miss Maud tells me that I should.'

'Miss Lavelle says you should?' remarked Loring with livelier interest.

'Yes, sir. You see, Jack is losing his place to-day, though of course he is sure to get another one.'

'Does Miss Lavelle know this?' he inquired, turning to look after a passing omnibus.

'Oh yes, and she is very sorry; but still she thinks I ought not to hold back.'

'Why is he losing his place?'

The girl looked up, her face red with surprise. 'I thought you knew, sir,' she answered gently. 'They will not want Jack when you go to the office.'

'Very well, Kitty. Tell Jack I am not going to the office, and then, I suppose, he will be kept on. I shall write myself to my uncle presently to say that I have changed my mind.—No, no,' he added laughing, as he saw the girl preparing to remonstrate; 'you are quite wrong, Kitty. I had made up my mind before I met you, and nothing would make me alter it.—Shall I tell you why, since you have told me so much? I detest Mr Longfield, and could not work under him.'

Kitty drew a breath as long and deep as the capacity of her small bosom admitted, and said: 'I can well understand that, Mr Loring. Every one detests him.'

He would have liked to ask if Miss Lavelle was included in 'every one,' for he was afraid she was; but of course he did not ask.

'So that difficulty being removed, Kitty, I suppose you will decide to give Jack his way in regard to the marriage.—When and where is it to take place? I should like to come and see it.'

'Oh, would you, Mr Loring?' cried Kitty quickly with a violent blush. 'And that is just what I wanted to—to ask you, sir. If you would—would kindly consent to be—be best-man to Jack?'

To see Kitty collapse after that effort, and clasp her tiny hands tightly together, and stare straight before her with the rigid look of a person ready for the worst that could happen, was a sight of interest. Loring looked at her for a few seconds, dumfounded by so unexpected a request, and unable to make anything of it; then his good-humour came to his aid, and he laughed.

'But, Kitty,' he said, 'I haven't the pleasure

of knowing Jack. If I had, and he asked me to stand by him on that trying occasion, I would be delighted.'

'Oh, thank you, Mr Loring; that's all I want to know. Jack will call on you and ask you. And it is to be in that church over the road—Trinity Church, you know, with the two little towers in front.'

'So, then, it was already settled, Kitty?'

'I'm afraid it was, sir,' the girl answered shyly. 'It is to be on Friday.'

'Very well, Kitty,' he said, rising, 'if Jack comes and asks me to act as best-man, I shall not fail him. What o'clock is it to be?'

'Twelve, sir—and many thanks,' the girl answered, curtsying, and tripping away back to Cadogan Square.

He looked after her for a while, and then turned away up the King's Road with a sigh. In the space of a few minutes he had forgotten all about the maid's wedding in the reaction of his feelings concerning himself.

One duty, however, he at once performed while the heat was upon him—not, indeed, that there was any probability of his altering his mind. He went into a stationer's shop and wrote a brief and decided line to his uncle, addressed officially to the office in Pall Mall, declining to accept the employment offered to him. This being off his mind, with a certain feeling of comfort in his breast referable to the case of Mr John Hornby, Arthur proceeded to beat up his uncle Ralph.

OPALS.

No precious stone has had a better experience of the fickleness of popular favour than has the Opal. In the early days of the world's history this gem was prized above all others, and was looked upon as the embodiment of everything that was lucky. A Roman dame prized none of her possessions so highly as her opals, and fortunate indeed did she consider herself if she happened to be the owner of a more than ordinarily beautiful specimen. The fair fame of the opal remained untarnished throughout the middle ages; and two or three hundred years ago our ancestors showed a fondness for this beautiful stone which rivalled that displayed for it by the Romans. But by a strange freak of fashion the opal was brought down from its high estate. It is becoming popular again now; but in the earlier days of the century it was almost valueless, so great was the discredit which superstitious people had cast upon it. This dislike to the opal has been attributed to the Russians, for the stone is so unpopular among the subjects of the Czar that should one of them happen to desecrate an opal, nothing will induce him or her to make any purchases that day. There is a universal belief among them that every kind of bad luck is sure to follow transactions entered into on a day upon which an opal has been brought before their notice. The reason for this antipathy is that Russians regard this gem as the embodiment of the 'evil eye.'

Sir Walter Scott must to a certain extent be made responsible for the bad odour in which the opal has found itself of late years. In *Anne of Geierstein* he alludes to the belief that the Mexican opal loses its beauty when exposed to the action of water, and puts this down to supernatural agency. Hence arose the idea that to wear an opal is the royal road to all manner of ill-luck, and that as a love-token the stone shows the continuance or decline of the giver's affections in proportion as its colours are bright or clouded. Whenever its hues suddenly changed, misfortune of some kind or another was believed to be close at hand.

The unpopularity of the opal is, however, capable of being explained in a more prosaic manner. It is a well-known fact that the stone in an opal ring is very apt to be lost in an unaccountable and mysterious fashion. This arises from the fact that the opal possesses the characteristic of becoming slightly enlarged under the influence of heat. When, therefore, its owner's hand gets hot, it is liable to swell and force its setting open to a certain extent. When it grows cold again, the gem returns to its original size. This process is repeated until the setting becomes sufficiently enlarged to allow the stone to drop out unnoticed. Another equally practical reason for the ill favour with which opals are regarded is that they are very easily broken, and cannot therefore be looked upon as safe investments.

These beautiful gems are as a rule small; but quite a small opal of really fine colour will readily sell for four or five pounds; and the price increases very rapidly with size. An opal which has a diameter of half an inch may not be worth more than a sovereign, whereas another, no larger, but possessing brilliant hues, will command a bid of a thousand pounds, or even more. The most magnificent specimen of this gem in existence is one which was unearthed in the Hungarian mines a hundred and twenty years ago. It was acquired by the Austrian Government, and now rests in the Imperial cabinet at Vienna. An offer of sixty thousand pounds made for it by a jeweller was refused. This splendid stone weighs seventeen ounces; it is nearly four inches in length, and is indescribably lovely in colouring. If ancient records are to be believed, it is, however, by no means the most valuable opal that has ever been discovered. A Roman senator, Nominus by name, is said to have worn in his ring one which, though no bigger than a hazel nut, was of such surpassing brilliancy that its worth was estimated at various sums ranging from a hundred thousand pounds of our money to a quarter of a million. When Cleopatra pledged the enamoured Antony in a draught of vinegar in which tradition says that she had dissolved a pearl of fabulous worth, the enslaved triumvir endeavoured to obtain possession of Nominus' opal in order that he might present it to the beautiful Egyptian. But the senator was too fond of his splendid jewel to be induced to part with it, and so sought refuge in flight, recognising the fact that his master, having failed to obtain the gem he coveted by fair means, would have no hesitation in resorting to foul. In vain did Antony

try to find him. He concealed himself and his precious opal so successfully that the latter has never been seen or heard of since.

Arabia and Syria are said to have been the countries from which the ancients obtained their opals. They are, however, no longer renowned for this particular gem. Common varieties of the opal are found in many parts of the world; but the precious or noble opal is mined almost exclusively in Hungary and Honduras. The most brilliantly coloured stones come from Krennitz and Dubnik in the former country, though perhaps Czerwenitz and Kaschau are better known as the homes of the opal. The neighbourhood of Gracias-a-Dios is the principal locality in Honduras for this gem. The Hungarian opals are the finest in the world. Those which come from Honduras are less milky, and are also somewhat deficient in that fiery lustre which is so striking a characteristic of the best stones. Noble opals have been discovered in the Faroe Isles, and Queensland has produced some of good quality. The Queensland opals cannot be cut in convex form after the usual fashion, as they are found in, thin films spread over the walls of fissures in ironstone nodules. A variety of opal called *Hydrophane* possesses the peculiar property of only assuming transparency when thrown into water. A more curious and less agreeable characteristic is the one possessed by the fire opal of Mexico. It is a very beautiful stone, but some specimens fade completely after they have been exposed to the air for a short time, losing their beauty entirely. The only analogous case to this among precious stones is the turquoise, which also sometimes shows a tendency to lose its hue after it has been brought to the light. Inexperienced persons who have purchased fire opals in the rough have often had cause to bewail their rashness in entering a business of which they were ignorant, for the stones they acquired at high prices have become quite colourless and without value.

The iridescent colours of the opal have puzzled lapidaries more than any other peculiarity of precious stones. Many different theories have been advanced to account for the brilliant changes of hue. It is certain that the stone contains no pigment, but that the play of colours is due to peculiarities in its structure. Sir David Brewster gave it as his opinion that numerous microscopic pores arranged in parallel lines are responsible for the colours of the opal, and attributed the differences of tint to variations in the sizes of these pores. His ideas have been followed and elaborated by others who have investigated the subject, and their researches lead to the conclusion that the hues of the opal arise from a state of affairs similar to that which produces the well-known colours of thin plates. A ray of light is reflected from the anterior surface of a very thin film; another ray is reflected from the posterior surface; and the meeting of the two rays gives rise to the varying hues which are so much admired. Humboldt tells us that a variety of opal found in California has a matrix saturated with water, and is consequently soft enough when first unearthed to be broken between the finger and thumb. Exposure to the air and sun for several days hardens it and brings out its lustre. This curious variety does not, however,

seem to have been noticed by later observers, so its existence must be looked upon as not proven. The Empresses Eugénie and Joséphine were noted, the former for the aversion with which she regarded the opal, the latter for her devotion to the gem. Joséphine's opals were the wonder of her brilliant court. One which she wore on grand occasions gave forth such vivid flashes of light as to earn for itself the name *l'incendie de Troie* (the burning of Troy). Opals are almost invariably polished with a convex surface, both because of their brittleness, which renders it unsafe to cut them into facets, and because the play of colours is thus best displayed.

THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.

A LANCASHIRE STORY.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

TIME went quietly on. Summer and autumn faded away—five months since that Whit-Monday, and in those five months Oswald woke up to a sense of the fatal mistake he had made. The illusion was over. Some men might have made the best of it, and come out all the better for the discipline involved in the process. Oswald was hardly of that class at present, whatever he might be in time to come. Ready enough to take his own way while the impulse was upon him, he was by no means so ready to take the inevitable consequences. Crosses and disappointments had never hitherto come within the range of his experience. From his unsatisfactory home-life, he drifted into the habit of spending his evenings at Fairfield, where his mother and Laura Franks were ever ready to talk to and amuse him. Miriam's existence was tacitly ignored by them. What could they have in common? Laura knew that she and Oswald had been destined for each other by his mother, if Miriam's ill-fated beauty had not come between, and she could have liked him well, have understood and contented him, as poor simple Miriam never would.

Old Thomas Ashworth took no notice, though he saw far more of what went on about him than he was in the habit of acknowledging to the public. Much of the father's pride in his handsome lad had died down in the disappointment of that marriage. It made no difference that his own mother in her day had been a mill-worker; perhaps he felt the stronger on that account; and it was hardly in human nature that he should not find a certain grim satisfaction in the present state of affairs.

The smart villa was fast becoming something of a prison to its mistress. Her education made scant progress. After twenty, it is not easy passing into entirely new grooves. She was cut off from all her past friends and acquaintances. Lisbeth, who faithfully came the evenings when Mr Oswald was at Fairfield, and departed before he returned, was the only connecting link left. She made no headway among Oswald's friends; they summed her up in one brief sentence—'Pretty, but uninteresting; and absolutely ignorant of everything she ought to know.'

'If this is all thou'st gotten by marrying a

gentleman, give me a working-man,' said Lisbeth in one of those solitary vigils. 'I'd not sit in an empty house while he went off amusing himself with other folk, for any gentleman going.'

'It's with his own folk,' was Miriam's response. 'I cannot talk like them to him. It would all be different if I'd been a lady too.'

'Lady or no lady, he married thee, and he'd noan favour Fairfield so often with his company but for that Miss Franks and her mincing ways.'

'That's my business, Lisbeth,' said Mrs Oswald with some dignity. 'I'm noan going to find fault with him for being civil to his own cousin. If I dunnot complain about him, you needn't begin.'

Lisbeth got up to go. 'Very well, Miriam; it's thy business. But when I wed, I'll mak it mine to find a man without cousins of that sort, or I'll stay as I am. Thon 'st gotten a fine house, but thou 'st gotten little else by it, as far as I can mak out.'

It was an hour later before Oswald came in, and all that hour Miriam sat wearily watching the fire. She kept up a brave front before Lisbeth, but she was growing tired and hopeless—the 'fine house' oppressed her. The long days might be lonely, but the effort to find something to talk about when Oswald did come home was often far worse. She would see him shrink and his brows contract so many times over some expression that came quite naturally to her lips; the old love-talk had come to an end; and it was almost as though they spoke two separate languages.

She had spelt out a newspaper paragraph a day or two before to the effect that a wife ought to enter into and identify herself with her husband's pursuits, if she wished to retain any hold upon his affections. Miriam pondered it over as she sat waiting—it sounded so easy, if she only knew how to begin.

She looked up with a sudden inspiration as her husband came in. 'Oswald, I'm going into the town to-morrow afternoon; shall I come round by the mill for you after?' she began eagerly; this was to be the first step in the new direction.

Oswald looked a little surprised. Miriam had never been near the mill since the day she quitted her loom for ever. 'Well, I don't know, Miriam. You can, if you like; but I can't say precisely what time I shall be ready to leave.'

It was not an enthusiastic permission; but Miriam held to her purpose. If Oswald would talk to her, even if it was only about the mill or the cotton market, it would be better than utter silence.

It was a clear November afternoon, with a touch of early frost in the air, when she turned out of the High Street, which was the chief shopping thoroughfare, into the well-remembered quarter. There was the bridge over the canal; there the turn that led to Whitworth Siding; there the great square mill, with its long rows of narrow windows, some already lighting up. She passed through the gate and by Stott's box unnoticed, and made her way to the private office. Near the outer door she came full upon her father. It was out of Joshua's regular track, and he was there for reasons best known to himself. He

hurried a short pipe into his pocket at the sound of footsteps, and then drew it out again when he found it was only his daughter—not Madam Ashworth herself.

'Oh, it's thee, is it, lass!—What's agate now?'

'Nothing. I'm only come in for Oswald. I was passing close to the mill.'

'Well, he's in there, I reckon, and owd Thomas too; so thou 'lt get the pair of 'em.'

He pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, and shuffled off to his own department without further ceremony. Miriam hesitated a minute before she pushed open the inner door. She had not counted upon meeting her father-in-law at the outset of her enterprise. The office gas was not lighted, but a dull red fire-glow shone through the roughened glass, and there was a sound of hushed voices.

Oswald was speaking. 'It's no use, father. The fact's there, whether it's spoken about or not. Every day it's harder work going home. I don't know how it's to end.'

'There's no end to it, lad. You'll have to do as the rest of us have done before your time—just make up your mind to it. You made your own bed; you'll have to lie on it.'

Oswald laughed, a bitter, mirthless little laugh. 'I suppose I'll have to. Do you think I'm not finding that out for myself? I'm doing my best, father—I am, indeed; but you can't guess what a horrible nightmare that house is to me. The very servants look down upon us—I'm dead-sick of it all.'

Miriam waited for no more; she walked softly away down the passage to the familiar ground-floor room. A curious fancy came upon her to go look at her old loom. The machinery was buzzing and whirring about her once more. That was the spot where she had worked the long hours through, listening for the sound of his foot. Through that door she used to catch the first sight of the gray ulster in the days that were all sunshine, the days before she had found out how brief and bitter love could be. There in that dusty room she had first learned to love him.

She loved him still, through all the pain and loneliness that never wavered. She would not marry him again; she knew better what that meant now; but love him—love him she always would. The busy wheels chanted it like a refrain in her ears. She was standing close to the revolving shaft, so close that the wind stirred the fringes on her dress. She looked down at it vaguely, thinking of the coarse linen 'brat' that used to shroud her working-gown, of things that happened long ago, when she and Lisbeth were little children together. The throbbing uproar was like an old friend, a crooning lullaby hushing out all other jarring sounds and noises.

The bell for closing clanged out harshly from its tower over the entrance; the long procession of wooden clogs came filing through the gateway and tramped away down the street. Thomas Ashworth buttoned up his overcoat and trudged home to Fairfield; but Oswald sat still, brooding over the office fire alone. Miriam was not likely to come now; she must have changed her mind. And he was in no hurry to get back to his own roof-tree. In the silence

and solitude, Oswald was squaring matters up with himself. His father never weakened the force of his remarks by vain repetition, and that word of kindly common-sense from him had not been without effect. What was the use of complaining? Miriam and he were married, and would have to fight it out together to the end. And she was never obstinate about trifles; quick words and little unheeded slights that she had patiently put up with came crowding back to his mind. Oswald's face grew softer as the hours stole on. The hollow fire collapsed into white ash and cinders at last. He got up with a start and looked at his watch. Nine o'clock. It was surely time to set his face homeward now, and he was stiff and chilly with sitting so long.

He felt lighter than he had for weeks as he turned in at his own gate and let himself in with his latchkey. Jane was crossing the lobby with a tray of crockery. She looked at him with a surprised face. 'Hasn't the mistress come with you, sir?'

'Mistress? No. Is she not in?'

'She hasn't been in since two o'clock. She said she was coming back with you, sir.'

Oswald passed on into the empty sitting-room. He was astonished, but not particularly uneasy. Miriam must have stopped at her father's. It was not like her certainly, but perhaps she had been dull. If she did not turn up presently, he would go round for her.

She did not turn up, and he accordingly went round. It struck him oddly as he knocked at the house-door that this was the first time in all his brief courtship or married life that he had visited his father-in-law's abode.

Lisbeth opened the door. 'Why, it's surely Mr Oswald!' she cried, peering out into the darkness. 'What's amiss with Miriam?'

'Isn't she here?' demanded Oswald, stepping in past her.

Lisbeth took no notice. She stood with a puzzled face, holding the door-latch. She had evidently been half asleep at the fireside. Joshua had already retired, but odours of his presence still floated hazily about. The deal table was littered with the remains of supper; heavy clogs lay just as they had been kicked off upon the fender. Oswald took in the whole room in one comprehensive glance; for the first time, he began to realise something of the wide difference between his wife's training and his own.

'Where is she gone?' he asked sharply.

'How should I know? I hannot put eyes on her sin last meet this time. She's noan here that often you need come to us seeking her.'

Oswald stared at her in blank dismay. 'Then, where can she be? She went out early this afternoon.'

'She was at the mill after you at five o'clock.'

'She was not,' contradicted her brother-in-law. 'I waited there long after every one else had gone.'

'But I tell you she wor,' asserted Lisbeth. 'Feyther spoke to her in the yard himsel.'

'Then she must have got locked in somehow. It's very strange,' said Oswald, glad of even so much information. 'I'm sorry I disturbed you, Lisbeth. I'll go there and see.'

A useless quest. Even if she had been by any

chance fastened in, there was still the night-watchman on the premises. She might have been home three times over. Utterly bewildered, Oswald went round to Fairfield and told his father about it. Thomas Ashworth looked keenly at his son from under his shaggy brows.

'You've had no words with her about anything, Oswald?'

'Not a shadow of one in the sense you mean; and if we had, Miriam was never one to bear a grudge.'

'Then the best thing you can do is to keep it quiet, and hope she will come back in time to save any gossip. Perhaps you'd better say nothing about it up-stairs.'

'Just what I was going to suggest. They would not care very much what became of poor Miriam.'

It was poor Miriam already, and she had only been away these few hours. Truly, there are seasons when absence is a kindly friend.

Oswald went home after that, and dismissed the inquisitive servants to bed; but he walked restlessly about the house for the greater part of the night. If he could have set off in any one direction, or done something, he would not have minded so much; but the blank uncertainty of it perplexed him sorely: every hour seemed like two. Nevertheless, he had to bear it. That was Thursday night. It was not till Monday afternoon that there was any sign of light upon the mystery. It came just before closing-time, in the shape of a blurred blotted note to Thomas Ashworth. Oswald and he were alone in the office, and he broke it open without a suspicion as to its contents:

Sir—Will you tell Oswald for me that I wunnot ever be any more trouble to him agen. I heard what he wor saying to you at the mill the other night. I went in among the looms after and tried to mak away with mysel, but I got frightened—I couldn't do it. I wor brought up to work, and I can get my own living here well enough. I wor'n't fit to be his wife, but I didn't rightly understand things then. Durnot show him this letter, I couldn't write it fit for him to see.

That was all. Thomas Ashworth read it over twice, and deliberately handed it across the desk to his son. 'Oswald, I think that concerns you more than me,' he said huskily; and then he put on his hat and went away, leaving Oswald to read it alone, untroubled by any comments.

And so Miriam dropped out of their midst as completely as though the grave had already closed over her. All efforts at tracing her were unavailing. One little unit more or less in the great working-class population, one 'hand,' or twenty, in those crowded factories, how should her existence attract any notice, or travel beyond the sound of the looms where she might be working?

The house on the Lancaster Road was closed and deserted; the winter rains and snows beat unheeded on the shrouded windows. Oswald did not go back to Fairfield; some undefined feeling of loyalty to his absent wife kept him back from that course. He had gone there too often in days past, and just now, Laura Franks or anything else connected with that time was

not a subject he cared to be reminded of. He took a couple of rooms outside the town, and spent his time chiefly at the mill in close hard work, and there is no panacea like that for all troubles, whether of mind, body, or estate.

It was not a cheerful time. The bleak skies above had their counterpart in his own reflections. It was the first tangle in the silken thread of his life. His father's name and money had smoothed out all difficulties heretofore; but this was his own, and possibly he would be none the worse for having to wrestle through it alone.

As the months crept on, the long late winter broke up into spring. The brown moors grew green and grassy once more, white splashes of daisies came out in the gray fields under the very shadow of the giant chimneys. The June sunshine was sweeping over the whole land with a floodtide of life and colour that touched even the grimy Millgate district with fleeting beauty. And it was on one of these blue June mornings that Miriam came to her end of the tangled thread. A telegram was brought in to Oswald late one afternoon as he was explaining some matter of business to his broker, and he opened it as he stood, not too well pleased at the interruption. His brow grew damp as he read the message: 'Miriam is dying. Come at once if you wish to see her.' The address was some obscure street in Manchester.

He looked up at his companion, who was surveying him inquiringly. 'You must go to my father for the rest,' he said, in a quick hard voice, 'and tell him I have had to go away suddenly.'

Half an hour later, Oswald was in the train. It was a short journey—a dozen miles or so. He sat staring stupidly through the window, at the crinkled leaves on the hedges, the lazy burges on the winding canal, by-and-by the brickfields and dense rows of blackened streets that fence in the northern cotton city. He sprang into a hansom the moment the train drew up at the platform, and ordered the man to drive his hardest. Through broad thoroughfares bordered with handsome shops, through miles of towering warehouses stretching in one unbroken phalanx, through dark railway arches, and alleys and lanes wrapped in dim twilight even this sunny June evening, they came to the place where Miriam had hidden herself. A long row of cottage houses close under the wing of a huge factory, a factory that for size and gauntness and general ugliness left Ashworth's far in the rear. Oswald sent away his cab at the end of the street, and walked down the pavement to look for the number given in the message.

A tidy, decent-looking woman was looking out of the door, evidently expecting him. 'How is she?' he asked anxiously.

'Mortal bad, sir. The doctor said she couldn't see the day out. The baby came this morning—it's a boy, sir.'

'Baby!' The room reeled round before Oswald's eyes; somehow, he had never given one thought to the possibility of that.

'I've none of my own, so she lodged with us for company, like; and a hard-working lass she wor as long as she wor able. It come upon her sudden-like.'

The woman was leading the way up a corkscrew staircase as she spoke, into a small front

room. The window was set wide open for air, and the street cries and noises came in and mingled curiously with the hush inside. Miriam was lying on a low bed in the corner, her baby beside her.

Oswald will have forgotten most things when he forgets the light that broke over the perfect beauty of the still face as he entered. What need was there for words? What was anything that he could say, in presence of the pitiful tragedy fast closing in? He knelt down by her, feeling as if the little room had suddenly widened out into some cathedral shrine. There were no confessions or explanations either asked or given. The time for them had gone by. All of the past that he was ever to know from her had been told in that one blurred note to his father.

'You'll tak care of him, Oswald,' she said, when they lifted the baby away from beside her, —'tak care of him; he's thy own little lad.'

Oswald promised—and in the years that followed made his promise good.

She spoke once or twice more; but it was always of their happy courting days—of the days when Oswald had been all the world to her. He was that still; and presently, holding his hand to the end, she quietly slipped away on the last long journey.

There is a story recorded of a woman who was once forgiven many misdeeds 'because she loved much.' It was so with Miriam. Oswald forgot all her imperfections of speech, her shortcomings in the way of manners and training; he only remembers that she had the fairest face he ever saw, and that she loved him.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

SPRING-TIME may lose its freshest tints,
And Autumn leaves their gold,
The bitter blast and snowy wreath
May sweep across the wold;
But the years are full of splendours
That never will depart,
For they shed eternal fragrance
When there's Summer in the Heart.

The shadows linger on the earth,
The sunbeams hide away,
The sad mists fold their chill white hands
About the face of day;
The tumult and the rush of life
Sound aye in street and mart;
But they cannot drown life's music
When there's Summer in the Heart.

The city towers are crumbling fast,
And totter to their fall;
The ivied castle on the height
Shows many a ruined wall;
But men build eternal dwellings
With strange and wondrous art,
They are shrines for the Immortals
When there's Summer in the Heart.

DAVID RUSSELL AITKEN.

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NEW WESTMINSTER.

SUCH was the name chosen by Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to be given to the principal city on the mainland of British Columbia. Between New Westminster and Westminster of historic memory there is indeed little resemblance, though the small city of the West can boast of as magnificently broad a river as that of old Father Thames at any part of its course. The site of the town was selected by Colonel Moody in 1859, who with a staff of Sappers and Miners laid out the lines on which it is built; and a suburb at a distance of a mile and a half from the Post-office still bears the name of Sapperton, or is more familiarly called 'the Camp,' in memory of these bygone days. The old Government House, lately pulled down to make room for a new residence for the warden of the Penitentiary, was the scene of many a pleasant dance and gathering before the seat of the Provincial Government was moved to Victoria; and a brick chimney standing alone in its glory in Sapperton is pointed out as being 'the chimney of the officers' messroom, and built of English brick.' The latter feature is deserving of notice, for the native brick would scarcely have weathered the wear and tear of British Columbia rains and frosts for thirty years without crumbling away in fine powder.

No one coming into New Westminster on a fine May day, as so often happens with new settlers, can fail to be charmed with the lovely situation and appearance the city presents. Built on the bank of the Fraser River, which is at this point three-quarters of a mile broad, it rises in a steep slope to a height of about three hundred feet, the brightly painted wooden houses peeping at all points from among the fresh green of the many fruit-trees. On the north are the snow-covered ridges of the Cascade Mountains, with the huge summit of Mount Baker peering across the top of the nearer hill, and all looking dazzlingly white against a sky of the purest blue. The yellow broom, which was introduced from Scotland, and persistently refuses to 'move on' from a

favourite spot, makes brilliant patches of colours at no great distance apart all through the town. The view to the south shows the fertile delta of the Fraser River, and the flat alluvial land of Sulu Island, so much valued for agricultural purposes.

A new arrival coming in by train, or, as we say, 'on the train,' is first of all struck by the groups of Indian tents and cabins on the cliff-like bank which runs close by the river's edge. As soon as the season grows favourable for the salmon-fishing, these Indians come down from their various winter resorts in their long canoes, hollowed out of a single tree, and establish themselves with their wives, their babies, hens, Siwash curs, and a multitude of lares and penates. Here they stay, and with their bright-coloured scarves, and the gay, yellow, blue, and red dresses of the women, give a most picturesque effect to the landscape. They are of different tribes, very peaceable, and using the Chinook jargon as a means of communication both between themselves and the white man. In stature they are short, with broad flat faces, thick lips not protruding, soft black eyes, and coarse straight black hair, which the men wear hanging down to their shoulders, and the women braid in plaits. The latter also bind a handkerchief of bright-coloured bunting over their foreheads, reaching almost to the eyes, and tied in a knot behind. They have already developed as great a weakness for finery as their more civilised sisters, and delight in the gayest-coloured cotton frocks—such as red trimmed with bright purple, or blue with an orange border. Many are the bargains driven between them and the female population of New Westminster, the former giving cast-off garments in exchange for different varieties of Indian basket-ware; and frequently a much-coveted bright sash, or an old umbrella or sunshade, will secure better articles than more valuable goods and endless persuasion could do. The men while fishing utter a peculiar long-drawn cry, by which they call the fish to their nets, the sound being

decidedly pleasing. During the winter, their main occupation is hunting. The skins are sold by them in the summer months, though in the winter of 1889-90, in spite of game being plentiful, the returns from the salmon-fishery were so large, they were content to follow the example of the white man and live on their well-earned proceeds.

After leaving the Indian Rancheree, the train passes through 'China Town,' with its low, dirty-looking, little wooden shacks or shanties, adorned with little tinsel figures, and cabalistic notices on pink or green papers, against the doors of which are leaning any number of the almond-eyed pig-tailed Mongolian, with his *dolce far niente* manner, and calm air of sublime indifference. But in spite of much vituperation and many hard words, the 'Chinamen' (never Chinese) are by no means to be despised. True it is 'they keep wages down, and send money out of the country;' but then, on the other hand, no white man will do the same work, or can by any means make himself so generally useful as an intelligent *John*—when he chooses. The latter, however, is a necessary saving clause; for if Ah Sing, Ah Sam, or Ah Chue wishes not to do anything, no power on earth will make him understand what is required. 'Me no sabby, no sabby,' he will repeat, and look as perfectly blank as a clean sheet of paper. Here in Westminster they work at the 'canneries,' cleaning and preparing the fish before it is boiled, stacking the wood at the saw-mills, and in addition to various other avocations, act largely in the place of domestic servants in private houses and cooks in the hotels.

Within the last few years the population of New Westminster has doubled itself, and it is now a rising town of eight thousand inhabitants, with many industries and bright prospects in store for future years. 'Westminster is so solid,' is a remark frequently heard, and greatly believed in by those who maintain that the old proverb of the hare and the tortoise applies as well in the days of steamboats and electric cables as two thousand years ago, when old Æsop had more leisure to make observations than people of this busy age. Columbia Street contains the principal shops or stores, and is sixty-six feet wide, with good blocks of brick buildings, a vast improvement on the extremely dingy wooden structures which they are fast superseding.

Like every rising place, be it 'city,' 'town,' or 'village,' New Westminster boasts a multitude of Real Estate Offices, wonderful to contemplate, and every few days adds to the number. 'So-and-so has sold out,' will be said of a provincial business man.—'Oh! what has he gone into?' is the natural question.—'Real estate, of course,' is the equally natural reply; and still they all flourish. Sawmills, canneries, a woollen mill, potteries, foundries, furniture warehouses are all represented, and steadily increase in number; while side-walks are laid down, blackened old

stumps pulled out, and a thorough feeling of life and movement are in the air. Still, British Columbia and New Westminster, in spite of many charms, cannot be considered quite the Eldorado frequently represented in various pamphlets, and notices in the English newspapers; for many a man who has left a certainty at home, finds that a sure income, however small, in a settled country is much better than long and weary months of waiting for something definite to turn up, in a place where one must pay treble for all the necessities of life, and where occupation, like kissing, 'goes by favour.' To a mechanic with a trade to his hand there is an inviting prospect—wages at fourteen shillings a day, and nine hours' work; but it must be taken into consideration that for at least four months in the year no employment is to be found, and profits are soon swallowed up in high prices. For clerks, book-keepers, and men of the middle class without capital, who cannot turn their hands to all sorts of manual labour, New Westminster has few attractions to offer.

People coming out from the old country are, as a rule, but little prepared to find how entirely they will be cast on their own resources in the matter of help in the house. Ladies who have never before done any work more fatiguing than a little dusting, find suddenly that they must cook, wash, clean, scour, and manage for themselves generally; and as this is the established habit, it is considered in nowise an indignity for a lady to be seen in clean morning wrapper sweeping down her veranda; or, later in the day, pushing her baby-carriage along the side-walk. How much this is the custom may be seen from the following remark, made to a friend by the little daughter of an English clergyman here, who still remembers her own nurse 'at home.' 'Should you like to go back, Mrs Z.?' she asked. 'Indeed, I should,' answered my friend. 'Ah! but you would not be able to push the baby there yourself, would you?'—with an evident appreciation of the pleasure a mother derives from attending herself on the little one. As a rule, the domestic duties are undertaken cheerfully, and carried through in the same spirit; while the freshness and daintiness of the houses testify to the pride and interest bestowed on them. 'But it's the dishes that worry me,' as a lady said only the other week; and indeed this is a hard part of the bargain.

Those housewives who are fortunate enough to secure a Chinaman often suffer more than those who have none. 'How muchee you give for your stove?' asked a Celestial one day of Mrs X. 'Thirty dollars,' she answered. 'You lie,' came the reply at once. 'If you say another word, I will put you out of the house,' Mrs X. promptly said. But she had only been out a few months, and did not understand that that is what one must expect, until a friend of larger experience remarked: 'I wonder you were not afraid to speak so sharply; he might have gone and left all the work unfinished.'

Another voracious case was that of Mrs A., who was remonstrating with her 'boy' that he did not get the clothes clean enough. 'You shuttee up,' said he; 'you too muchee talkee for me.'

One feels that independence at this rate is better than assistance with impudence, even though the half is not understood or intended.

Of pleasant society in New Westminster there is no lack, and afternoon calls and 'at-homes' are quite as much *de rigueur* here as in Belgravia, with the difference that the hostess herself opens the door and receives her visitors, and also prepares and brings in the fresh cup of four o'clock tea. One curious custom prevails of leaving the cards of your husband, yourself, and various members of the family on the drawing-room table before retiring from a first call. The lady returning this call pays the same compliment; and before long, the card-plate presents a most creditable appearance.

During the winter months, Assembly dances or balls are held fortnightly, which are followed in summer by tennis-parties. Lacrosse is the favourite recreation of the sterner sex, varied by baseball, football, and cricket, all played with the same eagerness of spirit, which seems inseparable from these games.

It would be hardly right to overlook the grand provincial fair, Exhibition or Flower Show, variously called, to be celebrated annually in the town, and which was inaugurated last October. Fruits and vegetables were then on view of surprising size, one pear alone weighing a pound and a quarter, and testifying thoroughly to the beautiful climate and grand fruit-growing qualities of this little corner of the New World, formerly called by her inhabitants 'The Royal City.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE CARPENTER CALLS A COUNCIL.

At four o'clock the carpenter came aft to relieve me. He asked me in a short off-hand way how the weather had been; and the wide-awake note in his voice satisfied me that whether or not he had slept during his watch below, he had certainly not now come fresh from his bunk or hammock. When I had answered him, he went abruptly to the compass, and I descended the poop ladder and entered the cuddy.

Miss Temple was still asleep. I lightly touched her hand; she smiled, but slept on; I touched her again, and she sprang erect with an affrighted air, staring at me with the meaningless gaze of the newly awakened.

'I am going to my berth to seek some rest,' said I, 'and would not leave you alone here.'

I unhooked the lantern belonging to my berth, lighted the candle in it, and taking her by the hand, conducted her to the hatch. Holding open her cabin door for her, I gave her my lantern; and then going to my own berth, groped my way to the bunk, and was speedily in a sound sleep.

It was eight o'clock by my watch when I awoke. I at once sprang out of bed, and having carefully secreted the pistol I had brought with me from the captain's cabin, I hastily sluiced my face with some salt water, and stepped to Miss Temple's cabin door, on which I knocked. She answered me. I told her that she would find me on deck. 'It is eight o'clock,' I said,

'and my turn to keep watch has come round.' With that I ascended the steps. Wilkins was in the cuddy, as I must needs call the little living-room, though, after the Indianan's saloon, it seemed a big name to give to so small an interior. I said: 'The lady will be here shortly. Get breakfast ready for us, d'ye hear? We will eat it on deck, unless there is somebody to keep my lookout whilst I come below for the meal.' He answered, civilly enough, that he would carry it on deck to us on my letting him know when we were ready for it.

I found the carpenter on the poop talking to a couple of seamen; but on seeing me, the two fellows went forward in a sort of sheep-faced way. The barque was under the same canvas I had left upon her when I went below; but my first step carrying me to the compass, I perceived that she was making a more southerly course by two points than she had been heading when I left the deck; and indeed, when I directed my eyes aloft for a second time, I perceived that the yards had been slightly braced in, and that, in short, Mr Lush was making a fair wind of what was a foul one for Rio. I was greatly startled, but controlled my face, for the man's eyes were upon me.

'I presume, Mr Lush,' said I, crossing over to him and feigning a certain carelessness of behaviour whilst I looked with a manner of indifference past him at the weather horizon, 'that you are aware the barque is needlessly off her course, seeing that she'll easily look up another two or two and a half points?'

'A ship's course depends upon where she's going,' he answered, running his eyes over my figure; 'and nothen's settled yet so far as we're consarned.'

'Oho! Is it so, indeed?' said I, after venting myself in a short whistle. 'What is the objection to Rio, Mr Lush?'

'I'll be calling the crew aft presently,' he exclaimed: 'it's a question for all hands, not for me nor you only, sir.'

'I trust,' said I, my feigned air of carelessness vanishing before the real consternation that was now active in me, 'that the sailors will not obstruct my earnest desire for the lady's sake, as well as for my own, to make for Rio as promptly as possible. Miss Temple and I have met with some cruel experiences, and we are as badly off even now, aboard this smart little barque, as we were in the wreck from which you rescued us. In God's name, Mr Lush, let there be no unreasonable hinderance to our speedy arrival at a port whence we may take shipping for home.'

'I have said,' he responded in his sulkiest manner, 'that it ain't a question for one man nor for two men, but for all hands.'

I witnessed stubbornness that was to be easily developed into insolence strong in the ruffian's face, and bit my lip to silence my tongue. After a short pause I said: 'I observe that the decks have not been washed down.'

'No; that's right. They han't been washed down.'

'When is the body of the captain to be buried?'

'He is buried,' he answered; and then went on, as though perceiving that some explanation was necessary: 'No good in keeping a human

corpse aboard a ship. 'Tain't lucky. 'Tain't lucky, even if so be as it's the human corpse of a good man; but when it comes to the body of the likes of *him*?'— He spat over the rail. 'He was rolled up in canvas and dropped overboard two hours since.'

'A dog's funeral!' said I, betwixt my teeth.

'A dog's funeral's all that the best sailor must expect; the treatment of a dog when he's alive, and a mongrel's burial when he's dead.'

'Well, I'm here to relieve you,' said I. 'Wilkins will bring my breakfast on deck.'

'All right,' he answered. 'Suppose we call it nine o'clock for the council that's to be held?'

I turned from him, assenting with a gesture, and walked aft, miserably sick at heart, to receive Miss Temple, who at that moment appeared in the companion way.

'I am afraid,' said I, 'that the death of Captain Braine has thickened the problem of this adventure for us.'

'What has happened?' she demanded.

'When I went below at four o'clock this morning,' I replied, 'the *Lady Blanche* was looking up for the port of Rio as closely as the wind permitted her. Since then, Mr Lush has taken it upon himself to alter the vessel's course.'

'But the ship is *now* being steered for Rio?'

'No.'

'No!' she cried. 'Why do you not order the man to direct her according to your wishes?' And she sent one of her flashing glances at the hairy face of the sailor who grasped the spokes.

'The crew are coming aft presently to settle the question of our destination. I can do nothing. If they have made up their minds to a course, they are not going to suffer me to get in the road of it.'

'This is a shocking situation to be in! Your old energy seems to be leaving you. You give me dreadful news in a lifeless way, and talk spiritlessly of suffering the crew to do as they please.' She said this, still preserving her forced composure; but there was ire in her gaze and temper and despair in her respiration, in the twitching of the nostril, in the curl of her lip, when she had spoken.

I looked at her steadily, but in silence, weighing down upon her gaze, as it were, with my own until her eyes felt. 'Not spiritless yet,' said I. 'Nor shall I suffer you to make me so, Miss Temple.'

She hung her head, and beat with her fingers upon her knuckles, as though she needed some exercise of that sort to enable her to suppress her emotions or her tears. Wilkins came under the skylight to ask if I was ready for breakfast. I bade him bring it to us; and he arrived with some coffee and cold meat and biscuit. I could not induce the girl to eat. Even when she took a sip of coffee, she scarcely seemed able to swallow it. Her misery was wretched to see. Sometimes she would start and send a wild sweeping look round the horizon; often she would moan. I tried to put some heart into her; but I could find little to say, ignorant as I then was of what the crew meant to do. Most of them seemed to be in or about the galley. A few stood in the doorway, and their

behaviour suggested that there were others inside to whose utterance, whatever form it took, they listened with attention, sometimes glancing aft at us. Shortly before nine o'clock I said to Miss Temple that the crew were coming aft at that hour, and requested her to go to her own cabin that she might be out of sight of them.

'Cannot I remain on deck?' she exclaimed. 'My suspense will be a torment. You are banishing me to an underground cell.'

'You will withdraw to your cabin, if you please, Miss Temple. We are here dealing with a crew of men who are now without a head, and whose temper may grow lawless whenever they shall realise that they are their own masters.'

'You will come to me the moment you are at liberty, Mr Dugdale?'

'Most assuredly.'

I accompanied her to the companion, and watched her as she descended the steps. She halted at the bottom of the ladder to look up at me with eyes of appealing grief. How close she had come to my heart I might not have been able successfully to guess till that moment.

Presently the carpenter came out of the galley knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and advanced slowly to the poop, followed by most of the crew, who halted opposite the cuddy front.

'The cabin'll be the place to talk in,' said he; 'there'll be no hearing of one another up here. There's Joe Wetherly'll keep a lookout whilst you and me are below.'

'I am ready,' I answered.

He called to Wetherly, who was standing in the waist, forward of the others. The man touched his cap to me as he ascended the poop ladder, and looked at me meaningly through the minute holes in which his eyes lay deep buried. I entered the cuddy with the carpenter, who turned round as he passed through the door to sing out, 'Step in, lads.' Nine fellows in all followed. Most of them carried a sort of grinning, wondering expression on their faces; but here and there I took note of a determined countenance.

'Mr Lush,' I exclaimed, 'the ordering of this business is in your hands. I will leave you to settle whatever ceremonies we are to pass through.'

'Mr Lush'll take the cheer,' said one of the men.

The carpenter at once seated himself in the captain's chair at the after end of the little table. The sailors sat down upon the benches. Lush exclaimed: 'Mr Dugdale, you sit alongside o' me here.—Mates, ease yourselves down, and make room for the gent.'

I took the place he indicated, and waited with as resolved a face as I could screw my features into for what was to follow. There was a pause whilst the carpenter, rolling his eyes over the seamen, seemed to be hunting in his mind for words in which to express himself. The men stared from him to me with an occasional glance round, especially in the direction of the tumblerack, at which they would cast thirsty looks. In this brief spell of silence I sought to interpret their intentions from their postures; but there was little to reassure me in their bearing. There was a kind of defiance in it that instantly made itself felt.

'We've been a-tarning over,' began the carpenter, speaking slowly and viewing me out of the corners of his eyes, 'the condition we're put in by the soocide of Capt'n Braine. All hands is agreed, saving one, who says that he doan't much care how it goes.'

'Who is that one?' I asked.

'Joe Wethetly,' he answered.

I waited, but he seemed to require me to question him.

'You are all agreed, you say, Mr Lush—upon what?'

He coughed, thrust his fingers into his neck-cloth to ease his throat, and then said: 'Well, now, I'll tell ye exactly how it stands. Wilkins there was next door to the capt'n's cabin when he told you of that matter of two hundred thousand pound lying stowed away in a South Sea island. He comes forward and tells us all about it.' He paused, then said with a tone of impatience: 'Of course, ye can guess now what we've settled on?'

'Pray, explain,' said I, understanding but too thoroughly, and feeling the blood forsaking my cheek.

'Why,' said the carpenter with a short laugh, 'what we've resolved on is to sail to that there island and get the money.'

'No good in leaving all that money to lie there for the savages to dig up,' exclaimed one of the men.

'Mr Lush,' said I, 'I am a stranger in this ship, and have but one desire, and that is, to leave her, along with the young lady who was my fellow-passenger aboard the Indianman. You will of course do what you will with the vessel. The action of the crew can make no part of my business. All that I ask is that you will signal the first vessel we fall in with, let her be heading as she will, and tranship us.'

A growling 'No!' ran amongst the men. The carpenter echoed it with a blow of his fist upon the table. 'No, sir! we can't spare you. It'll be *you*, Mr Dugdale, that'll carry us to that island.'

My consternation was too visible to be missed even by the ignorant eyes which were bent upon me.

'You'll be treated fairly, sir,' said one of the men, with an air and tone of conciliation. 'We've allowed for you being a gent as'll be carried away from the parts he wants to git to. Mr Lush and us men have talked it well over, and the share of the money ye choose to name is the share you shall have for the time and trouble this bit of navigation'll cost you.'

A murmur of assent followed this speech, several heads nodding so vehemently that their hair danced about their eyes.

'But, men,' I cried, turning upon and addressing them in a body, 'you are surely not going to persuade me that you *believe* in this yarn of the captain?'

'Don't you?' inquired the carpenter with a sarcastic leer.

'It was the imagination of a madman,' I continued—'a crazy fancy, men! Surely there is no sailor here but knew that the captain was insane. Did not his actions, his talk, his very looks, prove him mad? And what more

convincing proof of his insanity could you desire than the last act of his life?'

Two or three of the fellows grumbled out something, but I did not catch the words. 'Mad was he?' exclaimed the carpenter in a voice of coarse, morose sarcasm; 'ye didn't think that when you stood out for a share.'

'How do you know,' I cried, 'that I stood out for a share?'

'By God, then,' he roared, 'we know everything. Did ye or did ye not sign an agreement for a share?'

'I did,' I answered, 'but merely to humour the man's madness. I should have left the ship at Rio.'

'There's no use in talking,' he exclaimed, smoothing down his voice a trifle; 'the compact between ye was overheard. Me and the others here was to be got rid of at Rio. Then a crew of Kanakas was to be shipped off the Sandwich Islands. Then, with the gold aboard hidden out of sight, you and him was to ship fresh hands.—Mad?' he cried in an indescribably sneering way; 'no, no, that won't do. Ye didn't think him mad, then, when you made him provide that if the law laid hold of him for a-running away with this ship, you was to be guaranteed free o' peril by what you or him tarmed a hinstrument. Ye didn't think him mad then, and ye don't think him mad now.'

'Wilkins,' I exclaimed to the young fellow who sat at the corner end of the table, 'you overheard that conversation, and your ears were sharp enough to gather in every syllable of it. Were they not sharp enough, my lad, to judge by the tone of my voice that I assented to the madman's humour merely to induce him to make for the near port of Rio, that I and the lady might quickly get away from this vessel?'

The veal-faced fellow stirred uneasily to the many eyes which were turned upon him; but he answered nevertheless with resolution and emphasis: 'You stipulated for terms, specially for a share, and you spoke as if you was in ainnest.'

'Mr Lush,' I cried, 'I am a gentleman. Believe me, on my honour as one, when I swear to you that I accepted the captain's story as a madman's fabrication, and seemed to agree with him only that I might get away from his ship the sooner.'

'What was the dawcument you signed, sir?' inquired one of the sailors.

'Ah, that's it,' cried another; 'let's see the hinstrument, as Mr Lush tarms it.'

I had them both in my pocket-book, intending to preserve them as curiosities and as illustrations of my adventure with Miss Temple. I could not refuse to produce them, nor would I stoop to a falsehood; but I was sensible as I drew out the pocket-book, intently watched by the seamen, that the mere circumstance of my carrying the papers about with me as though I deemed them too precious to be laid aside in a drawer, told heavily against the assurance I had made to the men. The carpenter picked the documents up.

'Who can read here?' said he, looking round. There was no reply. 'Will you recite 'em,

sir?' he continued turning his surly eyes upon me.

'There's Joe as can read,' broke in a voice.

'Ay, call Joe,' exclaimed another man.

This signified that I was not to be trusted. They might suppose I would invent instead of reading, and there was no man present able to spell a word to disprove what I chose to deliver. The lee lid of the skylight lay open. The carpenter roared through it for Joe Wetherly, who promptly stepped below.

'What is it?' he asked, looking round upon his mates.

'Here, Joe,' said the carpenter, 'you're the one scholar aboard us. Tarn to, will'ee, and let's hear what's wrote down upon these papers.'

The man glanced at me with an expression of sympathy and bashfulness. 'I hope there's nothen private and agin your wish in this, sir?' he exclaimed. 'I'm for standin' neutral in this here job.'

'Pray read,' said I.

He did so, backing and filling in his postures in true sailor fashion as he struggled through the writing, reciting the words slowly, with considerable pauses between, which furnished his hearers with time to digest what he delivered. He then put the papers down, but with an air of astonishment, as I noticed with grief and anxiety, as if having been before incredulous of the captain's story, he was beginning to regard it as a fact now in the face of such documentary evidence as he had read.

'All right, Joe; thank ye,' said the carpenter gruffly; 'you can go on deck agin.' The man went up the ladder slowly, as though lost in thought. 'Lads,' exclaimed Lush, 'ye'll agree with me there's no need for further arguification after what ye've just heard.'

'The money's right enough, and we'll git it,' said one of the men.

'Where's the chart of the island as Wilkins said the captain talked about?' inquired the limber bold-faced young seaman with whom I had spoken at the wheel when I found the barque off her course.

All eyes were at once turned upon me. 'You'll find it in the drawer of the table of the captain's cabin,' said I.

The fellow coolly entered the berth, and presently returned with a handful of papers. 'Which'll it be, sir?' he exclaimed, placing them before me. I picked up the parchment chart, and gave it to the carpenter, who spread it out before him, and instantly all the men came round to his chair, and stood in a heap of shouldering figures mowing and mopping over his shoulders to catch a view, tossing the hair with jerks of their heads out of their eyes, and breathing hard with excitement.

'I suppose you're capable of explaining the meaning of these here marks?' exclaimed the carpenter, pressing a shovel-shaped thumb upon the outline of the island.

'You shall have the yarn as the captain gave it me,' said I, speaking with a throat dry with mortification and sickness at heart; for it was only too certain now that my agreements with the captain and this chart had hardened the men's conviction into an immovable resolution. They listened with breathless interest as

I told them that the barb of the arrow indicated the situation of the buried money; that the treasure lay hidden so many paces away from the wash of the water of the lagoon; that the blot in the centre of the bight was meant to express a coral pillar that served as a mark to obtain the bearings of the gold by. When I had finished, the sailors hurriedly resumed their seats. The carpenter gazed slowly round, then addressed me with his eyes in the corner of their sockets whilst his face pointed straight down the table.

'We're here without a capt'n,' he began, 'and though this barque ain't ourn, we mean to use her. We don't intend no act of piracy. When we've got the gold, we'll deliver up the ship and her cargo, which we shan't meddle with. We're all of us working men, and the money in that there island fairly distributed 'll make all hands of us independent for life. There's no more involved than the job of fetching it, and that's to be easily managed.'—The men nodded emphatically.—'You're a navigator, Mr Dugdale, and we can't do without ye. There's no good in talking of shipping another man in your place, because, d'ye see, that 'ud oblige us either to communicate with a passing vessel or to put into some port, neither of which is to be henterained, seeing the nature of the secret which is ourn, and which we mean to keep ourn. We're agreeable to consider any terms ye may think proper to propose. As has bin said, the share ye name is the share ye'll have. Ye shall be capt'n, and treated as capt'n. You and the lady shall live in this here part of the ship without mollystation, as the saying is; and ye'll find us a perlite and willing crew, who'll stick to our side of the compact as *you* stick to yourn.—Is that your mind, men?'

There was a hurricane response of 'Ay, ay—That's right—That's right.'

'Give me a little while to consider,' said I, observing that the carpenter had come to an end.

'By when will we have your answer?' he demanded.

'By noon.'

'Agreed,' he exclaimed. 'Here's your two documents. I'll take charge of this here chart.'

A few minutes later I was alone.

STATIONERS' HALL.

THE interesting Printers' Exhibition, opened last year at Stationers' Hall by the Lord Mayor, cannot fail, as one at least of its results, to have rendered not a few Londoners familiar with an institution of the existence of which they may be possibly aware, but of the locality of which, except in so far as it lies 'somewhere near' St Paul's and Paternoster Row, they possess, it will be found, only a nebulous conception. Yet during the three centuries of its history, the direct bearing of the Worshipful Company of Stationers on the literary activity of this country is much more easy to trace than is that of any of the great City Guilds on the respective trades whose names they bear, and whose interest they are supposed to represent.

Apart from the monopoly which the Stationers long enjoyed in the printing and sale of certain important branches of the publishing trade, the *genus*—as of old, still—*irritabile* of authors owes a certain debt of gratitude to the company for the part it has taken, largely, it is true, in its own interests, in the ever-burning question of literary copyright. That mysterious and official imprimatur, 'Entered at Stationers' Hall,' existed, indeed, for no other purpose than the due protection of the publisher's rights in the works issued nominally from his press. Founded only in the middle of the sixteenth century, the company were almost immediately involved in the religious warfare of those troublous times, and enlisted in the service of Queen Mary of England to check the spread of what by her was deemed the heretical literature of the hour.

Freed from this restriction, the Stationers no less severely safeguarded the interests of their own guild by denouncing whatever pirates of their rights dared to supply the public with that literature to which, in the political excitement of the past, the absence of a free press gave daily birth. It was, indeed, this monopolising influence of the Stationers, as the tide of literary activity grew stronger, that in course of years warmly roused the feeling of those who recognised what Dr Johnson would have termed the potential influences of the press, finally culminating in Milton's noble claim for unlicensed printing.

Once, however, freed from such trammels, the literature of the seventeenth century burst forth into that fullness of life which blossomed and bore fruit in the closing years of that memorable period of civil contest, and the generation which succeeded that of Milton. The author of *Paradise Lost* was a sturdy upholder of that greater freedom of action, by the results of which the Stationers themselves have been perhaps the chief gainers.

By the fact of their comparatively late foundation in the reign of Philip and Mary, and subsequent incorporation only in the reign of James I., it is noticeable that the earliest printers were not freemen of the company; Caxton was not a Stationer—he was, in fact, a mercer; and Wynkyn de Worde a leather-seller. Once incorporated, the Stationers soon commenced to assume their influence over a trade daily growing in importance. Every printer throughout the country was called upon to be a member of the corporation, as also his apprentices, and the system was soon instituted of each 'Stationer'—as the book-publishers were known in the past—Dryden and Pope spoke of their publishers as 'Stationers'—monopolising the printing and selling of certain sections of literature; King James having by charter granted the company the exclusive right of printing and publishing all Almanacs, Primers, Psalms, ABC's, and Catechisms. Rigorously 'Entered at Stationers' Hall,' each work was thus in a fashion copyrighted and protected to its publisher, and all infringements and piracies were severely punished; indeed, the famous Register kept at headquarters existed for no other purpose than this—to notify

to those it might concern, by whom the original copyright was legally owned.

Under circumstances which rendered the Stationers of the day so tenacious of their rights, it can be seen that the list of publications registered by the company from 1557 possesses to the bibliophile a more than usual interest, and has been more than once consulted by the careful students of the literature of the past. But once a greater freedom was granted to the publishing world, and the Register ceased to be kept with care; indeed, works of importance were usually protected by special privileges from the Crown, which exempted them from the jurisprudence of the company. Still, through all the chaos of literary ventures, ballads, pamphlets, and fly-sheets, which necessarily accompanied the intellectual outgrowth of the stirring events of the seventeenth century, the company jealously preserved their privileges over the more important branches of the trade, one member of the guild continuing to enjoy the sole right to print the Bible, another the Psalms, another the Law Books, another all Dictionaries and Histories.

It is a moot-point how the name of a trade in its modern acceptation almost solely confined to a very minor section of the 'great interest of printing and publishing,' the retailing of what may be termed the raw material of literature, should have come to be applied to the chief body ruling the wider interests of that profession. Perhaps, however, the most satisfactory explanation of the problem thus offered is that which traces the derivation of the word 'stationer' to the universities of the middle ages, where it was a title given to the medieval *Mudies*, accredited with lending out books to the students, and who, known as *stationarii*, were in charge of a 'station' or depot in which all the standard works of reference were to be found. It is easy to understand how, in connection with such establishments, the sale of the smaller articles necessary to the student's use—pens, ink, and paper—the stock-in-trade, in fact, of the modern 'stationer,' came to be recognised; and, as has been seen by Dryden's and Pope's use of the word as an equivalent to the more modern 'publisher,' the original connection was retained for centuries.

Incorporated with full rights by James I., the Worshipful Company of Stationers moved from their original house in Milk Street at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and settled in the former residence of the Lords Abergavenny, under the shadow of St Paul's, in the quaint vicinity of Amen Corner and Paternoster Row, for so many generations associated with the interests of the book-publishing world. Their original quarters being burnt down in the Great Fire, the present Stationers' Hall was built in 1670; but underwent important alterations at the commencement of this century.

In the course of its several centuries of existence, the Stationers' Company, like most of the great City bodies, has gathered together a goodly array of mementoes of their past members, who have left deep their mark in the literary history of the country—the Tonsons, the Lintots, the Curlls and Caves, Tukes and Doddsleys, the Bowyers, the Richardsons, and the Stralans. In spite of the havoc wrought by the Great Fire and

the even more disastrous effects of the civil wars—when such quantities of superb old plate were melted down 'for the cause'—the Stationers can still on their feast days produce a goodly show of silver, the Hall-marks of which date from over two centuries ago. Each official having been called upon to present to the company on his retirement a piece of plate of stated weight, it can be understood how the Stationers are able to show with pride their collection of handsome candlesticks and 'monteths,' cups and goblets—not a few, however, of the older specimens of which have, unfortunately, been remodelled and recast to suit the questionable taste of more modern times.

But in addition to their plate, the Stationers show with no less pride in their handsome Hall, the wainscoting, the chimney-piece, and the carving of which are masterpieces of decorative skill, an interesting collection of pictures, portraits of Archbishop Tillotson, Matthew Prior and Steele by Kneller, of Richardson and William Strahan, the King's Printer—both leading lights of the company; by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Mayor, Boydell, another prominent Stationer, the publisher, it may be remembered, of the famous illustrated edition of Shakespeare, and the donor among other relics of Benjamin West's great picture of King Alfred and the Pilgrim, which adorns the Hall.

Though those familiar with the history of the guild might perhaps venture, a little unkindly, to remind its present members of that terrible edition of the Bible the Stationers' Company printed in 1632, in which the 'not' was omitted from the wording of the seventh commandment—for which piece of neglect Archbishop Laud came down on the unhappy Stationers with the full weight of his authority, it must not be forgotten that the Stationers' Company are a body the time of whose more active members is not, as might be supposed by the malicious, employed solely in the enjoyment of festive gatherings. The monthly Courts are fully occupied with the distribution of the various sums bequeathed by former generous Stationers, among which, perhaps, the most interesting is the bequest of old John Norton, printer to Queen Elizabeth, whose little nest-egg of one thousand pounds has by careful management enabled the company to endow for the sons of liverymen the Stationers' School in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. It is characteristic of the sentiment which has at all time connected the Stationers' Company with literature that the School in question is established in the house once tenanted by Dr Johnson; the famous lexicographer's former sitting-room, if we mistake not, being occupied by the head-master. Nor can it be forgotten that the Stationers' Company is associated with one of the noblest creations of the English tongue, Dryden's *Ode to St Cecilia's Day*, which, set to music by Dr Clarke, and later by Handel, was first produced in the Hall two centuries ago.

To those interested in the history of the company, reference can be recommended to the pages of the interesting little work on the subject, privately printed many years ago, by Mr Nichols, a member of the guild, in which will be found detailed not a few curious facts in connection with a body which has closely associated itself

with the fortunes of English literature, and in this manner recommends itself peculiarly to the interest of all in any way connected with the great community of letters.

WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER IV.—NO BELLS.

ARTHUR found his uncle Ralph engaged in transferring himself into easy evening garments after returning from the City.

'If you value your comfort, Arthur,' Ralph observed as he put on his slippers, 'perform this duty to yourself every evening when you return from your office.'

'But I am not going to that office.'

'Eh?'

'That's the fact, uncle. I couldn't do it. I should be in collision with that secretary inside of an hour, and then it would have to end, anyhow.'

Ralph emitted a gentle and very knowing whistle, the manifest significance of which embarrassed the younger man. 'Well, well; so that's the way already. I haven't seen much of you the last few days; how have you been passing your time, Arthur? I know how dull and tiresome you must have found it, my poor lad,' said the old gentleman sympathetically.

Arthur was a little vexed, but he laughed.

'You haven't had a collision—as you call it—with Mr Longfield yet, or with any one else?'

'I haven't seen Mr Longfield since I was last here, so that I have had no collision with him or with any one else.—I did, however,' he added, awkwardly, after a few seconds' hesitation, 'have something to say to Mrs Loring this evening.'

'Eh? Tell me all about it.'

With a good deal of stumbling among words, Arthur Loring told pretty literally all that had passed; and as his uncle was silent at the conclusion, the young man relieved his own feelings by relating the result of his interesting interview with Miss Lavelle's maid.

'So you are still a gentleman at large, Arthur?' said Uncle Ralph, after a pause. 'Honestly, my boy, I'm afraid your prospects are very blue, unless'—He paused again.

'Unless what, Uncle Ralph?'

'I have been thinking a good deal over your case, Arthur. As far as I can see, you have only two choices for your future. In a London business office I more than doubt whether you would ever be able to maintain yourself even in decent poverty.'

'I am much of your opinion, uncle,' said Arthur with a sigh of unpleasant conviction.

'What are the alternatives? I fancy I see one of them pretty clearly.'

'The recruiting sergeant?'

'That's it.'

'That's it, Arthur. That is one. The other would be better, if you could accomplish it. That other is Maud Lavelle.'

Arthur Loring had the satisfaction, such as it was, to learn from Mr John Hornby himself next day that he was retained in his situation in the Annuitants' office. He had also some sympathetic conversation with that excellent young

fellow relative to his approaching marriage, and cheerfully undertook to support him on that interesting occasion. After which Mr Hornby went away very happy, to keep an appointment with his pretty Kitty, leaving Arthur, it is superfluous to add, in a relapse of deep despondency. Indeed, life began to look very dark for him. The recruiting sergeants opposite St Martin's Church became familiar with his appearance, and regarded him with lively interest. He always walked away when any of those officers showed his interest too pointedly; but they were experienced men, and knew how to bide their time.

He did not go near his uncle Ralph Loring during these days. They were bitter days. He gave up, finally, all hope of obtaining a situation—he gave up looking for one. More than once he detected in his landlady's eye, as he crept in or out, a cold look of mingled curiosity and pity. On the Thursday morning of that week the woman precipitated his decision by asking him, civilly but firmly, if it was his intention to retain his lodgings another week. Poor Arthur was hit hard by this practical home-thrust at his prospects, and he answered at once in the negative.

He sat down, when the woman left the room, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, burst into a bitter laugh. '*Jacta alea est!*' he said; to-morrow he would be gay at Kitty's wedding, and make love to the bridesmaid; and then—on Saturday morning he would deliver himself into the hands of the recruiting sergeant.

But while Arthur Loring had been eating his heart those days past with disappointment and desperation, several things were happening which, indirectly at least, were of some moment to him. First of all, Mr Henry Loring was disappointed, and the secretary not ill pleased, by the young man's refusal of the stool in the Annuitants' office.

'Why, wouldn't you have enjoyed whipping the whelp about?' was Henry Loring's nice way of putting it to Mr Arthur Longfield.

'It would have gratified you more than me. Honestly, I hope we have seen the last of him. There has been far too much of him already.'

'You're jealous, Arthur; upon my soul, you are.'

'I'm not lover enough to be jealous. But it isn't pleasant to know that the girl you are going to marry has a strong fancy for another fellow.'

'Nonsense; there is nothing of the kind. She hasn't forgotten her position towards you, and her mother has taken care of your interests. It is he who will smart.'

The secretary grinned, and they dropped the subject.

Sooner than they seemed to have anticipated, this pair of worthies had more serious matter to engage them. The business of the Annuitants was not carried on according to methods that would bear scrutiny, and Henry Loring and his secretary had been sailing near the wind for some time. The Annuitants, good easy confiding folks, were easily satisfied so long as they were paid good dividends on their precious little investments, and the Management made it a point to

pay the dividends with delightful regularity. They fluctuated a little from half-year to half-year, but were always good; and the jovial directors, never disappointed in their own official remuneration, were perennially prepared to take so satisfactory a state of things as it was, and to congratulate the happy shareholders. It was the old, old story, of course; and the pinch was now growing severe and relentless on the manager.

The details of loans and liabilities and other bad tidings knocking at the handsome door in Pall Mall need not be gone into here; but they began to knock with no uncertain sound, and the half-yearly meeting for the exchange of dividends and congratulations was very close at hand. In fact, it was not a fortnight off; and hundreds of the annuitants had a month ago begun to borrow on the strength of the never-failing expectations.

Henry Loring sat at his table in the office one morning with his brows knit. The secretary was lounging against the mantel-piece close by, with his hands in his pockets.

'Arthur, if this had come to pass, say, two years ago, I would have let the thing burst. It is unsound to the core—and worse than that.'

'What do you mean to do, then?' the secretary impatiently demanded. 'You might throw away every penny of mother and daughter's money on this wretched thing, and to a certainty you would come to this in the end just the same.'

'I'm not such a fool. What I mean is, that we must extricate ourselves from it gradually, and then let the Annuitants go to smash under other auspices. Meantime, Arthur, we must stave off these present difficulties, and provide the usual dividend. It will require a cool fifty thousand to do it.'

'And I am to provide the fifty thousand, which of course I shall never see again!' said the secretary, red with indignation.

'Don't exhibit your natural generosity of character too soon,' observed Henry Loring, with a look that brought the man to his senses quickly. 'You are not master of the girl and the money yet. Suppose it was my whim to alter my views and try another method? Maud, I have reason to think, would not object to marry my nephew at an hour's notice; and neither of them would think a second about passing over a hundred thousand of her fortune to me for the asking. Think over the possibility, my dear fellow, and carry it in your mind so long as the risk exists.'

The ashy mortification of the secretary's face showed that he felt this to be a 'staggerer.' He was sensible enough not to contest it.

'Of course you must have it your own way. Very well. As far as I can see, you will want the money in a week.'

'Just so. That's the way to face it. What do you say to Saturday next for the ceremony? We can't well spare an earlier day.'

This was on Wednesday. The secretary shrugged his shoulders. 'As you will; I am ready. You must get a special license.'

'That is in train, and I shall have it to-morrow. I think,' he added reflectively, 'you had best go to Priors Loring for the honeymoon. I have taken it on a short lease in my wife's name; but as it will be your own directly, it would be the

proper place to go to. And for another reason, I specially wish it.

'All right,' said Longfield. 'Just as you please.'

As Arthur Loring could not be certain that it would not be his fate to lodge in St George's barracks as a recruit next night, he proceeded that evening to confide to the keeping of his uncle Ralph the only thing belonging to him on which he set value. This was his mother's portrait; and after a tender and silent farewell to the sweet familiar face, he wrapped the picture up and started for Chelsea. The young fellow had an unsettled idea of leaving it with the servant at the door, and a morbid intention of afterwards walking about until he was fatigued, and then of sleeping with the other waifs and vagabonds of London in St James's Park. He felt that he was come down almost to that level; and Maud Lavelle, to his hopeless fancy, was now an unreachable star for evermore in the highest heaven above his head.

As he came to the door, an odd thing happened, which he soon dismissed from his mind just then, but which he had reason to think of afterwards. His uncle was saying 'Good-night' to a broad-chested clergyman, when he beheld his nephew, and exclaimed: 'Hullo, Tom—here is my nephew, Arthur Loring.'

The clergyman turned with considerable interest, and shook hands with Arthur in a specially cordial manner. 'I am delighted to know you, Mr Loring,' he said genially, and took his departure.

'The finest fellow in England,' said Uncle Ralph, as they went up-stairs. 'It is good to know a man like Tom Thornton. I have known him since we were at Winchester together as boys.—What have you in the parcel?'

Arthur put the parcel on the table and made for the door, hesitated an instant, and then returned and burst into tears.

Instead of speaking, Ralph took the packet and opened it, gazing in silence for some minutes on the sweet face of the lad's mother. Then he covered it again reverently, and laid it back on the table. 'Poor boy, poor boy,' he said, very gently; 'it is hard. I know how hard it is. Now, as I daresay we shall see little more of each other after this, I want to tell you some family history. A few words will do it, but they will contain a good deal.'

'I don't know, uncle, that I have much interest now in anything.'

'It is too soon to say that, my poor boy, at two-and-twenty—even if you do enlist as a soldier. We never know what may occur, so I think it best to tell you.'

'It is about my uncle Henry, I suppose?'

'It is about that gentleman. He has been a successful scoundrel, there's no doubt. Look at the rich wife he has; to be sure, he can't touch her money, but the income from it is no joke, I tell you. And that isn't all. I have just heard—by a private but trustworthy informant—that Maud Lavelle is to be married to the secretary Longfield this week; and I know what the baste means.'

'What does it mean?' asked Arthur Loring faintly. Poor fellow; he was thinking only of

what it meant for himself, and for the girl who was being sacrificed.

'It means that the Annuitants' office is on the edge of a crash, from which a prompt and large slice of the girl's fortune is the only thing to save it. Your uncle is getting ready to abandon the concern that he has navigated to ruin; but he doesn't want to get out of it in the smoke of an explosion. He will leave that to others.'

'Then there is a bargain between him and Longfield?'

'Just so. It is the condition on which Longfield obtains his wife. The arrangement is a good one for both—the men, I mean.'

'How did they come together—Longfield and my uncle?'

'Birds of a feather—you know the proverb? It is very sad for poor Maud Lavelle.—I wish you had come on the ground sooner; you could have won her in spite of them all!'

It was not kindness on the part of the inconsiderate old man to torture Arthur Loring in this fashion.

'I thought, uncle,' said the latter, in a voice that was fraught with pain and reproach, 'it was another subject you wanted to speak about.'

'Ay, ay; but they are both so related, you see. And my feelings get the better of me sometimes.—Well, Henry Loring? I will say no more about *her*'—he looked at the parcel on the table, and Arthur knew his meaning. 'It was very bad. The next we heard of him he was manager of a theatre in London. Failed. Next, he took a music hall on the Surrey side—bankruptcy again. This time it was so bad that the court refused him his discharge for two years. But he was a man of never-failing resource, and he married an actress, on whose earnings he lived finely for a year or two. I have seen him riding a horse worth a hundred guineas in Hyde Park. Then misfortune came; there was a fire at the theatre one night, and Mrs Loring's face was so badly burned that she was disfigured for life; and of course her occupation was gone, poor thing.'

'What did he do next?' the nephew asked, as Ralph paused.

'Exactly what might have been expected. He converted the horses, carriages, furniture, and everything else into cash, and disappeared. Deserted her. She went down into obscurity with the child (they had a boy), and—the rest of his history I am not able to follow, until he turned up in London again with his rich American wife.'

'But the first wife?'

'Oh, she was dead, of course. Your uncle wasn't the man to show himself here again until he was sure of that. Then he started this Annuitants' Association. He advertised for a secretary, and selected Longfield. Would you guess why?'

'You said a while ago,' Arthur answered with beating heart, 'that it was because—birds of a feather, you know.'

'Partly that, no doubt; but mainly because he recognised in Mr Longfield *his own son*!'

Arthur was astounded. What possibilities the revelation involved he was too confused to think; but surely—Alas, his uncle's next words cut

the ground from beneath any wild unformed hope he might have in his breast.

'So you see that Priors Loring is not to leave the Loring's now. He is an Arthur Loring as well as you. And Mrs Loring is aware of it.'

'What a mother she is!' cried Arthur bitterly. 'She is worse than the man—a thousand times worse. She is unnatural, inhuman!'

'It's a terrible state of things, I admit,' said his uncle, without the slightest show of emotion. 'I feel it myself, mostly because it gives your uncle such a triumph. I only wish I was two-and-twenty, with half your advantages, Arthur—hang me! if they should ever have the girl.'

'You would catch her in the street,' said Arthur, stung by his uncle's contemptuous tone, 'and put her in a cab, and tell the driver to gallop—'

'I would—I would!'

'And at the railway station,' continued the young fellow in the same note of bitter ridicule, 'you would inform her she must pay the cabman and take the tickets! I wonder how it would come off?'

'Look here, Arthur,' said his uncle dryly, 'the young fellow who halts to consult his pocket when it's a question of capturing and making off with a girl that loves him, doesn't deserve the prize. That's not Lochinvar's principle.'

'Lochinvar had a horse, and a fleet one.'

'Horse or no horse, he would have done it!'

All this, as may be imagined, did not conduce to Arthur Loring's peace of mind that miserable night. Before going away, he informed his uncle of his settled decision; he would keep his promise to be present at Kitty's wedding next day, and on Saturday morning he would enlist. Ralph offered no comment, but appeared to take the decision as one that there was nothing now to be said against. He did not, indeed, inform his nephew that it was through the medium of this same Kitty that he had learned the news of Maud Lavelle's marriage. The girl, indeed, was related to his landlady; and thus it came about that Ralph Loring knew a great deal of what took place in his brother Henry's household.

When Arthur therefore left his uncle's rooms, that gentleman lit his pipe and lay back in his chair with a look of deep reflection. The expression of his face did not, as might have been expected, exhibit much commiseration for the situation of his nephew; indeed, after a few minutes' thought, a grin of pleasure lit up his features, and he rubbed his thin hands together after the manner of a man who was deeply satisfied.

'So odd a thing, I believe, never happened before,' said Ralph to himself, putting his pipe aside.—'Now, Miss Kitty, I mustn't forget the present I promised to send you.' Opening a rather battered deed-box, he found, after some rummaging, a five-pound note, new and crisp, and contemplated it for a minute. 'How am I to tell what the mite wants most?' he asked. 'I'll send her the money itself.'

Ralph Loring sat down to write a note which was to accompany the present. For so simple an epistle, to a person who would be so little critical as Kitty, Ralph bestowed a remarkable amount of pains upon it. But at length it was finished to his satisfaction, and he rang the bell.

'Is John Bole about the house?' he demanded of the servant.—'Oh, at his supper? Tell him to finish his supper quickly, as I want to send him round to Sloane Street with a note, and to bring an answer.'

In half an hour the messenger returned with the answer. This document, after expressing Kitty's thanks for the present, concluded with the following words, which gave Mr Loring deep satisfaction: 'I have burnt your letter, as you asked, and the other thing I will do if it is at all possible to do; but I will watch for a chance, and you may depend, oh dear, I'm sure you may. I'll do it with all my heart, and don't care what may happen.'

'Kitty, you are a little brick,' said Ralph Loring when he read those mysterious words. 'It will be the oddest thing that ever happened; if it comes off. If not!—' He sank with a sigh in his chair.

The underground railway took Arthur Loring to Sloane Square next morning, and at a quarter to twelve he was at the door of the church, looking as cheerful as he could, with a favour in his button-hole. Then, a few minutes later, Mr John Hornby appeared, dressed with his best care; and the happy young man shook hands with Arthur Loring so shamefacedly that the latter had to laugh.

'Do you feel nervous?' he asked.

'Oh, not a bit, Mr Loring,' he answered quickly; 'why should I? It's soon over, and—it's the lady that's always nervous, isn't it? I—I hope Kitty won't faint, or anything.'

'Kitty won't faint, you may depend upon it.—By the way, I have a little present for Kitty. Where is the breakfast to be?'

'Upon my word, Mr Loring,' the young man answered seriously, 'I don't know! Kitty has arranged everything. I don't even know who her bridesmaid is—one of her fellow-servants, I suppose.'

'Very likely. And here comes the bride,' he exclaimed, as a hired brougham became visible, driving down the street in spirited style.

Arthur Loring, as the vehicle approached, amused himself with observing the excitement of the bridegroom-elect. That young man seemed to have a great deal the matter with him which he could not understand. Among other unconsidered proceedings, he precipitately pulled his gloves off, and immediately discovering that he had no occasion to do so, he tried to pull them on again, but found them too tight. Then he stuffed them in his pocket, and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

The small bride looked aggravatingly cool and pretty in her bridal 'things' as she stepped lightly on the pavement. Kitty bestowed on Arthur Loring a rather sly but intelligent look, which suggested to him the duty of attending to the bridesmaid. Stepping to the carriage-door with some curiosity—for the bridesmaid seemed to be considering her official dignity by waiting to be assisted out—his eyes met those of Maud Lavelle, timid and confused, and it was her small hand that fluttered in his own as he helped the bridesmaid out. He saw Kitty's little plot; but Kitty, pleased and interested, little knew what she had done.

As, still holding her hand—which he had no

power to release—he stood beside Mand at the church door, the blood leaped wildly through his veins with the mad impulse to catch her up in his arms and run away with her. All the passionate love in his heart, all the agony of to-morrow's prospect, all the intense pain of his wounded pride, were focused in the burning eyes at which the girl looked up, scared, but not shrinking away from him.

Suddenly he drew a quick breath, like a gasp. 'Do I frighten you, Maud ?'

'No, Arthur.'

Yet there was a fierce hunger in his eyes that might have startled a braver girl; and still holding her hand, they walked into the church together.

THE MOSQUITO.

BEARING strong personal resemblance to a large gnat, the Mosquito is the most innocent-looking creature in the world; but both his appearance and conduct are deceptive to the last degree. While you are awake and have your eye upon him, his behaviour leaves nothing to be desired: his movements are easy and deliberate, his manner unobtrusive to shyness; he hovers over you, singing in a low soothing tone, as though his one mission in life were to lull weary humanity to sleep. So long as you keep him under strict supervision, his demeanour is faultless; he follows you at a respectful distance when you move, and appears to be dancing attendance in order to go messages or receive your valued commands. He is a gross impostor; in reality, this entomological courtier is at once the smallest and the greatest plague to be found throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan. Living on human blood and revelling in human misery, he is a miniature vampire; he exists only to eat, and he knows no content save in satiety.

By care and judicious management we may escape, or at least tone down, all the ills of Indian life but one; and that one is the mosquito; from him there is no escape. He is with us always; in our own house, on our travels by road or rail, in the bare dāk bungalow and the stuffy tent; he is here, there, and everywhere, ever alert and ever hungry. The climate of the Hills does not suit his constitution, but nevertheless he will not suffer you to go thither without him; he hears you give the order to 'pack up,' and straightway secretes himself among your clothing. And when you begin to unpack on reaching your destination in the far-away heights of the Himalayas, lo, the mosquito, emerging brisk and cheerful from every fold of the garments you shake out! He has come, and though he dislikes cold, he stays; and unless frost cut him off in his sins, he will be ready to return to the 'plains' with you, in the same robust health he enjoyed when he arrived. You cannot shake him off, or convince him that his society is unwelcome; he is deaf to discouragement, and insensitive to all argument but the crushing one administered with the palm of your hand.

Naturally intelligent, he acquires at an early age an exhaustive knowledge of the anatomy of man, displaying an intimacy with the spots

where the cuticle is thinnest, which does credit to mosquito methods of tuition. When he finds his victim asleep, he can exercise his trained instincts at leisure, and devotes his attention to the ears, neck, or knuckles. If the fore-part of your wrist chance to be exposed, he shows great partiality for that tender locality; but he is not exacting. Whilst you are awake, he exhibits the unobtrusive side of his character, and prefers to pasture on your ankles. To do this he must of course penetrate your sock; and here again you discover how thoroughly he has been prepared by education for his career. He doesn't waste time over worsted; he has been taught that its thickness exceeds the length of his sharp proboscis, and he passes that fabric huffily by, to browse upon ankles protected only by thin cotton or silk; they offer no obstacle worth mentioning, and he knows it. Leather is an abomination in his sight; if you want to protect your feet effectually, don your long riding-boots instead of slippers; he can't understand the manoeuvre at all; it baffles him hopelessly, and makes him lose his temper.

In taste, the mosquito is dainty and discriminating. He despises the black man, and turns up his proboscis at a tough sun-dried old Anglo-Indian. The meal that rejoices his heart is that to be drawn from the veins of a tender young Briton fresh out from home; and for this victim he has an unerring eye. So marked is this epicurean preference, that if you sit next to a nice rosy-cheeked boy at the dinner-table, you will be utterly ignored by the mosquitoes, in his favour. They won't pay the slightest attention to you while the new arrival is there; but this does not make you jealous.

His appetite is gigantic, for he is all stomach. Watch him while he is feeding—on somebody else—and you marvel at his extraordinary elasticity and power of accommodation. Having waited until his victim's closed eyes betoken slumber, he ceases the song he has been singing thoughtfully to himself, and drops, softly as a floss of thistle-down, upon the spot of his choice. He folds his gauzy wings, unfurls his proboscis, strokes the creases out of it, gives it a flourish or two, and plunges it into the epidermis. At first he stands on all eight legs, absorbed in his repast; but presently, the first sharp edge of hunger dulled, he begins to show signs of enjoyment. Raising his hindmost pair of legs, he works them stiffly up and down, as though to aid by this pump-handle action the process of suction; his body, no thicker than a silken thread when he alighted, begins to take decided shape, and the black and gray bands which adorn him show up distinctly. Steadily he continues to increase in bulk uniformly from end to end; a pinky hue suffuses his whole being, and he seems to blush all over with delight. By-and-by the hindmost legs cease pumping, and resume their proper office; the distended body sinks down as though the slender limbs could no longer support its weight. The mosquito has finished; in other words, he is as full as he can hold. He rolls up his proboscis, and the imaginative spectator hears his microscopic sigh of repletion; he feels his now portly form all over with his legs, just to make sure that he *can't* hold any more, spreads his wings, and sails heavily away

to digest his meal in the seclusion of the punkah fringe.

There is a vast difference between the mosquito hungry and the mosquito dined. The former is as lithe and wary as it is possible to conceive; strike at him, smartly as you will, when first he alights upon your skin, and your blow falls harmless; the insect has his eye on you, and dodges your hand light-heartedly, to come back the moment your attention is diverted. But let him gorge himself, and he is another creature altogether: indolent and lethargic, so that you may almost take him between your fingers; he is an unwieldy sloth, indifferent to the fate brought upon him by the gluttony that has no limit but his capacity.

Nature, with more regard for the mosquito than for man, has ordained that you shall not feel the effects of the irritant poison wherewith the insect replaces the blood he draws, until he has concluded his meal and sufficient time has elapsed to let him make his escape. Hence, if you are asleep or absorbed in your book, you don't discover that you have been 'bitten,' as the phrase goes, until the round white swelling which betrays the point of the mosquito's operations warns you that the mischief is done; a warning that asserts itself unpleasantly for many hours afterwards. Neither mosquito curtain nor punkah is so reliable a means of defence as could be desired. The insect knows well the careless habits of the native servant; and as soon as you have tucked down the netting over your bed, he sets to work to explore the whole expanse of muslin in search of the inevitable hole. A single broken mesh affords him means of ingress, and he promptly takes advantage of it. Calling all the friends within hail, he points triumphantly to his discovery, and issues invitations to dinner at your expense right and left. That these are never declined is fully evidenced by the scores of gorged revellers which adorn the curtain in the morning; for the degraded creatures are in no condition after dinner to do anything but sleep; they don't attempt to find their way out, and stay in their roomy prison to await your destroying hand.

The wind set in motion by a vigorously-pulled punkah will prevent the mosquito settling anywhere within its scope; but this is scarcely worth discussing, as vigour is a quality unknown in punkah coolies; the mosquito minds the soft fanning usually granted 'master' by his servant with as much indifference as an able seaman out on the yard of a ship regards a 'capful of wind.'

Like all notorious evil-doers, the mosquito is saddled with crimes not his own. Your servant would have you believe that this incorrigible insect makes the holes by which he enters your mosquito curtain; whereas a glance at the 'bearer's' formidable finger-nails suggests a more reasonable explanation. The water-carrier who fills your tub does not scruple to assert that the muddy scum floating on the water is the handiwork of the mosquito. That the insect lays its eggs on the surface of stagnant water is a well-known fact, but it is difficult to believe the *pami wallah's* story, particularly as a small deduction from that menial's pay persuades the mosquito to

transfer breeding operations elsewhere. He is a deceptive and bad character, but let us be just to him.

There is, however, one serious charge brought against him from which he has so far been unable to clear himself. The Civil Surgeon says that he is the direct means of carrying infection, and so disseminating disease; that the mosquito drawing one meal from a patient in the station hospital and the next from a healthy man outside, inoculates the latter with whatever malady the sick man is suffering from. We don't accuse the mosquito of doing this with malice aforethought, of course. But such mischief is quite in keeping with his character, and certainly infection spreads in a mysterious and fitful manner in the East. We wish very much that the mosquito could find some way of refuting the charge; his bite is disagreeable enough in itself; but it becomes a source of real anxiety when we recollect that any one of these itching white pustules may cover the germ of smallpox or typhoid, and it would set our minds at rest if the mosquito could prove his innocence.

Under favourable climatic conditions, the little plague attains a size that renders him a formidable foe. Down in that low-level region at the mouths of the Irrawaddy, where water lies on every hand, and the jungle vegetation grows in such rank luxuriance, he thrives his worst. There he grows thrice as large and thrice as venomous as he does in other parts of the country. In that unhappy valley, where white men are few and far between, his tastes are vulgar and uneducated; we know one large village which enjoys unenviable fame for the size and ferocity of its mosquitoes; there, at Macobin, the European residents not only practically live under netting themselves, but are compelled to keep their ponies under similar protection. The dainty town-bred mosquito would disdain to live with such plebeians as are found at Macobin.

AN ADVENTURE—QUITE IN THE DARK.

BLIND men, however sharpened their remaining senses may become, would not exactly be selected as the fittest agents for the purpose in which I once found myself engaged. Still, there is no knowing to what they may have to put their wits; and although I have no pretensions to being sharper than the rest of my fellow-sufferers, or claim the possession of any especial dodginess, yet there is no doubt when one has to rely very persistently on all one's faculties in order to keep fairly abreast of ordinary mortals, it is wonderful how quick the apprehension and the power of drawing conclusions become. You are not concerned with the history of my infirmity—how I lost my sight and so forth—it is enough for the present purpose if I say that I have been blind for some twenty years—that I have grown quite accustomed and reconciled to my fate, and without making light of it, have ceased to think about it, or regard it as interfering materially with the ordinary conduct of daily life.

Very well, then. I chanced some three years ago to be staying with some friends in their

country-house—not very far from London, but nevertheless situated in a delightfully rural and secluded district. My host and hostess lived in good style; kept much company, and entertained in magnificent fashion. Most of their friends, too, were wealthy; and the jewelry, as I was told, which occasionally sparkled within those hospitable walls represented large sums of money. It was a thoroughly easy-going establishment; meals were made movable festivals to suit the varied arrangements which a constant programme of amusement sometimes entailed.

The month was August; the weather was fine and hot; and on the particular evening in question, it so happened the dinner was to partake of the character of supper, to suit the convenience of the house-party, who were going on some picnic boating excursion on the neighbouring Thames.

Now I did not join them for two reasons—firstly, because I wanted to enjoy the quiet and peace of the house, gardens, and shrubberies when entirely deserted; secondly, because, always rather a bad sleeper, I had been more than usually wakeful for some nights, and I determined to go to bed early and to take a certain narcotic which had been recommended as quite harmless and exceedingly pleasant. It consisted of a powder, and the directions said it was to be mixed with a pint bottle of light claret—a glass or two of which might be taken on going to bed or in the course of the night, if occasion required. Early in the evening I secured the wine from the butler, and myself mixed it with the drug by simply shooting the latter dexterously into the bottle. Then I shook it, corked it, and stood it on the bed-table with a large claret-glass, to be ready for use when I retired for the night. This I did as I proposed a little before ten, at which time I was the sole occupant of the house, with the exception of the servants. Their quarters, with kitchens, &c., lay at the extreme opposite wing from that in which my bedroom was situated.

Thus, as I crept up the main staircase with the aid of my stick, and by feeling the well-known land-marks by which I am always able to guide myself after very little practice along passages and corridors, my footsteps echoed strangely, and I was conscious that an unusual air of solitude pervaded the place. Of course the autumn twilight had faded into night by this time, but that made no difference to me, and equally, of course, I carried no chamber candle. Somehow, nevertheless, I had a strange feeling of not quite liking the solitude—a sensation akin to nervousness, I suppose it would be called. Unaccustomed to regard myself as a coward, I yet could have wished that the house had not seemed quite so lonely. It was a vague, vain, and ridiculous idea, I knew—still, the nearer I got to my room the more it possessed me. When I laid my hand on the lock, for a moment it quite overwhelmed me, and I need hardly say that when I found the door resist my effort to open it, my discomfiture was complete. Then, after a moment, I pulled myself together, feeling heartily ashamed of the rapidity with which my heart was beating. Another push at the door, and it opened partially—enough to admit me. Something had fallen inside and blocked it. I stooped to discover what it was, and presently my fingers lighted on a wedge-

shaped block of wood with a screw sticking partially through it. This had caused the jam. But what could it be? However, I left it on the floor, closed the door, and walked slowly towards the window, knowing every step of the way nearly as well as you would with your eyes. The window—a French one, opening on to a small balcony, to my surprise was not closed, as I am certain I left it an hour or two earlier, when I brought up the wine to my room. You might think these little discoveries would have increased my nervousness; they had a contrary effect; at least every sensation was swallowed up in surprise and curiosity as to what could have happened.

However, I began slowly to undress—a blind man has to do most mechanical things slowly, if he would not be perpetually bruising or maiming himself, and so I went on for a few minutes fumbling about with my garments as usual, depositing each in its accustomed place, for only by that means are we incapable able to find any object with certainty again.

Suddenly I thought of the purpose which had brought me to bed so early, and began to doubt if I was going through a good preparation for giving the sleeping draught a fair chance. I had grown wider and wider awake every moment from that when, ascending the stairs, I had first felt a sense of loneliness. Nevertheless, I would take a glass of my light claret forthwith, considering that by the time I should be getting into bed it would be beginning to take effect. I stepped out in the direction of the table where it stood, felt about for an instant, and the next had the bottle within my grasp. Then I found the glass, and was proceeding, as I expected, to take the cork out, when lo! there was no cork. Raising the bottle, I instantly knew from its lightness that it was empty. This discovery was conclusive. Somebody had been in the room—perhaps was in the room at this moment—a most unpleasant notion, but I was no longer nervous.

'Who is there?—Speak,' I cried. 'Who are you, and where are you?'

No reply. I listened intently; not a sound broke the stillness of the sweet autumn night. Taking my stick, I thrust it under the bed, and round about in various corners of the room. The furniture appeared a little disarranged, but otherwise there was no evidence of the presence of any human being. Very strange, I thought. Anyway, I must ring for the footman—for I may say here that I dislike being valeted; and beyond indispensable assistance, prefer doing everything as much as I can for myself, especially in my bedroom.

As my hand passed across the corner of the table, it knocked something off on to the ground which rattled like tin and glass. Not stopping to investigate, the next discovery my sensitive fingers made on the table was some short iron tool. I took it up and felt it; but could not make out what it was, so proceeded to grope for the bell-rope close to the bed-head.

Now, with all that had gone before, imagine my sensations when, as my fingers passed over the edge of the pillow on their way to the top of the bedstead, they fell upon a warm human cheek!—Yes! the cheek of a man, as I knew instantaneously from his sparse beard, whisker,

and hair!—Imagine my sensations, I say, at that moment!

That I was startled beyond expression, I admit; but I checked my impulse to shout aloud. I stepped back into the middle of the room, bumping against a chair or something in my haste. In two seconds, however, I collected my wits. Quick as thought, almost, I drew my conclusions and settled what to do. I went to the window, closed and fastened it as securely and as noiselessly as I could, for I had no desire to disturb the intruder, who, so far, except for the warmth of his flesh, apparently showed no sign of life—my quick ear told me that. I stood still for a moment listening, and could not even hear him breathe. Then I crept to the door, felt for the key, which had been, I knew, inside; but it was no longer in the lock. By great good luck, just as I was debating how I might secure the door on the outside, my foot trod on what I knew to be the key. It was lying close to that wedge-like bit of wood with the screw which had first attracted my attention. I now guessed what it was; so picking it up with the key, I passed out into the passage, softly closed and locked the door after me, and jammed the bit of wood in the crack beneath it. At least, I thought, whoever you are, you shan't get out this way. Then I made what haste I could along the corridor and down the stairs, rang the dining-room bell, and in a few minutes had told my story to the butler.

He was for immediately rushing off up-stairs to see about it all.

'No, no, Pitts,' said I. 'Wait a bit. Call two of the footmen, and let them take up a position where they can see that no one leaves that room. Go out and get hold of two or three gardeners—anybody, and post them under the window. Then start off somebody from the stable to the village for the constable—for two constables, if there are two.—Now, quick's the word. The fellow is sound asleep, whoever he is, but we may as well make sure who he is.'

These orders were rapidly carried out; and in less than half an hour two stalwart policemen arrived. One joined the men under the window, the second, the head-constable, went up-stairs with the butler and me. He was the first to enter the room; I slipped in last to listen.

'Hullo, my man, what are you up to here? Come, wake up—give an account of yourself.'

A pause.

'Why, he is as sound as a top still!'

A noise as of shaking something—another pause.

'Oh yes, of course, here's the little game—dark-lantern rolled over on the floor, jemmy and crow-bar, box of noiseless matches, etcette-rarr, etcette-rarr; I see. Here you! wake up. This 'ere kid won't wash; get up and come along with me quietly'—another shaking.

'Oh! you won't, won't you?—Hullo, what's this? Oh! indeed—armed, ay? Yes, a six-shooter in your breast-pocket! Fully loaded, too, no doubt! We'll see to that a bit later.—Ah! and a knuckleduster too, by jigs. You are an ugly customer and no mistake, you are! What a lucky thing you're so sound asleep—to-o-o be sure; and I'll make sure of you, my friend, while I've got the chance anyhow. These 'ere bracelets will fit you like gloves. There!'

A pause again—a little fumbling, followed by the audible click of the handcuffs.

'Call up my mate, sir, will you, please?'—This no doubt to the butler, who, going to the window and opening it, shouted to the man below, who soon entered the room. Then I could guess pretty well from the sound what they did, which of course was to lug the fellow off the bed, thinking that would wake him; but although he fell on to the floor with a heavy thud, it appeared to do nothing of the kind.

Then the thought suddenly flashed through my mind that he had drunk deeply no doubt of my particular brew; and remembering that the bottle was empty, I trembled lest, having taken half-a-dozen doses of the fascinating mixture at once, he might never recover from his sleep. So stepping forward, I stated my surmise as to what had happened, and said: 'You had better send for a doctor immediately.'

'Well, p'raps so, sir,' agreed the constable; 'it would be best, anyways, for he's about as heavy a bit of goods to move as I've come across for a long while.'

Then they laid the huge burly burglar on the floor, propped up his head, and left him in charge of the officers till the doctor arrived. He did so just as my hosts and their friends returned from their excursion, and you may judge of the excitement that followed throughout the household.

The medical man, after due examination and suggesting certain douches of cold water, &c., reassured us all with the hope that he would not die. My assumption as to the cause of his coma was so feasible as not to admit of dispute. Doubtless by aid of his dark-lantern he saw the bottle of wine with its label announcing it to be Medoc of the first quality. Tasting and trying, and finding it to be a light and agreeable fluid, he drained the bottle at a gulp, probably as the first step towards giving him the necessary courage and strength to proceed with the business of the night. In this he was probably interrupted by the rapid action of the excessive dose, and feeling suddenly overcome by a drowsy stupor, had staggered to the bed, and thrown himself helplessly on it. The fellow had entered the room, of course, by the balcony, having hauled himself up with a hooked rope, which was discovered with the remaining tools of his fascinating craft.

At the expiration of some three or four hours, and in the dead of night, he recovered sufficient consciousness to stand up, and he was then marched off between the two constables—locked up, and eventually punished according to law.

'On the whole,' said the doctor to me later on, when we were laughing over the adventure—'on the whole, sir, it is a good thing for you that you tried the effect of the narcotic on some one else. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.* Take my advice, sir, and don't resort to narcotics; they are always dangerous, and that must have been especially so. The drug clearly was a very powerful one. You have had a lucky escape every way, for if you had come into conflict with that gentleman—remembering how he was prepared, I am afraid he would have left his mark on you; whereas you have turned the tables, and, after a fashion, left yours on him. I wish the law would help you to make it indelible on his back with a

good round dozen of the cat. It is the only way to put a stop to this armed business; it is the only thing these rascals dread. However, he will give blind men a wide berth for the future, I prognosticate, now that he has found one of them such a capital thief-taker.'

HOW TO PRESERVE A PIANOFORTE.

THERE being many erroneous notions in circulation as to how a Pianoforte should be best retained in order, and as a great number of instruments are spoilt every year through misuse, consequent upon want of information, some hints relating to the subject may be found of use in many households.

It is necessary, on account of the sensibility of wood to atmospheric changes, that a pianoforte should be kept as nearly as possible at the same degree of temperature as that to which it has been exposed during its manufacture: about sixty degrees Fahrenheit is a customary heat, and will be found comfortable and satisfactory. To submit a stringed instrument to frequent and rapid changes of temperature is very injurious to its tone, and the pianoforte especially suffers when so abused; therefore, the keeping of a pianoforte in a room which is not in general use, and where fires during the cold winter months are only occasionally lighted, cannot be too urgently condemned.

Pianofortes must be kept dry and free from the least particle of damp, as dampness rusts the strings and pins, inflates the felt and leather, utterly ruining the action-work. For this reason, on wet and foggy days the window of the room in which the piano stands must not be left open without the instrument being covered up.

It is not wise to place a 'cottage' pianoforte with its back against a wall, that is, exposed to the influences of the weather, or one having a chimney flue running through it; neither should it be placed too near the fireside, where it would be liable to encounter direct and undue heat. To prevent the keys of the instrument from becoming yellow it is requisite to wipe them with a soft wash-leather each time after use, and to keep them covered with a piece of white flannel reaching from one end of the keyboard to the other. Extreme degrees of heat and cold are fatal to the cabinet-work and polish of a pianoforte. When not in service, it is prudent to keep the piano closed, especially during the summer months, as the moths having once found access to the inner parts of the instrument, do vast damage; besides, ordinary dust clogs, and is destructive to the mechanism. In cases where cloth-lining is tacked at the back of 'cottage' pianofortes, it is advisable to replace it by wire-gauze; and any opening at the bottom of the instrument must likewise be covered up, in order to prevent mice from finding a comfortable retreat in one of the secluded corners—under the keyboard is their favourite spot in the piano. In country and farm houses—mice being more frequently found in such resorts—this is particularly requisite, as these pernicious little creatures build their nests with the felt and cloth torn from the action.

It is of the greatest importance for the piano-

forte to be kept well in tune, therefore needful for it to be tuned at least every three months when in daily practice, otherwise every four months. A tuning-fork ought to be provided, and the tuner instructed to keep the instrument to its authoritative pitch. To employ the services of a second-rate tuner, and to leave the piano for long periods without the attention of a skilful person, is false economy, because an instrument, whether in use or not, if it is to retain its ever gradually diminishing but proper value, and not too rapidly deteriorate in worth, must be looked after regularly by a pianoforte tuner of experience. It may be remarked that the pianoforte does not resemble the violin, which, if well manufactured, improves with age and good service. While the pianoforte is being tuned it is expedient for the room to be kept quiet; babies crying, children playing at 'horse,' birds singing, putting coal on the fire, and cleaning up the hearth, are not likely to assist the tuner in his at the best of times not too easy task, or conduce to the perfect tuning of the pianoforte. The sticking down of the keys, the squeaking of the action and pedals, are mostly caused from damp, and a sure sign that harm is being done to the mechanism, but on no account must either of the parts be oiled. Until the action-work has been set in order by a qualified workman, it is better not to employ the pianoforte, as more damage is done to an instrument in such a state by a week's practice than by six months' hard wear and tear when in working condition. The noise is generally occasioned through the burnished portions of the action having lost their gloss and smoothness, producing great friction. The placing of ornaments on the top of the pianoforte is a common practice, and to be discouraged, as such articles are very often the cause of jarring sounds; and in addition they scratch the polish.

BY THE SACO RIVER (U.S.A.).

A WIND-SWEPT valley of waving wheat,
Under a sky of cloudless blue;
Afair in the distance, sunny mists
Hazily shadow the mountain view;
Reapers are binding their golden sheaves,
And bobolinks sing from the bending leaves.

A soft breeze blows from the distant shore;
White sails float westward noiselessly
On the silvery foam of Saco's breast,
Past woods where the warm winds wander free,
And the rustling corn and bending wheat
Spread till valley and mountain meet.

Over the fields of clover-bloom
Swallows are skimming an azure sea;
Faint and far, from the sunlit hills
Tinkle the cow-bells drowsily;
And over the meadow and mountain steep
The waving noonday shadows creep.

GRACE VIRGINIA HALSEY.

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THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF BOOKS.

Do you love your books? Books have bodies as well as souls. Do you care for the material tabernacle which enshrines the spirits that warm and brighten your own? 'Slaves of the lamp,' they are ready at a moment's notice to come forth and transport you not only to foreign regions upon earth, but to mystic scenes in worlds unknown. They will build castles for you—in the air, and *châteaux—en Espagne*; and will people them with figures that sometimes seem startlingly near, a descent from the canvas of the imagination on to the solid floor of tangibility. But the bodies of your books—how do you house them? Do you guard them from excessive cold and excessive heat? Do you save them from being poisoned by foul gases, and from consumption through exposure to damp, and from attacks of vermin? Do you provide them with medicine and medical attendance in their diseases? Do you belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Books? We are not aware that there is such a Society; but that is a mere matter of detail. We feel disposed, like the Fat Boy, to 'make your flesh creep' by recounting some of the brutalities practised towards books.

Books have perished by fire on notable occasions, as in the case recorded in Acts xix. 19, where the books destroyed are valued at fifty thousand pieces of silver. These were either treatises on magic, books of sorcery, or *Ephesia grammata*, little scrolls containing magic sentences and carried about as charms. The martyrdom of living flesh and sentient nerves runs through all the centuries alongside of the cremation of the books that enshrined the martyrs' doctrines. Tyndale translates the Bible; the Bishop of London buys up an impression and consigns it to the flames. With the proceeds Tyndale prints many more than were burned. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the

Church;' and the smoke of the burning Scriptures was the printer's capital. Orthodox and heterodox were pretty evenly balanced in their fiery judgments on the enemies' books. Much rubbish has thus perished, but the coiling wreaths of smoke from the martyr-fire of a true book have always formed the letters *Resurgam*. Ignorance, as well as flaming orthodoxy, has incinerated many a precious book. One shudders to read of valuable black-letter volumes, 'Caxtons' and others, being found in the baskets of Sally or Betty, the melancholy relics of hundreds that may have preceded them up the chimney of some parlour fire or kitchen grate. And one trembles to think how many absolutely priceless manuscripts may be—probably are—at this moment tumbling about amid dust and vermin in old monasteries and cellars and caves, not knowing whether their destiny be destruction, or an enthusiastic welcome in the British Museum or Bodleian, or some Continental harbour of refuge.

Water has played quite as terrible a part as fire in the massacre of books. We are not thinking of the whole libraries that have been lost at sea—though it is true that cultured fishes have not lacked literary pabulum—but of the slow torture of books by damp. It is a relief to know that books do not suffer from rheumatism and neuralgia, though we have nightmare suspicions on the point. But they suffer decay in a symbolic parallelism to human lapses into disease and towards the tomb. The fibre of the paper and binding succumbs to the damp; brown blotches appear; and finally the maltreated book loses all its vitality and crumbles into powder at the touch. College libraries have been known in which the books have never been comforted with a fire, and where ivy or other tendrils have crawled in through broken panes in the neglected windows and made tracks for the heavy dews, the condensed November fogs, the driving autumn rains; and the unhappy books have slowly rotted in their prison, in the company of fungi and slugs, like forgotten prisoners of some

condemned faith in the *oubliettes* of stony-hearted ecclesiastics.

Collections of books subjected to modern conditions are afflicted by the same causes of disease to which many of our own maladies are due. Their health perishes under the fumes of gas. The sulphurous element in the midnight gas which, not to our advantage, has supplanted the midnight oil, destroys the elasticity and robustness of their binding and eats away their strength. Under the influence of the gaseous acids and the drying effects of heat, you will see the constitution of your poor books showing the inroads of disease and the approach of death. And of course your top shelf goes first. It is not true that there is 'nothing like leather.' In point of the conditions of firm robust health, your leather-covered books are very like children; they want a pure atmosphere, not too hot, nor too cold, nor too dry, nor too damp; and if your books are ailing, look after your children in the same room.

Dust and neglect have to bear the responsibility of much suffering on the part of our books. The custom of gilding the top edges of books is a useful palliative, but, like all palliatives, it is not to be too much relied on. Nor are glass doors to bookcases so valuable as people suppose. The alterations of temperature create a constant in and out suction, and with the air goes the dust, and the dust partly consists of germs, always going up and down in the earth seeking what they may devour.

'Bookworms' are now almost exclusively known in the secondary and derivative meaning of the word as porers over dry books; but there was a time when the real worms were as ubiquitous as our cockroaches. They would start at the first or last page and tunnel circular holes through the volume, and were cursed by librarians as *bestia audax* and *pestes chartarum*. There were several kinds of these little plagues. One was a sort of death-watch, with dark-brown hard skin; another had a white body with little brown spots on its head. Those that had legs were the larvae of moths, and those without legs were grubs that turned to beetles. They were dignified, like other disagreeable things, with fine Latin names, which we spare our readers. All of them had strong jaws and very healthy appetites; but we are happy to find that their digestive powers, vigorous as they were, quail before the materials of our modern books. China clay, plaster of Paris, and other unwholesome aliments have conquered the *pestes chartarum*. They sigh and shrivel up. Good-bye, little wretches; we have worse than you to look after now; germs of fever and cholera, and hydrophobia, to keep us busy, and we are staggered to discover what pitched battles are being fought in our veins every day by our brave little white corpuscles. Peace to the memory, for it is now hardly more than a memory, of the *bestia audax*.

The most audacious beast of our days is the cutter-out of plates. Where is the library that cannot show evidence of his ravages? Towards him we feel a ferocity that is merciless. We should like to extract a tooth without anæsthetics for every plate he has purloined. A giant of

villany of this kind existed in the early part of last century. His awful robberies were bound up in about a hundred volumes, now in the British Museum. There is a feebler but still more irritating form of outrage upon books in public libraries, which consists in scrawling on the margins the vapid and frivolous criticisms or opinions of the reader, who often unconsciously gives evidence that he is incapable of appreciating what he reads. We have a book before us now, the collected poems of the greatest poetess of our century, and there is hardly a page not disfigured by some trumpery cavil about the words, or the sense, or the rhythm. Through all her sweet thoughts, this *pestis chartarum* follows her, until we take up the poker and strike a blow at an imaginary skull too thick to break and too empty to be susceptible of concussion of the brain. We are growing hot, and will lay down the topic here, lest we need a cooling febrifuge.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXV.—I ASSENT.

I SAT as the sailors had left me at that table, lost in thought, bending all the energies of my mind to full realisation of my situation that my judgment might soundly advise me. I daresay I remained thus for above twenty minutes as motionless as ever was the dead figure that we had met with in the deck-house of the wreck. Then slowly rising, I went to one of the cabin windows and stood mechanically staring at the piebald sky that would come with a sweep, as the vessel rolled to windward, to the throbbing line of the frothing horizon; and thus I continued, still thinking, weighing one consideration and then another, forming resolutions which the next effort of thought rendered helplessly idle, until I had arrived at a determination; when, starting from my deep and painful reverie, I descended into the steerage and knocked on Miss Temple's cabin door. She immediately opened it.

'At last!' she cried. 'Oh Mr Dugdale, what have you to tell me now?'

'Let us go to the cabin,' I answered; 'we shall be alone there. The gloom of these quarters is horribly depressing.'

My manner caused her to regard me for a moment or two with a feverish eagerness of scrutiny; she then mounted the steps, and I followed her.

'I wish I had news to give that might comfort you,' said I, seating myself at her side. 'The men left me half an hour ago. I have been thinking my hardest since, and will tell you now how matters stand and how I believe I must act.'

She breathed quickly, but said nothing. Her eyes devoured me, so passionate was her curiosity and fear.

'The captain's conversation with me,' I began, 'was, as you know, overheard by the rogue Wilkins who waits upon us. He must have

hearkened thirstily; not a syllable did he lose, and every sentence he carried forward to the crew. They are fully convinced of the truth of the crazy story; they are firmly persuaded that there are some two hundred thousand pounds' worth of golden coin buried in that South Sea island; they were also made aware by that scoundrel listener that I had insisted upon having an agreement signed and witnessed; which of course confirmed them in their opinion that I myself believe in the captain's story up to the hilt. Their demand, then, is, that I should navigate the ship to the island, that they may dig up the money hidden in it.'

She listened with silent horror.

'They laugh at my assurance that the captain was mad,' I went on, 'and they see nothing in his suicide to cause them to doubt that his story is absolutely true.'

'And what did you tell them?'

'That I must have time to think, and will give them an answer by noon.'

'What do you think?' she demanded, searching my gaze with her proud eyes.

'I see nothing for it but to undertake to sail the ship to the South Pacific.'

'Are you mad?' she almost shrieked.—'To the South Pacific? Did you not say to them that you will insist upon their stopping the first ship that passes, and putting you and me on board of her?'

'They are not to be reasoned with,' I answered gently; 'the dream of this gold has raised an appetite in them that might easily convert them into wild beasts, if I refuse to help them to satisfy their hunger. They will not suffer communication with any passing vessel; they will not permit me to make for any port. Their proposal is that I shall be captain, and have, with you, the exclusive use of this end of the ship, and they promise me handsome usage. But underlying the terms they desire me to agree to is a menace that I should be blind not to see. I must do what they want, or what that villain Lush has contrived that they shall want, or God alone knows what the issue may be for you as well as for myself.'

She sat viewing me like one paralysed.

'My intention,' I went on, 'is to inform the carpenter at noon that I assent to the wishes of the crew.'

She was about to speak; I held up my hand.

'I entreat you to let me have my way. Do not reason. You can offer no remedy for this situation saving that of haughty demand, which, unless you can back it, as a theory of escape, by a gang of men capable of pistolling the fellows forward, will be of no more use to you or to me than a feather to a drowning man. My resolution is, to consent to navigate this vessel to that South Sea island. The island may be an imaginary one: the crew's disappointment may force us into a hunt; they will then certainly believe that the captain's story was the fancy of a madman, and will ask me to carry them to some near port. This will be the issue of the adventure, supposing it is all smooth sailing till then. All will come right,' I exclaimed; 'it is entirely a question of waiting. Have you patience? Yes—and your patience will keep you hopeful. Trust to me and to my judgment.'

I took her hand in both mine and pressed it. She did not offer to withdraw it. Indeed, it seemed as though she found comfort in the clasp; her hard expression of consternation softened, and her fine eyes took the same air of appeal I had noticed in them when she went below to her cabin.

'There is yet the chance,' I said, 'of my being able to persuade the crew to transfer you to a passing ship. I might indeed,' I went on, warming up to the fancy, 'insist upon this as a part of my agreement with them.'

She slightly shook her head and her glance fell.

'How long will it take us to reach this island?' she asked, keeping her gaze bent down.

'Ten or twelve weeks, perhaps.'

'At that rate,' she exclaimed with an expression of impatience and dismay, 'we shall be sailing about for months without the least opportunity of my getting on shore, of my returning home, of my being able to obtain a change of dress.'

'Providing nothing happens. And even assuming that you are forced to see this adventure out to the bitter end, the worst that befalls you is a disagreeably long divorce from your home, together with such discomforts as you should laugh at when you think of them side by side with the tragedy that this ramble is easily to be worked into.'

However, spite of her little effort to look the difficulty in the face, she seemed stunned. She would start sometimes whilst I talked to her, and send a wild sweeping look round the cabin, as though she could not realise her situation and sought to persuade herself that she was in a dream. I was grieved for her beyond words.

'As to wearing-apparel,' I said, 'there are needles and thread forward, and I don't doubt that when you are put to it you will be able to manage. And then, suppose this story of the captain's should prove true, suppose we should actually find buried in the spot he indicated a mass of gold which when equally divided amongst us would yield every man several thousand pounds!'

She searched my face with her glowing eyes. 'You do not believe this?' she cried.

'Certainly I do not,' I answered. 'I am only supposing.'

'I wish I could read your heart; I wish I could be sure that your determination to assent to the men's wishes is not owing to sympathy with their own ideas.'

I burst out into a loud laugh. 'Of how many sins do you think me capable?' I exclaimed. 'How many enormous follies am I equal to? I believe you already secretly regard me as a pirate.—Oh, Miss Temple, no man could ever feel ill-tempered in conversing with you, say what you will. But you are a little trying, though, now and again. Why do you wish to read my heart? You might discover sentiments which would render me detestable to you.'

'I do not understand you,' she exclaimed, looking somewhat frightened.

'Admiration for you, in a person whom you dislike, would make you abhor him.'

'Mr Dugdale, is this a time for such feeble

small-talk as would scarcely be endurable amidst safety and comfort? I should not be so utterly unhappy as I am if I felt that my mother knew where I was, that she was conscious of all that has happened to me, and that we should meet again.

'It will all come right,' said I, looking at my watch. 'I must make ready now for taking sights, and letting the carpenter know the determination I have arrived at.—Back me, Miss Temple, in my efforts by the utmost exertion of your tact. And now, come on deck with me, will you? There is life in the fresh and frothing scene outside, and you will find courage in the mere sight of the wide horizon with thoughts of what lies behind it, and how time will work all things to your wishes.'

I entered the captain's cabin to fetch a sextant, and then, with Miss Temple, went on deck. Lush was marching up and down the weather side of the poop. He came to a stand when I arrived. I went up to him at once, Miss Temple at my side.

'I have thought the matter over,' I said, 'and accept the men's terms.'

'Glad to hear it,' he answered with a slow smile breaking sulkily through his surly countenance. 'If you care about a written hundert-taking'—

'No,' I interrupted contemptuously; 'my agreement is based on yours. If you do not hold piously to every article of it, I drop my part.'

He viewed me with his head slightly on one side, but without any appearance of resentment at my peremptory tone. Coarse and unlettered as the fellow was, he had discernment enough to witness what he would regard as sincerity of purpose in my very outspokenness.

'All you've got to do,' said he, 'is to carry us to that there island. You do your bit, and you'll have no occasion to grumble at us for not doing ours. But—you'll do it. You understand me, Mr Dugdale? So long as you're honest, you'll find us honest.'

The ugly significance he imparted to these words by the look that accompanied them, I could not hope to express. Miss Temple, whose hand was on my arm, shrank at my side. It pleased me that she should have witnessed that look and heard the words, for they would go further to persuade her that there was no other road to choose in this matter than the one I had taken, than any amount of reasoning on my part.

'Your threats are perfectly indifferent to me,' I exclaimed, eyeing him coolly and fixedly. 'I believe I know your character, and don't question your capacity to act up again to the part your captain told me you had already played.'

'What was that?' he growled, but with no other change of face than such as temper might produce. I seemed to find even in this little thing that the captain had told me a lie when he charged the fellow with murder, and my mind felt easier on a sudden as to a conviction of the truth of a matter less dark than I had dared believe.

'That is my business,' I responded, preserving my cool almost contemptuous manner. 'You need be at no pains to threaten me. You'll achieve nothing by your forecastle menaces. I

have been a sailor in my time, and quite know what you and such as you are. If you or any of your mates disappoint me in a single particular of the understanding between us, I will throw this sextant,' said I, flourishing it under his nose, 'overboard, and you may grope your way round the Horn as best you can. That agreement is this: I elevated my forefinger. 'First, we are to have the exclusive use of this end of the ship; you alone coming aft to stand your watch.'—He nodded.—I erected another finger. 'Next: the captain's cabin and the one adjoining are to be occupied by this lady and myself.'—He nodded again.—I raised a third finger, thrusting it close to his face. 'Next: Wilkins continues to wait upon us as heretofore; we are to be fed with care and punctuality; it is distinctly to be understood—and this you will see to—that no liquor aboard is broached outside a tot or two per man per day; for,' said I, speaking with the most emphatic deliberateness I could contrive, 'if there should be a single exhibition of drunkenness amongst the crew, I shall pitch this sextant overboard.'

'I've got nothen to say agin that,' he exclaimed, speaking with something of sullen respect, as though impressed by my energy and language.

'Next,' I proceeded, 'I am to be captain, and what I say must be law, and what I do must be done.'

'Saving this,' said he, elevating two square fingers in imitation of my gesture: 'Fust, you ain't going to order us to speak a ship, and next you ain't going to get us to obey ye if you should take it into your head to steer for a port.'

'No,' I replied; 'that is a part of my agreement. Yet there is this to be said: it is mere idle cruelty to carry this young lady away round Cape Horn into the Pacific. She is without any other wearing-apparel than what you see; she is destitute of almost every convenience; her mother is in bad health, and she wishes to return as speedily as possible that no news about us may reach England that is not perfectly true. The crew, therefore, will not object to speak a ship that we may transfer this lady to her.'

'No!' he roared.

'Her going will render me easy in my mind as to her safety,' I continued, 'and I shall be able to serve you the better by knowing that she is on her way home.'

'No!' he roared again; 'she's quite safe aboard us. There must be no speaking with ships.—Sides,' he added, falling back a step with a round flourish of his arm, 'the lady knows all about the gold and where it is and how it's to be come at.'

'I can keep a secret, Mr Lush,' she exclaimed.

'No,' he repeated with a stamp of his foot; 'sorry for it, lady, but here ye are, and here ye must stop. I know what the crew 'ud say. I'm but expressing of their minds.—Here ye stop, lady.—Mr Dugdale, that was a part of the bargain, as we understood it this mornin'.—Besides, lady,' he added with an indescribable leer, 'ye wouldn't care to be separated from him now, would 'ee?'

She moved so as to bring him between me and her.

'That will do, Mr Lush,' said I. 'I am acquainted with your wishes, and you now know my resolution;' and so saying, I walked to a

part of the deck where I could command the sun, and went to work with my sextant, talking to Miss Temple in a low voice as I ogled the luminary.

'You see now how it is? If I refused my assent to the crew's wishes, they might have sent me adrift in a boat—alone,' I added significantly.

'He is a most dreadful creature. You spoke to him bravely. But is that manner what you call tact?'

'Yes. The man must not imagine that I am afraid of him. I would that I could choke him with his own threats.'

'I believe he would not shrink from murdering both of us.'

'They have made up their minds, Miss Temple, to sail to the island, and they mean that I shall carry them there. That resolve was strong in them when they entered the cabin. If I had refused— But no matter! It may yet come to my being able to induce them to speak a ship.'

She made no response. There was a short silence between us.

'Make eight bells!' I shouted, and the chimes floated sharp upon the rushing wind as I walked aft to the companion, Miss Temple always at my side.

I went straight to the captain's cabin, and there worked out my observations, and fixed the correct position of the barque on the chart.

'Here's our situation to-day,' I exclaimed, pointing to the chart—it was a track-chart of the world—and here's Cape Horn. Our course then is as we're steering.'

Lush stared at the chart with the blind and stupid look of a man who cannot read, and after a bit said: 'Let's see: here's south, and here's west, ain't it? And here's Cape Horn, as you say. Ay, our course is about right for it, I allow.'

Whilst I rolled the chart up, I exclaimed: 'It is inconvenient to be without a stand-by for a third relief. You and I both want to dine at once, and there is nobody to keep a lookout in the place of one of us. The man who had charge this morning whilst we were below appeared to be a very respectable steady sailor. Suppose now, calling me captain, and you chief-officer, we appoint him, with the sanction of the crew of course, second mate.'

'I dunno as I should do that,' he answered: 'best not have too many masters aboard. I'm no chief officer, and there'll be no convartin' of Joe Wetherly into a second mate. We're all jest men. But I tell'ee what: if the crew's willing, Joe might be selected to relieve you or me whenever it comes about as the pair of us wants to be below at the same time, as now.'

'Very well,' I exclaimed, in the sort of peremptory yet half-careless way which I had made up my mind to employ when speaking to this man; 'work it out your own fashion. You can send him aft to relieve me when he's done dinner. I shall feel obliged by your seeing that Wilkins turns to and prepares the table for us at once.'

I was about to leave him, when he exclaimed: 'One question, Mr Dugdale. Nothen was said between us men and you as to the share ye expect.'

'Never mind about that now,' I answered.

'The agreement betwixt you and the captain was for a third, I think,' said he; 'you won't expect that, now there's a dozen of us in the consarn?'

'Oh no, oh no!—Send Joe Wetherly aft as soon as he's done.'

'It's onderstood,' said he, 'that the lady won't take no share?'

'Yes, you may understand that,' I exclaimed. 'As for my portion,' I continued, anxious to get rid of him, 'give me what you think I shall have fairly earned, and you'll satisfy me.'

'Right!' he exclaimed with alacrity, seeking clumsily to conceal an emotion of sulky exultation.—'Just another word, Mr Dugdale. What sort of character might that ha' been which the captain gave me?'

'Oh confound it! go and send Joe Wetherly aft,' I cried, feigning a fit of temper; and I marched away to the binnacle, leaving him to trudge forward.

A few minutes later, on looking through the skylight, I perceived Wilkins preparing the table. Presently, Wetherly arrived on the poop. I went forward to meet him; that I might be out of ear-shot of the fellow at the wheel, and at once said: 'Wetherly, how is it with you in this terrible business?'

'Truly terrible it is, sir,' he instantly replied; 'but you've got the most raw-headed lot of men to deal with that ever slung hammocks in a ship's fore-castle. Arter they went forward last night, they fell a-debating, all hands of them, and settled for this ship to fetch away that there gold, you commanding. I was agin it till I see how hot they talked, and then I thinks, says I to myself, what do it sinnify? Whether I'm bound away to the Isle o' France or to a loonatic's island in the South Pacific, is all the same. If there's money there, so much the better. If there ain't, it can't be helped. One agin ten's not going to do much aboard a ship; so, when I was asked for an opinion, I just says, I'm neutral, lads. Do as ye like. I'll be with ye; but never none of ye go and ask if I'm of ye.'

'You don't surely believe in Captain Braine's crazy fancy?'

'Well, I own, Mr Dugdale, that that there agreement 'twixt you and him a bit nonplused me this mornin' arter I had read it out. It did look uncommonly like as though you yourself genu-inely believed in the yarn.'

He viewed me critically, though respectfully, as he spoke with his mere pins-heads of eyes.

'Oh man, I agreed—I pretended to fully credit—wholly with the idea of coaxing the madman to Rio, where the lady and myself would have left the barque. Can't you see that, Wetherly?'

'Why, yes,' he answered quickly, though speaking, nevertheless, as though his mind was not quite made up. 'It's a bad job for you and the lady, sir. The men are terribly in airnest. They'll allow no speaking with ships, for fear of your blowing the gaff, as the saying goes. I may tell you you've acted wisely in falling in with their wishes. I may be more open by-and-by. I'm with you and the lady, sir; but I've got to be very careful.'

'I thank you sincerely.'

I saw him restlessly glance aft at the helmsman, and took the hint. His good-will was of the

utmost importance to me, and it would not do to imperil my relations with him by any sort of behaviour that might excite the suspicions of the crew.

(To be continued.)

THE HAMBLETON CRICKET CLUB.

FEW of the frequenters of 'Lord's' probably are aware that Hambledon is 'the mother of modern cricket;' but such is the fact. The game cannot boast of any great antiquity, though curious inquirers fancy they can trace some semblance of it in the *cry-ee* with which Britain's 'young barbarians all at play' are said to have amused themselves, before Norsemen or Normans harried their coasts or robbed them of leisure for relaxation. What *cry-ee* may have been like, we can only conjecture; but probably it was rather the progenitor of games like tipcat, or knur and spell, than of cricket. The illuminated missals of Saxon times have recorded much of the life of our remote forefathers; and in one of the beautiful capitals we do find a group playing at club-ball, but nothing is depicted at all resembling cricket; which we may therefore infer must have been the product of a later and maturer age.

The earliest record we have of the game occurs in a curious book entitled *Pills to purge Melancholy* (1719) where, of one Shenkin, it is quaintly said:

Her was the prettiest fellow
At football or at cricket;
At hunting chase, or nimble race,
How fealty her could prick it.

It may be observed that *her* or *here* is an old form of *he*.

Whatever may be made of the antiquities of cricketing, there is no doubt that the eighteenth century witnessed the rise and rapid progress of the modern game, and that its scientific excellence is due in great measure to the enterprising Club of an obscure Hampshire village. Obscure, it certainly was; but it was ever the home of a stalwart people, derived from one of the most indomitable of Saxon tribes, who were largely indebted to the vast forest of Andreda on the south, and the range of the Butser Hills on the north, for the preservation of their primitive character in the midst of the ferment of civil war and invasion. At present it is almost as inaccessible, from the want of a railway; otherwise, the beauty of its situation and the fine air of its rolling downs would make its fortune as a health-resort. In this secluded village arose a Cricket Club, with members drawn from a wide area, which achieved the highest distinction, and had an important influence on the scientific development of cricket. Within sight of a little public, still called 'The Bat and Ball,' this Club repeatedly played a match against All England. The Club attained its national reputation about the year 1771; and in the ensuing ten years it played fifty-one matches against All England and several first-class counties, generally for five hundred pounds a side, winning twenty-nine of the number! These matches were mostly

played upon Broad-Halfpenny Down, where King Charles II. spent some anxious hours on his road to the sea, after his escape from the battle of Worcester. Somewhat later, the Hambledonians transferred their ground to the adjoining Windmill Down, which had a rapid slope on all sides, so that if a ball was not quickly handled, it was lost, and this developed remarkable skill in fielding among the members. Hither, the whole country-side used to be attracted to see even their trial matches; and on any great occasion, the long village street would be lined with a double row of carriages and conveyances of every description from end to end. On June 18, 1777, the Hambledon Club beat All England in one innings by one hundred and sixty-eight runs!

But the credit of this famous Club rests not only on their distinction upon the field, but in no small degree upon the improvements they were chiefly responsible for introducing into the game. In the early part of the century the arrangements of this popular game were somewhat peculiar. There were only two stumps, a foot high, and two feet apart, surmounted by a bail; and between the stumps a hole was cut in the ground large enough to contain the ball and the butt end of the bat. In running a notch, the striker was required to put his bat into this hole, instead of the modern practice of touching over the popping crease. The wicket-keeper, in putting out the striker when running, was obliged, when the ball was thrown in, to place it in this hole before the striker could reach it with his bat! The figure of the bat still earlier had been similar to an old-fashioned dinner-knife—curved at the back and with a sort of curl at the front and end! The famous match of Kent against All England, in which Hambledonians were included, was played under these conditions in the year 1746; on which occasion the bat was found so inconvenient that it was henceforth ordered to be straight, but in other respects was undefined, until a few years afterwards a player from Reigate brought to a match a bat which was the full width of the stumps! This was of course an effectual defence of the wicket, but was thought too much of a good thing, and the width of the bat was henceforth restricted to four and a quarter inches; the weight of the ball at the same time being fixed at five and a half ounces at least, and five and three-quarter ounces at most. At Hambledon an iron frame was kept of the statute width, through which any suspected bat was passed for a test. On the 22d of May 1775 a match at single wicket was played between five of the Hambledon Club and five of All England on the Artillery Ground, when the bowler, Lumpy, several times bowled clear between the stumps of the famous batter, Small, without the batter being given out; and it being considered a hard thing that the straightest balls should be thus sacrificed, a middle stump was henceforth decreed, as at present. It was feared that the alteration might tend to shorten the game, owing to the presumed difficulty of guarding the wicket; but the grand match against All England just alluded to took place two years afterwards, and by its brilliance dispelled this fear; Aylward, one of the Hambledon men, getting one hundred and sixty-seven runs from his own bat, and staying

in two whole days. The most successful players that this country ever produced were members of the Hambledon Club; and the name of Richard Nyren, the captain, was known all over England as that of the greatest authority upon cricket. He was a left-handed bowler, and his delivery was high, and always to the length, while his balls were very deceitful. He was also a safe batsman, and knew how to drive. Although very stout, he was uncommonly active, and a fine specimen of the thoroughbred old English yeoman. On all questions of law or precedent he was uniformly consulted; and would maintain his opinion with modesty, but unflinching firmness, against the Duke of Dorset or Sir Horace Mann as freely as against his humbler brethren. He had derived his skill and judgment from an old uncle, Richard Newland, of Slindon, in Sussex, the best single wicket of his day.

The other principal bowler of the Club was Thomas Brett, a farmer, whose batting was of little account; but his balls were remarkably straight, and delivered with the force of a point-blank shot. Barber and Hogsflesh were the change bowlers, stannch and trusty, but not fast. Among the batters, the name of John Small shines as a star of the first magnitude, as he was almost as famous as Richard Nyren. He was the best short runner of his day, and was perhaps the first who turned short hits to account. His decision was as prompt as his eye was accurate in calculating a short run. As middle wicket he was an admirable fielder; and his judgment was held infallible as an umpire. He was a good fiddler too, and turned his Orphean accomplishment to good account on one occasion, when a bull charged him, as he was crossing two or three fields on his way to a musical party. With great coolness, he began playing upon his double bass, which completely routed the disconcerted beast, which did not stay to hear the last bars of the tune.

Tom Sueter must be mentioned next, one of the handsomest men to be seen on any ground, and of so amiable a disposition that he was the pet of all the neighbourhood, and greatly sought after by the gentlemen players. His voice was of great power and sweetness, and was always in request after a match for a hunting or cricket song. What a handful of soldiers are in an important pass, such was Tom in keeping the wicket. Nothing went by him; and such was his coolness and nerve that many a time has he stumped a man out with Brett's tremendous bowling. He was also a fine hitter, and was perhaps the first who broke the old practice of not leaving the crease for the ball; he would get in at it, and hit it straight off, and straight on, and away it went, as if it had been fired. In those days the Hambledon rule at trial matches did not allow a man to get more than thirty runs, and Tom Sueter had generally taken his *quantum* long before anybody else.

The best long-stop was George Lear, generally known as 'Little George.' He would stand through a whole match against the fastest bowling of the day and not lose more than one or two runs. He was as safe as a sandbank to stop the balls; and his activity and judgment in running to cover the ball were so great that he would stop many that were hit in the slip. He was not

great as a batsman, but he made up for his deficiencies here by his perfect fielding.

Edward Aburrow, a name still known in Hambledon, was the best long-field. Like everybody else, then and now, in Hambledon, he was better known by a nickname; his was 'Curry;' and Peter Steward was hardly ever called anything but 'Buck.' Both these men were good all-rounders, most useful in a match.

Lambert, known as 'the Little Farmer,' was a tremendous bowler with an extraordinary delivery. The ball was delivered quite low, and with a twist in the reverse way to what was usual with right-hand bowlers; that is, if bowling to a right-handed hitter his ball would twist from the off-stump into the leg! On one occasion, when the Marylebone Club played Hambledon, the Little Farmer was appointed one of the bowlers; and this new trick of his so bothered the men of Kent and Surrey that they tumbled out one after another, as if they had been picked off by a rifle corps. The perfection he had attained in this department, which was his only cricketing virtue, was owing to his habit, in tending his father's sheep, of amusing himself by setting up a hurdle or two and bowling away for hours.

The old Eleven was completed by Tom Taylor, who was an admirable field; his station being between point and middle wicket, and his quickness in meeting a ball and returning it like lightning to the top of the wicket, was very trying to the adversary's nerves. He was a slashing hitter, but too fond of cutting at straight balls, a fault, however, which he shared with Lord Frederick Beauchere, the most accomplished batter of the day, who, with Lord Tankerville and the Duke of Dorset, was often on the Hambledon ground.

These were the heroes of the first Hambledon Eleven that achieved by their prowess such a prestige in the country. There was high holiday on Broad Halfpenny on the occasion of one of their grand matches; and it must have been a heart-stirring sight to witness the multitude forming a dense circle completely round that noble green—now, alas, in these commercial days, a cornfield! What excitement would move the hearts of the Hampshire folks, gentle and simple! 'Little Hambledon pitted against All England' was a proud thought; defeat was glory in such a struggle, and victory made the natives only 'a little lower than angels.' The fame which these early cricketers achieved for their Club was well maintained for a number of years by their successors. Of these the most celebrated were Noah Mann, James Aylward, the two Walkers, Beldham, and Harris. Noah Mann lived near Pitwood, and used to ride nearly twenty miles every Tuesday to practise. He could perform clever feats of agility on horseback, such as picking up pocket-handkerchiefs from the ground at full gallop. He was left-handed both as bowler and batter, and was valued for his nerve and self-possession. On one occasion in an All-England match, closely contested, he kept worrying old Nyren to let him go in, and was very indignant at his refusal. At length, when the last but one was out, Nyren sent Mann in, and there were ten runs to get. The excitement was intense; and thousands were hanging breathless on the issue. There was Sir Horace Mann walking about outside the ground cutting down the daisies with his

stick—his habit when agitated; the old farmers leaning forward on their tall staves, rarely seen out of Hampshire; and the vast crowd perfectly still. It was an anxious moment. After Noah had had a ball or two, one was bowled a little too far, when he got in, and hit it out in grand style for six! What a roar there must have been! Then there was a dead stand for some time; but eventually Noah, playing as coolly as if it was only for practice, totted up the runs, and the match was won. Nyren had purposely kept him back for this exciting finish, as he knew the man's imperturbable coolness, when any other man would have lost his nerve.

Aylward was a left-handed batter, and a very safe hitter. His score of one hundred and sixty-seven in the great All-England match was nothing to the portentous figures run up in these days, but it was then thought little short of miraculous.

The Walkers, Tom and Harry, were sons of a farmer at Hindhead, near the Devil's Punch Bowl; raw uncouth figures, that moved with the rigidity and force of machinery. They were a standing joke for their ungainly motions, which had no trace of poetry in them; but they were awful customers to get out when once fairly at the wicket. Tom took up with round-hand bowling; but the Hambledon council ruled it foul-play.

William Beldham, commonly known as 'Silver Billy,' was one of the finest bats ever seen. Bowl as you might, Beldham would hit you all over the field; and he was safer than the Bank. He had been taught by a baker at Farnham, and had a fine command of his bat; but after he joined the Hambledon Club, he rapidly became the finest player of that age. He would get in at the balls and hit them away brilliantly; but when he could cut them at the point of his bat, he was in his glory, and they flew as swift as thought! One of the most beautiful sights it is said to have been to see him make himself up to strike a ball. It was the *beau idéal* of grace and energy. A memorable occasion still lives in the archives of Marylebone when he and his only rival, Lord Frederick Beauclerc, were in together. The display of talent then evoked by their keen emulation was supreme. His abilities as a bowler and fielder were only a little inferior to his batting excellence.

One more name only must we mention, and that shall be David Harris, the very prince of bowlers. He was a native of Odiham, in Hampshire; and it is said to be difficult to convey in writing an accurate idea of the grand effect of his style. His attitude when preparing for his run previous to his delivery would have made a beautiful study for a sculptor. First of all, he stood erect as a soldier at drill; then with a graceful curve of his arm he raised the ball to his forehead, and drawing back his right foot, started off with his left. He never deviated from this series of preparations before he delivered the ball, which he brought from under his arm by a twist, and nearly as high as the armpit, and with this action appeared to *push* it from him—but with incredible velocity. To see Harris bowling to Beldham was to see the finest exhibition of cricket possible in that century at least.

Of the Fremantles, John Wells, Purchase, and

others who for many years kept up the glory of the Hambledon Eleven, it is needless to speak now. Cricketers will feel interest in this brief notice of a Club to which they owe so much.

WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER V.—PRIORS LORING—CONCLUSION.

WHILE the marriage service was going on in the quiet church, Mrs Loring sat at home with a look of anxious expectancy on her colourless face, listening to every sound in the street. She looked years older. A cab drew up, and she rose and walked half-way across the drawing-room to meet a stout gentleman, of highly disturbed and even irritated expression of countenance, who entered.

'Well, Mr Vantler? Please tell me at once!'

But Mr Vantler deposited himself in the first chair he met and clasped his hands across his ample chest. Mrs Loring sat down too, without moving her eyes from his face.

'I wish I knew it, to tell you at once,' he said with impatience. 'There it is, somewhere around, at moments almost palpable—and I cannot put my hand upon it. I am convinced in my own mind your fears are too well founded; but the mischief is that we cannot establish the fact. What is to be done, then?'

She bowed her head and clasped her hands. 'If it were not for Mand,' she said with a moan, 'I think I should not care. Her marriage takes place to-morrow, and there is only this one day left!'

'That's the worst of it. We must also remember this, Julia,' the gentleman gravely added, 'that, regarding Mand, we are running serious risks. If you had proof to-day that what you fear is true, you would break the contract of marriage? Of course you would. Not having such proof, having only your own fears, which may or may not be realised—the question may never be cleared up, in fact—have you courage to say to them: "No; this must be postponed?"'

'No,' said Mrs Loring. 'I should have to go further, and say why I wanted a postponement.'

'I quite understand, Julia. Does it not appear to you, then,' he inquired kindly, 'that it might be best to ignore suspicions which we are not able to prove, and let everything go on as already arranged? The doubt, I know, will be very terrible to you; but you will spare your child by bearing it all yourself.'

Mrs Loring bowed her head for a long while in one of the sorest struggles a woman could be called on to go through. 'I think you are right,' she said at last. 'It is better to make no sign; it will be better for Mand; and if my fear is turned into certainty afterwards, perhaps arrangements can be made to keep the truth from her knowledge. My—husband could

go abroad; and I could go and live with her, without breaking the silence. Perhaps the truth—which the son of course would be sure to know'—

'He knows it now.'

'— might make him more kind to his wife.'

She said all this in a self-communing manner, the words following the motion of her thoughts. It all meant this: that, startled by her husband's admission of a prior marriage, an admission necessary to enable his son to marry Maud Lavelle in his own name, Mrs Loring had privately made inquiries concerning the date of the first wife's death, and now found herself, on the eve of her child's marriage, unable to ascertain the exact date. That the woman was dead there was no doubt; that Henry Loring believed her to be dead at the time of his second marriage was equally undoubted; but that this was really the case, Mrs Loring was at the moment unable to obtain evidence to prove. The fact might have been taken for granted, only for certain doubts which had arisen in the course of the inquiry, and which need not be specified here. One, however, was that, either through inaccuracy of memory or ignorance of fact, Henry Loring and his son had given different dates. She dared not arouse their suspicions by betraying her own.

Mrs Loring more than suspected that the father and son meant to make a division of her child's fortune; but being herself rich, this troubled her little. It was clear, nevertheless, that if she had the power, the sacrifice of the morrow should not take place.

'I can't quite absolve myself,' said Mr Vantler uncomfortably. 'I think I ought not to have given my consent so readily.'

'You are not to blame at all, Mr Vantler. You were justified in acting on my advice.'

'Perhaps I was. All the same, I wish now I didn't. But there—where's the use? It can't be helped.'

'Nor delayed,' added Mrs Loring with a sigh. 'My husband has procured a special license; he left that death-warrant on his study table this morning, where we could see it.'

'Is it there now?' Mr Vantler asked, with quick interest.

'I suppose so,' she answered, looking at him with languid curiosity. 'You do not want to see it?'

'Suppose, Julia,' he said, in a whisper, 'I put it in my pocket—or in the fire—there could be no marriage to-morrow? A day or two gained might be of value.'

The boldness of the suggestion startled her, and before its influence had time to cool, Mr Vantler rose up and made for the study. Mrs Loring followed him; but they were both disappointed, for the marriage license was not to be found.

'I had been certain of its being on that table after he left the house; and he has not been back since.'

A diligent search was made, but without result. Perhaps, on reflection, neither felt the disappointment very seriously. Making away with the license might not have been attended with desirable consequences after all.

A servant came in with a card on a salver. Mrs Loring read the name with a start of surprise—it was that of 'Mr Arthur Loring, Priors Loring,' only the last two words were crossed out in pencil.

Arthur Loring entered the room, somewhat flushed, and with the wedding favour still in his button-hole. The lady rose, and looking gravely at the visitor, observed: 'Mr Vantler will excuse us for a while if you want to speak to me particularly, Mr Loring.'

He followed her to the next room, where she sat down, as on that former occasion, with her back to the window, and placed him in exactly the same position again. Then she waited.

'Perhaps,' he commenced, taking additional courage from the recollection of the last interview in that room, 'I may begin what I have to say by referring to the last occasion on which I saw you in this room, Mrs Loring. I need not recall what passed. I have not seen, nor attempted to see, your daughter since then, until this morning. I was invited by Miss Lavelle's maid, and by the young man who is now her husband, to attend at their marriage. Until your daughter arrived at the church door I had no suspicion that she was to be there. If I had had such a suspicion,' he added, after pausing, 'I should have absented myself.'

Mrs Loring inclined her head in silent acceptance of his word. But it appeared as if something in the young man's manner—a third party, if present, could not imagine what—made her begin to feel nervous.

'After what I told you at our last interview,' he continued, 'I need not, I think, go into the sensations with which I heard of your daughter's approaching marriage to-morrow, Mrs Loring—to a man for whom she has no love, or even respect, and who cares just as little for her. I know the nature of the bargain, Mrs Loring, by which Maud was sold to my uncle's son, in order that my uncle's disgrace, as the ruin of hundreds of confiding and deceived investors, might be averted till he had time to make his preparations. Fifty thousand pounds will but stay the smash for a little while.'

'You refer to the Annuitants' Association?' she said steadily.

'I do, Mrs Loring. It is on the brink of disaster, and is past saving. That, however, is not my concern. Knowing Maud, if I had no warmer feeling than such mere knowledge was calculated to inspire, could I—could any person—have a heart unmoved by the spectacle of so cold-blooded a dealing with her happiness?'

The colour swept across the mother's face, for she felt the sharpness of the unintentional thrust.

'I will not dwell on other things—deliberate outrages aimed at myself by these two men. You said, the last time I was here, that you could not understand your husband throwing Maud and me together as was done—your husband, who is my unrelenting enemy because I am the son of my mother and father? Shall I tell you why, Mrs Loring? It was in order to make me suffer by giving her to this other man before my eyes. He would bring me, if he could, to see the sacrifice, so as to fill the cup of his vindictiveness to the brim!'

'For Heaven's sake,' Mrs Loring burst out, almost angrily, 'come to the end! I knew all that already!'

Unprepared for this avowal, he crimsoned to the roots of his hair and stood up with defiant eyes. 'Very well, madam,' he replied, 'I will come to the end at once. I have taken the advantage which fortune put into my hand, and I am ready for the consequences. At the church, your daughter's maid placed in my hands a marriage license, for the marriage of Arthur Loring and Maud Lavelle. The end is, then, that Arthur Loring and Maud Lavelle made use of the license and got married.'

Mrs Loring fell back in her chair, staring at the young man with fixed eyes, white face, and parted lips. She was powerfully affected by the astounding announcement; but the crack of doom, Arthur Loring believed, would not have been able to lift the veil of inscrutability from her features.

'Maud,' she said at length—'my daughter—is your wife?'

'Maud is my wife. It was right that I should come at once and inform you. For the present, I have taken her to my uncle Ralph's.' He named the street and number, but she appeared to pay no attention.

There was another pause—a very disagreeable one to the newly-made husband. He had done all that he had come to do, and was impatient to return. He bowed coldly and turned to the door.

'You have done a serious thing, sir,' she then said, 'and I will not forecast the consequences. You must deal with them. The license was fraudulently obtained, and fraudulently used.'

'Granted, Mrs Loring. Your daughter, however, is my wife all the same—with her own entire consent.'

'My daughter is a minor. I am her guardian; and the gentleman in the next room is her trustee. I must confer with him upon this unexpected situation.'

'Very well, Mrs Loring. I mean no disrespect to you—for you are Maud's mother, and she loves you—but Maud is now my wife, and all the guardians and trustees under heaven shall not take her from me.'

'You have also your uncle to deal with; but of course you know that. After I have consulted with Mr Vantler, you shall have our decision communicated to you.'

He bowed again, and was glad to leave the house.

Arthur Loring's heart, at twenty-two, with Maud now his own, was not disposed to take in troubles; and though there were anxieties enough ahead of him, he went back to Maud with a bounding step and a bright face.

They were all there—her sweet face was at the window when he came up the street—and he kissed her when he entered as rapturously as if he was the bearer of a message of reconciliation. It was anything but that, as the reader knows; but he made light of it.

'Took it very calmly, Maud,' he whispered to the anxious bride, 'but of course kept her sentiments as deep as a well. The trustee—Vantler—is there, so we shall hear in due time.'

Matters in Ralph Loring's rooms were rather embarrassing, however, pending the arrival of that gentleman, whom Arthur had telegraphed for. Nothing could surpass that gentleman's amazement on arriving to find those two pairs of married people—actually and indubitably married people, fresh from the experienced and propitious hands of the Rev. Thomas Thornton, as testified by documents bearing his emphatic signature—occupying his modest sitting-room. Like one in a dream, Ralph Loring listened to the recital of Kitty's abstraction of the license from Mr Henry Loring's study, as a speculation; and how successfully the speculation had turned out, as proved beyond question by the fact that Arthur and Maud were now man and wife.

Ralph seemed too dumfounded to find utterance for his emotions for two or three minutes; then fixing his eyes more in sorrow than rebuke upon Mrs Hornby, he said to that young woman: 'Kitty, you'll get twenty years for this day's doings!'

'Law, Mr Loring!' she replied, tossing her head, 'let us have something cheerfuller to talk about. I don't want to leave Jack a widower till I am thirty-eight.'

'What a little heathen,' said Ralph; 'she has no reverence for the laws of the land.'

The time arrived when Mr and Mrs Hornby, mindful of certain expectant friends awaiting them at Vauxhall Pier (the festivities, it appeared, were to be held down the river at a tea-garden famed among seekers of pleasure), had to depart; and in kissing the small bride at the door, Mr Ralph exchanged with her certain mysterious signs of pleasure and congratulations, which, to a livelier perception than that of John Hornby, would have made it clear that Ralph had been an accomplice in the plot connected with the marriage license.

'Now, young persons,' he said, returning, 'now that you have taken the plunge, what is to be done next?'

'For my part,' answered the bridegroom, laughing, 'I think a ride outside an omnibus would be quite in accordance with present ways and means.'

'Not when you have a house of your own to take your wife to, Arthur. You would be the first of your family that didn't take his bride to Priors Loring.'

'Priors Loring is not mine, uncle.'

'For the time being it is your mother-in-law's; but mothers-in-law are not so black as they are painted. She won't turn you out during the honeymoon.'

At that moment a message arrived from Mrs Loring. It was a line addressed to her daughter: 'DEAREST MAUD—Come to me at once, and bring your husband.' That was all. The written words sent hopes and fears—chiefly the latter—flying through both; but Arthur quietly placed his arm around Maud and kissed her.

'That's the way, Arthur,' said Ralph approvingly. 'Is it a summons from Cadogan Square?'

'Yes,' replied the young husband. 'I left Mrs Loring and Maud's trustee taking counsel.—Come along, Maud,' he added cheerfully, 'and let us get it over. It will be easier than you suppose. Then we will come back and consult with Uncle Ralph.'

'No, you won't,' observed that gentleman with decision. 'Uncle Ralph will not be here. He will be waiting at St Pancras Station to fling an old shoe after you.'

While Maud was putting on her jacket and hat, Ralph took his nephew into the next room. 'Now, Arthur, my boy, just one word. You have won the victory, take my word for it. Pin your faith to your mother-in-law—you will find her true as steel when she is no longer in fear. Give her that, when your interview is over,' he said, placing a sealed envelope in his hand. 'They should have come to me sooner in the matter. It is the register of the death of Henry Loring's first wife—when she hadn't a friend left—and it sets your wife's mother free from her bondage. All will be well now.'

The young fellow seemed hardly to comprehend.

'Not a word to Maud about it, Arthur. For that bit of paper alone she and you will be received with open arms. Take my word for it, and go at once. Maud is waiting. Off with you; and I shall be at St Pancras to see you away by the five-thirty train. God bless you!' The old man went down with them to the door, bidding them be of good cheer and not forget the five-thirty train.

At half-past six o'clock that evening Mr Henry Loring and his son were lounging on a terrace on the west side of Priors Loring house, smoking cigars after an early dinner, and looking intensely satisfied. The declining sun shone over a wide expanse of old timber, which the elder gentleman appeared to regard with special interest. They had been over the Park and every room of the mansion, and were therefore in a position to review their good fortune in a comprehensive manner.

'You are getting it cheaply, Arthur, at fifty thousand,' said Mr Henry Loring. 'After paying off the mortgages, you will have seventy thousand clear at your banker's. How many men in England will be in a like position? And Maud, as a wife, is not to be counted for a little—she is a rare girl.'

The other smiled—not at the reference to Maud, but at that to the 'mortgages.' Henry Loring was including his own second mortgage of thirty thousand in his calculations; but the dutiful son was quite resolved to disappoint him in that matter—when the time came.

'That timber needs thinning,' the other continued. 'I know something about timber, and you can easily cut down ten thousand pounds' worth without injuring the appearance of the estate. I should set about this at once.'

'I intend to do so,' was the reply.

'And we will have a mining engineer down without delay, for I am convinced there is any quantity of coal and iron on the property. Since cornfields and pastures don't pay,' he observed with a grin, 'we will sacrifice the picturesque to the practical, and see what the smiling fields have got underneath. Isn't that it?'

'That's it—undoubtedly.'

The coming proprietor was quite in accord with the 'development' of the old estate by the proposed methods. But he kept his own counsel, until to-morrow's event was over, on one part of

the programme: this was the part comprised in the pronoun 'we.' As soon as Mr Arthur was in possession, his parent and benefactor should receive a startling and unpleasant surprise; there should be but one master at Priors Loring.

At this point the conversation suffered a surprising, and for a while inexplicable, interruption. The bells of the village church, about half a mile off, began to ring with lively vigour. The distant sounds of many lusty human voices indicated some unusual excitement in the hamlet.

'Is it a fire?' said Henry Loring, stepping to the end of the terrace and looking in the direction of the village.

'There's no smoke. Perhaps it is a marriage.'

'They don't marry at this hour of the day.—Hi! you fellow!' he shouted to a man who dashed past on horseback in the direction of the stables. But the man took no notice.

'Does he belong to the establishment?' demanded the embryo master indignantly.

'Let us go in and get another cigar, and some brandy-and-water, and we will walk down as far as the gates to inquire what is going on.'

They were proceeding down the wide avenue presently, when a warning shout was raised behind them. They had barely time to leap out of the way and escape being run over by the Priors Loring carriage, driven at a headlong speed by the ancient coachman in his best livery.

'Upon my soul,' exclaimed Mr Arthur, when he recovered his speech, 'it's about time that somebody was master here. I should like to know who gives these people their orders?'

'By this hour to-morrow, my boy, you shall have the right to ask that question, and to get an answer. Bide your time.'

They proceeded slowly down towards the great gates, which they saw standing wide open. The ancient female in charge of the post was out in the middle of the highway, gazing with eager interest in the direction of the village. The bells were ringing, and the cheering of many voices came nearer and nearer. They could hardly be three hundred yards away, round a bend of the road.

'Woman! what does this mean?' demanded Henry Loring angrily. It was curious how angry he was, and how ugly his anger made him look.

'Eh?' she answered; 'just wait a bit, and we'll see.'

It was upon them before further question could be asked.

'Whatever they are,' cried Loring, 'they shan't enter here!' and he sprang at one of the heavy gates to shut it. For the second time he had a close and ignominious escape; this time it was two farmers, mounted on heavy cart-horses that almost rode him down. He had to leap aside out of the way; and then the mob, with a deep and hoarse hurrah, burst through the gates, dragging after them the carriage containing young Arthur Loring and his bride.

We must be excused the task of following the gradual and grievous process by which those two injured men recovered from that stunning experience. They found their way by private paths to the station, and thence to London; for like wise men they wasted no time in doubting

the evidence of their senses, which demonstrated to them too plainly that they were irretrievably defeated. By what means it mattered not now; the result was far too overwhelming to leave them any interest in its explanation.

The mutual sympathy of rascals in the moment of misfortune is a touching trait of human nature. Each sought his own solace in the contemplation of the other's case. They had reached this interesting phase of feeling before leaving the railway carriage.

'You will want all your philosophy, Arthur,' observed his father pathetically, 'to bear you up after such a loss. Bride and wealth both gone—Heaven knows how, but the young Squire is the winner, beyond a doubt. Nor do I overlook the blow to your young affections.'

'My philosophy is all in order, sir,' said Mr Arthur with an amiable grin. 'I have as much as I had yesterday, minus the expectations, which don't count as a commercial asset, you know. I am a little anxious about your balance, though. I shall have to leave you to manage the Annuitants as you can; and I am afraid, from what has taken place, you may not find all quite satisfactory at home.'

'What do you mean?' Henry Loring demanded, turning livid.

'She has defied you, has she not? That means that things are on another footing in Cadogan Square. I'm afraid that your prospects, private and public, are uncommonly unpropitious to-night.'

And the first realisation of the fact was brought home to Henry Loring outside the station, when his son coolly stepped into a hansom and drove away by himself.

Ralph Loring at the same hour, attired in his old clothes and slippers, was indulging in deep joy over the draper's shop in Chelsea. He had managed it well, if he only knew how well! The telegrams he had despatched to Mr Harding the agent, and the old vicar, touched most inflammable material; and Maud, blushing red with pleased surprise, heard the bells ringing her welcome to Priors Loring before the train stopped at the little station.

In a month after the marriage, Priors Loring was free of mortgages, and this happy relief, coupled with the new mistress's eyes, which he worshipped, brought back his youth to the faithful old agent. 'There has never, that I am aware of,' he observed confidentially to the vicar, 'been so much wealth in Priors Loring—long may they live to enjoy it!' There was more than Mr Harding dreamt of, when the grave and gentle American mother came down and made the Hall her home.

Maud's mother never spoke of Henry Loring and his son, and these worthies passed out of sight, no one knew whither. Arthur, more just than his namesake intended to be, paid over to the Annuitants the money which the estate owed them.

On bank holidays Ralph comes down to see the young people; but he is wedded to his old life, and will go on unchanged to the end. Mrs Hornby, through somebody's gratitude, has become owner of the shop in King's Road, and Ralph's landlady; and she domineers over the

old man. He strongly resented new slippers which she had worked for him, but was compelled to wear them. 'It is nearly as bad as being married,' he says.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE transmission of power from place to place by means of wire-ropes is likely to meet with many extensions, for it often presents an economical method of working. For instance, a waterfall or stream may be so situated that the erection of a mill in close proximity to it is next to impossible; but by means of a wire-rope in connection with a water-wheel the building can be erected at a long distance from the actual source of power. An American paper describes a mill at Nebraska which is worked in this way by water-power situated from it at a distance of nearly a mile. In this case it was decided to erect the building, a flour-mill, close to the railway station, thus avoiding the cost of carriage, which would have been a constant one if the mill had been built on the stream from which it draws its motive-power.

The number of deaths from snake-bite in our great Eastern dependency, and the difficulty of coping with the matter, have often been commented upon. It has also been pointed out that many unrecorded deaths in out-of-the-way places must occur, and thus add to the number of victims. The Indian Government have for many years done their best to mitigate the evil by the offer of a reward for every poisonous serpent killed. But it has recently been discovered that these money rewards have brought about a most unexpected result, a result, too, which would prove that the natives have some of the cunning of the heathen Chinese in their composition. The Chief Commissioner of the central provinces points out that the astute natives of those parts of the country are beginning to breed venomous snakes, so that they may secure the usual price for the reptiles' heads. This is decidedly a more immoral practice than that which is said to have been in vogue some time back in two districts of Australia, in one of which a reward was payable on production of rabbits' heads, and in the neighbouring district on the presentation of the animals' feet. In this case heads and feet became objects of systematic exchange between the two districts.

Some interesting experiments were lately performed in the Solent with the Brennan Torpedo, an invention which has been secured to our Government. This torpedo differs from the well-known 'Whitehead' in several important particulars. In the first place, it is not after launching left to its own devices, but its movement is fully under control from the starting-point. Its motive-power does not depend upon compressed air, as in the older form of torpedo, but is due to a powerful steam-engine which is worked at the starting-point. From this it will be seen that the Brennan Torpedo is not suitable for shipboard, but must be regarded rather as a means of defence to harbours and water-ways. It is propelled by twin-screws, each being worked through the medium

of an attached reel of wire. A powerful engine, with winding drums on shore, rapidly pulls away at these wires; and paradoxical as it may appear, the faster the wire is reeled in the quicker is the movement of the travelling torpedo in the opposite direction. In the experiments referred to, one of these torpedoes was directed against an old hulk which was being rapidly towed by a steamer along the Solent. The torpedo went direct for the objective vessel, and in one minute after contact and explosion the hulk foundered. It was shown that by increasing or reducing the speed of either drum the torpedo could be steered in a most unerring manner.

There has long been current an idea that mussels and other shellfish are under certain conditions unwholesome, if not actually poisonous. That this popular impression is correct has lately been proved in a very sad manner in Ireland, where a family of children have died after partaking of a dish of stewed mussels which had been gathered not from the open sea, but from a creek, the waters of which were almost stagnant. From subsequent analysis it has been found that mussels which are gathered from any water which is impregnated with sewage matter are subject to a condition which renders them poisonous. As there seems to be no outward appearance indicating this condition, it is obvious that mussels ought not to be used as food.

Compressed air, supplied from a central station to different houses, has lately been applied in Paris as a rival to hydraulic power for the working of lifts, at a saving, it is said, of fifty per cent. The method is very simple, and follows the ordinary system in so far that water is used as a ram. But the water-chamber is in communication with the compressed air supply which drives the liquid under the piston. As the lift descends, the air-pressure is released, and the water gradually flows back into the chamber. This system has been introduced by the Parisian Compressed-air Company, which also supplies air for refrigerating purposes, its expansion in properly arranged cooling-rooms producing a lowering of the temperature far below zero.

We have occasionally described improved methods of manufacturing white-lead, but for one reason or another the old system is still in vogue. This, which is known as the Dutch method, consists of placing metallic lead in earthen pots with a small quantity of crude vinegar, and covering the whole up with stable manure or some refuse which will yield carbonic acid, which acts upon the metal, and changes it to lead carbonate. The process is a tedious one, occupying many weeks. A new method has lately been introduced which is said to give very satisfactory results, besides being much quicker in action than the old process, and far cheaper to carry out. Litharge, or lead oxide, is placed in a vat furnished with stirring apparatus, together with a solution of acetate of ammonia. After six hours' stirring the liquid is allowed to subside, and the clear portion, containing the lead, is run off into another vessel, where it is subjected to the action of carbonic acid gas. This causes a copious precipitation of the lead in the form of white carbonate, which is afterwards pressed and dried. The process being a wet one all through obviates any chance of lead-poisoning of work-

people by floating particles in the air, and this consideration alone should ensure the process patient examination and trial. The inventor is Professor MacIvor, and the works are at 47 Clapham Road, London.

It is not perhaps generally known that that useful body the Kyrle Society, which has done so much to brighten the lives of our poorer brethren, has attached to it a decorative branch. This means that the Society will busy itself in decorating parish rooms, workmen's clubs, and premises of a similar nature with bright colouring and designs which have been placed at their disposal by some of the first decorative artists of the day. The work is a most commendable one, for we all know that such public meeting-rooms are, as a rule, very ugly and depressing in their appearance, and are apt to arouse comparisons between their plainness and the glitter and brilliance of certain other public-houses. The Kyrle Society is willing to give all the help that it can in this important direction; but its energies are unfortunately paralysed for the present by the want of a few hundred pounds. The office is at 14 Nottingham Place, London, W.

A novel method of cooling water for drinking purposes is in general use at a certain American town. The wells there, cut in the solid limestone rock, have become contaminated, and although the water from them is tempting in its cool freshness, it is of course most dangerous to health. Some years back it was determined to obtain a fresh supply from a spring about three miles distant, and an exposed iron pipe has been used for the purpose, with the result that the water delivered to the town was, although pure, warm and uninviting. In order to lower the temperature of the water, it is now carried by a pipe down to the bottom of one of the disused wells into a cistern there, another pipe proceeding from the lower part of the receptacle up to the surface, where a stopcock is fitted to it. It is obvious that the water so treated will speedily become lowered in temperature, and that as fast as it is drawn off for use the subaqueous cistern will be refilled. The plan is an ingenious one, and might be imitated with advantage in many localities where cool water is not otherwise obtainable.

The buried city of Pompeii has not yet yielded up one-third of its artistic treasures, and it is calculated that at the present rate of working, which is by no means slow, about seventy years must elapse before the place has been thoroughly unearthed. In the meantime interesting discoveries are continually being made, and our knowledge of Pompeii and its inhabitants is always being added to. Some very fine mural paintings have once more been disclosed to light by the discovery of a building which appears to have been used as a bathing establishment. These pictures are described as being elegant in design and appropriate to the place in which they were found. One picture, curiously enough, reminds one of recent events in Africa, for it represents Nile scenery with pygmies or dwarfs in combat with various animals. The healthy spirit of amusement and caricature was abroad then, as it is now, for we are told that one design is clearly of this nature. It represents a dwarf trying to draw another out of the water, but having been seized by a crocodile, he has tied himself on to another pygmy on land, who is

vainly trying to prevent his friend being engulfed.

There are multitudes of worthy persons in this world who would be very much offended if it were suggested that they were so benighted as to believe in witchcraft or in any kind of fetich. Yet these same good people will believe all that a quack advertisement tells them, and will part with their money without hesitation if the bait is only worded with sufficient cleverness. The word 'electric' is about as much abused by quacks as any in our language, and we fear that it is to many a positive fetich with which they can be readily gulled. A lady has lately written to the *Times* complaining that she has been under 'electrical' treatment in London for the removal of superfluous hairs from her face, and that, although she paid forty-five pounds to the advertiser, beyond the expense of staying in town during treatment, she has derived no benefit. She therefore comes to the conclusion that the defect she suffers from cannot be cured by electricity. Here she is wrong, for it represents one of the best agents for the purpose. But a skilled and educated hand is necessary, and such is not generally associated with medical advertising. A properly qualified surgeon would always be willing to give advice upon such a point for a fortieth part of the fee which this lady paid.

Professor Cushman, who holds the post of apiarist at the Rhode Island Agricultural Experimental Station, United States, has recently read a paper on Bees and their Ways, and he states that those insects do not injure sound fruit, for its juice is injurious to them, but that they confine their attention to that which is bruised and blemished. Professor Cushman's observations were corroborated by many of those present. It is certain that wasps do not trouble themselves to select the blemished fruit, but make havoc of the best which comes in their way. We once saw a large growing apple which was completely hollowed out by these pests, who had commenced operations by making a small entry-door in the skin of the fruit. Their depredations were brought to an end, so far as this apple was concerned, by the application of boiling water from the spout of a kettle. On cutting open the fruit there were found no fewer than forty-two dead wasps within.

M. Nansen proposes to leave Norway on a fresh expedition to the North Pole in February 1892, and a specially constructed boat will be built to convey him and his dozen intrepid companions to the land of ice. This expedition differs from all which have preceded it in that a totally new route has been assigned for it. It will be remembered by those who have followed the recent history of Arctic exploration that in 1881 the *Jeannette* was wrecked in the attempt to reach the pole by Behring Strait. Just four years after this event, several articles which had belonged to the crew of this ill-fated vessel were carried on a piece of ice to the coast of Greenland, and the question arises, how did they accomplish their remarkable voyage? The nature of the various currents eastward and westward is known, and it is considered impossible that they could have been the cause of these articles reaching Greenland, and the obvious presumption is that there is a shorter and direct route right across the

North Pole. If this surmise be correct, it is a curious circumstance that Nature should have at last pointed out the solution of a problem which has baffled so many.

'A Physician,' who dates from Edinburgh, has written an interesting letter to the *Times* on the subject of shoeless horses. He says that he has taken one of his horses, a cob, on a driving tour of nearly four hundred miles, the animal being shoeless. No symptom of tenderness or lameness has occurred since that time, although the horse has been more or less constantly driven over paved and macadamised streets. With two other horses of larger size he tried the same treatment, but failed. He believes that where the growth of hoofs is strong and rapid, horses are the better for not being shod, and that quite a large proportion, in country places especially, could be employed without shoes. In the case of the cob, the hoofs have to be rasped away a little in front, but the sole of the foot is left untouched. In slippery weather, he is invaluable, as he is far more sure-footed than a horse with roughened shoes.

From the Report of the municipal authorities of New York City, it appears that from January 1887 to May 1890 there were recorded in that city sixteen deaths from accidents with electric currents. These were caused by workmen cutting wires, from grasping wires hanging loose, and in one case the current was conveyed to the victim through the medium of a metal show-case. Considering that the installation of the electric light system has been so rapid and general in New York, the number of deaths cannot be regarded as very high. Precautions are being adopted against such fatalities in the future, and their occurrence while things are in such an experimental stage need not unduly prejudice us against this mode of illumination. Our apparent delay in adopting electricity as an illuminant in this country has been due to mistaken legislation and other causes; but we shall benefit by the experience of our American friends, and shall surely be the gainers in the end.

The evidence given by Dr Dupré before a recent Board of Trade inquiry relative to the burning of the screw steamer *Livadia* of Liverpool is full of interest. This unfortunate ship was laden with bisulphide of carbon, a heavy, colourless, and very volatile liquid, which is used in various manufactures, and is well known in the laboratory. This liquid vaporises at ordinary temperatures, and the vapour which it gives off is so heavy that it will collect in depressions, and will flow along almost like a fluid. It will thus travel for some distance, and can be ignited should it meet in its course any heated material. A flame is not needed, for a dead cinder or the heat generated by rubbing two pieces of iron together, without an actual spark, is sufficient to bring about the result. In other words, this dangerous vapour when mixed with air will explode at a temperature far below red-heat. In the case of the *Livadia*, which contained one hundred and fifty tons of the liquid in drums, it is supposed that one of these receptacles developed a leak, and that the vapour from it found its way to a light in the fore-castle of the vessel.

A syndicate has been formed, and the capital subscribed, to realise an undertaking that has

often been written about, but never attempted on any practical scale—namely, the utilisation of part of the Falls of Niagara as motive-power. It has been ascertained that four per cent. of the total fall can be made to yield theoretically one hundred and twenty thousand horse-power, and it has been determined to divert this proportion of the current round the town of Niagara and to put it to useful employment.

I'LL BE A BANKER.

A PAPER FOR BOYS AND THEIR PARENTS.

THE all-absorbing question of many a parent is, 'What shall I do with my boys?' And it is one that grows yearly more difficult to answer. The respectable education which is now within reach of the poorest lad actually does fit him to become a formidable rival to the children of the middle class in the race of life; and it is no mere figure of speech to say that he sometimes reaches the goal yards ahead of his fellow-runners of superior birth and bringing-up. As the days go by, it will, we think, become more and more evident that the prize is for the swift-footed and not for the favoured; and that in every calling in life the best place is for the man best fitted for it, be he son of peer or peasant. 'The survival of the fittest' is no mere idle phrase, put together only for philosophers to wrangle over. It is, whatever we may choose to think, a broad principle of busy every-day existence with its unceasing toiling and working.

'We must try to get one of the boys into a bank.' Very good! But let us just look at how the matter stands; for banking is something more than decent hours, a gentleman's position in life, and a regularly paid salary.

In the first place, a nomination will have to be secured through some one of influence with the bank. If the lad's father is a professional man of weight and standing, and likely to help the interests of the bank in the district, there will not be much difficulty in the preliminaries. (Perhaps it is well just here to state that we are considering in the present paper *English country banks and banking*, not the larger concerns, with longer office hours and harder work in the metropolis.) If banking as a calling has actually been decided on, it is well to make early application, as the lists of candidates for clerkships are invariably very long ones, and years may have to pass before the applicant's turn arrives. When it does, he will be summoned by the banker, or the Board of Directors, or their General Manager, before whom he will have to pass an introductory examination, either oral or written, or perhaps both. If this is successfully got through, the candidate will be appointed to a junior clerkship at the head office or one of the branches of the bank; and his business-life straightway begins. There is one thing that cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the mind of a youth thus starting: it depends upon himself entirely whether he remains an ordinary clerk all his lifetime, or attains to a post of importance at the head of the establishment he has entered.

His first duties will of necessity be mechanical and ordinary; but if he has his wits about him, he will soon discover that to be a successful banker calls for the cultivation and exercise of

many faculties. It may seem a trivial point to notice here, but in reality it is one of some importance—namely, that a young clerk cannot give too much attention to his handwriting, which should be plain and neat, and after that as artistic as possible. A great deal of his time will be spent with pen in hand, and to gain satisfaction himself and to give it to his superior officers, he should strive to handle this little instrument as best he can. It is too common by far for a bank clerk to consider himself too much a gentleman to write well. He somehow does not wish to be known as a 'mere clerk,' and forthwith strives after some quaint individuality of stroke or flourish, in order that no stranger seeing his pen-work should be able to conclude that the man behind it is a quill-driver. What nonsense, forsooth! As well might a young genius of engineering be ashamed of a masterly manner of handling his tools, or a clergyman of a graceful way of delivering his sermons.

The young clerk should lose no time in putting himself in touch with the best men of his calling, and in obtaining the most valuable information to be found on the several matters which present themselves to him in his daily duties. In banking especially, knowledge is power. With these ends in view, he should first of all join the admirable association known as the Bankers' Institute, the publications of which cannot fail to prove of inestimable value to him. He will by this means be introduced to some of the real questions of interest to the profession. He would do well to set aside a portion of every evening's leisure to a careful study of banking law and practice, picking up on every available opportunity any scrap of information bearing upon his life-work. For some time, perhaps, all this might seem superfluous. But let him bear in mind that the positions of any worth in a bank are almost invariably filled by men competent to enter at once and fully upon the duties of the empty posts. A banker, it need hardly be said, would far more willingly fill a vacancy with a man already capable than with one who might make himself capable after his appointment. Always be ready, then, for an emergency. There is plenty of room at the top of the profession, for the simple reason that so many unready men cluster at the bottom.

The unready men are those who just do what is absolutely necessary. They feel no interest in anything save what is immediately under their noses. They are listless and careless, and glad when the afternoon hour comes to leave the office, and in no haste to return to it on the following morning. Their boon-companions call them 'right jolly good fellows,' like to have a 'glass' with them at the hotel or club, or to walk up the street in their company.

In most banks mere seniority has to step aside to make room for merit. When this is the case, a parent or guardian might, we think, pretty well decide upon the chances of a young clerk's future, by calling to mind the many qualifications which go to make an ideal banker. With these before him on the one hand, and what he actually knows of the lad on the other, a pretty shrewd calculation might be made.

Character—moral backbone, if you like—is indispensable. A banker must primarily be a man,

He must know when to say No, and be able to say it when necessary. His decisions must often be immediate and final. He must be a keen observer of human nature, knowing instinctively a fool from a knave, and a man honest of motive, but weak in will, from one who is genuinely honest and habitually upright. He must have sufficient acquaintance with the several businesses of the neighbourhood to judge of the possibilities of the success of his clients in them. His knowledge of men and things must be wide and varied. His position and influence must be unmistakable and acknowledged. He must be known to fail in nothing and to cringe to no one. He must, in short, be the walking incarnation of the best banking traditions.

It might be noted in passing that with most banks it is understood that their officers should not refer in any public way to matters theological or political; and though this is felt to be a hardship by some earnest-minded folk, we cannot help thinking that the restriction is a wise one. There are so many divisions and subdivisions of opinion on these subjects, that it is impossible to enunciate extreme views without causing pain or offence to some whose ideas and beliefs are as real and valuable to them as ours may be to us. So far as is consistent with the preservation of his own manhood, a banker should be 'all things to all men,' and not worry himself or his friends with fractious party-spirit, which indeed is some times extremely narrowing.

A word as to the spending of after-office hours, which in the case of bank officials are usually many. Some of these will, as a matter of course, for health's sake, be spent in outdoor sports and occupations—cricket and football, walking and riding, fishing and gardening; but even then a goodly number will remain to be filled.

Most men have a hobby; all men should. It clears up the brain in a wonderful way, taking the tired attention into other channels, rubbing off the cobwebs, and infusing a fresh interest into life. At seventy years of age, Alison, reviewing his days, and feeling as strong as at twenty-five, attributed his happy condition to a variety of occupation. 'Either the law or the literature singly,' he said, 'would, I am persuaded, have ruined my health or terminated my life; but the two together saved both.'

Microscope or telescope, botany or literature—the hobby-world is a wide one, and offers all kinds of entertainment to the man with time and intelligence.

If a young man is lucky enough to have a choice in the matter, he should, we think, enter the service of a joint-stock bank in preference to that of a private establishment. The fact is banking has of late years changed much, and altogether in the direction of publicity being given to its financial standing. Private banks with their unpublished balance sheets are rapidly being swallowed up by joint-stock companies, who annually issue officially certified statements of assets and liabilities, which have to pass the scrutiny and comment of the ablest financiers of the day. And besides, there is greater chance of promotion without favour in joint-stock service. Here poor relations and friends' sons do not as a rule get the plums out of the pudding when better fingers are waiting close by.

As to salaries—they range from ten, twenty, or thirty pounds to, say, two thousand pounds per annum. The big town, larger figures even than these last are mentioned in connection with names well known in banking circles.

In the matter of guarantee there need be no bother or anxiety of any kind, for bankers generally prefer to hold the bonds issued by the large societies who for a reasonable payment undertake to stand in the position of guarantors of the fidelity of men holding positions of trust, be they junior clerks or general managers.

THE SECRET MOURNER.

I.

They bore him on to his grave in the heart of the busy town;

And with furtive footsteps following, I watched them lay him down:

The mourners, many and sad—though they wept there one and all,

The tears that fell were as naught to mine, that could not fall.

II.

We loved each other dearly, in a day that is distant now;
But something got to his ear, and he suddenly changed somehow—

A something got to his ear—I never could gather what—
And he kept away from thence, and his love for me was not.

III.

I hid my grief in my heart, and bore it as best I might;
There was never darkness yet but had some relieving light;

And I found a balm in the thought, that although his love was gone,

I could follow him secretly, and in secret still love on.

IV.

And this I've done through the years that have come and gone since then

(So far the love of women surpasses the love of men);
I've hung on his track to the last, for I only ceased to-day,

As from his grave in the town I turned in my woe away.

V.

Earth now looks lone in mine eyes, yet I am not all cast down;

I have firm faith that at last I shall somewhere grasp Love's crown;

That when the end shall have come, whatever is good and true

Will receive its just reward, and a love like mine its due.

JAMES DAWSON.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

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ROMAN FEVER.

ROME, the capital of the kingdom of Italy, and centre round which the Roman Catholic Church revolves, has the character, not undeserved, of being the most unhealthy of the capitals of Europe. Munich has always the spectre of typhoid fever haunting it, and Stuttgart can by no means show a clean bill of health; but in Rome not only does fever of one sort or other riot in the summer, but it also broods in the winter. No sooner does the sun begin to gain power, the flowers to open, and the birds to sing, than those not inured to malaria pack their portmanteaus and depart. Too often, visitors to Rome in the winter and early spring carry away with them, if not prostrated on the spot, the germs of typhoid; and as all the world goes to Rome, the curiosity shop of the world, it is well that the causes of the insalubrity of the city should be well understood, in order that, as far as possible, precautions should be taken against the fever. To remedy the evil lies not in their hands, but in those of the municipality, which is eagerly labouring to make Rome so hideous as to deter travellers from the desire of revisiting it, and as yet has not done sufficient in the right direction to correct the deadly evil.

There are two causes why fever is always threatening in Rome, both, however, reducible to one, and that, the Tiber. The conformation of Rome may be roughly illustrated by the hand outspread on the table. The several hills, Pincian, Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Celian, and Aventine, radiate from a high tableland to the east. The Quirinal and Capitoline were all one finger originally, but were cut through by Trajan. The drainage of the town naturally runs down the valleys between the hills. The most populous portion of modern Rome lies on the level plain which was originally outside of the walls, and was the Campus Martius, the exercising- and the play-ground of the ancient Romans. This portion is not elevated to any considerable extent above the river, though now in parts lumpy, owing to

the vast masses of ruin of fallen amphitheatres and mausoleums, now buried under the foundations of mediæval palaces. Hardly anywhere is modern Rome built on the virgin soil; it is reared over the rubbish of ages; this may account for the fact that in Rome a shower does not freshen the air, but releases unwholesome vapours, so that the natives always close their windows against them during and after rain. The original level of the Forum was in places forty feet below the present level, and the ancient level was very slightly above that of the Tiber. This was why there was a swamp in it, into which Curtius plunged with his horse, in accordance with a widespread superstition that a fathomless bog can only be given a bottom by the sacrifice of a human life. It is a mistake to suppose that the gulf into which he leaped was an earthquake chasm; such would have filled with water, so low is the level, directly. He plunged into a swamp, and this swamp remained, reduced indeed, but still a swamp, to the last days of Imperial Rome.

All this portion was difficult to drain because surrounded by hills, which poured their water down into it; but the Cloaca Maxima, the main drain, was carried under it; and from that ramified many lateral channels. This Cloaca Maxima in Imperial times was so large that a wagon laden with hay could be driven up it. This is no longer the case; a boat could but enter it, so little is the crown of the arch above the level of the Tiber at its usual height. This alone shows how the bed of the river has risen; and with the rising of the river-bed, the drains cease to work with their former freedom. The silting up of the bed of the Tiber has also much to do with the unwholesomeness of the Campagna, which cannot be drained into the river for this reason, and to drain which, fresh channels would have to be cut into the sea. And here it is that one feels the vast advantage there is in the tide. This periodical flux and reflux of the ocean helps to purify our cities lying on tidal rivers; not only so, but the ebb of the tide gives opportunity for low lands to discharge their drainage into the sea,

and the returning tide shuts the sluices, the water is held back till the next ebb, when the weight of the accumulated water from off the land opens the sluices and pours away. But the Mediterranean is tideless, and the consequence is that low-lying districts such as the Maremma, the Pontine Marshes, and the Campagna, cannot be effectively cleared of stagnant water, and are and must be—unless steam-pumps be employed—for ever fever-nests. Now, the Campagna lies outside the very gates of Rome, nay, the very Forum itself is a hardly-reclaimed bit of fever-swamp. The germs of low fever breed over vast tracts of country close outside Rome, and are wafted in with every air of summer.

It is true that to the east is a tableland, well elevated, from which the historic hills strike out as spurs; but this elevated land gradually sinks again to the Tiber or into the Campagna.

In patches here and there, in groups of a score or a hundred, the Eucalyptus has been planted; but the Campagna needs much more energetic handling. If it cannot be drained except at such a prodigious cost as to make the attempt beyond the means of the present government, burdened with military and naval charges, the Campagna might be planted throughout, and a forest of trees would rise up and render innocuous the moisture which now stagnates and exhales poison. Not only so, but great forests of trees would pay the expense of planting. Fuel in Italy is very expensive; a box of olive sticks that will not keep a fire in for a day costs one shilling and threepence; there are hardly any decently-grown trees in Italy, except a few stone-pines, and some evergreen oaks in villa gardens. It was otherwise in the times of Imperial Rome; then woods were abundant, and then fevers were not so prevalent as at the present day. Forests over the Campagna would prove indeed a grateful addition to Rome, and the inhabitants could safely enjoy the pleasant shade of the trees which absorb the moisture, that cannot now be got rid of save by evaporation.

But other fevers than malarial scourge Rome; if malaria sweeps the plains and low-lying parts of the town, the newly-built, stately ranges of houses, the squares, that occupy the hills, are infested with typhoid. The reason is not far to seek. The communal authorities have built to an enormous extent all over the site of the Ludovisi villa gardens and over the high tableland—the knuckles and back of the hand, that sends down its fingers to the Tiber; and it is precisely in this well-built, well-drained, high-situated part of Rome that typhoid fever does its worst. Drains have been carried from this new portion down to the Tiber, through the old town; or rather the new drains have been connected with the old ones. Now, the gases generated by sewage always rise to the highest point; consequently, the sewage-gas of the whole city seeks to escape through all the vents supplied in the new buildings for the carrying off of their refuse. Here, again, the Tiber creates a difficulty. Owing to the rapid and enormous rise of the waters at certain seasons, after heavy rains, and on the melting of the snows on the Apennines, Rome suffers periodically from floods. Not only is all the low-lying portion of the city covered with water, but the outlets of the

drains are choked. Consider what that means. Just above the bridge of St Angelo is the opening of a drain that carries off the refuse from a large and populous portion of the town. The bottom of this cloaca is about six feet above the level of the river when ordinarily full; the crown of the arch is about twelve feet. But the river has been known to rise fifty-six feet; that means that the mouth of the drain is not only covered, but there is thirty-eight feet of water above it, driving back the sewage and preventing it from escaping. Much the same with all the drains in Rome. Every drain becomes like a squirt or a popgun. The entering flood drives the gas back, and forces it out of all the apertures at the highest level; that is to say, fills the new ranges of houses with mephitic vapours fatal to life. And the same must happen whenever a flood occurs sufficient to fill the mouths of the main drains. The refuse pouring down from the heights cannot escape; it accumulates, ferments, breeds gases destructive to life, and these must escape into the houses whether on the low or on the high levels, but most certainly of all on the high levels.

Now, there are two remedies to this intolerable evil. The first is, that every main drain should have a chimney at the highest point to carry off the foul exhalations that are formed in the drains. This would maintain a circulation of air through them when the Tiber mouth is open; and when closed, would form a mouth by which all these gases might be carried off.

The municipal authorities, aware of the choking of the mouths of the drains by floods, are engaged in carrying all into a main drain to run parallel with the Tiber and discharge at a lower level. This is excellent, but it is not enough. Vents at the highest level should be provided likewise.

But there is a further remedy that should not be neglected. In the Imperial times the Tiber was navigable for sea-going vessels as far as Rome, whilst its tributaries, the Anio, Nera, Chiana, and Topino contained sufficient water for boats and barges to convey goods down them to the city. By this means a busy traffic was maintained by water between Rome and the interior of the peninsula. But all this is completely changed. The mountains were at that time clothed in magnificent forests, that retained the water that fell on them, and discharged it slowly and gradually into the rivers. Now they are barren, every tree cut down, and only here and there some wretched scrub left. The result has been most disastrous. Not only does the rain that falls rush off at once, and so form inundations, but it breaks down the friable lime and volcanic stone of the mountains, and carries it over wide tracts, producing devastation, and likewise chokes the bed of the river, which by this means is continually rising. The government is spending considerable sums in dredging the bed, and rectifying the course of the Tiber; but nothing is done to strike the evil at its root, by replanting the Apennines, the Sabine and the Alban mountains. The economic importance of trees the Italian Government has yet to learn. On the Baltic coast, the wanton destruction of pine-woods released the sands, which were blown inland, destroying whole tracts of fertile pasture,

and enveloping entire villages. The Prussian Government interposed, and has replanted the sandhills. In Switzerland, the cantons of the Alps jealously guard the forests, and painfully plant the steep slopes, wherever possible, to protect against denudation and against avalanches. But the Italian has as yet not learned the importance of the tree, and till he does, the Tiber cannot be regulated in volume nor the Campagna rendered salubrious.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MY CAPTAINCY.

I AM arrived now at a passage of this singular adventure that will admit only of brief indications of certain features of it. I own that when I look back upon this experience, it offers itself as something so amazing, something so beside the most astonishing romantic incidents of sea-life which my memory carries, that, though I was the chief actor in it, I often at this hour find myself pining as in doubt of the actuality of the events I have related and have yet to narrate.

Sometimes I wonder whether I might not have brought this kidnapping business—for thus it may fairly be called so far as Miss Temple and I were concerned—to a speedy end by peremptory refusal to navigate the ship to Captain Braine's island. But I have only to close my eyes and recall the faces and recollect the behaviour of the men who formed that barque's crew, to know better; I have only to repeople that now time-worn canvas with the countenances of those seamen, to witness afresh the looks and bearing of the carpenter, to recollect my defencelessness, the helplessness of my companion, whose life was absolutely dependent upon my judgment; to think of the wild greed raised in the men by their dream of thousands, their resolution to get the money, the sense of lawlessness that would increase upon them with the growing perception of their irresponsibility as a crew deprived of their officers by no crime of their own; I have only to recall all this along with my own thoughts and fears and bitter nerve-sapping anxieties, to understand that the course I adopted was the only practicable one open to me, and that what I did no other man situated as I then was but must have done also. But enough of this.

That afternoon, when the carpenter relieved me at four o'clock, I went below and superintended the preparation of the two cabins at the extremity of the cuddy for our reception. The berths were well lighted, with something of taste in their equipment of panel, bulkhead mouldings, and the like. I was very careful to bring up Mr Chicken's pistol and ammunition, and when I was alone with Miss Temple, I said: 'You are not afraid to handle a firearm, I think?'

'Oh dear, no.'

'You shot very well, I remember, with Mr Colledge at a bottle. Who hit the bottle?'

'I did.'

'So I might have thought by your manner of

drawing upon it. Your figure showed nobly, Miss Temple, in your posture as marksman. I remember the sparkle of your eyes as you glanced along the barrel. I should not have cared to be hated by you and in front of you at that moment.'

'I wish I had the courage you feign I have,' said she.

'Well,' I exclaimed, pulling the captain's pistol out of my breast, 'here is a friend that will do more than bark for you, if you should find yourself in want of such help as it can give. I have a double-barrelled concern of a like build in the next room, so that between us we are able to muster three muzzles: artillery enough to enable us to stand a siege, I can assure you, with the ammunition we possess.'

She took the clumsy weapon in her small delicate white hand and toyed with it, levelling and examining it, and so forth. I bade her mind, as it was loaded. She smiled, and going to her bunk, hid the pistol.

'I shall certainly feel easier for having it,' said she. 'You will not always now be next door, Mr Dugdale. You will be for four hours at a time on deck, when you keep your watch.'

'Ay,' said I; 'but there is a skylight; and I'll take care that the cabin lamp be kept burning; and I have a keen ear, too, that will not be blunted through my thoughts, when away from you, always being here.'

Wilkins waited upon us with punctuality and civility. Lush faithfully kept to his end of the ship. He never offered to enter the cabin except to my invitation, when perhaps I would have something in navigation to tell him about. He seemed anxious to keep us at a distance, and picked up the ship's routine, when his watch came round, as I let it fall, with an air of morose reserve. I made several efforts with an assumption of cheerfulness and heartiness of manner to break through his sullenness, with the dream of finding something like a human being of sensibilities behind it, whom I should be able to influence into getting the crew to consent to speak a passing ship that Miss Temple might be transferred to her; but he was like a hedgehog; his quills regularly rose to my least approach. He would watch me with a sulky cursing expression in his eye, or view me with a scornful regard, and to my civillest speech respond in some ragged, scurvy sentence.

But I did not play an obliging part with him very long. Having come to the conclusion that he was a ruffian of immovable qualities, I resorted to my earlier behaviour, addressed him only to give him instructions in a peremptory manner, or to point out the ship's place on the chart; so, as you will suppose, very little passed between us; yet my putting on the airs of a captain and treating him as the mere fore-castle hand which he claimed to be, influenced his bearing, and rendered him even respectful.

Nevertheless, I knew that he and his mates never had their eye off me, so to speak; that having learnt the course to Cape Horn was so-and-so, the compass was watched with restless assiduity, every man as he was relieved at the wheel reporting the direction of the ship's head to his companions forward, and how she had been steering during his trick; that my behaviour on

deck was critically followed by eyes in the forepart of the ship; that I could never give an order to trim sail during my watch but that it was duly reported to Lush, and weighed and considered by the crew in the frequent councils they held in the caboose. All this I was secretly informed of by Wetherly.

Yet I had nothing to complain of in the behaviour of the men. They sprang to my bidding, and their 'Ay, ay, sirs,' and responses to my orders, had as lively and hearty a ring as any one could hope to hear in the mouth of a crew. They sang briskly when they pulled and hauled with enjoyment of the sound of their own voices, and with a marked willingness in their demeanour to contribute their utmost to the navigation of the vessel.

But outside the actual, essential routine of the ship nothing was done. The decks were washed down at very long intervals only; there was no sailmaking or repairing; the spun-yarn winch was mute; the chafing gear was left to rot off as it would; the carpenter indeed saw to the rigging, took care that everything should be sound, for neither he nor his mates had a mind to lose a mast. But there was very little of sweeping or polishing, of swabbing or cleaning.

The rum was kept down in the steerage; every day Wilkins drew as much as sufficed to furnish the men with two glasses apiece. After drawing the stuff, he regularly presented himself with it to Lush or me, according as the one or the other of us was on deck, that it might be seen he had drawn the allowance only. The men seemed fully satisfied. There was never any demand for more grog than what was given to them, and I do not recall a single instance of intoxication.

I was as eager as any man aboard to make an end of the voyage—to arrive at all events in the South Sea, where, let the problem of the island prove what it might, we should have come to the end of our expectations, and be able to see our way to the near future, that might signify a return home for me and Miss Temple; and consequently, I never spared the barque's canvas, but, on the contrary, would hold on every rag to the very last, leaving the white clipper hull to sweep through it at the pace of a comet. The carpenter used the little ship in the same way, and between us both, our runs in the twenty-four hours would again and again rise to figures that might have been deemed almost miraculous in those days of round bows and kettle bottoms, of apple sides, and a beam but a third less than the length.

It came into my head once that we might run short of fresh water before we should arrive at that spot on the chart where the captain's gold was supposed to be buried, and I earnestly hoped that this might happen, since a threat of thirst must infallibly drive us for help to the first port we could manage to reach. I asked the carpenter if he knew what stock of water there was aboard. He said no, but promised to find out, and later in the day came to tell me that there were so many casks, making in all so many gallons—I cannot recollect the figures. To satisfy myself, I went into the hold with him, and discovered that he was right, and then entered into a calculation, which, to my secret mortification and disappointment, expressed a sufficient quantity of water

aboard to last all hands of us at a liberal supply per diem for at least six months.

Now that I had assured myself as to the posture of the crew, and was profoundly satisfied in my own mind that their consuming eagerness to arrive at the island would guarantee a uniformly proper behaviour in them, unless they addressed themselves to the rum casks, or unless I gave them cause to turn upon me, I had no misgiving in suffering Miss Temple to be seen by them. She was therefore constantly with me on deck when my lookout came round, and all the hours I could spare from sleep I dedicated to her society; so that it would be impossible to imagine any young unmarried couple passing the time in an association more intimate and incessant. At the beginning of this run to the South Pacific she showed a spirit that afterwards temporarily failed her. It was two days after I had consented to navigate the vessel that I observed a certain air of determination in her, as though she had been earnestly contemplating our situation, and had formed her resolution to encounter what might come with courage and patience. Then, after a while, her pluck seemed to fail her again; I would find her sitting motionless in the cabin with her eyes fixed on the deck, and an expression of misery in her face, as though her heart were broken. I could not induce her to eat; though, God knows, there was little or nothing to tempt her with. She could not sleep, she told me; and the glow faded out of her deep and beautiful eyes. Pale she always was, but now her face took a character of haggardness, which her whiteness, that was a loveliness in her when in health, accentuated to a degree that was presently shocking to me. When on deck, she would take my arm and walk listlessly, almost lifelessly, by my side, briefly replying to me in low tones, which trembled with excess of grief.

Secretly loving her as I did, though not as yet had a syllable, nay, as I believe, had a look of my passion escaped me, I began to dread the influence of her misery upon my behaviour to the men. She was a constant appeal to me, so to speak, to call the fellows aft, and tell them that the girl was pining her heart away, that she must be put ashore or conveyed aboard another ship this side Cape Horn, though it came to our backing our maintopsail to wait for one, or that I would throw up my command of the vessel and refuse to sail her another mile. I say I lived in mortal fear of my being forced into this by sentiment and sympathy; for I was advised by every secret instinct, by every glance I levelled at the crew, by every look I directed at the carpenter, that the certain issue of such a resolution as that must involve my life!

I said everything I could imagine that I thought might reassure her, and one afternoon spent two hours in earnest talk with her. I told her that her grief was influencing me, and that it might come to my not being able to control myself in my relations with the crew; and I went on to point out what must follow if I suffered my sorrow for her to betray me into any other attitude towards the men than that I now wore. I had never been very candid in this way with her before, not choosing to excite her alarm and distress, and now I succeeded in thoroughly frightening her. It was enough that

I should indicate the probability of her being left alone among the crew to fill her with horror. I need not give you the substance of my talk with her. So much remains to be told that I can only refer to it. But it achieved the end I had hoped to witness.

When next day came, I found some spirit in her voice and manner. Whilst we sat at breakfast alone, as we invariably were whether in the cuddy or on deck, she exclaimed, viewing me with an earnestness which there was nothing in the faint smile that accompanied it to diminish:

'I have taken your lecture to heart, Mr Dugdale, and I mean to reform. I have shown myself a sad coward; but you shall have no further reason to complain of me for that. I am ashamed of myself. I wonder that I have confidence enough to look at you when I compare my behaviour with yours. You have thought only of me, and I have thought only of myself, and that is the difference between us.'

'It puts a new pulse into my heart to hear you talk so,' said I. 'I want to conduct you home to your mother's side out of this wild adventure, with the same beauty and health that you brought away from England with you. It grieved me to the soul to see you refusing food, to watch your face growing hollow, to hear of your sleepless nights, and to witness in your eyes the misery that was consuming you. Pray keep this steadfastly in mind—that every day shortens our run to the South Pacific, and that every day this horrible experience is lessened by twenty-four hours. Whether there be gold in the island or not, whether the island have existence or not, the crew must still be dependent upon me to carry them to a port, and the port that is good for them will be good for us; for it will be strange if from it we are unable to proceed straight home. All along I have said it is but a question of patience and waiting, and God alone can tell how grateful I shall be to you if you will enable me to play the part that I know *must* be played if our safety is to be worth a rushlight.'

From this time she showed herself a thoroughly resolved woman. She ceased to tease me with regrets, to distress me with inquiries which I could not answer, to imply by her silence or her sighs or looks of reproach that I had it in my power by some other sort of policy than what I was pursuing to get her safely away out of the barque. With this new mind in her came a subtle but appreciable change in her manner towards me. Heretofore her behaviour had been uniformly haunted by some small flavour more or less defined of her treatment of me; and indeed of all others, saving Mr Colledge, aboard the Indianman. She had suggested, though perhaps without intending it, a sort of condescension in our quiet hours, with a deal of haughtiness and almost contemptuous command in moments when she was wrought up by alarm and despair. I now found a sort of yielding in her, a compliance, a complaisance that was almost tender, a subdued form of expression, no matter what the mood might be which our conversation happened to excite in her.

However, I consoled myself by thinking that our situation hung in too black a shadow over her mind to enable her to guess at what might be

going on in it. Besides, never a word had I let fall that she could construe into a revelation of my passion for her. Had I loved her a thousand-fold more than I did, my honour must have held my emotions dumb. It was not only that my pride determined me to keep silent until I might have good reason to believe that my love would not be declined by this high and mighty young lady of the *Countess Ida* with hidden wonder at my impertinence in offering it; I also was sensible that I should be acting the meanest part in the world to let her guess my feelings—by my language at least: my face I might not be always able to control—whilst she continued in this miserable condition, utterly dependent upon me for protection, and too helpless to avow any resentment, which she would be desperately quick to express and let me feel under other circumstances.

We should be entering the bitter climate of the Horn presently, and she was without warm apparel. Her dress, as you know, was the light tropical costume in which she had attired herself to visit the corvette. What was to be done?

'You cannot face the weather of the Horn in that garb,' said I on one occasion, lightly glancing at her dress, to which her noble and faultless figure communicated a grace that the wear and tear and soiling of the many days she had worn it could not rob it of. 'Needs must, you know, when Old Nick drives. There is but one expedient: I hope you will not make a grimace at it.'

'Tell it to me.'

'There is a good, warm, long pilot coat in my cabin. I will borrow needles and thread, and you must go to work to make it fit you.'

She laughed with a slight blush. 'I fear I shall not be able to manage it.'

'Try. If you fail, fifty to one but that there is some man forward who will contrive it for you. Most sailors can sew and cut out after a fashion. But I would rather you should try your hand at it alone. If I employ a fellow forward he will have to come aft and measure you, and so on; all which I don't want.'

'Nor I,' she cried eagerly. 'I will try the coat on now, Mr Dugdale. I daresay I shall be able to fashion it into some sort of jacket,' she added with another laugh that trembled with a sigh.

I procured the coat, and helped her to put it on. It had been built for an overcoat, and designed to wrap up more than the narrow shoulders for which it had been fashioned, and it buttoned easily over the girl's swelling figure.

'Come, we shan't want a tailor after all,' said I, backing a step to admire her in this new queer apparel.

'It will keep me warm,' said she, turning about to take a view of herself.

'And now,' said I, 'for a hat. That elegant straw of yours will not do for Cape Horn.'

I overhauled the captain's wardrobe, and unearthed three hats of different kinds—one of them a wideawake; another, a cap of some kind of skin, very good to keep a night-watch in in dirty weather; and the third, an old-fashioned tarpaulin glazed hat—the sire of the sou'-wester of our own times, though, to be sure, sou'-wester caps, as they were called, were in use at the

beginning of the century. This example of head-gear I returned to the locker in which I had found it, but the other two Miss Temple thought she could make serviceable. She tried them on, stealing glances almost coquettish at me as she peered at herself in the looking-glass which I brought from her cabin.

There had been a time when nothing, I am persuaded, could have induced her to touch those hats. She would have shrunk from them with the aversion and disgust she had exhibited at Captain Braine's suggestions about the furnishing of her cabin in the steerage. Assuredly, old Ocean was working a mighty change in her character. Life real, stern, uncompromising, was busy with her; and just as Byron says of his shipwrecked people that the mothers of them would not have known their own sons, so was I assured of my shipmate Louise that, if it pleased God we should escape from the perils of this adventure, she would emerge a changed woman in every characteristic that had been displeasing in her before.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE PATENT ROLLS.

In any work dealing with the whims and eccentricities of the human mind, a copious chapter might be filled with instances drawn from our Patent Rolls. The strangest ideas and most impossible schemes are to be found there side by side with inventions which have left a lasting mark in the history of human progress. Much that is amusing from quaintness of phraseology, or the over-sanguine expectations formed by inventors of the results of their discoveries, is to be met with by the most casual reader. To those who care to look deeper, the Patent Rolls are full of instruction. Many illustrious names are to be found up and down their pages; and in spite of the mistaken views and shattered hopes of many of our early inventors, shrewd 'guesses at truth' are here and there to be discerned, and the true interests of science can be seen all the time making a slow but steady progress. During the reign of Elizabeth, the system of monopolies had become so extended as to form a crying evil. The whole trade of the kingdom was in the hands of a body of men not probably exceeding two hundred in number, and was to a great extent confined to the capital. The following examples will give a good idea of their general nature. Political morality as well as political economy would find their rules constantly outraged by these transactions of good Queen Bess, who certainly had a keen eye to the filling of the royal exchequer, and was not overnice as to the means employed. For instance, we find her granting 'a license to Thomas Cornwallis only and no other to make grants and licences for keeping of gaming-houses and using of unlawfull games contrary to the statute of 33 Hen. VIII.' And again in the thirtieth year of her reign: 'A patent to Sir W. Rawleigh to make licenses for keeping of tavernes and retailing of wyne throughout all England.' In 1598 a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Ede Schetts had a grant conferred on him and no other 'to buy and transport ashes and ould shoes for seven

yeeres.' On another the right was bestowed 'to provide and bring in all Spanish wools for making of felte hatts for twenty yeares.' Monopolies embraced a wide variety of subjects, for instance: 'To make spangles,' 'To print the Psalms of David,' 'To print Cornelius Tacitus,' 'To printe all manner of songs in parts,' 'To make glasses;' and so on.

The abuse of this system produced a popular outcry, culminating, as every one knows, in the impeachment of Sir Giles Mompesson and others. James I. was forced to consent to the Statute of Monopolies, which, while abolishing all monopolies which were grievous and inconvenient to the subjects of the realm, made a special exception of letters-patent and grants of privilege of the sole working or making of any new manufacture to its true and first inventor, but so that it should not be 'contrary to law nor mischievous to the State by raising the price of commodities at home or hurt of trade or generally inconvenient.' Such was the origin of our present system of patents.

Among the early entries is an amusing one granted in 1632 for 'a fish-call, or a looking-glasse for fishes in the sea, very usefull for the fishers to call all kinde of fishes to their nets, speares, or hookes.' Fishes, then, like the rest of us, have their weak points, it would seem, among which not the least is vanity. Fancy a respectable old sole or elderly conger being taken by such a transparent device! No doubt, however, the largest take was among the females, who could not resist a peep. The manufacture of soap might not be considered an occupation fit for a knight, yet in 1622 a special privilege was granted to Sir Edmund Harewell, Sir Cary Raleigh, and others, 'to use within the realme of Ireland the misterie and trade of makinge all manner of soapes, and also of makinge of soape-ashes, pott-ashes, &c.' History does not relate whether Pat took kindly to this new luxury, or whether these worthy knights found the Emerald Isle a promising field for speculation; but the soap-trade, which did not exist in England till the sixteenth century, began about this time to assume a growing importance in our national commerce. The following patent, taken out in 1672, sounds something like a merry-go-round at a fair: 'A speciall lycence to use his new engine teachinge to performe by artificiall horses the usual exercises of a complete horseman generally taught in academies, namely, the running at the ring, throwing of the lance, shooting of the pistoll, and takeing upp of the head.' Tilting at the ring from a hobby-horse certainly sounds rather ludicrous; though we have heard of an artificial horse that went through a series of back-jumping experiments, which were described as infinitely more trying to the seat of the rider than the evolutions of the live animal!

The 'complete horseman,' as turned out by the Riding Academies of to-day, does not come up to this seventeenth-century ideal; but it is interesting to note some of the chief features of the modern military tournament. While on the subject of athletic exercises, it may be well to notice a grant, on the 4th of July 1692, to one Thomas Samborne, of the 'sole publick exercise, use, and benefitt of his new invented exercise called "Fives"' (a description of the place wherein

the same is to be used is annexed to the patent), 'which is moderately expensive, and in itself innocent and harmless, and very much conducing to the health and refreshment of such as practise it.' Bravo, Thomas Samborne! Many a school-boy will doubtless endorse your praise of 'Fives.' Some form of the game was known in classical times, and was also common in England; but this looks like the first mention of it by its modern name of 'Fives.'

The interest taken, curiously enough, in the reign of that merry monarch Charles II. in scientific pursuits—of which the founding of the Royal Society is an example—is well illustrated by some of the patents taken out at that period. For instance, one granted in 1670 to Prince Rupert 'for converting soft iron into steel.' He is also remembered in the annals of chemistry for his discovery of the glass 'drops' which are still called by his name. In 1678, one to Viscount Grandison 'for refining lead ore with coal instead of wood.' A well-known name—that of the Marquis of Worcester—appears on the Patent Rolls for 1661 for an invention of 'a watch or clocke without spring or chequer or any other kind of windage upp: alsoe to make an engine applyable to any coach, by which a child of six yeares old may secure from danger all in the coach, and the coachman himself, though the horses become never so unruly.' What an invaluable 'engine' this would be in the present state of traffic in the metropolis—during the passing by of a 'demonstration,' let us say, or when in the vicinity of brass bands, and on many other occasions which may be left to the imagination of the reader, when horses are wont to become 'never so unruly.'

The idea of a diving-dress and diving-bell has always been a favourite one with inventors. In 1687 a grant was made 'of the sole use and benefit of the new invention of teaching persons to walke and remaine under water for ye space of one, two, or three houres without covering over theire head or body, ye water coming both round and near their naked skin, and soe with perfect senses to worke or doe any service in recovering and taking up any goods or merchandises lost under water with greater ease and vigour than hath ever heretofore been found out or practised by any other.' The person who first entrusted himself to the tender mercies of this aquatic Professor must have been of an exceedingly confiding nature, or blessed with unusually strong nerves. He kindly limits the feat to three hours; but we fancy the pleasure would begin to pall after the first of them. What the exact nature of this invention was it would be difficult to say; it is plain it was not a diving-dress. The diving-bell is mentioned by Lord Bacon in the *Novum Organum* as a machine used to assist persons labouring under water upon wrecks, by affording a reservoir of air, to which they might resort whenever they required to take breath. Smeaton is supposed to have been the first to use it for civil-engineering operations in 1779, when the foundations of Hexham Bridge were being prepared. The bell in that case consisted of an oblong box of wood forty feet high, two wide, and three and a half long, and was supplied with air by a pipe fixed at the top. In 1788 Smeaton first employed the diving-bell as we now know it in the

construction of Ramsgate harbour. It was made of cast-iron, and weighed fifty hundredweight.

Passing to another subject, the dress of the ladies in the early years of the last century is amusingly illustrated by the following entry in 1737: 'A grant unto Jane Vanef, widow, and hoop-petticoat maker, of the sole use and benefit of her new invention of a machine or joint hoops so contrived that she can bring an hoop-coat of four yards wide into the compass of two yards or less, for ladies to go into coaches and chaires without any manner of trouble or inconvenience.' Sundry pictures of *Punch* in the palmy days of crinolines rise to the mind's eye in reading this account. The danger to life and property in the good old days of the gentlemen of the road gave rise to many inventions calculated to protect them—at least that was the design of the inventor—but personally, one would probably not have cared to make trial of their efficacy. Here is one: 'Watch and note guard, which will effectually prevent pickpockets from robbing persons of their watches, and will likewise, prevent accidents of various kinds which too frequently happen to persons wearing watches and carrying notes in their breeches pockets.' This inventor was evidently a man of observant habits, a philosopher in his way. Again, in 1787 a 'grant unto Edmund Strickland of Birming, in the county of Warwick, mechanick of his new invented machine to prevent housebreaking and fire, and which may be applied to different purposes, and which will be found of never-failing utility for the protection of lives and property.' Here we have no half-hearted measures for the relief of the timid householder, but a machine to prevent his chief dangers, fire and housebreaking. What machine would answer both these purposes it would be hard to say, unless it was an ordinary alarm.

Patents for brewing and distilling processes are pretty frequent, but do not, as a rule, possess any peculiar features. The idea of improving the quality of fermented and distilled liquors by passing a current of electricity through the liquor is rather curious. A patent was taken out for this in 1843.

The following is a good example of old-fashioned political economy, innocent of Adam Smith or J. S. Mill—namely, a grant in 1732 to one Isaac Rowe of his method of 'extracting from blackberrys a spirit equally good and wholesome, and as well flavoured as French brandy, the use of which will save His Majesty's subjects very considerable sums of money that are annually sent to France and other countries for brandy.' We have heard of champagne being made of gooseberries, and have probably been deceived by the same, but imagine fine cognac from blackberrys!

We are so accustomed to regard the lucifer match as indispensable, that we are apt to forget that its origin is very recent. In 1823 we find a patent for matches taken out by one Samuel Jones. The year before, a man named Walker had brought out some called 'Congreves,' after Sir W. Congreve, the inventor of the rocket of that name. Eighty-four of these were sold for a shilling, and with the box was supplied a folded piece of glass paper. The phosphorus friction match, as we at present know it, was not introduced on a commercial scale till 1833.

Among well-known names appearing on the Patent Rolls we find those of Josiah Wedgwood in 1769, and Ralph Wedgwood in 1796. The latter was granted three patents for 'his new invented method of making earthenware.' Josiah, who is described 'of Burslem, Stafford,' took out his patent for 'ornamenting earthenware and porcelain-ware by an encaustic gold bronze together with peculiar encaustic painting in various colours in imitation of Etruscan and Roman earthenware.' It was in 1769 that he opened new potteries on a large scale in Etruria, in Staffordshire, in partnership with Thomas Bentley of Liverpool. Flaxman and other eminent artists were engaged to design and model reliefs, busts, and other designs for this pottery, which attained such a just celebrity.

The names of the chief pianoforte-makers are also to be seen. 'John Broadwood of Gt Pulteney St, Golden Square,' in 1783, then come the 'Erards'—Sebastian Erard in 1801, and Collard in 1811. The name of Murdoch, famous in the annals of gas, occurs in 1844. It was Robert Murdoch who practically introduced coal-gas as an illuminating agent in 1798. In 1803 the Lyceum Theatre was lighted with gas; and in 1810 a public company for lighting the streets, &c., was formed. In September 1816 the name of George Stephenson appears in connection with a patent for the construction of 'machines and railway carriages.' It was not till 1825 that the first train carrying passengers and goods was started. The idea of obtaining perpetual motion has a wonderful vitality about it. The earliest instance of it on the Rolls is in 1635, 'a special privilege to William Barton, Gent., of the sole license and power to use and exercise certain engines by him invented which (being putt in order) will cause and maintain their own motions with continuance and without any borrowed force of man, horse, wind, river, or brooks, whereby many several kinds of rare works may be performed to the benefit of the common-wealth.' One thing we can be absolutely certain about is, that these 'works' were very 'rare.' We find an invention of a similar kind patented as late as 1836; and even at the present day the idea is by no means extinct.

The patents in connection with medicine are not the least amusing, and will form a fitting conclusion to these extracts. The quacks of former days, like those of our own, seem to have possessed a wonderful command of language and a vast vocabulary. These specific remedies have quaint titles: 'Aromatic Ague Cake,' 'Oriental Vegetable Cordial,' 'Compound Concentrated Fluid Vital Air' (patented in 1799). In 1786 John Thompson was granted a patent for his new medicine called 'Baume d'arquebusade Concentre,' or Concentrated Balsam of Arquebusade, 'which is one of the greatest antiseptic chymical preparations, and the most sovereign remedy externally in the cure of fractures, dislocations, &c., gunshot and other wounds of all kinds; and internally in the jaundice and all bilious complaints, the dropsy, gravel, and worms.' What a nice derangement of diseases! With such a remedy at hand, one would have thought that every ill that flesh is heir to would have long since been charmed away. Another ambitious title is attached to a patent taken out in

1850 by 'Innocenzo della Lena of Piccadilly for flogistical and fixed earth of Mars, or powder of Mars.' In 1749 one Thomas Smith of Spitalfields, Gent., took out a patent for his 'new invented Medicinal Snuff in curing of disorder of the hypochondriac and meloncolly kind.'

One other extract is too amusing to be passed over, though it has nothing to do with medicine, but rather with a walking-stick, of enormous capacities apparently, which was patented in 1814—and perhaps came in useful at Waterloo—to contain pistol, powder, and balls, and screw telescope, pen, ink, and paper, pencil, knife, and drawing utensils. What an invaluable *vade mecum*—just the thing for a campaign!

THE STORY OF A STORY.

By EDWARD D. CUMING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'MR MEADOWSON,' said Miss Alicia Malden with a mysterious air, 'I want to have a little chat with you as soon as you have finished your tea.'

Arthur Meadowson hastily disposed of the last fragment of cake, and put his cup down on a knick-knack-laden table near. A tête-à-tête with Miss Malden was very dear to him, and hopes of enjoying one for five minutes brought him all the way from his lodgings in Brompton to No. 212 Brook Street regularly every Tuesday.

'Yes, Miss Malden,' he said, as the young lady took her seat on the sofa at his side—'yes.'

'I've got a great secret to tell you,' and she leaned forward to impart it in an impressive whisper. 'Mr Meadowson, I have written a book.'

Having unburdened her conscience, she drew back to mark the astonishment she expected the revelation would evoke. But Mr Meadowson, whose opinion of her talents was perhaps biased by admiration, manifested no surprise at all. On the contrary, he merely said that he was perfectly sure anything Miss Malden wrote would be well worth reading.

'It's very good of you to say so,' she answered modestly, 'and you encourage me to ask a great favour.'

Arthur Meadowson blushed with pleasure, and said that she had only to say what the favour was; he would be only too charmed to do anything for her.

'I want you to take the manuscript home with you to-day and read it. Then I shall ask you to give me your opinion of it,' said Miss Malden with her brightest smile.

The young man's brain whirled: that smile intoxicated him, and he scarcely realised that he was being admitted into his liege lady's most sacred confidence.

'I want your candid opinion, mind,' continued Miss Malden. 'I have read the story to Gwen Pollock, my dearest friend, and she is delighted with it; but of course she is no judge.'

In broken sentences, Arthur Meadowson strove to assert his conviction that Miss Pollock's verdict only foreshadowed his own.

'Gwen thinks I ought to get at least two hundred pounds for it,' said the authoress carelessly; 'but of course I don't expect anything. I scarcely dare trust myself to think of the joy of seeing it in print, even.'

'I will do my very best for you, Miss Malden.' 'Thanks. If you will come into the library, I will give you the manuscript.—Oh! I almost forgot to tell you. It's a secret from mamma. I am not going to tell her until the book is printed and published. I mean to give her a surprise.'

'We must find a publisher, Mr Meadowson,' said the young lady as she unlocked a drawer in the library writing-table and took out a bulky brown-paper parcel.

Miss Malden said 'We!' Arthur Meadowson seized the parcel and pressed it to his heart. 'Yes,' he murmured ecstatically—'yes; and I wish I could tell you how—how—how—' But he couldn't; the words would not come; so he looked his feelings instead.

'I did think of asking Mr Wegwood to look at it,' said Alicia; 'but I prefer to give it to you.'

Mr Meadowson slid the package under his arm, caught Miss Malden's hand, and held it while he said a long 'good-night.' He looked upon Augustus Wegwood as his most dangerous rival, and this signal mark of preference raised him at a bound into the seventh heaven.

Mr Meadowson got into an omnibus at Hyde Park Corner. He was a man of about thirty years of age, who had been brought up with expectations that warranted his choosing a life of idleness. When he was twenty-three, the tide of his father's fortunes changed, and fell with rapidity to the lowest ebb; and at twenty-five Arthur Meadowson found himself fatherless and penniless, with nothing but his own unaided abilities wherewith to earn a living. He faced the situation bravely, and fell back on literature; and being possessed of a ready and facile pen, he contrived to keep his head above water by writing for magazines, at which laborious and uncertain vocation he had worked until the time our story opens. And to his consequent knowledge of literary matters and acquaintance with the publishing fraternity he owed in a measure the distinction Miss Malden had conferred upon him.

Mrs Malden had been a friend of his mother, and had remained staunch through adversity; her house in Brook Street was always open to him; and since Alicia's return twelve months ago from the Continent, where she had received the finishing touches to her education, Mr Meadowson had fallen steadily more and more deeply in love with her. He was aware that the young lady liked him; but as he could not ask a girl who would inherit some four thousand a year to share the two hundred his pen brought him annually, he was compelled to stand aside, while more eligible suitors thronged round to bid for the prize.

Mr Meadowson left the omnibus at the South Kensington station, and, still hugging that parcel, dived into the maze of streets which lies between the Brompton and Fulham Roads. He bent his steps down one of the less shabbily respectable, and drawing a latchkey from his pocket, let himself into a house whose lower windows were adorned with cards bearing the legend, 'Furnished Apartments.' His own rooms were up-stairs, and giving his landlady a call, to announce his return, he ran up to open Miss Malden's manuscript. It looked rather formidable when he had taken off

the numerous wrappings that protected it—five hundred and thirty sheets of closely-written foolscap, bearing on the outside, in artistic scroll-work, the title—

AT EDEN'S GATE.
An Idyll, in Three Volumes.
By A. M.

'A good name,' he muttered—'a very fair name. If the story is equal to it, it will do.' The critic was overcoming the lover; for Arthur Meadowson was a man of intrinsic honesty, and meant to deal with Miss Malden's book as impartially as he could.

He hastened over his dinner, and as soon as the cloth had been removed, turned up the lamp, drew in his chair, and set to work. He saw infinite possibilities in the future, for he felt that to secure publication of Alicia's novel would go far to turn mere liking into a deeper channel; and when it became clear that she actually reciprocated his attachment he might—Ah well; there would be time enough to build these castles in the air when the book was published.

But by the time he had reached the bottom of the very first page, the eager light in his eye had faded; at the end of the second his jaw fell visibly and his face grew blank; and when he paused to turn over the third, the glance he cast at the huge pile of foolscap beside him betokened anything but a whetted appetite for 'At Eden's Gate.'

As a matter of fact, dismay and disappointment were already the feelings uppermost in his mind. The most daring efforts at 'fine writing' were framed in lengthy sentences, whose construction argued the writer's contempt for the elements of English grammar; the simplest ideas were concealed in wordy shrouds of superlatives; and the spelling was varied with a richness that gave orthography a new interest.

'Never mind the diction,' said Mr Meadowson, setting his teeth as he took up chapter two; 'I can rewrite the copy for her. Let's get to the story.'

But at half-past one the devoted man laid aside the twelfth chapter without having detected any thread that all his ingenuity and indulgence combined could call a 'plot.' The chapters were disconnected incidents; the 'characters' had neither life nor individuality; and the conversation, of which there was a great deal, was weak and insipid to the last degree.

'It's a hopeless case!' exclaimed Arthur as he threw down his pen—'utterly hopeless! No editor would read to the end of the first chapter; and I can't imperil my slender reputation by asking any publisher I know to look at it. But to tell her so!—' He broke off with a despairing shrug and leaned back in his chair, gazing sadly at the untidy manuscript. He recognised now how delicate was the position in which Miss Malden's cherished confidence had placed him.

'She is in love with the thing,' he mused, as he put away the papers preparatory to retiring to bed. 'I saw that when she spoke of it; and no matter how carefully I gild the pill, the result is a foregone conclusion. She will never speak to me again if she can help it. I wish she had given the manuscript to Wegwood instead.'

He spent the better part of the following day in reading the remaining twenty-eight chapters of the 'Idyll,' buoying himself up with hopes that he might yet discover some gem of thought, or happily conceived incident, that would leaven the mass. But he reached the bitter end without having had his attention once arrested by a single line that rose above the level of deadly commonplace.

It will be readily understood that Mr Meadowson was in no hurry to acquaint the authoress with his opinion of 'At Eden's Gate;' he thankfully remembered that she would not expect his critique just yet, and he had therefore time to decide whether he should convey it by letter or word of mouth. He was keenly anxious to break the intelligence gently, though vividly conscious that however the operation were performed, the consequences to himself would be much the same.

A very depressed and moody Arthur Meadowson wandered up to the Junior Carlton Club that evening. Apart from the prospective breach this matter of the novel threatened to create between the girl he loved and himself, more sordid cares were weighing upon him. His exchequer was low, and he had but few outstanding claims against the magazines; he had no articles in hand which promised to turn out saleable, and no ideas upon which to build others. Altogether, it may be doubted whether any more unhappy young man than our hero walked through the Park and down Piccadilly that May afternoon.

He had been a member of the Junior Carlton since he came of age, having been introduced thereto by his father when money was plentiful and friends were numerous; but though he was almost dependent upon the Club for the society of his own kind, he had latterly been considering the advisability of sending in his resignation; for the annual subscription formed a serious item in his expenditure. He turned in there to-day, telling himself he must screw up his courage to take the step at once; his finances would not stand the tax upon them any longer; but what life would be without this haven of refuge he did not care to contemplate. As he entered the smoking-room he stumbled over a pair of large feet encased in patent leather, whose owner was concealed behind the *Sportsman*. The reader looked up as he apologised, and revealed himself as Mr Augustus Wegswood.

'Evening, Meadowson,' he said languidly. 'Come to dine?'

'Not to-night.—What are you doing here?'

'Loafing, as usual,' replied the brewer, throwing aside his paper with a yawn. He was a stout, red-faced young man, carefully attired in frock-coat and the last fashionable necktie. His habitual expression was one of bored indolence.—'Oh, by the way, Meadowson,' he continued with sudden animation, 'I heard of something this morning that might suit you. Just ring the bell, and have some tea with me while I tell you about it.'

Arthur Meadowson touched the electric button nearest him, and, nothing loth, sat down to hear what the 'something' was. Mr Wegswood was not the man to whom he looked for aid to find him such, nor was he one to whom he cared to place himself under a heavy obligation.

'You had a long talk with Miss Malden yesterday,' remarked Mr Wegswood presently, through a mouthful of buttered toast. 'I was waylaid by Mamma; she kept me at her side the whole afternoon.'

'She was asking me about a book,' replied Arthur indifferently.—'But let's hear what you were going to suggest for me, a few minutes ago. I'll take anything that pays decently.'

'Ah! I was forgetting,' said Mr Wegswood, whose thoughts were somewhat flighty. 'I don't know if you will care about it; but Mrs Malden told me you wanted a post of some kind, and I said I'd bear it in mind.'

'Very good of you,' said Arthur.

'Not at all. This is how it is. Half-a-dozen fellows with whom we have business occasionally, are forming a syndicate—sort of Limited Company, don't you know?—They are going to buy up the properties of a lot of hop-growers in Kent, and they want some one to act as Manager and Secretary. They want a fellow they can trust to look after their interests, don't you know? Not a practical man, who understands hops, but a fellow whom they can rely on to write regularly and tell them how things are going on. That sort of thing suit you?'

'I could do the work, if that's all.—What's the salary?'

'Watson, who told me of the scheme, talked about three hundred a year,' answered Mr Wegswood; 'but of course I told him he could not get the class of man he required for such a pittance as that. I said to him: "It's ridiculous, don't you know, Watson?—ridiculous," I said.'

The brewer's own income, derived from a sleeping partnership in 'Wegswood's Entire,' ran a long way into five figures, so his monetary ideas were naturally large.

'I'll take three hundred gladly, if that is their limit,' said Arthur, after a pause.—'Will my work be in London, if I get this appointment?'

'No,' replied Mr Wegswood with decision. 'You would have to be in B——; awful hole, B——. I go down sometimes to see an old aunt who's got a place there.'

'Any port in a storm,' quoted Arthur with rather strained cheerfulness.

'I may safely say that Watson will give you the berth, on my recommendation. The matter lies in his own hands, and he will do anything to oblige me—the firm, that is.'

Arthur Meadowson thanked him again, and left the Club, carrying a lighter heart than he had brought into it an hour before.

Mr Meadowson was a little surprised to find awaiting him at his lodgings a note from Miss Malden requesting his presence at No. 212 on the following day.

'I'm afraid you will think me very unreasonable and impatient,' she wrote; 'but you would forgive me if you only knew the value I attach to your opinion of my book. If you have finished reading it by to-morrow afternoon, come at three, and tell me what you think of it. I shall remain at home to see you.'

He tied up the manuscript, once so precious, now so hateful, and sat down to consider how he might convey his idea of 'At Eden's Gate' in the least distasteful manner; but he could not do

more than stretch out a general line and leave the occasion to find him words.

'I'll run down my own taste in books, and the publishers', and the public's,' he decided; 'in fact, I'll abuse everybody and everything but the book itself; and if I can't convince her that the public taste, and not her story, is at fault, I must tell her the truth as kindly as I know how.'

Three o'clock the next day saw him in the drawing-room in Brook Street. The afternoon was sunny and warm, and when Miss Malden, looking her prettiest in a most becoming spring dress, came in, an overwhelming wave of love and sorrow swept over the young man's being.

'Have you read it?' she asked, her eyes sparkling with eagerness.

'Yes, Miss Malden, I have read it all.'

'Then tell me in one word: 'Will it do?'

The lovely face bent so anxiously towards his own dove all plans of disclosure completely out of his head. He laid down the parcel of manuscript, and under pretence of unfastening the string which secured it, strove to delay and collect his thoughts.

'You don't want to look at it now, Mr Meadowson,' said Miss Malden, laying a preventive hand upon his. 'If you have read my story you must have formed some opinion about it. Be honest with me,' she pleaded; 'I must know what you think.'

The earnest appeal of those clear gray eyes forbade shuffling; Arthur threw diplomacy to the winds, and answered her straightforwardly. 'I'm afraid it will not print,' he said.

Miss Malden drew herself slowly upright and played with her rings for a few moments before she spoke. 'Why not?' Her voice was steady, but the colour had left her cheeks and her fingers trembled visibly.

'I hardly know how to tell you,' answered Arthur miserably; 'your writing'—

'Oh, if it's only the English or the spelling, I don't care,' interposed the young lady, 'because I know you would put them right if I asked you.'

'Had that been all, I should have asked you to let me rewrite it,' he said; 'but I'm afraid it would not do any good.'

'Then where is the fault?' demanded the authoress almost pettishly. 'In the plot? In the story?'

'You have no plot, Miss Malden; no sustained interest.'

'What about the characters?' she inquired with a little ring of triumph in her voice. 'The most exacting critic must have a good word for Lord Brownover, Colonel Gansdale, and Lady Helen, she thought. Were they not drawn from real life?'

'They lack individuality, Miss Malden. If I may speak quite plainly, they are all exactly alike; you can't tell one from the other.'

This was the last straw. Miss Malden hastily picked up the parcel which lay between them on the sofa, said: 'Tha-a-ank you, Mr Meadowson,' and fled from the room to hide her tears; leaving Arthur a crushed heap of misery, with scarcely enough mental power to feel himself a heartless, hypercritical brute.

Half an hour later he found himself on the steps of the Club, without any very clear idea

how he had come there. As he pushed open the swing-doors, his arm was seized from behind, and he turned to behold Mr Wegswood smiling upon him with unusual affection.

'I congratulate you,' he said; 'that is, if it is a matter for congratulation, don't you know? You've got it. Three-fifty. I told Watson he must raise his figure, and though he made a favour of it, he did go fifty more. Don't thank me,' said Mr Wegswood, waving a heavily-ringed hand in deprecation of Arthur's expressions of gratitude. 'I'm awfully glad if you are. Only thing is, they want you to take up the billet at once. That's serious difficulty; fellow can't leave town in middle of May; it's impossible.'

'The season does not affect me much, nowadays,' smiled Arthur. 'I can go at once.'

'You are a fellow,' said Mr Wegswood, half in awe and half in pity. 'D'you mean to say you could go so soon as, say, Monday?'

'Why not?' asked Arthur shortly, for he had little patience with the affectations of this gilded youth.

Mr Wegswood shook his head solemnly at the idea of a fellow leaving town like that in the 'Season,' but readily undertook to write to Mr Watson; and a few other details having been settled and explained, he got up to leave.

Now that the heavy load of pecuniary troubles in the present and the dark uncertainties of the future were thus satisfactorily dispelled, Arthur Meadowson could bring his thoughts untrammelled to bear upon the events of that half-hour in Brook Street. He had muddled the business sadly; a pleading look, an appealing word, had witched him into telling not only the plain but the ugly truth; and now it was too late, all the pretty phrases in which he might have offered it came upon him at once. Presently, he rose and went to a writing-table, where he sat down, bent on putting forth all his powers in the composition of a letter to the disconsolate Alicia which should soften the blows she had wrung from him. 'I must tell you,' he wrote, 'what I had no opportunity of saying when I saw you. It is that another reader may feel able to give a more acceptable opinion of your book than I have done. I think, knowing you so well, I may have expected too much, and judged too harshly; but I confess I am still convinced that you could produce work of a higher order, if you give yourself a fair chance and do not attempt too much. The opinion of some one who reads many novels—which I do not—may prove a more reliable guide than mine.'

'I hope that will break the fall a little,' sighed Arthur as he closed a letter full of such judicious insinuations as the specimen we give above. 'I shall see her before I go, I suppose. I must write and tell Mrs Malden that I'm off, and she is safe to ask me up there on Sunday to say good-bye.'

He wrote accordingly, not forgetting to mention that he believed he was indebted to her for Mr Wegswood's exertions on his behalf, and expressed a hope that he should find her at home when he called to bid her adieu.

He received an answer by return of post; but though Mrs Malden's note was couched in terms

of the sincerest kindness, it offered him no encouragement to pay a farewell visit.

'Phew!' whistled Arthur. 'The English of this is that she has told her mother the secret, and Mrs Malden has taken offence too.—Well, well; I'm sorry, for she has been a good friend to me; it only gives me another reason for cutting Town as soon as possible.'

REMINISCENCES AMONG THE SIOUX INDIANS.

THE Sioux nation of Indians has recently attracted much attention in the United States because of a law enacted by the Senate and Congress authorising a treaty with that nation which provides for the relinquishment by the Indians of a large proportion of that section of Western Dakota known as the Big Sioux Reservation. It is not necessary here to enter into the details of the Act; but it is one which has for a long time past claimed the attention of the entire population of the United States, because it not only opens up to actual settlement a large area of agricultural land, but it gives certain lines of railway a chance to build across a section of country for which they have been waiting since the early settlement of the Black Hills and the cattle-ranges of Wyoming and Montana. It is also calculated to encourage the Indians in becoming civilised, for it provides that each individual Indian shall select one hundred and sixty acres of land on which to make his permanent home; the object, of course, being to eventually render these wards of the Government self-sustaining, instead of being, as they are at present, entirely supported by the Government.

This action by the United States Government has revived many recollections by frontiersmen of the old days, when it was freely admitted by those best entitled to judge that no Indian could be good until he was dead. But those days are gone, never to return, for the reason that the large game which used to roam over the prairies and mountains of the West have been killed off to such an extent that Indians on the war-path would be unable to find enough wild meat to feed themselves with. Take away their sustenance, and you take with it the bravery and desire of the Indians to make war. The buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, and mountain sheep, which used to roam in immense herds over these prairies and mountains, are killed off, and the Indian is tamed, but not civilised. A visit to any of the Indian Agencies at the time of issuing beef-rations from the slaughter-house would convince any one of this fact, for the visitor would to-day see the squaws fighting over the entrails just drawn hot and bloody from the bodies of the dead cattle, and feasting on them in a raw state, uncleansed by water.

Such reminiscences as the massacre in Minnesota in 1862, when a Sioux chief, Little Crow, and band of warriors passed over a section of that State leaving death and desolation in their wake, are recalled to mind. This same old chief has doubtless long ere this been called to the happy hunting-grounds, for when I saw him in 1877 he was very old and infirm. It is a notable

fact, too, that the places of the old fighting chiefs, of which this nation possessed a large number only a few years since, have never been filled, which bears out my assertion that with the departure of wild-game the warlike spirit of the Indians has become tamed.

But there were chiefs only a few short years since whom nothing but death could conquer—of such mettle were Crazy Horse and Spotted Tail. The deeds of these two, both in the battle and hunting-fields, are still recounted by the old Indians, who cannot forget, and still delight in the prowess of such men. The deaths of both of these were violent, as their lives had been. The former—who took a very active part in the campaign of 1876, which resulted in the death of General Custer and three hundred and fifty-five members of the Seventh Cavalry, the flower and pride of the American army, and who was never captured on the war-path, but was compelled by the rigours of winter and lack of sustenance for his band of warriors and their ponies to surrender in the early spring of 1877—was killed, a couple of years later, in the guard-house at old Red Cloud Agency, or Fort Robinson, in North-western Nebraska. His turbulent spirit, which many thought was quelled after his surrender, was only slumbering; and on the first chance which offered he urged a party to take the war-path against the settlers on the Republican River, in that State, which flowed through a section of country that had for years been a favourite hunting-ground for the Sioux. But he was pursued and brought back to the Agency as a prisoner, his band of warriors being too small to cope successfully with the cavalry. His position was so galling to his turbulent spirit that he made a desperate attempt to escape, in which he was mortally wounded.

Spotted Tail, the other chief to whom I referred, ranked as one of the highest in the nation, dividing honours with Red Cloud, who has for many years been recognised by the Government as the chief of the Sioux nation. Spotted Tail's band of followers was the most numerous, and, except Sitting Bull's, the most turbulent of all the Sioux tribe. But he possessed more diplomacy than either Crazy Horse or Sitting Bull, and refrained from taking any active part in the Custer massacre, the principal reasons doubtless being his advanced age and the loss of prestige that would ensue with the Government, which had for several years catered to both himself and Red Cloud by building houses for them at the Agencies vastly superior to any furnished to other chiefs, and in many other ways not necessary to mention. He met his death at the hands of a sub-chief or head-man named Crow Dog in 1881.

The real motive for the killing of Spotted Tail was undoubtedly a mixture of jealousy and fear. An old feud had existed between the two for some time, and one afternoon, after both had attended a council to decide some question of tribal government, as Spotted Tail was riding in one direction, he met Crow Dog, accompanied by his squaw, travelling in a wagon. Without either uttering a word, Crow Dog shot and mortally wounded the old chief. He afterwards claimed that he fired in self-defence, because he saw Spotted Tail reaching for his revolver, and

knew that if he had not shot first he would surely have been killed. According to the Indian custom, he compromised with the family of Spotted Tail by the payment of ten ponies. But the United States officials arrested him, and he was tried at a term of Court in Deadwood, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced by Hon. G. C. Moody, the judge at that time, to be hanged. I was an eye-witness of the trial and sentence. Afterwards, in the execution of my duty as a deputy-sheriff and special deputy U.S. Marshal, I was instructed to convey Crow Dog to the jail, about a mile and a half distant, and it was during my walk with him that I saw an exhibition of recklessness rarely met with even among savages. We were met by an acquaintance of mine, who inquired what the sentence was; and before I could answer, my dusky companion, who could understand the English language but could not speak it, responded by passing his hand across his throat and partly around his neck, finishing with an upward jerk, to signify the means to be used to execute the sentence, and smiling at the same time, as if he considered it a rare joke. However, the sentence was never executed, because the United States Supreme Court decided that, as he had already complied with the tribal laws and paid the penalty, he must be released. Had he killed a white man or committed any offence against a white man, then he would have been subject to trial by the civil authorities; but in an offence against another Indian he was only subject to the tribal laws of the nation or tribe to which he belonged.

Among others, Sitting Bull has been commonly regarded as a great chief and warrior. Such an idea is entirely wrong, for as a matter of fact he never was a chief, only a medicine-man or wizard; and, although he has always received the credit of leading the Indians in the Custer massacre, he was really not in the fight at all, being engaged at the time in invoking the aid of the spirits on behalf of the savages. The chief who did lead at the fight was named Gaul; he was really in command of what is known as Sitting Bull's band of Sioux. This is the testimony of all Indians who participated in the massacre, and is undoubtedly the truth.

A STORY OF MAZARUNI GOLD.

'THE purser sends his compliments, sir, and says he is very sorry, but he will have to put a gentleman into your cabin, from the lower deck. There's a tremendous lot o' passengers this voyage, sir.'

These words were addressed to me by a steward of the good royal-mail ship *Nile*, as we steamed down the Solent on a lovely evening in July 187-. It is a selfish peculiarity of Englishmen to wish to have everything to themselves—a smoking-carriage, a cabin on board a steamer, a table at a restaurant. I am not free from this selfishness, being an Englishman, and felt a good deal annoyed at the idea of having a stranger thrust on one's privacy. Besides, I had just unpacked a good many things, and arranged them all over my cabin for my fortnight's occupation of it, in my old bachelor methodical style.

However, a visit to the good-natured purser convinced me the request was a reasonable one. After all, I had only paid for one berth, and to stand up for the whole cabin was about as reasonable as demanding a whole railway carriage for a single fare.

'Well, I suppose I may choose my companion?' said I.

'Certainly—any one you like.'

'Then I should prefer that Herr David Balk shared my cabin. He is a gentleman, I believe, and I should think would have none of those habits which render some travellers anything but desirable companions.'

Herr David Balk was a pleasant young Dutchman, of a good family in Amsterdam. I had been introduced to him by a friend of mine who had come to see me off at Southampton.

In the course of two or three days we were the best of friends, for I will always contend that a Dutchman of the upper classes is as fine a specimen of humanity as is to be found in the world. Herr Balk had never visited Demerara, to which colony he was now bound; and as I had been two or three voyages to 'the land of mud,' making some stay each time in the colony, I was able to give him information about the place. He seemed curious about the rivers and river-banks of the colony, and after inquiring about the Corentyn, Berbice, and Essequibo rivers, he began to ask, in what I thought a cautious, tentative sort of manner, about the banks of the Mazaruni. Had there not been estates there in the old time?—estates not far from the site of the present penal settlement? Were there ruins of any houses? And so forth.

We were soon on the friendliest footing, but still Balk puzzled me. What object had he in visiting Demerara? He moved in the best circles in Amsterdam and at the Hague. My friend had told me at Southampton, Balk's house on the Herengracht was the finest in Amsterdam—a perfect bijou. He was neither a planter nor a naturalist. And though not rich, he was fairly well off.

At last, one evening when we were sitting smoking in our deck-chairs, in a remote part of the quarter-deck, and Balk was talking about river-banks and the Mazaruni for the fortieth time, I could stand it no longer. 'What on earth are you always talking about these things for?' said I.

Balk, after a short pause, said: 'I don't mind telling you the object of this voyage of mine. Although I have known you only a few days on this ship, somehow or other I could trust you better than many a Dutchman I have known all my life.'

Then, on the dimly-lighted quarter-deck, with the screw whirring and thumping beneath us, he told me something of his family history. His was one of the oldest families in Holland. His ancestors two hundred years ago had established a coffee estate on the Mazaruni River. The Spaniards in those days were very troublesome, and one David Balk, being a rich man, had fitted out a fighting-ship, sunk two or three Spanish galleons, and acquired a good deal of their treasure. His name became for a time a formidable one in Demerara waters, and even on the Spanish Main. But the Spaniards were not

disposed tamely to submit to a Dutch planter. An expedition was fitted out. Two galleons sailed up the Essequibo, and entered the Mazaruni. No ravages on any estates, which were then numerous on either bank of the river, were made. The commander had but one object in view, and that was to destroy David Balk, his son, slaves, house, and all that was his, and seize his treasure. This they appear to have done only too effectually. Landing in the dead of night at Plu Schepruod, about two miles lower down the bank of the river than where the penal settlement now stands, they killed Balk, who made a gallant resistance, put as many slaves as they could catch to death, laid the whole place in ruins, and, it was supposed, took Balk's treasure with them.

In one object apparently these murderers failed. David Balk's son, a youth visiting Demerara for a few months, escaped. Some slaves who had themselves got away, said they had seen him on the fatal night grasp a sword and swear to die fighting by his father's side. The father in vain urged him to flee. At last, on a sign from the old man, four slaves seized him, and in spite of all his struggles, bore him away. He was got on board a schooner; and soon after returned to Holland, much to the relief, doubtless, of his fellow-colonists, who had by that time become convinced that the name of Balk was a dangerous one to have amongst them.

Here the curtain falls on this little tragedy of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, for I am not quite certain to which century it really belongs, whether to the waning years of the end of the seventeenth or the dawn of the eighteenth.

Some time in the 'seventies' of this present century, my friend David Balk, a descendant of the flibustering, coffee-growing, burgomeister David, of a long-past generation, found his ancestral house on the Herrengracht, Amsterdam, in a state of apparently sudden decay, as so often happens with mediæval Dutch houses. He moved into another house during the process of reconstruction. Every one knows what piles of rubbish accumulate in a modern house in the course of even a few years. But imagine a house with the accumulations of three centuries! What a 'turn-out' there would be if the Queen were to leave Windsor Castle, or the Duke of Devonshire to depart from Chatsworth! My friend made a big bonfire of a good deal of broken old-time furniture, and rags of dresses, with the fair owners of which Egmont might have danced. His temporary house was filled with dingy boxes, into which old songs, plays, and the fugitive literature of many generations had been packed. One day he was surveying these dubious treasures in the garret, fully resolving not to lumber up his newly-restored house with all of them, and yet half shrinking from the labour of sifting the wheat from the chaff. His eye rested for a moment on a small old-fashioned box with rusty iron clamps. It was grimed with the dust and dirt of ages. Mechanically, Balk, he knew not why, began scraping away the dirt from the lid. He came upon part of some old-fashioned Dutch characters originally inscribed in white paint, now yellowed

with age. He now felt some curiosity, and scraped away with interest. At last, he could make out the following: ' . . . s dore Ba k, erren cht, msterdam.' The other letters had disappeared. However, this he easily translated into 'Isidore Balk, Herrengracht, Amsterdam.'

This box had evidently never been opened—there was no key; but rust had done its work, and he easily opened it with a chisel. Inside this was a small parcel of something or other, wrapped up in that sweet-smelling Cordovan leather which seems to defy the ravages of time. Undoing the leather he found a letter written in faded old-world characters, and he could just make out it was addressed to Isidore Balk. Now, letters, centuries ago, were seldom written on parchment, that material being expensive, and reserved, as nowadays, for important documents. But this *was* parchment. Not to weary the reader, Balk found, after many hours of perseverance, that the letter was from his ancestor David, who had been massacred on the banks of the Mazaruni River, to his son Isidore. David had evidently feared that he might be suddenly cut off, had written this letter on parchment, and enclosed it in a strong box, addressed to Isidore, hoping he might find some opportunity, should misfortune overtake him, of despatching it. No doubt, on the fatal Mazaruni night he entrusted it to his younger son. But family history related that this young man on reaching Holland found his brother already dead of a putrid fever, then epidemic, and to which he himself succumbed only three weeks after reaching his native land. It was plain, then, the box had been put aside in a garret and forgotten.

The contents of the letter were to this effect: that, considering the perilous condition of the times, and until he had wound up certain business in the colony of Demerara, when he hoped to depart under sure and safe consort for Holland, he had secretly deposited a considerable sum in Spanish doubloons under ground on his estate. That he had also there deposited raw gold (so he termed it) which he had obtained from Onyuni River. The bearings of the spot were given with the utmost exactness, and the treasure was moreover described as buried under a large greenheart tree. The letter concluded with the following naive words: 'Only six of my slaves helped me in this matter, and know the spot where this treasure lies buried. I believe them all to be trustworthy knaves. Moreover, the treasure would be of no use to them if they had it. However, should I find any of them talk of this buried gold, he that thus talked would soon be buried too.'

'There,' said Balk, as we got up from our deck-chairs, on the now deserted quarter-deck, 'you now know why I am going to Demerara. I intend to have that treasure which my ancestor left there so many generations ago.'

In due time, after seeing Barbadians land in Bridgetown in tall hats, and enjoying a capital lunch at its Ice House, I reached Georgetown. Here I parted from Balk, promising, however, if my business was finished in time, to leave by the same homeward mail.

My stay, however, in the land of mud was very short—only a fortnight. Important business, requiring my immediate presence in London,

called me away. On the day of my departure I received a letter from Balk, dated from Bartica Grove, and saying: 'Everything is ready for the treasure-finding expedition on Thursday—dead of night—muffled oars—quite a romance—come and join in the excitement.'

Scrawling a hasty note explaining that I was going away, and giving my English address, I sailed that evening.

Some months glided by, as the novelists say, and I had half forgotten Balk and his story, when I received a letter from him, dated the *Herren-gracht*, Amsterdam. It was a hospitable invitation to come and visit him for as long as I liked.

A week later we were seated one evening after dinner in his quaint, cosy, little smoking-room, each of us with one of those long-stemmed china-bowl pipes, which one enjoys in certain countries of Europe, but somehow never thinks of smoking in England.

'Now, about that treasure,' said Balk, 'which I promised at dinner to tell you about.'

'Did you get it?' said I.

'Every doubloon, my dear fellow,' he answered, 'except a few which fell from the rotten chest, and on which the *bovianders* duly got drunk at Bartica for some days.'

'Well, how did you manage it?'

'Very simply. I took a cottage at Bartica Grove, and people seemed to think me a German naturalist. Naturalists collecting for American museums go there sometimes. I got a boat, and was pulled to the mainland some two miles below the penal settlement. I examined everything—had a path cut, looked at the trees, the creepers, the ground—yes, especially the ground; oh, it was quite plain I was a naturalist. An old chart which I had taken the precaution to consult at the royal archives at the Hague had informed me as to the exact position of the old estate of Schep-ruoed. Of course, the place was quite overgrown—not even a small terrier could have penetrated some parts of it. I had my compass with me, but did not consult it. I did not wish to raise suspicions. Naturalists do not require compasses. What was my joy, however, at some thirty feet above the river, in a spot where no brushwood was, to stumble over a brick, half-buried in the soil. There were mounds all round—no doubt all house brickwork covered with soil.'

'The men with me were not surprised; they merely said: "Plenty estate on dis river in old time—bricks everywhere."'

'Here, then, my ancestor David Balk had perished so many generations since.'

'"Any old greenheart trees?" I asked carelessly of the boatmen.'

'They laughed. "You no find any dis side. Settlement people cut down trees of any size—too many years ago."'

'The old tree mentioned in the letter had disappeared, then. But I had been almost sure of that beforehand. In the course of nature it must have perished long ago, even if the woodcutters had spared it.'

'For one reconnoitre I had done very well. After this, I borrowed a canoe, a good English-built one, and paddled in and out of the shallows and backwaters. One thing I felt convinced of—I must ascertain the exact spot where

this treasure was buried. I could only make one attempt. If that failed, the whole thing would get wind, and all the treasure, if ever found, would not come to me, its rightful owner.

'Well, after carefully examining the chart, and taking and retaking the most minute bearings, I hit upon one certain spot. I cleared away the brushwood myself with a cutlass, and what was my joy to find a huge cavity where trees had evidently once stood. But now one of the most difficult parts of my plan remained. I must let five men at least into my secret, for I should require fully that number to pull the boat and dig up the treasure. And such men to confide in! *Bovianders*, woodcutters, men living from hand to mouth, whose highest ideal of human felicity was rum and tobacco. I should never have managed these fellows myself; but I went to one who had had much experience with woodcutters and river-men. For a good round sum, when I had confided everything to him, he promised to procure me five trustworthy men—that is, trustworthy as long as they could be kept from drink. Fine big fellows they were, with broad chests and sinewy arms. My temporary friend, from whom I also hired an expensive boat, kept these fellows till the evening in a state of semi-imprisonment. They had salt fish, bread, sardines, one bottle of beer each, and a very small modicum of rum. How they did clamour for more of the latter!

'"Now," said I, producing a roll of notes, to show I had plenty of money, "each man, five minutes after we have started to-night, will receive a twenty-dollar note. If I succeed in what I am attempting, then each man will have twenty dollars more; but you won't know what we are going for until after we start."

'It was a dark moonless night as we pushed off silently about eleven o'clock from Carabisee Place, Bartica Grove. I gave each of the men the promised twenty-dollar note. I could see by the feeble lantern light that this inspired them with new confidence. Our boat was well ballasted with shovels and pickaxes; boxes, or what Creoles call "canisters," to hold the expected treasure. They all knew about it now. I had told them all.

'Arriving at our landing-place, and tethering our boat to the trunk of a tree, we commenced our midnight journey. Two men held me up on either side, or I should have fallen again and again as the vines entangled my feet, for the lantern's light was well-nigh useless. As for the men, they seemed to have cats' eyes. The darkness and the light to them were both alike. I am sure I could never have found the spot I wanted alone, in the dark, often as I had been there; but I had painted lines of white paint as a precaution on two trees near the place, and my friends with the feline eyes soon discovered these.

'Now that the search I had come all these thousands of miles to make was about to begin, I felt at once a strange disbelief in it. All the tales I had ever read of vain searchings for treasure which perhaps had never been hidden, flashed through my mind. Perhaps David Balk's letter had been all a hoax, intended to mislead Spaniards and others. Even if true, some one

else might have found the gold generations ago. At that moment, but for making myself ridiculous, I would have gone back to the boat and steamed away for Holland by first ship.

"Eh, sir—wha' yow g'win to do?"

'These words roused me from my dream. The men had put the lantern on the ground, and now looked to me for directions. I pointed out what I thought must be the exact spot, and to work they went like—well, like men who are working for twenty dollars apiece. Shovelfuls of black mould were turned up, representing years upon years of forest leaves; then two or three feet of sand, and at last we got through two feet of clay, and finally reached water. The depth of the hole was now more than six feet, and my heart began to sink, for when the labour had set in, my hopes had risen again. The men were getting dispirited. Their extra twenty dollars seemed fading away before their eyes. They all jumped out of the trench.

"No good, sah; de water rise; no treasure der. Better go home."

'I began to think so too; but just then, as a man held the lantern over the excavation, I noticed a hard substance amongst the clay at the side, some five feet down. To the amazement of the man, I jumped into the hole, splashing the water high in the air. I felt the side of the hole, scraped away the clay. Yes, this was the end of a stone coffer of large dimensions, and the end of our search too.

"Hurrah!" I shouted as the men helped me out of the pit; "we have come on the end of the box instead of the top. A little more digging, my men, just here, and twenty-five dollars apiece for you, instead of twenty, as this is extra work."

'In the course of half an hour the whole of the stone coffer was laid bare. It was too heavy to lift from the earth, and must be emptied. A few blows from a pickaxe, and the lid was broken in pieces. Throwing these pieces away, a much-decayed linen cloth was visible.

"You better raise dis," said the men, getting out of the hole.

'I sprang in, and then there came forth, as I raised the cloth, in the lantern's light the soft gleam of gold—imperishable gold—gold, not to be tarnished like silver, or grow green like baser metals, but ever preserving its yellow radiance from age to age. Yes, there was gold in all its shapes—crude nuggets, and gold-dust from Nature's hand. Moidores, pieces-of-eight, doubloons, and a dozen other shapes into which man's hand had twisted it.

'I, who was moderately rich before, for Holland, was now rich as you English count riches. I stood dumfounded. I was neither glad nor happy. I felt dazed, and fancied myself an avaricious wretch. But this I did in the few moments when I first beheld my treasures by the feeble light of the lantern, beneath the Mazaruni forest trees: I vowed I would make a good use of it in the service of God and man; and I humbly hope I have done so.

'Well, it took some time to fill our tin and wooden boxes and transport the treasure to the boat. When we reached Bartica, I gave the men fifty dollars apiece, and I said if I could ever help them in any way I would, on their applying to

me. I am afraid the money did them no good. I heard afterwards that Bartica Grove was a swamp of drunkenness for some two or three weeks after that night. Some of the men had picked up gold moidores and other coins, and many worthy persons were much surprised at ancient coins coming suddenly to light in such a remote place. As for myself, I left for Southampton by next mail.

'There you have my story,' said Balk, filling his huge pipe and lighting it, for it had gone out during his narrative.

'But,' said I, 'did nothing of this strange treasure-trove adventure get wind in Demerara?'

'Ah yes,' laughed Balk. 'Of course those drunken bovianders maundered about treasures in the earth, but few believed them. One or two men went and dug—found nothing except the empty stone coffer, which they took to the Grove; but what did that prove as to their tale being true—an empty stone box? The Superintendent at the settlement, an energetic little man, heard the story too. He sent a warder and convicts into the forest. They found a hole. They dug others, and at last they came on a grave. He must have been a swell the Balk who was buried there, for the diggers turned up no end of coffin handles, some of which have been preserved as mementos. The only thing of the slightest value they found was a silver button such as used to be worn on cloaks, with a chain, to fasten the collar. This the Superintendent gave to his wife. Oh yes, there was something more found—a few bones.'

'This,' said Balk, showing me a small bone inserted in something like a nonstrant, 'was sent to me as the relic of an ancestor, and these'—opening a drawer of nuggets—'are, I take it, some of the earliest samples of Mazaruni Gold.'

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

WERE all the ways wherein you went,
In plenitude of calm content,
Of old,

Without my presence, lone or cold?

WERE all the flowers that, year by year,
You watched, and kissed, and held so dear,
Less sweet,

Before God willed we two should meet?

WAS every song and sweet refrain,
Whereof your lips are now so fain,

Unsung,
Or meaningless, without Love's tongue?

FOR now, in looking backward, I
Discern no light nor melody,

Nor find
Any dear memory soul-enshrined;

NOR can I see aught blest or bright,
Aught of lovable, aught of right

Or true,
Until the day that brought me you.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

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THE BERMUDAS.

As Bermuda has been mentioned so frequently lately in connection with the unfortunate outbreak of insubordination amongst the Grenadier Guards, a short account of the island, or, more properly speaking, group of islands, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, may not be uninteresting.

The Bermudas are a group of islands, of coral formation, lying in the Atlantic Ocean, about three hundred miles eastward of the coast of Florida, and about seven hundred miles distant from New York. They form, properly speaking, an 'atoll'—that is to say, they surround a lagoon, or rather would do so if all the islands were above water; but, as a matter of fact, three-fifths of the islands are submerged. They are thickly covered with stunted cedar trees, and have a certain amount of tropical vegetation and undergrowth.

The principal islands are St George's, which is generally the first land sighted, and is the headquarters of the Artillery and Submarine Miners; Ireland Island, the seat of the Dockyard, with a fine open roadstead in Grassy Bay for men-of-war to lie in; and Main Island, a group of other islands connected more or less with the two extreme points, St George's and Ireland Island, by causeways and bridges.

The capital is Hamilton, a clean town, with its rows of white stone houses and white coral streets, running along the edge of the harbour. The mail-steamers of the Quebec Line, being specially constructed, are able to make their way into this harbour, and to disembark their passengers, mails, and freight direct; but the entrance to the harbour is too narrow and intricate for large vessels to pass, although there is a great depth of water once the two rocks called the 'Two Sisters,' forming the sides of the entrance channel, are passed.

The first amusing thing which strikes a visitor when the steamer anchors is the cumbrous and lengthy process of making the gangway for

passengers to land. Long beams are first pulled on board by huge negroes; others then work their way along them with cross-pieces of timber to form the platform, which they arrange quickly and systematically, the whole process taking full three-quarters of an hour. Troops are disembarked in gunboats and tugs, the troop-ships drawing too much water to proceed farther than Grassy Bay.

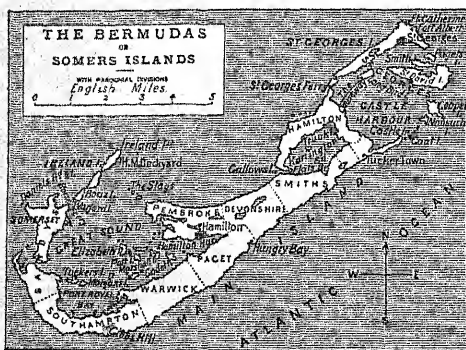
The nearest military station is Prospect, which is situated about a mile and a half from Hamilton, and on higher ground. The barracks consist of wooden huts, whitewashed inside, fitted with sun-shutters and verandas, and roofed with slates, painted white. The object of having white roofs is twofold—firstly, as a protection from the sun; secondly, as a means of keeping the rain-water, which is the sole supply, clean and pure. There is not a spring of fresh water in the island, so every drop of rain-water is valuable, and as much as possible has to be secured. This is managed by clearing away on the sides of the hills all the vegetation and undergrowth, leaving the natural surface of the coral rock exposed, which is then well whitewashed, and down which the rain flows, whence it is caught and stored in tanks. A certain amount is also obtained from the roofs of houses. Water-famines sometimes occur, but from the dreadful effects of these the troops enjoy an immunity, there being large condensers at Ireland Island, with a reserve store of water for use in case of emergency.

The islands are dotted with obelisks, sad memorials to those British soldiers who perished in past years from that dreadful scourge 'Yellow Jack.' Of late years, thanks to stringent sanitary precautions and strict quarantine, the islands have been free from this terrible fever, and with ordinary care can always be kept free. Judging from the inscriptions the 'old 53d' Regiment seems to have suffered the most, many hundreds lying buried underneath, and not a few convicts besides.

To return to Prospect. This used to have the reputation of being an unhealthy quarter;

but whether it was due to the fact of the huts being left so long on the same ground or from the water-supply being bad, could never be determined. Enteric fever was far too common; but of late years much has been done to improve its sanitary condition.

Near the camp is a good cricket-field, almost the only level piece of ground in the island; also some very fair lawn-tennis courts, laid out at the bottom of the valley, which has been levelled, and named, as many other recreation grounds abroad are, 'The Happy Valley.' A bright cheery valley it is too, with its grass courts surrounded with beds filled with coleus, begonias, geraniums, and other plants growing in profusion.



Hamilton boasts of two large hotels, run by Americans, which during the winter season are filled with visitors, mostly from New York. Very lively they make the place too, affording the British red-coat many a laugh, coming to life again after dragging through the weary hot season. Their great amusement is to visit the different barracks and see as many parades as they can possibly attend—applauding in great style, much to the commanding officer's disgust, any particular movement which takes their fancy, as if the whole drill was being gone through for their amusement. Their knowledge of military matters is extremely limited; but that does not prevent them from talking as if they knew all about it, and from making the most ludicrous remarks. On one occasion, with their usual patriotism, they gave a large ball at one of the hotels to celebrate Washington's birthday. The officers of the garrison were invited, and those attending were ordered to wear uniform. There were several present decorated with the Egyptian medal. An American lady, on observing this, remarked in perfect good faith to one of them, 'I guess you all belong to the same bicycle club,' forming her opinion from the colour of the medal ribbon being the same in so many cases.

The musketry encampment is at Warwick, a nice spot, with a fine sandy beach for bathing, and a pleasant change from the heat of Prospect. One company is stationed at Ireland Island, quartered in the Casemate Barracks, a huge block of stone

buildings, built in former days by convict labour, and situated just outside the dockyard and not far from the floating dock. The dock—an immense iron structure—was put together in England, and towed out here by three men-of-war. It is capable of holding the largest ship in the North American squadron, and is a wonderful piece of work. It consists of two cases, with a cavity between, each end being fitted with removable caissons. The ship to be docked enters; the water is then pumped out from between the two cases, and the dock consequently rises with the vessel. It is a most unpleasant neighbour to live near to. Owing to the action of the salt water, a crust is formed on the iron, which has to be chipped off. This work is carried on incessantly, and the noise made in doing so is deafening.

The climate is pleasant, except when a south wind is blowing, which produces a vapour, making the island the same temperature as an overheated greenhouse. From the beginning of August till the middle of October is the hottest time of the year. The damp at times is great, a pair of boots becoming covered with mildew in one night, and everything touched feels sticky and clammy. Reptiles there are none, except a poisonous species of centipede—though mosquitoes are all prize specimens.

There is no sport of any description with hound, rod, or gun. One regiment tried the experiment of taking out a pack of beagles and running a drag; but the result was not encouraging. A wretched line of country, rough uneven rock covered with trees and intersected with stone walls, was the only course. So scattered did the field get, that after a little experience, instead of the meet being advertised, the most favourable spot to finish was, and the whole thing was ludicrous in the extreme. Apropos of dogs, the colony certainly has a wise law regarding the license to be taken out by their owners. Half-a-crown is the price to be paid for a dog, whilst a bitch cost ten shillings for its license—an effectual remedy against over-breeding, although cases of hydrophobia are unknown. Besides the usual semi-tropical vegetation, the island is covered with a curious plant (*Bryophyllum calycinum*), commonly called 'the life-plant,' bearing a long stalk covered with bell-shaped flowers. This plant is very prolific; take even a leaf and hang it up with a piece of thread—it will throw out growth all round. The chief crops of the island are onions, potatoes, and tomatoes, all of which find a ready sale in New York; also arrowroot. Acres upon acres of lilies (*Lilium Harrisii*) are cultivated, and beautiful the fields look when covered with bloom. These are all packed in tin boxes and shipped to New York about Easter, and are a very profitable speculation.

The boating is most enjoyable, not only from the pleasure derived from sailing and the cooler atmosphere experienced on the water, but also from the wonderful scenery to be seen down in

the depths of the ocean. Although the water is clear and transparent, it is better to be provided with a water-glass. It is impossible to describe the beauty of the coral rocks, covered with sea-fans of every hue and size, and in every stage of encrustation, delicately-shaped ferns and seaweed filling up the gaps, the whole forming a glorious blaze of exquisite tints deep, deep down; the variety of gorgeous fish to be seen, each inhabiting a different depth, and driving out any intruders from their homes, from the prettily-coloured angel fish to the huge rock-cod, a brilliant red; from the small anchovy, leaping out of the water in thousands whilst being chased by bigger fish into the shallows, turning the sea into a sheet of silver in their flight from their enemies, to the ugly and dreaded shark. The island abounds with fishponds, where the habits of the different fish can be watched, and a change of diet obtained when too rough for sea-fishing.

The Bermudians, both white and black, are born sailors, handling their yachts and dinghies beautifully. Everybody has heard of the Bermuda boat, with its peculiar rig and 'leg-of-mutton' sail, able to sail so close to the wind, turn so handily, and weather the roughest storm. Dinghy-racing is most exciting work, requiring great nerve and judgment. In a close race it is wonderful to see the way the boats are managed, and the methods adopted to win—some of the crew sitting well back over the gunwales with the ballast on their chests, others diving one by one from the stern of the boats to try and get a little more way on. The negroes there are much the same as elsewhere, fine strong men, speaking very pure English.

Poverty on the island there is none; there is work for all, the wages paid averaging a dollar a day. The origin of our slang expression, 'That takes the cake,' may not be generally known. Once a year the negroes collect together on some road or other and appoint a judge. Several couples, men and women, dressed in grotesque costumes, go through absurd pantomimes and ridiculous performances. The couple earning the most applause are awarded a piece of cake, which prize is highly valued. The blacks are very neat joiners, making good use of the cedar and calibash growing on the island.

The government consists of two Houses of Parliament, to the lower of which blacks are allowed to be elected; with a Governor, who is also Commander-in-Chief of the troops quartered there, at the head. He has a fine residence at Mount Langton, where great hospitality to all alike is equally extended. Furnishing a guard of honour at the opening of the session will be a novel experience to men accustomed to mount guard at Buckingham and St James's Palaces, to say nothing of the amusement to be derived from watching the bows of the newly-elected members when presented, in the performance of which the blacks are more thorough than the whites, nearly touching the ground. Of society there is next to none, except when the Americans arrive in the winter. With the exception of the Attorney-general and Colonial Secretary, most of the white residents are shopkeepers, though chiefly descended from old Bermudian families.

It takes just a little time to get accustomed to buying meat or a yard of ribbon in the morning, and asking the server for the pleasure of a dance when you meet her in the evening at a party.

Storms are frequent and severe, communication between the different islands which are not connected being often interrupted for days at a time. One officer in command of the guard at Agar's Island, where the magazines are built, was once unable to be relieved through this cause, and his supplies for the next twenty-four hours were reduced to a box of sardines and a half-finished novel: he got through the sardines long before the novel.

Convicts have left their mark everywhere: old hulks lying in the harbour where they were confined at night; weather-worn buildings, now used for barracks, still fitted with the actual rings where they were chained, together with open spaces for the warders to patrol about above; and not a few graves, with touching inscriptions, roughly hewn in the headstones, erected by some fellow-exiles to the memory of their departed comrades. These graves are all enclosed and well cared for, as also are all the other cemeteries.

Birds are scarce; boatswain birds, and pretty red and blue birds about the size of a sparrow, being those most frequently seen. The latter are said to be a great delicacy, but, very properly, are strictly preserved; a guinea a bird, though nicely served on toast, is rather too prohibitive a price to pay for an entrée, even during the hot weather, when supplies are scarce and any variety welcome. No live-stock can be kept longer than a fortnight on the island, so it has consequently to be imported, as the demand may require, from New York.

There is one mail a week during the winter months, but only once a fortnight at other times of the year, arriving on Sunday morning. The laying of a cable from Halifax, Nova Scotia, has conferred a great boon on the islands and improved communication with other places, which ought to open them up and induce more yachts to call there in the winter.

One race-meeting a year is generally held, but never proves much of a success, the course being dangerous and the entries few. It is worth, however, the trouble of getting it up to hear the blacks betting, the odds being laid in tomatoes and onions: 'Five tomatoes to a pound of onions against —'; 'One bunch of bananas to one pound of arrowroot on —.' So many accidents happened, that the course was closed; but it is now reopened, alterations having been effected.

In conclusion, the following summary may be useful. The life is slow and monotonous, but the climate, though trying at times, is not unhealthy, and for six months of the year is decidedly pleasant. The atmosphere is oppressive when the wind blows from the south, and when 'oily' calms are prevalent. Enteric fever is the only thing to be guarded against. Wages being so high, there are no luxuries, such as punkahs, &c., for minimizing the heat; but with ordinary care, even in the hottest months of the year one is able to be out of doors all day long and to take more or less exercise. The nights are the most trying, being close and oppressive, and making it hard to get much sleep. Care should be taken never

to drink any water without having it carefully filtered. May foreign service always take the Guards to such healthy and pleasant quarters as Bermuda.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—I CONVERSE WITH WETHERLY.

NOT to dwell too long on a detail of insignificance, it will suffice to say that by dint of rummaging the wardrobes of Captain Braine and Mr Chicken I obtained several useful articles, and Miss Temple went to work to convert them into wearing-apparel for herself, with the help of a pair of scissors which I borrowed from the carpenter, and needles and thread procured from amongst the men by Wetherly. The occupation was useful to her in other ways; it killed the tedious, the insufferably tedious time, and it gave her something to think of, and even something to look forward to, so blank had been the hours.

I remember coming out of my cabin after a spell of sleep to take sights shortly before noon, and finding her seated at the table with some flannel or fine blanket stuff before her, at which she was stitching—ripped up and violated vestments of either Braine or Chicken, but brand-new, or she would scarcely have meddled with them. She received me with a smile and a few words, and then went on sewing with an air as of gratification that I should have found her at work.

I halted, and stood looking on, feigning to watch her busy fingers, whilst in reality I gazed at her face with a lover's delight. It was hard to believe that what was passing was something more than a dream, astonishingly vivid and logical. Again and again, when in the company of this girl, a sense of the unreality of our association had possessed me to such a degree at times that, had the feeling continued, I might honestly have feared for my head. But never before this moment had that sense been so strong upon me. I forgot her beauty in my wonder. It was sheer bewilderment to recall her as she was on board the Indianan; her haughtiness, her disdain, her contemptuous insensibility to all presences save that of my Lord Sandown's son, the cold glance of scornful surprise that would instantly cause me to avert mine—to recall this and how much more! and behold her now pensively bending her lovely head and face of high-bred charms over that sordid need of rough sailor's clothes, occasionally stealing a peep at me of mingled sweetness and a sort of wistful amusement, as though she grieved while she smiled at the necessity that had brought her to such a pass. Yet there was no repining; if she sighed, it was under her breath; forced as her light air of cheerfulness might be, it proved a growing resolution of spirit, a development of heroic forces, latent in her till recently.

Secretly, however, I was worried by keen anxiety. What was to be the issue of this voyage? I merely feigned a manner of confidence when talking with her about the result of this amazing ramble, as I chose to figure it. In reality, I could not think of the time when we

should have arrived upon the spot where the dead captain had declared his island to be, without dread. Suppose there were no island! What next step would the men take? The disappointment that must follow their long dream of gold might determine them upon plundering the barque—put them upon some wild scheme of converting her and her cargo into money. Or suppose—though I never seriously considered the matter thus—suppose, I would ask myself, that the island proved real, that the treasure proved real, that the men should dig and actually find the gold! What then? Was I to conceive that a body of ignorant, reckless, lawless sailors, led by a man who was at heart the completest imaginable copy of a sea-villain, would peaceably divide the treasure amongst them, pay me over my share—which, God knows, I should have been willing to attach to Mr Lush's feet on condition of the others throwing him overboard—and suffer me to quietly navigate the barque to an adjacent port, conscious that I owed them a bitter grudge for the outrage they had committed in forcing me and the lady to accompany them?

At long intervals I would exchange a few sentences with Joe Wetherly. Unfortunately, he was in the carpenter's watch, and my opportunities, therefore, for speaking with him were few. It was only now and again, when he was required to keep a lookout for Lush or myself, that I contrived to gather what was going forward amongst the men by engaging him in a brief chat before he quitted the poop. I was so sensible of being keenly observed by all hands, that I was obliged to exercise the utmost caution in speaking to this man. On the poop there was always the fellow at the helm to observe me; and the quarter-deck was within the easy reach of men stirring about the galley, or leaving or entering the fore-castle.

However, it happened one dog-watch that Wetherly came aft instead of the carpenter to relieve me. Mr Lush, he told me, felt unwell, and had asked him to stand his watch from eight to twelve. It was a clear night, but dark, the south-east trade-wind strong off the port beam, and the weather dry and cold, with a frosty glitter in the trembling of the stars which enriched the heavens with such a multitude of white and green lights that the firmament seemed to hover over our mast-heads like some vast sheet of black velvet gloriously spangled with brilliants and emeralds and dust of diamonds and tender miracles of delicate prisms.

Miss Temple had left me some twenty minutes or so, and was now in the cabin, seated at the table under the lamp, with a pencil in her hand, with which she drew outlines upon a sheet of paper with an air of profound absent-mindedness. She wore over her dress a knitted waistcoat that had belonged to the captain; it stretched to her figure, and it was already a need even in the day-time with the sun shining brightly, for we were penetrating well to the southwards, and every score of miles which the nimble keel of the barque could measure made a sensible difference in the temperature of even the shelter of the cabin. It was too dark to distinguish Wetherly until he was close. On hearing that he was to keep the deck until twelve, I determined to have a long chat with him, to get with some thorough-

ness at his views, which, to a certain extent, I had found a bit puzzling, and to gather what information I could from him touching the behaviour I might expect in the crew if there should be no gold, or, which was the same, no island.

The fellow who had come to the wheel at eight bells was Forrest, the supple, piratic-looking young sailor, whose walk, as he rolled along the lee-deck, his figure swinging against the stars over the rail, had told me who he was without need of my going to the binnacle to make sure. Whilst Wetherly talked about the carpenter feeling unwell, I drew him aft, that we might be within earshot of Forrest, and said, as I turned to step to the companion hatch: 'I'll bring my pipe on deck, Wetherly, for a smoke after I have had a bite below. I wish to keep an eye upon the weather till two bells. Those green stars to wind'ard may signify more than a mere atmospheric effect.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' he answered in a voice that made me see that he took my words in their most literal meaning.

I remained below until half-past eight, talking with Miss Temple, eating a little supper, and so on. I then fetched my pipe, and told her that I should be down again at nine, and that I did not ask her to accompany me, as I wished to have a talk with Wetherly. She fixed her dark eyes upon me with an expression of inquiry, but asked no questions. There had been a time when she would have opened the full battery of her alarm and anxiety upon me, but silence was now become a habit with her. It was her confession of faith in my judgment, an admission that she expected no other information than such as I chose to give her. I cannot express how this new behaviour was emphasised by the eloquence of her beauty, in which I could witness the curiosity and the apprehension which she had disciplined her tongue to suppress.

I left her, and went on deck. I first walked to the binnacle, into which I peered, and then in the sheen of it gazed very earnestly to windward and around, as though I was a little uneasy. The floating figure of Forrest swayed at the wheel, and I observed that he cast several glances to windward also. Muttering to myself, as though thinking aloud, 'Those green stars show uncommonly bright!' I went abruptly to the break of the poop, where the dark form of Wetherly was pacing, as though my mind were full of the weather.

'What's wrong with them stars, sir, d'ye think?' said he.

'Oh, nothing in the world,' I answered. 'They are very honest trade-wind stars.—I wanted an excuse for a chat, Wetherly. Forrest has the ears of a prairie hunter. I'm not here to talk to you about the weather. You are the only man on board in whom I can confide. As we approach the Horn, my anxieties gain upon me. How is this voyage to end? By this time you pretty well understand the disposition of the crew. If there should be no island, what then, Wetherly?'

I noticed a cautious pause in him.

'Mr Dugdale,' he answered, 'I'm heartily consarned for you, and, for the lady too, and I may say particularly for the lady, who seems to me to

be a born princess, a sight too good for such quarters as them'—he pointed to the skylight with a shadowy hand—'with naught but a dead man's clothes to keep her warm. If I could be of sarvice to ye, I would; but I've got to be as careful as you. Mr Lush has such a hold upon the minds of the crew that there's nothen he couldn't get 'em to do, I believe; and if he should come to suspect that there's anything 'twixt you and me, any sort of confidence that ain't direct in the interests of the fo'c'sle, it 'ud go as hard with me as I may tell 'ee it certainly would with *you* if you was to play 'em false.'

This speech he delivered in a low key, with frequent glances aft and at the quarter-deck below. I listened with patience, though he told me nothing that I was not fully aware of.

'But what course, Wetherly, do you think these men will adopt if on our arrival at the latitude and longitude named by that unhappy madman as the spot where his treasure lies, there should be no island?'

'Well, sir,' he responded, preserving his cautious tone, 'I can answer that question, for it's formed a part of the consultations the crew is agin and agin aholding. They'll think ye've dished 'em, and that o' purpose you han't steered a true course.'

'Ha!' I exclaimed; 'and what then?'

'You'll have to find the island, sir.'

'But, Wetherly, if it be not there! There is no rock marked on the chart in the place that was named by Captain Braine.'

'They'll keep ye a hunting for it,' said he grimly.

'And if we don't find it?'

'Well, I can't tell 'ee *what* they'll do. All they've said is, "If it ain't there, it'll be because he don't mean it shall be." But I've heard no threats—no talk of what 'ud follow.'

'If there should be no gold, no island,' said I, 'my opinion is that they will seize upon the ship and cargo, and compel me to navigate her to some port where they will find a market for their plunder.'

'And where will that be?' he asked.

'Impossible to say. Lush will probably know. He has the airs and appearance of a man to whom a performance of the kind I suggest would be no novelty.—I may tell you now, Wetherly, and, indeed, I might have done so long ago, that it was the carpenter whom Captain Braine charged with murder.'

'Well, sir, you'll excuse me. I'm not for believing that, Mr Dugdale. That Lush has been a rare old sinner, ye need only watch him by daylight and hear him talk in his sleep at night, to know; but, as I said afore, when ye mentioned it—murder'—I saw him wag his head by the starlight—'I'd choose to make sure afore believing it on the evidence of a madman.'

'But don't you think the carpenter and, let me add, most of the crew equal to the commission of any crime?'

'Well, I won't say no to that now with this here glittering temptation of money getting into their souls, to work everything that may be evil in 'em out through their skins. I wouldn't trust 'em, and so I tell 'ee, Mr Dugdale; and if this here barque was any other ship than the *Lady Blanche*, and my mates any other men but what

they are, I'd be content to pawn for sixpence all that I've got in my chest.'

I came to a stand with him for a while at the weather rail in feigned contemplation of the weather.

'Wetherly,' said I quietly, as we resumed our crosswise walk, 'my position is a frightful one. Were it not for the cursed lunatic fancy that that shambling villain Wilkins overheard—the completest lie that ever took shape in a madman's brain—I might hope to be able to tempt the crew with a handsome reward to allow me to sail this ship to a port whence the lady and I could get home.—But what could I offer, with honest intention to pay, that should approach the thousands which those fools yonder dream about day and night?'

He made no answer.

'Supposing, Wetherly,' I continued, 'I should determine, in a mood of desperation, to drop my command here, and refuse to navigate the vessel another league unless Miss Temple and I are put ashore?'

'You know what 'ud happen,' he cried; 'ye've said it o'er and o'er agin, hitting upon what's most likely. Clear your mind o' that scheme, sir, if it's only for the lady's sake!'

'But what's to follow upon our arrival in the Pacific?' I exclaimed with an emotion of despair.

'There's nothen to be done but to wait,' he answered gloomily.

'Do you think that every mother's son forward believes in the existence of the treasure?'

'Every mother's son of 'em, sir. The belief mightn't have been so general, I daresay, if it hadn't been for them documents you signed. Ignorant as the men are, they know how to git four out of two and two. First, there's the drawing on that there bit of parchment; then there was the capt'n's yarn of how he come by the gold, as ship-shape to the minds of the men as if they'd seen him fetch it out of the Bank of England; then comes the plot of getting rid of 'em at Rio, with a crew of Kanakas to follow; and then a company of beachcombers atop of them, to carry the barque on. Here alone's a thought-out scheme proper to convince an atheist. But then follows them documents o' yourn to prove that you, a born gent of eddication and first-class intelligence, don't doubt the truth o' what ye hear, and, to make sure, provide for your share when the gold's come at and for your security, if so be as the law should lay hold on the capt'n for a-deviating.'

'It is all very true,' I exclaimed, staggered myself by the consistency of the wretched business, and forced to mentally admit the reasonableness of the illiterate creatures in the fore-castle accepting it all as an indisputable fact. 'But you know my motive in acting as I did?'

'Well, I do, sir. As I told ye, I was a bit non-plushed at first; but it's a madman's yarn—ne'er a doubt of it. And I'm as wishful, Mr Dugdale, as ever ye can be to be quit of the whole blooming job.'

Again I came to a pause at the weather rail, as though I lingered on deck only to observe the weather.

'Now, Wetherly, listen to me,' said I. 'You

know you are the only man in the ship that I would dream of opening my lips to. You have my full confidence; I believe you to be sound to the core. If you will give me your word, I shall be perfectly satisfied that you will not betray me.'

'Whatever ye may tell me, Mr Dugdale,' he responded in a voice slightly agitated, 'I swear to keep locked up in my bosom; but afore I can give ye my word, I must know what I've got to take my oath on.'

'You misunderstand me,' I exclaimed; 'I desire no oath. Simply assure me that should a time ever come when I may see my way to escape, you will stand my friend; you will actively assist me if you can—you will not be neutral, I mean, merely my well-wisher; simply tell me this, and I shall know that when an opportunity arises, I will have you to count upon.'

'Have you a scheme, first of all, Mr Dugdale?' he inquired. 'There's no good in my consenting to anything that's agoing to end in getting our throats cut.'

'No; I have no scheme. What plan could I form? I must grasp the first, the best chance that offers, and then it may be that I will want you. There are others besides myself whom you would find grateful. Miss Temple's mother is a lady of title, and a rich woman.'

'Excuse me, Mr Dugdale,' he interrupted; 'I don't want no bribe to bring me into a proper way of acting, if so be as that proper way ain't agoing to cost too much. I'll say downright, now, that if I can help you and the lady to get out of this job and put ye both in the road of getting home, ye may depend upon my doing my best. More'n that there'd be no use in saying, seeing that it ain't possible to consart a scheme, and that we must wait until something tuns up. If there be an island, and we bring up off it, the sort of opportunity you want may come, and you'll find all of me there. If the island be a delusion, then something else'll have to be waited for. But I tell you as man to man that I'm with you and the lady, that I don't like Mr Lush nor the business he's brought the vessel's crew into, but that I've got to be as cautious as you; which now means, sir—and I beg that you'll understand me as speaking respectfully—that that there Forrest has seen us together long enough.'

'Right,' I exclaimed, grasping his hand; 'I thank you from my heart for your assurance; and Miss Temple shall thank you herself.'

With which I went aft, gazing steadfastly to windward as I walked, and after a final peep into the binnacle and a slow look round, I stepped below.

There was little to comfort me in this chat with Wetherly; it was worth knowing, however, that he regarded the captain's yarn as a mere emission of craziness, for heretofore, in the few conversations I had had with him, his hesitation, his cautious inquiries, his manner, that in a superior person would to a certain extent have suggested irony, had caused me to see that his mind was by no means made up on the subject. This, then, was to the good, and it was satisfactory to be informed by him that he would befriend us if an opportunity occurred, providing his assistance should not jeopardise his life. I was grateful for this promise, but scarcely comforted by

it. I carried a clouded face into the cabin; Miss Temple, who awaited my return to the cabin, fixed an anxious gaze upon me, but asked no questions.

'How good you are to suppress your curiosity!' I exclaimed, standing by her side, and looking into her upturned face; 'you incalculably lighten my burthen by your forbearance.'

'You have taught me my lesson,' she answered quietly; 'and as a pupil, I should be proud of the commendations of my master.' She pronounced the word 'master' with a glance of her proud eyes through the droop of the lashes, and a smile at once sweet and haughty played upon her lips.

'It will comfort you to know that Wetherly is our friend,' said I.

'I have always regarded him as so,' she responded.

'Yes; but he has now consented to aid me in any effort I may by-and-by make to escape with you from this barque.'

She was silent, but her face was eloquent with nervous eager questioning.

'Moreover,' I proceeded, 'Wetherly is now convinced that Captain Braine's gold was a dream of that man's madness. A dream of course it is. But do you know I am extremely anxious that we should find an island in that latitude and longitude of waters to which I shall be presently heading this ship.'

'May I ask why?'

'Because I think—mind, I do but think, that I may see a way to escape with you and Wetherly alone in this barque.'—She breathed quickly, and watched me with impassioned attention.—'In fact,' I continued, 'even as I stand here, looking at you, Miss Temple, a resolution grows in me to create an island for Captain Braine's gold, should the bearings he gave me prove barren of land.'

'Create?' she exclaimed musingly.

'Yes. The South Sea is full of rocks. I'll find the men a reef, and that reef must provide me with my chance.—But,' I exclaimed, breaking off, and looking at my watch, 'it is time for me to seek some rest. I shall have to be on deck again at twelve.'

'I shall go to bed also,' she exclaimed; 'it is dull—and there are many weeks before us yet.' She smiled with a quivering lip, as though she would have me know that she rebuked herself for complaining. 'I believe you would tell me more if you had the least faith in my judgment.'

'At present, I have nothing to tell; but an hour may come when I shall have to depend very largely upon your judgment and your spirit also.'

She met my eyes with a firm, full, glowing gaze. 'No matter what task you assign to me,' she cried with vehemence, 'you will find me equal to it. This life is insupportable; and I would choose at this instant the chance of death side by side with the chance of escape, sooner than continue as I am in this horrible condition of uncertainty, banishment, and misery.'

'That may be the spirit I shall want to evoke,' I said, smiling, whilst I held open her cabin door. 'Good-night, Miss Temple.'

She held my hand a moment or two before relinquishing it. 'I hope I have said nothing to

vex you, Mr Dugdale?' she exclaimed, slightly inclining her fine head into a posture that might make one think of a princess expressing an apology.

'What have I said that you should think so?' I answered.

'Your manner is a little hard,' she exclaimed in a low voice.

'God forgive me if it be so,' said I. 'Not to you, Miss Temple, would I be hard.'

My voice trembled as I pronounced these words, and abruptly I caught up her hand and pressed her fingers to my lips, and bowing, closed the door upon her and entered my own berth.

A LONDON TEA WAREHOUSE.

It is eight o'clock of the morning, and a numerous body of workmen are passing into the doorway of a huge barracks-like building some half-a-dozen stories high, and occupying the site of a considerable village of London houses which have been swept away to build it. In quiet, orderly fashion this morning muster-roll of labour is accomplished, and the gangs of men are told off for work. Steady and well-mannered fellows mostly, but not much resembling ordinary labourers, as currently understood, are these warehouse hands. A most varied lot certainly, with a very general appearance, for the greater part, of artisans out of work, or 'down on their luck,' as they would say. Indeed, many of them look like anything that could be named in a wide range of choice, not excluding the liberal professions and the gentleman 'born.'

There are entering with them clerks, foremen, coopers, and other mechanics of the miscellaneous throng that goes to make up the employed at a London Bonded Tea Warehouse.

A veritable hive of human industry. It is here that the first introduction of the annually imported tea-herb is made to the British public; for it is here that the Indian and China growers really meet, at last, the English buyer.

The great ocean steamers are berthed at the various docks as soon as they arrive in the Thames. What majestic names are borne by the splendid boats! A 'Glen Line' recalls many a famous spot in the Scottish Highlands; whilst a 'City Line' bears names suggestive of oriental splendour or bygone classic renown. Their cargoes are discharged at the principal docks, and immediately dispersed over the port of London in vans by land and barges by water, all of which conveyances are jealously crown-locked by the sleepless Customs officials, who watch this fruitful source of revenue from the first 'hail' at Gravesend until it is finally deposited, duty paid, in the hands of the consumer.

But, primarily, its destination, on being sent from the ship's side, is the Bonded Warehouse in town or by river-side, where the warehouse-keeper gives ample security for its safe keeping, alike to the owners thereof, and to the Crown as having a lien on the goods at first hand.

On arrival at the warehouse the tea is pounced upon by gangs of the handy and civil labourers; and, anon, the chests are whirling in mid-air on their way to loopholes of distant floors near the sky-line, or are being transported thither on

men's shoulders in endless stream, like human ants, up bewildering flights of stairs to similar far-off stowage.

Other gangs, *ad infinitum*, there receive them. Squads of coopers hammer them, prune and hoop them, and otherwise amend them. Drawers of samples pierce and tap them. Expert hands carefully assort the multifarious packages into 'chop' and 'bed,' with nice regard to size, quality marks, garden marks—delightfully suggestive these of orient tea-fields—and uniform weight and description. The tea-chests are then ready for the weighing scales, at which Customs officers and warehouse clerks busily ply their pens, entering into account books the gross and net weights of the goods by each ship, in successive importations, as the packages are passed in swift review before them.

Odd things come to light sometimes when the chests are emptied, to be weighed for tare and refilled. 'Unconsidered trifles' from far-off homes in Assam are occasionally revealed. White rats, dead and flat, have been seen, and bogus chests are not unknown. A frequent importation by the China tea-ships is the delicious fruit lychees in a dried condition.

But to return to tea. In the history of its progress up to the weighing-point the rigid scrutiny of the revenue officers has been exercised mainly with a view to fiscal and statistical Returns; but at this stage of the proceedings the various teas—Kaisons, Capers, Congous, Pekoes, Souchongs, Oolongs, Assams, Hysons, &c.—are inspected by an officer acting as an official analyst under 'The Sale of Food and Drugs Act, 1875,' who selects samples and subjects them to a searching examination, with, at times, the wholesome result, that spurious or adulterated teas are prevented from entering the British market; and even to the extent of causing such vitiated goods to enter the destruction furnace instead. Large quantities of damaged tea are disposed of in that manner.

Tea is frequently spoilt on the voyage by salt water or other causes, and being thus rendered unfit for human food, it becomes 'prohibited.' It is, however, allowed to be delivered duty-free from the warehouse on condition of its being denaturalised by the effective process of mixing with it a proportion of asafetida and lime. This detectable compound is used in the manufacture of the alkaloid caffeine.

For home-use the tea from China is generally cleared out of bond in the same condition as on arrival in this country. But Indian tea appears to be so much varied in quality and 'make,' even when produced in the same tea province, or district, that it is found necessary, very frequently, to throw it together in quantities, taking care not to blend different marks and importations. This arrangement is termed 'bulking,' and the effect of it is to make the whole bulk of the tea operated on more uniform in appearance and quality. In a large tea warehouse capable of holding perhaps a quarter of a million packages, amounting, it might be, to twenty-five million pounds of tea, the bulking of Indian produce assumes stupendous proportions. Floor after floor will at a busy time be crowded with enormous heaps of the emptied contents of many hundreds of chests. These fragrant mounds are thoroughly 'roused'

by gangs of men, deft-hand varlets with wooden shovels. A faint and balmy odour fills the rooms, and the atmosphere is heavily charged with a very palpable dust of tea, of dull red hue, which settles upon the clothes like down. The bulked tea is refilled into the original chests and again weighed in the presence of the Crown officers, each empty chest having been previously weighed for tare; the merchant paying duty on the exactly ascertained net weight of the tea.

Immense quantities of tea are annually exported from London, noticeably to Germany and the Baltic Provinces. It is also largely sent to the colonies and to South America. The latter trade is peculiar, the tea being prepared in bond expressly to meet certain native demands. Packets as small as four, or even two, ounces are greatly in vogue. These goods are frequently also weighed in French kilogrammes (2 lb. 3 oz. 5 dr.). Great attention is paid to careful packing for the voyage, and subsequent inland transit; and to elegance of design and pictorial display, as to the wrappings and labels embellishing the packets and setting forth the attractive charms of the various judicious blends and mixings. In this particular branch of the trade much latitude is given under the revenue regulations, in bond, as to blending and mixing—practices not allowed to the home trade.

Compressed tea is also occasionally exported from a bonded warehouse. This is tea pressed into brick or cake shape—indubitably tea-cakes! The operation is performed by powerful machinery moving a massive metal disc, which is pierced at regular intervals with oblong holds. Into these moulds the loose tea is poured; and as the iron table slowly revolves, each small parcel is treated in turn to enormous dry pressure from a steel mallet, which infallibly meets the mould with accurate and terrific accord, and squeezes the tea into a solid and shapely lump. In these latter arrangements female labour is greatly employed; the various packing and other arts connected with the system requiring much quick handling of goods and delicate manual skill.

Tea is sold in bond to the dealers by samples which are daily on show; and it is needless to say that the moment the chests leave the warehouse, the price paid is enhanced by the fourpence per pound which goes to swell the annual Budget of Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer. Subsequently, the value is not easily determined. Indeed, it might be said, ethically at least, that it is priceless.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

CHAPTER II.

'I was so glad to hear that you had succeeded in finding a nice appointment for Arthur Meadows,' said Mrs. Malden. 'You must allow me to thank you for your kindness, Mr. Wegswood. I take an interest in him, for his mother was a very dear friend of mine in the old days.'

Mr. Wegswood disclaimed the debt of Mrs. Malden's thanks. To do anything for one of her friends had given him the greatest gratification.

'He goes to B——, does he not?' inquired the lady.

'Gone,' answered Mr Wegswood. 'Poor beggar! Must have been awfully hard up. Jumped at it when I told him he'd get three hundred a year. Positively jumped at it. But I did get it raised a trifle.'

'I'm afraid he has had a terrible struggle to make both ends meet,' assented Mrs Malden.

It was Mrs Malden's afternoon 'at home;' but the day was wet, and her only visitor so far was Mr Wegswood, who therefore reaped, in the undivided attention of his hostess, the reward of his courage in defying the weather. Alicia was not present; but from the glances her mother and the caller cast from time to time towards the drawing-room door, it seemed that her appearance was momentarily expected.

'I liked Arthur Meadowson,' said Mrs Malden after a short silence. 'But, Mr Wegswood'—and she dropped her voice to nearly a whisper—'between ourselves, I will admit that I am greatly relieved at his departure.'

The young brewer was perfectly well aware of the lady's meaning; but he deemed it politic to invite explanation, which he did by raising his chin and arching his eyebrows.

'The truth is,' answered Mrs Malden, who could pardon slight mannerisms in the proprietor of twelve thousand pounds a year—'the truth is, he was very devoted to Alicia. I only observed it lately, and I hoped he might find employment that would entail separation before mischief was done.'

'You surely don't think—— Fellow without a shilling!'

'I am now certain of it, Mr Wegswood; and I will tell you my reasons. Alicia insisted on remaining at home on Friday last, though I was particularly anxious to take her to Hurlingham. When I returned, I heard that Mr Meadowson had been here; and the same evening he wrote to tell me that he had obtained this appointment at B——. Now, ever since Friday, Alicia has been in a state of melancholy and depression from which nothing seems to rouse her. There can be only one reason for this—namely, his going away.'

'Do you think she really cares—cared—for Meadowson?' he inquired after a pause, looking very hard at his boots as he put the question.

'She always liked him.—Oh yes; I can't doubt that she cares for him.'

Mr Wegswood sighed heavily, and glancing at his watch, rose.

'Going already!' she exclaimed. 'Won't you stay and see Alicia? She will be down directly.'

Mr Wegswood was sorry, but had an engagement. 'I'll look in again soon,' he said. 'Let's see. Fellow has so much to do in Season, don't you know? Really not his own master. It's impossible to know'—

'Come in any day,' urged Mrs Malden with warmth, as the young man hesitated, seemingly lost in the abyss of 'engagements' to which he stood committed. 'You will always find us at lunch at half-past one, if you happen to be in this direction.'

'I do earnestly trust that Alicia has not compromised herself with Arthur Meadowson,' mused the ambitious mother, when the bang of the hall

door told that the visitor had gone. 'Mr Wegswood is by far the most eligible man we know. Twelve thousand a year, and every prospect of a seat in the House of Lords; for his uncle is certain of his peerage when the present government goes out.'

So far from having conceived an attachment for Mr Meadowson, Alicia's feeling for the young gentleman just now was not very dissimilar to that a tigress may be supposed to entertain for the slayer of her cub. Arthur had, if anything, under-estimated the result his frank criticism would produce.

'At Eden's Gate,' had been the loving labour of months; Miss Malden had lingered over it with an affectionate all-absorbed interest which grew in ratio with the progress of her work. Balls, parties, theatres, social amusements of every kind, faded into nothingness beside the delights of novel-writing; and indeed were regarded by the authoress as tiresome interruptions, to be escaped whenever possible. And then, when the very last word had been written, and only a publisher was wanted to launch it upon a career of dazzling brilliancy, to be told in so many words that 'it would not print;' that there was no plot, and that the characters were all alike!

The letter she received from him on the evening of that memorable Friday answered no purpose save to strengthen her determination to bury his criticism out of sight. It did nothing to allay the storm that raged against the candid writer, and his delicate hints at her dormant genius appeared to Alicia only grudging acknowledgments of his own lack of discrimination. Nevertheless, her pride had sustained a shock whose effects were evidenced in her changed demeanour; and as she kept her secret resolutely locked in her own breast, Mrs Malden was perhaps justified in arriving at conclusions which, had she confessed them, would have astonished nobody more than Alicia herself.

Mr Wegswood, on his side, was not seriously disturbed by Mrs Malden's disclosures. Conscious of his eligibility, and serene in an excellent opinion of himself, he found it impossible to believe that a girl brought up as Alicia had been could seriously think of accepting the hand of a poor fellow like Arthur Meadowson while she had the remotest prospect of capturing Augustus Wegswood. She might be fond of him, certainly; she might even love him. But he only regarded Arthur's supposititious success as a temporary check, unlikely to exercise any lasting influence upon his own suit.

Strong in the comfortable conviction that he was the prize to be won by Miss Malden in his own time, he was not inclined to press forward with unseemly haste. He omitted to avail himself of the oft repeated general invitation to 'drop in to lunch,' contenting himself with a weekly visit to Brook Street on the regulation day; and not until he saw that Alicia was beginning to recover her wonted spirits did he seek opportunities of ingratiating himself. Though the reverse of clever, Mr Wegswood possessed a small vein of tact, and one afternoon when the lady had accepted his attentions with less indifference than usual, he endeavoured to lay the foundations of a closer understanding by singing gentle praises of

the absent Arthur. Somewhat to his surprise, Miss Malden pulled him up short in the midst of his eulogy.

'I never knew you thought so highly of Mr Meadowson,' she remarked.

'Isn't he a great friend of yours?' inquired Mr Wegswood with an impressive air.

'Not particularly. And if he were, that would be no reason for any one else liking him.'

Mr Wegswood was about to say that Miss Malden's friendship was the most certain guarantee of moral worth that mortal man could enjoy, but checked himself in time, and diverged into asseverations of the unspeakable pleasure he had derived from being the instrument of starting his friend in life.

'I was very glad to get the post for him, poor as it is,' said Mr Wegswood in conclusion, thinking of the emoluments.

'I was exceedingly pleased too,' rejoined Alicia, gloating over the banishment of the would-be destroyer of her dreams.

'I hope he will get on,' ventured the gentleman.

'I suppose it depends on himself,' replied the lady coldly; and Mr Wegswood retired from the attack in a condition of mystified disappointment.

The kindly Fate who watches over the interests of men without inquiring whether they deserve her aid, solved the difficulty for him the same evening by giving him Miss Gwen Pollock to take in to dinner at the house at which he dined. Mr Wegswood knew his partner intimately, and was well aware that she was Miss Malden's 'dearest friend'; he therefore had no hesitation in asking her assistance to understand the riddle. Miss Pollock was a dark-eyed little girl with a vivacious, engaging manner; whose first article of social faith was the praiseworthy theory that it is a girl's duty to make herself agreeable to all mankind.

When dinner was well advanced, and the roar of conversation around them made confidential discussion possible, Mr Wegswood asked her whether she hadn't always looked upon Mr Meadowson as Miss Malden's close friend.

'She used to like him very much,' admitted Miss Pollock.

'Doesn't she now? I was under the impression that she was very unhappy about his leaving town.'

Miss Pollock confessed that something had happened just before Mr Meadowson left, which gave Miss Malden very good reason for feeling incensed with him.

'Really?' queried Mr Wegswood. 'Didn't hear that, or, by Jove! I'd nevah—nevah have given him that billet.—What's he done?'

Miss Pollock was by no means sure she had any business to tell any one; she always made it a point of honour to keep secrets. But on Mr Wegswood's representations that he knew the Maldens so very well, and might also be regarded as Meadowson's benefactor, Miss Pollock consented to impart the secret, on the distinct understanding that he told it to nobody—not even Alicia herself. She meant, of course, that he wasn't to let Alicia hear he knew about it. Mr Wegswood bound himself by sacred promises; and Miss Pollock, after a little further display

of unwillingness, acquainted him with the facts.

Mr Wegswood listened to the story, interpellating only indignant ejaculations until Miss Pollock had finished. Then he gave rein to his wrath; and it required all the young lady's persuasive power to exact from him a promise not to telegraph Arthur's employers to dismiss him summarily the very next day.

'It would only bring him back here again,' urged Miss Pollock, 'and Alicia would not like that. Perhaps, too, the knowledge that she will never have anything more to do with him is punishment enough.'

'I must consider it,' said Mr Wegswood with awful sternness. 'Fellow who does thing like that mustn't escape too easily. Not at all sure that I oughtn't to tell Watson to turn him out—not at all sure, don't you know?'

'I wish I could devise some means of consoling Alicia,' said Miss Pollock, after Arthur had been reprobated as his crime required. 'She is quite disheartened about her book.'

'Wonder if she would let me see it?' remarked Mr Wegswood. 'Twinkleby the publisher is friend of mine; might be of use.'

'I'll tell you what I will do,' said Miss Pollock, who was eager to help her friend, and took natural interest in the work whose development she had watched. 'I'll tell Alicia that you know Mr Twinkleby; and suggest that she should ask you to read the book and arrange for its publication.'

'Capital!' agreed Mr Wegswood, detecting in the proposal a royal road to Miss Malden's good graces. 'See her as soon as you can, and tell her you have learned that I can command publisher. Then, when she mentions it, I'll manage the rest.'

Mr Wegswood went down to the Club for a pool that night in the highest good-humour with the world, not excluding the audacious Arthur Meadowson, who had thus left him the key to Miss Malden's heart. 'How could the man have been such a muff?' he asked himself for the twentieth time as he stepped out of his hansom. 'Deliberately cut his own throat.—Well, I shan't be so foolish; and if money can do it, her book shall come out before the Season is over.'

Miss Pollock was as good as her word. On the following morning she paid an early visit to Brook Street for the express purpose of recommending Mr Wegswood as godfather to the novel. She found Miss Malden brooding over her 'Idyll' in a very dejected frame of mind indeed; and recognising that she stood in urgent need of comfort, she rose to the occasion, and painted the attractions of the new scheme in glowing colours. But Alicia was not to be thus easily led from her vale of despair.

'I don't know, Gwen,' she said with a melancholy shake of the head. 'I am half inclined to tell Ellen to burn it.'

At this dreadful threat Miss Pollock nearly shrieked; but controlling her emotions with an effort, she sat down with her arm round Alicia and subjected her to a severe but kindly examination. Was she to understand that the authoress proposed to pay that Mr Meadowson the extravagantly high compliment of accepting his so-called opinion as final?

Alicia sighed; she really didn't know.—Well, then, to put it in another way—was Alicia going to join hands with Mr Meadowson and condemn the novel because he did?

The idea of 'joining hands,' even in a metaphorical sense, with the brutal critic had its effect on Miss Malden. 'No,' she answered with decision; 'most certainly not.'

'Very well,' pursued Miss Pollock triumphantly. 'You agree with me that the best way to prove your disdain for his judgment is to get the book printed?'

Miss Malden supposed so.

'Then, if you will take my advice, you will ask Mr Wegswood to give it to Mr Twinkleby at once;' saying which, Miss Pollock rose, to signify that she considered she had proved her case.

'He will want to read it,' objected Alicia.

'Yes; I should be surprised if he did not. But you would allow that, wouldn't you?'

'I'd rather he did not see it till it is printed,' said Alicia; 'things look so much better in print.'

'I daresay he would take it direct to the publishers, if you asked him,' murmured Miss Pollock doubtfully; 'but I must say, Alicia, it seems a good deal to ask of any man.'

How many men, thought the young lady, finding themselves in possession of a manuscript novel, could exercise sufficient self-control to refrain from reading it? It was expecting too much of weak human nature.

'I'll see,' said Miss Malden more cheerfully. 'Next time Mr Wegswood comes here, I will mention that you told me of his acquaintance with Mr Twinkleby; and if he is nice about it, he shall arrange the matter for me.'

And having gained this carefully qualified assent, Miss Pollock took her leave, returning home at once to write news of her achievement to Mr Wegswood.

That gentleman, having retired to rest at four o'clock in the morning, was still recuperating in bed, when shortly before noon his servant entered with a letter.

'Any answer, sir?' inquired the servitor, observing that his master showed no intention of opening the missive. There was no more patient man-servant in Dover Street than Mr Barker, but when his employer remained between the sheets till this time of day, he felt that duty compelled him to offer gentle protest.

'Messenger's waiting, sir,' hinted Barker, after an interval of five minutes.

Mr Wegswood growled sleepily, and tore open the note. Then, to the utter dismay of his serving-man, he bounded out of bed like a galvanised acrobat. 'Mail phaeton in half an hour, Barker!' he said with energy.—'Never mind breakfast. Tell Miss Pollock's messenger not to wait.'

'I'll go up to Brook Street at once,' he said to himself as he dragged on his dressing-gown; 'and I'm much mistaken if I don't walk over for the race now.'

An hour later he drew up his horses before Mrs Malden's door. If he felt rather dilapidated after the festivities of the previous night, there was no outward token of it; his customary languid bearing always suggested to the ribald

that he had only just got out of bed or was just about to return thither, so rising at noon made no appreciable difference.

'I've come to beg for lunch,' he said as his hostess greeted him. Mrs Malden was charmed; and Alicia, mindful of the fact that she was about to place him under a profound obligation to her, was unusually gracious.

Forewarned by Miss Pollock, Mr Wegswood made no reference to the object of his visit before Mrs Malden; but when she left him to the care of her daughter, which she did as soon as lunch was over, he was requested by the latter to join her in the library, where she wished to obtain his advice on a small matter of business. Alicia found it less easy to take him into confidence than she had Mr Meadowson; but she attributed this to the new method of procedure she adopted. She had asked Mr Meadowson as a favour to read her book; this time she desired to imbue her confidant with a sense of indebtedness by conferring a less delectable privilege upon him. And when she had explained what she wanted and how she had come to ask his assistance, she was not surprised to find that Mr Wegswood saw difficulties in the way. He really did not think he could approach Mr Twinkleby with a book of whose contents he was totally ignorant; of course, the mere fact that the writer was Miss Malden would justify his recommending it; but Twinkleby was sure to ask if he had read it himself. Besides, he must confess that he had hoped Miss Malden would allow him to read the book in her own handwriting; it would be doubly interesting to him in its embryo shape. Miss Malden was somewhat perplexed; but finally she compromised by consenting to read a few chapters aloud.

'Mamma is busy this afternoon,' she said, 'and we shall not be disturbed here; so, if you have no engagements for an hour or two, and have patience to listen, I'll begin at the beginning and read on till you cry "Hold, enough!"'

Mr Wegswood made the necessary reply, and taking the chair Alicia indicated, composed himself to enjoy 'At Eden's Gate.'

Whether that novel was one of those whose intrinsic beauties are only patent when read aloud in a musical voice, or whether Mr Wegswood's perceptive faculties had acquired preternatural acuteness from being sparsely exercised, we cannot take upon ourselves to decide. We can only say that when from sheer exhaustion Miss Malden ceased reading, her listener's enthusiastic admiration was beyond the power of language to express. If the authoress would only allow it, he said, he would return at once to his chambers and devote the rest of the day to the perusal of the remainder. To-morrow he would, with his own hands, take the manuscript to Paternoster Row, and arrange for its immediate conversion into three-volume form.

Miss Malden was not proof against these reassuring assertions; she placed the manuscript unreservedly in Mr Wegswood's hands, and charged him, if he found in the later chapters anything that needed correction, to let her know.

With a confidence in Mr Twinkleby's resources that was touching, Mr Wegswood undertook to arrange for its appearance in the world on that day fortnight. And having caused the Maldens' footman to summon a hansom, he drove home to

his chambers with the manuscript in much the same condition of mind as Arthur Meadowson had nursed it in the Brompton 'bus a few weeks previously.

He sat down with the intention of reading the rest of the book; but before he succeeded in finding the place at which Alicia had left off, Barker interrupted him by announcing the arrival of visitors; and the result was that 'At Eden's Gate' was laid aside unread, to allow Mr Wegswood to fulfil his duties to society.

As he had pledged himself to place the book in Mr Twinkleby's hands on the following day, he was now unable to read it before doing so. Miss Malden's wishes must be considered before his own, and she would be deeply disappointed if he failed to keep his word. So, with rare self-denial, he packed up the manuscript, and took it into the city without having bettered his acquaintance with it by another line. Not that this was of the least importance, as he had made up his mind to give the novel to the world before he had learned its name; we only mention the fact to show how bravely some men can overcome a temptation to which Miss Pollock imagined the noblest must succumb.

He discovered Mr Twinkleby's office with some difficulty, for the purlieus of Paternoster Row were to him foreign ground; and having sent in his card, he was ushered up-stairs into a very small room, lighted from above by a skylight, wherein the publisher sat, surrounded by little heaps of manuscript.

'Halloo, Wegswood!' he exclaimed, nodding at the parcel. 'Has your pen run away with you too? Put it down on that chair, will you; there's no room on the table.'

Mr Wegswood did as he was requested, and proceeded to explain the nature of his mission. A friend—lady—had written a novel; he wished to oblige her, and had brought the manuscript himself, that he might arrange with Twinkleby for its publication. If Twinkleby would kindly take the business off his hands, and turn out the book in the highest style of art, sending in the bill to himself, that was all he required.

Mr Twinkleby expressed his willingness to undertake the matter and put it in hand at once. Since the lady was going to publish at her own expense, all delays contingent on the production of works brought out at the publisher's risk would be avoided.

'How long before it's ready? Two weeks?'

'Hardly. Let's say six weeks for a novel of ordinary three-volume length. I couldn't get it done a day sooner.'

'Well, if that's the best you can do, the delay can't be helped. I'll tell her she must have patience. Want any money against expenses?'

'You can give me a cheque for a hundred on account,' replied Mr Twinkleby, who, on principle, never declined such an offer; 'but if you are going to make yourself responsible, and haven't your cheque-book with you, it does not matter.'

Mr Wegswood wrote the cheque, and as the publisher was beginning to evince unmistakable signs of impatience, stood up to go.

'Oh, by the way, Twinkleby,' he said as he shook hands, 'I almost forgot. Lady particularly requests that no alterations of any kind be made. You'll see to that?'

The publisher promised, and Mr Wegswood took his departure. The same evening Miss Malden learned from his lips that her ladder of fame had been firmly planted.

WEATHER-PERIODICITY.

No cosmical feature more palpably obtrudes itself upon our daily life, and is therefore the subject of more frequent remark, than that which is commonly termed 'the weather.' The mass of mankind, to whom every year is fundamentally alike, regard the rapid and seemingly incalculable weather-changes only so far as they temporarily affect individual health and comfort, and are unprepared to recognise in those phenomena the regular operation of physical law. Even well-informed newspapers fail as interpreters of weather characteristics. When, during a momentary dearth of engrossing incident, the leader-writer chances to review some striking meteorological aspect, maybe in connection with the crops, it is treated as purely erratic and indeterminate, and as a theme for wonderment. Yet in the entire range of the natural forces there can be no relation of cause to effect more sensitively adjusted, or more readily demonstrable, than that of the impact of primary energy to its final result in heat or cold, rain or drought. Underlying the daily weather fluctuation there is a directive force, working in cycles, which characterises the action of the several classes of phenomena composing our meteorology. Observation of this governing principle in connection with temperature, wind-disturbance, and rainfall, renders it possible to forecast the main meteorological features of groups of years, and to trace a common cycle even through the long train of intermediate influences which peculiarly complicate the weather-conditions in these latitudes.

From a very remote period the moon has been supposed to exercise a mystic influence upon the earth and its inhabitants. But apart from astrological mysticism and poetical rhapsody, there is still a widespread belief that the moon is largely responsible for the eccentricities of the British climate. During a spell of bad weather Paterfamilias consults his calendar for the date of the next new moon, in hopeful expectancy of an agreeable change when the silvery crescent again adorns the sky. It is not, however, the mere phasic change of the moon that influences the weather. Whatever power the moon may exert upon the earth's atmosphere and the aqueous vapour suspended therein, is due to our satellite's position in what are called the nodes, or, in other words, her movements about the ecliptic. The measure of the moon's contributory causation of weather-phenomena is determined by her position relatively to the sun and the earth. It is also dependent on the coincident stage of solar activity. The ordinary periods of greatest lunar influence are the equinoxes, especially if the sun and moon be both in the equator, and the solar energy at the same time approaching its maximum. Such concurrences establish distinctive meteorological bases. They broadly characterise weather-phenomena over succeeding portions of time. In this connection it must be borne in mind that the equatorial and polar air-currents are, as it

were, the main arteries in the meteorological circulation; also, that the ephemeral weather-changes incidental to these latitudes result from intermediate and subsidiary influences.

Were there no positive evidence of lunar potency, it might be inferentially assumed that such a body as the moon, sufficiently powerful to do the principal tide-work and to check the earth's polar counterpoise, must strongly and variously influence the vast play of terrestrial energies set in motion by the solar heat. Our satellite is very far from being a mere inert vestige of creation. In her present evolutionary stage the moon is effective for the modified cosmical function requisite in the changed condition of the earth. Not only the inorganic world, but every form of organic existence upon this planet, is affected by the moon's subtle magnetism.

The chief elements in the meteorological system are the alternately waxing and waning solar energy, the aerial ocean in which we live, and the aqueous ocean beneath it. The main results are found in the lighter specific gravity of heated air, the expansive power of heat, and its tendency to equalise itself in space; and in the consequent counter-effort of less heated air to rectify the disturbed equilibrium. Hence perpetual evaporation and condensation, expansion and contraction, causing incessant disruption in the static condition of the atmosphere, and producing temperature variations, wind-disturbance, and rainfall.

In common with every other form of terrestrial energy, our meteorology originates in the sun. Solar radiation is the prime mover. But the sun appears to diffuse two kinds of heating rays, one kind prevailing during the maxima, and the other during the minima, solar periods. Each kind distinctively marks its coincident weather-period. The impact of solar energy falls directly upon the equatorial zone. In the broad ocean-belt of calm, and generally over a considerable stretch of the tropical latitudes, under the fervent rays of a vertical sun, a vast body of heated air, charged with aqueous vapour, is continually ascending to considerable altitudes. When the level is reached, in rarefied atmospheric strata, the attenuated vapour-laden air spreads horizontally. Meanwhile, the partial vacuum below is possessed by the cool and denser currents from the north and south, which are in turn heated, and, ascending with their aqueous burden, maintain the eternal upward and lateral flow. It might be supposed that an enormous quantity of finely-divided watery particles suspended at a minimum elevation of thirty thousand feet, or more, would coalesce and form a misty canopy intercepting the sun's rays. But molecular changes occur, and polarity is induced. During the sun-spot period these water molecules are less transparent to the rays of the sun, and under certain atmospheric conditions the presence of the aqueous vapour is indicated by cirro and cirro-stratus clouds at a minimum altitude of twenty-five thousand feet. This vapour is ultimately precipitated in the form of rain in different zones towards the Pole. When the pressure-gradient of the upper air is abnormally steep the movement is very rapid, and wind disturbance and rainfall result in low latitudes. When the pressure gradient is normal, the move-

ment is slower, and those phenomena occur in high latitudes. At the minimum solar period, the current mainly flows onward towards the Pole, and a larger proportion of its moisture is then deposited about the northern ice-cap. The angle of the pressure-gradient is closely connected with certain diurnal variations in vertical magnetic force, or dip, in the same manner that the quantity of rainfall, and its area of distribution, are coincident with similar diurnal variations in horizontal magnetic force, or declination. The phenomena produced by the action of the upper air-current must be regarded as distinct from those of the lower atmosphere. It is to the correlation of these two forces that the inconstant nature of our meteorology is chiefly due. The equatorial air-current has a preponderating influence during sun-spot periods. Its mean altitudes are then reduced, and its gradients are generally steep. There is strong magnetic direction, and consequent maximum atmospheric disturbance and rainfall. But irrespective of the solar periodicity, the altitude, velocity, and temperature of the vapour-laden upper air-current, particularly at the spring and autumn equinoxes, characterise the weather for considerable periods, and over extended areas.

In order to place this important relation clearly before the reader, let it be supposed that an equatorial air-current, originating in the Pacific Ocean, westward of Panama, flows in a northerly and easterly direction over the American continent, and descends at a more or less steep gradient, causing it to impinge upon the Atlantic seaboard in a zone comprising the fortieth and sixtieth parallels. Such an area would embrace that nursery of cyclonic disturbance formed by the contact of the Gulf Stream with the cold Labrador current. Whatever might be the existing weather-conditions in the North Atlantic, the reciprocal action of the two forces would change them. The influence of the upper air-current, its volume, pressure-gradient, velocity, and temperature, and therefore its cyclonic or anti-cyclonic tendency, would continue to characterise the weather over a vast area, until its effects were neutralised by some modification, possibly in the lower atmosphere, such as an abnormal rise of temperature farther to the south and west.

If the solar energy were constant, the weather-conditions would be also constant, and season would probably succeed season with automatic uniformity. But, as already indicated, the solar energy is subject to periodical change, and the several classes of meteorological phenomena reflect in a common cycle all the features of the solar periodicity. At regularly-recurring periods the glowing exterior of the sun is convulsed with stupendous fiery tempests. The full activity of this wild and terrible commotion constitutes the maximum of solar energy. At such times a peculiar emanation from the sun pervades interplanetary space, and more or less affects every member of our planetary system. The earth reflects this subtle influence in its magnetic storms, exalted auroral displays, and increased electrical activity; and it is not improbable that to an observer on Mars or Venus, a slight glow, conveying some appearance of luminosity, would at such periods be perceptible at the equator and

the Poles. The solar activity gradually subsides, until a comparatively quiescent minimum period is reached. The cycle occupies about eleven years, and the entire period may be grouped as follows: one year of minimum, then two years of mean or intermediate energy, then four years of increasing and decreasing maximum, or sun-spot period, succeeded by the waning term of two years of intermediate, and two years of minimum activity.

It is an accepted fact that certain periodical variations in terrestrial magnetism coincide with the solar changes, and their close analogy to periodical variations in weather-phenomena is no less clearly established. But magnetic fluctuation holds a nearer relation to weather-periodicity than mere coincidence. Terrestrial magnetism is an active principle in meteorology. Whether in auroras, intensified earth-currents, St Elmo's fire, or any of its many subtle forms, it is both an index and a measure of meteorological phenomena. That fascinating instrument the magnetometer, in revealing every phase of what may be termed solar meteorology, indicates the antecedent principle, and the barometer predicates the final result as exhibited in atmospheric disturbance and rainfall. Every one of those irregular, spasmodic oscillations of the magnet which make up the sum of daily magnetic inequality, has a special meteorological value, and the record should be closely compared with fluctuations in atmospheric pressure and temperature.

It must not be supposed that periodical weather-conditions march to their culmination in unbroken gradations day by day, according to the almanac. While the progressive movement is maintained, there is sometimes a short halt, or a step backwards, or perhaps a hasty stride in advance. Even in the tropical zone, where the weather-conditions are not nearly so complicated by intermediate influences as in zones farther removed from the equator, there are apparent anomalies. The rainfall, for example, may in particular years be premature, or deferred, or unduly protracted. In these latitudes there is a general retardation of final results, which has been aptly described as a 'lagging behind.' But by dividing the solar cycle into three groups, representing the phases of solar activity already described, the rainfall discloses three corresponding averages. The rainfall of every related group of years is the result of its own special determinates, and in a complete zone it is therefore proportional to the daily range of magnetic fluctuation. Wherever the local character of the rainfall fails to disclose its magnetic analogy, the district forms only a subsidiary system, and the complement will be found in a direction transverse to the magnetic meridian. Dividing the whole rainfall of the eleven years' solar cycle into a hundred parts, the following proportions result: There are due to the minimum group of years twenty-nine parts; to the intermediate group, thirty-two parts; and to the maximum group, thirty-nine parts. Dealing in the same way with the mean daily range of magnetic inequality, a similar result is obtained—namely, twenty-nine, thirty-two, and thirty-nine parts respectively. The fractional differences are here omitted, as immaterial. Whether the analysis be drawn from the Cape of Good Hope rainfall of

the past five decades, or from the general average of the Indian monsoon rainfall for the same period, or from the British rainfall during the solar cycle ended in 1887-88, these proportions are maintained, and are therefore constant. Such remarkable coincidence in the range of the two phenomena seems to point to magnetism, or electricity, if that name be preferred, as an important factor in weather-conditions.

Gales, hurricanes, and cyclones, as forms of atmospheric disturbance, are subject to the common periodicity, and are consequently more frequent and violent in sun-spot periods. The direct radiation of solar heat does not completely explain their periodical maxima, for the greatest terrestrial heat occurs about the time when those visitations are least frequent. There is evidence of another kind of heating ray, ever present in solar radiation, but most influential in times of solar activity. True cyclones are preceded and accompanied by electrical perturbation. Their radius, velocity, and, within certain limits, direction, are closely connected with the magnetic forces. They probably originate in a highly-polarised condition of the upper air, and their rotation is possibly set up by the interaction of the magnetic currents circulating round the earth from east to west.

The fact is familiar that cyclones, besides their progressive motion from point to point, have a rotatory motion opposite to the direction of clock-hands in the northern hemisphere, and in the same direction as clock-hands in the southern hemisphere. This difference of direction is only apparent and relative—and only in the sense that an observer at the equator facing northwards will have the east towards his right hand, or facing southwards, towards his left hand. The initial direction of cyclones is, in fact, alike in both hemispheres—from east to west. The really significant feature in the rotation is that in both hemispheres cyclones curve outwards from the equator towards the magnetic Poles, following in this characteristic, as in others, a fundamental principle in electricity.

The anti-cyclone is the reverse action in the lower atmosphere. The centre, instead of being a medium of thermo-electric energy, as in the case of the cyclone, is a compact area of high air-pressure, on the outskirts of which there is a slight outward and gyratory motion. As the waves of the aqueous ocean are shattered by contact with the shore, so are the cyclonic waves of the aerial ocean broken against anti-cyclonic systems. A cyclone sweeping out of the Gulf of Mexico, with expanding radius along the course of the Gulf Stream, and curving back upon the Canadian seaboard, may be shattered by the resistance of an anti-cyclone lying over that region. Such an event, however, usually happens under peculiar meteorological aspects, as, for instance, the one just now passed, when the warm, humid equatorial air-current, quickened by the increasing solar energy, is in strong conflict with the polar air-pressure, yet unsubdued, by reason of the retardation before mentioned, causing a partial overlapping of two distinct periods.

Although no positive indication exists of radical change, it would seem that our climate is undergoing some gradual modification. There

is reason to believe that as the magnetic north in this country more closely approaches the geographical north, and again passes to the east of it, our climate will become considerably modified as far as regards longer periods of well-defined weather, more regular seasons, warmer summers, and colder winters; and possibly the occasional recurrence of the old-time pestilent epidemics, due to the greater influence of easterly weather resulting from change of magnetic direction.

Of this easterly weather and its present effect upon our climate, much that is interesting might be related. The whole subject has a very wide practical interest. But limitation of space forbids further extension. The foregoing references to a few salient features in our meteorology may perhaps assist to indicate why the year 1887 was dry with normal heat, the year 1888 cold with normal rainfall, and the year 1889 characterised by conflicting warm and cold air-currents, producing violent sporadic rainbursts in various parts of the northern hemisphere. They may also serve to explain why a period of increased wind-disturbance and rainfall and higher winter temperature may be anticipated; now that the solar energy is advancing to its maximum.

WHAT GREAT MEN THINK OF WORK.

GENIUS pure and simple is no doubt an enviable gift; ordinary men stand in the valley and, in an attitude born of innate hero-worship, gaze with awe upon the favoured of the gods as they tread the mountain heights. But genius needs a backbone—a very decided backbone—in order that its waywardness might be useful, and its daring flights something other than meteoric. A sensitive and passionate heart allied to a vivid and powerful imagination are undoubtedly the elements which go to make the poet or artist; but to accomplish anything worthy his endowments, the favoured individual must have these gifts of his resting upon a sure foundation of common-sense and reason—in short, he must have an early and definite knowledge of the importance of work. And anything like happiness to himself can only accrue from the carrying of such knowledge into daily practice.

Instead of preaching on this subject ourselves, using up as we go along this or that attractive saying of some notable man, all the while altering a word here or a phrase there, and so making in fact a plagiarised hash which we would like others to think our own—instead of this, we are content that each clear truth or brilliant saying shall be—what it should be—a star in its author's crown. So here are a few of the utterances of great men on the subject of work.

'No matter,' says Emerson, 'what your work is, let it be yours; no matter if you are a tinker or preacher, blacksmith or president, let what you are doing be organic, let it be in your bones, and you open the door by which the affluence of heaven and earth shall stream into you.' Again, he says: 'God will not have His work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and

gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt, his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.'

'There is one plain rule of life,' says Stuart Mill, 'eternally binding, and independent of all variations in creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest. It is this—Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered; and then do it.' Ruskin, on being told of a man who was a genius, immediately inquired: 'Does he work?'

'I find,' observed Dr Livingstone, 'that all eminent men work hard. Eminent geologists, mineralogists, men of science, work hard, and that both early and late.' Mr Blackmore, in *Alice Lorraine*, has told us how 'Mabel Lovejoy waited long, and wondered, hoped, despaired, and fretted; and then worked hard and hoped again.' And the late President Garfield said: 'The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others.'

'Between vague wavering Capability,' wrote Carlyle, 'and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us, which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the Spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible "Know thyself;" till it be translated into this partially possible one, "Know what thou canst work at." Again: 'Lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee," which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.'

'Dear to the heart of Carlyle,' says Paxton Hood, 'was that motto of the old monks, "Labour is worship." We have met with some few men, and with women too, who could not comprehend it, and to whom it was a dim, occult, mystical saying; they wanted an explanation of it. Poor things! and we had no explanation to give, for this is one of those sayings for which no explanation will suffice; it must be felt to be true; no amount of commentary can else make it appear reasonable. To work is the human mission; he who shrinks from labour shrinks from the purpose of his existence. It is sad that to so many thousands of persons nowadays it should be necessary to say this. Labour is everlastingly noble and holy; it is the source of all perfection; no man can accomplish, or become accomplished, without work; it is the purifying fire, burning up the poisoning and corrupting influences emanating from the manhood of the soul.'

In George Eliot's *Silas Marner* we have this of the solitary weaver: "'Yes, sir, yes," said Marner meditatively; "I should ha' been bad off without my work; it was what I held by when everything else was gone from me."

Goethe says: 'Fortune is the goddess of breathing men; to feel her favours truly, we must live and be men who toil with their living minds

and bodies, and enjoy with them also.' Again: 'He who is born with capacities for any undertaking, finds in executing this the fairest portion of his being.'

'Those,' said the great painter Joshua Reynolds, 'who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of inspiration, as a gift bestowed upon peculiar favourites at their birth, seem to ensure a much more favourable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air, than he who attempts to examine coldly whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired, how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will show the way to eminence. It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary, to be astonished at the effect, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired; who see only what is the full result of long labour and application of an infinite number and infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude, from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them.'

One of the most decided and characteristic utterances on the subject of work is that of George Henry Lewes. It sounds like a veritable trumpet-blast to summon young dreamers from a too long straying in flowery paths and moonlit groves. 'There is in the present day,' he says, 'an overplus of raving about genius, and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common-sense. Common-sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a frenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook unless they devoted their whole energies to the task. Would Michael Angelo have built St Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?'

"Use the pen," says a thoughtful and subtle author; "there is no magic in it; but it keeps the mind from staggering about." This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you can do

you will do: inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint: act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings; because the failure is absolute, it is precise, it stands bodily before you; your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with; you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do* so, the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so; as long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one object. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin; necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this; they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they *could* do.'

Of course Charles Lamb with his sly and delightful humour must needs look at this matter in another and altogether different light. 'I wish,' he says in a letter to Wordsworth, 'that all the year were holiday; I am sure that indolence—indefeasible indolence—is the true state of man, and business the invention of the old Teaser, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him a-hoeing. Pen and ink, and clerks and desks, were the refinements of this old torturer some thousand years after, under pretence of "Commerce allying distant shores, promoting and diffusing knowledge, good," &c.'

ACROSS THE SEA.

Smooth o'er the yellow sand the waters spread
And deepen, till the bay is one rich glow
Of emerald light, while murmuringly low
Falls the sad rhythm of old Ocean's tread.
Oh sea, thy song! When parting tears are shed,
When the sails gleam and favouring breezes blow,
When in moonlighted mist, the rough 'Heave-ho!'
Loosens the anchor, and farewells are said—
Thy song breathed inland from the moaning shore,
Its deep wave-chorus wakening wild and free,
Will lull us into sadness, o'er and o'er
Sounding Æolian strings of memory—
A voice—an echo—murmuring evermore
Of one true heart that beats across the sea.

C. A. DAWSON.

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BUSHRANGING YARNS.

EVERY country has at some time or other had its own type of what the Yankees call 'road-agents.' Italian banditti have long held a place in story as romantic scoundrels, whose picturesqueness went far to atone for their sins, though sceptics have not been wanting to insinuate that they did not always pursue their avocation in the 'green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail' in which Mr Tupman distinguished himself. A glamour of romance hung round the 'gentleman of the road' who 'stuck-up' our ancestors in such a courteous, polished, and gentlemanly manner that it must have been quite a pleasure to be robbed. Dick Turpin, too, and Robin Hood, the king of outlaws, when will they be forgotten? Never, surely, while the English language lasts.

This universal tendency to canonise into a hero every one that rides a horse and robs, has thrown a halo over even the Australian bush-ranger. Some people—generally town-dwellers who have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance—consider him a splendid fellow, cruelly treated by the police. What the police think, is quite another thing; but then they are prejudiced, perhaps, by being so frequently shot, the gentlest of bushrangers never missing a chance at a 'bobby.' It is a case of no quarter on one side at least; and as the other side is frequently hampered by red-tape and uniforms, chasing bushrangers is not always an unmixed bliss.

It is easy to see how bushranging arose in convict settlements in the early days. A prisoner escaped, made for the bush, and having nothing to live on, was forced to steal. He never got home-sick, for convict life in those days was by no means 'all beer and skittles,' especially for a runaway; so, though sure of a warm welcome from his old friend the cat, he restrained his longing and stopped away. Old prisoners to a man were his friends, warning him of danger, and putting pursuers off the track; good offices,

in return for which the bushranger made a point of never robbing one of the convict class; still further keeping up his popularity by being generous at other folk's expense, a plan common with 'knights of the road' in all ages, and which has often prevented or delayed their capture.

Tasmania has produced bushrangers of a rather too thrilling type, whose exploits would hardly make nice reading, it is said; and as some of the police were old convicts, it was often some time before these bushrangers were caught. South Australia, not having been a convict settlement, has not experienced much exciting work on her own account, only a few half-hearted attempts being made; partly, perhaps, because her mounted police had a nasty way of capturing a man first and asking his name afterwards, which was disconcerting to bushrangers, and sometimes to other people too. For instance, an inspector and some troopers were hunting for escaped Tasmanian bushrangers in Kangaroo Island. Seeing three men come out of a hut, they rushed upon them, knocked them down, knelt on their chests, and holding pistols to their heads, demanded their names. 'P——' gasped the inspector's captive; and this being the name of a well-known settler, the three representatives of the law had to get up and apologise. The foregoing proceedings may seem rather unceremonious, but it should be remembered that if a policeman asked a bushranger his name, the chances were that he did not live to receive an answer.

The South Australian police have always tried to give their quarry as little chance of escape or retaliation as possible; while others who preferred to make sure of the identity of their man often died of their success. Two Tasmanian policemen knocked at the door of a hut one night with the words, 'Open to the police.' The door was opened at once, and they were both shot down; one falling dead on the threshold, while the other managed to drag himself away in the darkness. It does not do to be

too straightforward with men of that stamp; a pat on the shoulder 'in the Queen's name' by no means meets the case, and any one who tried it would not be likely to repeat the experiment. A police magistrate and a trooper were once in hot pursuit of Morgan, the well-known bushranger. He made for some young timber, and disappeared. They followed till they came to his camp, where they stayed, in the hope of his return. Most incautiously, they lighted a fire. Morgan came back, made a rustling to attract their attention, and when they came to the door to look out, shot them both dead. One would think that a few affairs of this kind would cool the ardour of the warmest admirers of the noble bushranger; but then the sufferers were policemen, who are popularly supposed not to feel ill-treatment, or to mind being killed now and then in performance of their duty. Perhaps a personal experience of sticking-up might be more effectual, especially if their hero, besides relieving them of all spare cash, required them to swap horses, greatly to their own disadvantage, an engaging little way he has sometimes.

It must be a disagreeable shock to a lonely traveller to find himself covered by a revolver, perhaps two, and to have to stand by with his hands above his head while the robbers proceed to appropriate his valuables. 'Bail-up!' too, the words with which bushrangers demand submission, simply add insult to injury, for a 'bail' is a contrivance somewhat on the principle of the stocks in which a cow's head is fixed while she is milked.

A notable example of pluck was drawn by a woman in Queensland. She was alone when she saw some men approaching, whom she rightly guessed to be bushrangers. There was a considerable amount of money in the house, and for a moment she did not know what to do. Fortunately, it was in notes. She rolled them into a ball, and slipped them inside her dress and under her arm just as the men, who were masked, came in. What her feelings were when, after searching the house, they proceeded to search her, may be imagined; but she kept her own counsel, and saved the money, for, being a woman, she was not required to hold up her arms.

Pluck and cheek are the two most striking characteristics of bushrangers, and it is perhaps the latter which commands most admiration. There certainly is something very impressive in the cheek of a handful of men who 'stick-up' not only a station or a bank, but a whole town, as the Kelleys did. But, then, Ned Kelly had gained a wonderful hold on people's minds, and did things with a high and lordly air, as, for instance, when he politely returned a very valuable horse on being informed that it belonged to a lady. He seemed invulnerable too;

bullets passed harmless, and people began to think he bore a charmed life, till they found that he wore armour, made from ploughshares by a friendly smith. He even wore a helmet, and would, in fact, have been more at home when armour was the rule. Had he been born in the days of chivalry, he might have been a famous knight, and his feats of arms sung by poets, and handed down to his descendants as a proud inheritance; but as he had the misfortune to stumble on the nineteenth century, when it is not the thing to ride about killing people and appropriating their property, he was not appreciated, but, after a long chase, was caught and hanged.

Such a very mild instance of bushranging that the sufferer—the manager of a run—described it as 'being stuck-up in a friendly sort of way,' occurred in South Australia between forty and fifty years ago. He had been warned that three men had stuck-up and robbed a man's hut and fired at his wife, so had kept watch all night. The shepherds went out early in the morning, leaving him alone; still no one came. When the shepherds returned to breakfast, three other men were with them; but they had often called in, in passing from their work, and though they carried guns, Mr M—— thought nothing of it, till one marched in and demanded 'tucker,' while another stood gun in hand at the window, and the third mounted guard at the door; then it dawned upon him that he was unmistakably stuck-up. He asked them if they had taken to the bush, and receiving a cool affirmative, said he would give them nothing; they must take what they wanted. 'Well, we don't want much,' said the spokesman. 'To begin with, where's the damper?' Being told that there was only one baked, he said: 'Well, I won't take all;' and cutting it in two, took half. After taking some tea and sugar, he asked for meat. Finding that there was none cooked, but some in the pot boiling, the men decided to wait, their leader meanwhile appropriating half of the manager's ammunition. After patiently waiting till the meat was ready, he produced a bottle of brandy, and insisted on every one taking a drink as a parting compliment, then took himself off with a friendly 'Good-morning.' These were but raw beginners in the bushranging line, and were not destined to achieve greatness therein; for a few days later they stuck-up a bush public-house, got tipsy, and were most ingloriously caught in consequence.

But Morgan, already mentioned, brought it quite to a fine art, showing a good deal of grim humour too. As a Red Indian tortures his victims and gloats over their pains, so Morgan aggravated his, and thoroughly enjoyed their discomfort; in fact, he became quite an artist in aggravation, and while he stole people's money, or, worse still, their horses, he took

special pains to do it in the most provoking way. The following are a few of the yarns told about him.

The overseer of a run was visiting one of the shepherds' huts; on entering, he saw a man lying on the bunk. 'What are you doing here?' he said. 'Turn out of this!'

The next thing he knew, a revolver was unpleasantly near his head. 'Throw up your hands or I'll put daylight through you,' remarked a drawing voice in a by-the-way sort of manner. 'Bail-up in that corner.'

Mr — obeyed. Morgan then bound him, and mounting, led him ignominiously to a post. Having tied him up securely, he went on to the head station, where he found the owner sitting down to dinner. 'Can I have some tucker?' he asked.

'Oh yes; go to the kitchen and they will give you some.—I didn't much like the look of the fellow,' said Mr G—, in telling the story, 'so I turned my head to see if my gun was in easy distance. It was loaded with ball, as I intended to shoot a bullock. On turning round again, I saw a five-barrelled revolver close to my face, while I heard the words, "Oh no, Mr G—; that game won't do. You bail-up in that corner and keep quiet." Well,' said G—, 'I had to do it, while the rascal, coolly placing a revolver on each side of his plate, proceeded to eat my dinner. He then took my gun, and bailed-up two or three people I had on the place, took about seventy-five pounds' worth of property in the shape of horses, saddles, bridles, and rations; and then in the afternoon mounted his horse and took his departure, saying at the last moment, "Mr G—, you had better look after that overseer of yours. He's tied to a corner-post at the other end of the horse paddock. I s'pect he's most dead by this time."'

Not long after this Morgan stuck-up a station both the owners of which were quite young fellows. The elder brother was drafting cattle in the stockyard when Morgan rode up. 'Bail-up, all you fellows in a row alongside that fence there,' was the bushranger's first order. The men obeyed; but young K— demurred. 'Hand over one of those pistols and fight me fair,' he said.—'No, no; that don't suit me,' was the answer. 'Bail-up, or I'll put a bullet through you.' Such an invitation was not to be gainsaid. Just then the younger brother looked out to see what the matter was, was instantly covered by Morgan's revolver, and ordered to 'Come out there, and bail-up alongside those men.' Having got all his prisoners together, Morgan set one of his men to keep guard, and proceeded to take possession of the two best horses and destroy all arms and ammunition.

Morgan's next was to stick-up a wool-shed at shearing-time, and order the overseer, against whom he had a grudge, to come out and kneel down to be shot. The man's wife rushed out and threw herself before her husband, imploring Morgan to shoot her instead. He told the man he might 'clear out,' which gracious permission did not need to be repeated. He then amused himself by standing over the owner and making him sign cheques for all the shearers, and finally

a large one for himself—a proceeding which had the double advantage of increasing his popularity while it specially vexed his victim.

It will be seen that he was getting quite artistic in aggravation. The feelings of men forced to stand by and see their dinners eaten or their horses stolen were unenviable enough; signing cheques for a man one detested might perhaps be worse; but for 'pure cussedness,' as the Americans would say, the following stands unexcelled. We quote word for word from an account written by a well-known Australian near whose run the affair took place. Morgan had met the manager of a run riding through the bush. 'The manager rode with him a short distance, when he said to him, "By Jove! where did you get that horse from? he's got my brand on."—"Ah, just you tumble off your nag, or I'll put daylight through your carcase," said the bushranger, pointing a loaded revolver at his head. The argument was unanswerable, so B— had to dismount. "Now," continued Morgan, "pull off your clothes, all of them." This was done, and B— stood under *veritas*. The day was scorching hot. "Now make tracks for home;" and off started poor B— to walk nine miles in the burning sun.'

Morgan's last appearance was in Victoria, where he stuck-up a station, assembled all the people in one room, and made the daughters of the house play the piano all night. In the morning, as he was walking between the owner of the run and a neighbour, carrying as usual two revolvers, a station hand caught up a gun, took aim at forty yards, and shot him through the back.

Such are some of the yarns told about old-time bushranging. The great severity exercised towards convicts may be said to have started it, by making men desperate and predisposing people to sympathise. For it is not every one who would care to hand a fellow-creature over to the treatment which, if all accounts be true, the convicts suffered then. Among the later generation the men have, as a rule, been wanted for horse or cattle stealing, and have taken to the bush to avoid the police. Others, again, have taken to it from a love of excitement or a craving for notoriety. It is not safe to be positive about anything, but the days of bushranging seem nearly over. It is more than ten years now since the Kelly gang were dispersed, and as yet they have had no successors, save for a few spasmodic attempts from the would-be-hero type, which hardly count, the 'heroes' as a rule being only too glad to sink into private life again. The country gets more settled year by year, and though there are rough men and rough times on gold rushes or new mining towns, the revolver does not flourish with such wild luxuriance as in the 'Wild West,' and the bowie-knife is fortunately unknown. As soon as a rush is started, wardens are on the ground to settle disputes, and the law is represented by mounted troopers, so there is no chance for every one to 'do as seemed good in his own eyes,' as appears to be the practice in frontier States, unless American writers have cruelly misrepresented their countrymen. So the bushranger of the future, if he ever appears, will have to be very wide awake, and a smart man altogether, to carry on his trade at all, and the game would be scarcely worth the candle. There may be openings in the burglary line or in other sophis-

ticated forms of stealing—mining swindles, for instance; but the day for that picturesque straightforward form of robbery called bushranging is past.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—CAPE HORN.

It was on one of the closing days of the month of December that I brought the barque's head to a west south-west course for the rounding of Cape Horn. It was happily the summer season in those parts, their midsummer, indeed, and I was glad to believe that the horrors of this passage would be mitigated by a sun that in the month of June shines for scarcely six hours in the day over the ice-laden surge of this, the most inhospitable, the most bitterly dreary tract of waters upon the face of the world.

Down to the latitude of the Falkland Islands we had sighted, from the hour of my taking command of the barque, but four sail, so vast is the ocean, and so minute a speck does a ship make upon it. But whilst the loom of the land about Berkley Sound was hanging in a blue and windy shadow, with a gleam as of snow upon it away out upon our starboard beam, we fell in with a whaler, a vessel rigged as ours was; a round-bowed, motherly old craft, jogging along under a load of boats unsuspended over her sides from the extremities of thick wooden davits.

She had been visible at daybreak right ahead, and she was showing clear upon the sea over our bow, when I came on deck shortly after eight bells to relieve Lush, who had had the watch since four o'clock.

'What have we there?' said I, bringing Braine's old leather telescope out of the companion and putting my eye to it. 'A squab old whaler, as I may suppose by her boats: Cape Horn topgallant-masts; a saved-off square sea-wagon after the true Nantucket pattern.'

'I've been awaiting for you to come on deck,' said the carpenter. 'We don't want to run her down. We've got nothen to say to her, and so 'nd better keep out of hail.—Shift the course will you, sir?'

There was nothing in the *sir* to qualify the offensive tone of command with which he addressed me. I looked at him fixedly, taking care, however, to keep a good grip on my temper.

'What are you afraid of?' I asked. 'Are any of the crew likely to hail her if we pass within speaking distance?'

'I'd like to know what man there is amongst us as 'ud have the courage to do it,' he exclaimed, his face darkening to the thought, and his eyes travelling up and down my body, as though in search of some part on which to settle.

'Why wait for me to shift your helm, man?' said I.

'The navigation's in your hands,' he answered sullenly; 'if your calculations don't turn out correct, it mustn't be because of any man ameddling with the course whilst you was below.'

Miss Temple at this moment arrived on deck and joined me.

'A pity to run away,' said I; 'we're sailing

three feet to that chap's one, and will be passing him like smoke. There's been nothing to look at for a long time. It'll be a treat to our shore-going eyes to see a strange face, though we catch but a glimpse. You don't think I'll hail her, I hope?'

'I hope!' he responded with a coarse ironical sneer and a rude stare of suspicion.

'By Jove, then,' said I, with an effusion of temper I instantly regretted, 'since you have forced this command upon me, I'll take what privileges it confers, and be hanged to it! My orders are to keep the ship as she goes. If you disobey me, I'll call the crew aft, and charge them to observe that any miscalculations in my navigation will be owing to your interference.'

The fellow scowled, and looked ahead at the vessel, and then at a knot of sailors who were standing at the galley, and I could see that he was at a loss; in fact, a minute after, never having spoken a word, during which time he frequently sent his gaze at the craft over the bow, he abruptly crossed to the lee side of the deck and fell to patrolling, coming now and again to a stand to leeward of the sailor at the helm, with whom he would exchange a few words, whilst he swayed on his rounded shanks, with his arms folded upon his breast, occasionally stooping to obtain a view of the whaler under the curve of the fore-course.

It was his watch below, and at another time he would have promptly gone forward. His remaining on deck signified an insulting menace, an impudent threat to watch me, and to guard his own and the crew's interests against me. But I was resolved not to seem to notice this behaviour, nor even to appear conscious of his presence.

The men observing that Lush kept the deck, came out of the galley and fore-castle, and with abrupt shifting motions gradually drew aft to the line of the quarter-deck rail, which they overhung, feigning to watch the ship we were overtaking, though nothing could be more obvious than their real motive in drawing aft in this fashion. Wetherly alone kept forward. He stood leaning in the galley door, smoking a short pipe in as careless and unconcerned a posture as you would look to see in a lounging fellow sailing up the river Thames.

'The brutes are terribly in earnest,' said I to Miss Temple, as we stood together under the lee of the weather quarter-boat for the shelter of it. 'If ever I had had a doubt of the wisdom of my conduct in this business, the presence of that group yonder would extinguish it for good and all.'

'Forgive me,' she exclaimed; 'but were you well advised in not altering the course of this vessel?'

'The fellows must not know that I am afraid of them, or believe me to be without some resolution of character.'

'What would happen were you to attempt to hail that ship there?' she asked, with her eyes enlarging to the fear that accompanied the question, and her lips quivering as they closed to a blast of wind sweeping in a long howl betwixt the rail and the keel of the boat.

'I do not intend to hail her,' I replied; 'and we will not, therefore, distract our minds with conjectures.—Let us rather wonder,' I went on,

forcing a light air of cheerfulness upon me, 'what those whalemén will think of you when they catch a sight of your figure? Will they take you to be captain or chief-mate?'

She smiled, and slightly coloured. Indeed, at a little distance, with the rail to hide her dress, she would very well have passed for a young man, habited as she was in Captain Braine's long pilot coat and his wide-awake, which entirely hid her hair to the level of her ears, and which she kept seated on her head by means of a piece of black tape passed under her chin. But shall I tell you that her beauty borrowed a new and fascinating freshness of grace from the very oddity of her attire? For my part, I found her more admirable in the perfections of her face and form, grotesquely clothed as she was, than had she come to my side but now from the hands of the most fashionable dressmaker and the most modish of hairdressers and milliners.

The name of the old whaler lifted clear in long white letters to the heave of her square stern off the spread of froth that raced from under her counter: *Maria Jane Taylor* was her title, and I remember it now as I can remember very much smaller matters which entered into that abominable time. The green and weedy and rust-stained fabric, heeling to the pressure of the wind, and making prodigious weather of the Pacific surge as she crushed into the violet hollow with a commotion of foam such as no whale which ever her boats had made fast to could have raised in its death-agony, swarmed and staggered along with frequent wild slantings of her spars, upon which her ill-patched sails pulled in disorderly spaces. A whole mob of people, black, orange-coloured, and white stared at us from under all kinds of singular headgear over her weather rail, and a man swinging off in the mizzen shrouds, apparently waited for us to come abreast to hail us. As our clipper keel swept in thunder to her quarter, scarcely more water than a pistol-shot could measure, dividing us, Lush came up from to leeward and stood beside me, but without speaking, simply holding himself in readiness—as I might witness in the sulky determined expression in the villain's face—to silence me if I should attempt to hail. I glanced at him askant, running my eye down his round-backed muscular figure, and then put on a behaviour of perfect insensibility to his presence.

'How touching is the sight of a strange face,' said I to Miss Temple, 'encountered in the heart of such a waste as this! Rough as those fellows are, how could one take them by the hand! with what pleasure could one listen to their voices! Would to God we were aboard of her!' And I brought my foot with a stamp of momentary poignant impatience to the deck.

Our own crew staring at the whaler over the quarter-deck bulwarks were incessantly bringing their eyes away from her to fix them upon me with a manner of angry suspicion that it was impossible to mistake. The noise of the roaring of the wind in her canvas was loud in the pouring air; the blue waters foamed viciously to her tall cutheads, and her green and rusty bends showed raggedly amid the frothing, foaming, and seething curves of the boiling smother rushing past her; here and there aft was the muddy glint of a disc of begrimed window amid the line of her seams,

out of which all the calking appeared to have dropped. We were passing her as a roll of smoke might.

'Barque ahoy!' bawled the long slab-sided man in the mizzen rigging in the nasal accents of the 'longshore Yankee.

Lush at my side stood grimly staring. Several of the crew on the quarter-deck were now watching me continuously.

'What barque air you?' came in a hurricane nasal note out of the whaler's mizzen shrouds.

There was no reply from us.

'Barque ahoy, I say!' yelled the man with a frantic gesture of astonishment: 'where air you bound, and what ship might you be?'

The *Lady Blanche* rushed on; nevertheless, were we yet so close to the whaler even when we had her on our quarter that I could easily distinguish the features of the man who had hailed us as he hung motionless, as though withered by some blast from the skies, in the mizzen rigging with his mouth wide open, whilst an expression of inimitable amazement was visible in the rows of faces along the bulwark rail, white and coloured alternately, like the keys of a piano-forte.

On a sudden the man sprang out of the mizzen shrouds on to the deck; his legs were immensely long, and he was habited in a short monkey jacket. He started to run for the fore-castle, and his prodigious strides made one think of a pair of tongs put into motion by some electrical power. He gained the fore-castle head, where for one moment he stood surveying us, then bringing his hands to his face, he made what is known to schoolboys as a 'long-nose' at us, turning a little sideways, that we might clearly observe the humiliating derisiveness of his posture. In this attitude he remained whilst a man might have counted twenty; after which, with the air of a person whose mind has been relieved, he leisurely made his way aft. A little while later the old whaler was plunging amid the white throbbings of her own churning a long mile astern; and in half an hour she looked to be scarcely more than a gleam out in the cold blue air, where there seemed a dimness in the atmosphere as of the blowing of crystals off the melting heads of the high seas.

It was not till then that Lush left the deck.

This little incident was as stern a warrant of the disposition of the crew as they could have desired to make me understand. It proved their possession of a quality of suspicion, of a character so ungovernably insolent and daring, that I might well believe, were it transformed into passion by disappointment or insincerity on my part, there was no infancy it would not render them equal to.

I do not know that I considered myself very fortunate because of the fine weather which attended the barque in her passage of the Horn. Far better, I sometimes thought, than the strong southerly breeze, the flying skies of dark winter blue, the brilliant rolling and foaming of long arrays of billows brimming in cream to the ivory white sides of the little ship, and aiding her headlong flight with floating buoyant liftings and fallings that timed the measures of her nimble sea-dance with her waving mastheads as the baton of a band conductor keeps the elbows of his

fiddlers quivering in unison—far better might it have been for us, I would often think, had the month been the mid-winter of the Horn, with heavy westerly gales to oppose our entrance into the Pacific Ocean, and fields of ice to hinder us yet, with some disaster on top to force us to bear away as the wind might permit for the nearest port.

The rounding of this giant iron headland was absolutely uneventful. A fire was lighted in the little stove in the cabin, and by it, during my watch below, Miss Temple and I would sit exchanging our hopes and fears, speculating upon the future, endeavouring to animate each other with representations of our feelings when we should have arrived home, and amid safety and comfort look back upon the unutterable experiences into which we had been plunged by so trifling a circumstance as a visit to a wreck.

Thus passed the time. Every day I obtained a clear sight of the sun, and then striking the meridian of 76° west, I headed the barque on a north-north-west course for Captain Braine's island, the declared situation of which I calculated would occupy us about three weeks to reach.

It was on the afternoon of the day on which I had shifted the barque's helm, that Wilkins came to me as I sat at dinner with Miss Temple with a message from the carpenter to the effect that he would be glad of a word with me. I answered that I was at Mr Lush's disposal when I had dined, but not before. This did not occupy another ten minutes in accomplishing; my companion then withdrew to her cabin, having with much eagerness expressed a number of conjectures as to the carpenter's motive in soliciting an interview.

The man came off the poop by way of the quarter-deck and entered the cabin with his skin cap in hand.

'I observe,' said he, 'that you've altered the vessel's course.'

'That is so,' I rejoined. 'Wetherly was on deck when I left my cabin after working out my sights, and I believed he would have reported the course shifted to you.'

'No; it was Woodward [one of the sailors] that was at the helm. He calls me over and points into the binnacle and says: "Ye see what's happened?" The men 'ud be glad to know if it's all right?'

'If what is all right?'

'Why, if this here course is true for the island? They'll feel obliged if ye'll let 'em in here and show 'em the chart and 'splain the distance and the course and the likes of that to 'em yourself.'

I hardly required him to inform me of their wishes, for I had but to direct my glance at the cabin door to spy them assembled on the quarter-deck awaiting the invitation the carpenter had come to demand; all hands of them, saving Wetherly and the fellow that was steering, called Woodward by Lush.

'Certainly: let them enter,' said I; and at once fetched my chart, which I placed upon the table, and went to the other side, ruler in hand, ready to point and to explain.

The body of rough men, a few of them with their mahogany lineaments scarcely visible amidst

the whiskers, eyebrows, and falls of front hair which obscured their countenances, stood looking upon the chart with Lush in the thick of them, and Forrest's mutinous, dare-devil, rolling face conspicuous over the carpenter's shoulder.

'Now, men, what is it you want to know?' said I.

'We're a steering by the compass up above nor'-nor'-west,' answered Lush; 'will ye be pleased to tell us how ye make that right?'

I had to fetch a pair of parallel rulers to render my answer intelligible to the illiterate creatures who stood gaping at me with an expression of dull struggling perception that would come and go in a manner that must have moved me to laughter at another time.

'What part of this here paper is the island wrote down upon?' demanded Forrest.

I pointed with my ruler, and the whole knot of faces came together as they stooped with a sound as of a general snore arising from their vigorous breathing.

'How far is it off from where we are?' inquired one of the men. I told him. Several questions of a like kind were put to me; a growling ran amongst them as they hummed their comments into one another's ears.

'Well, men,' exclaimed the carpenter, 'there ain't no doubt to my mind. It's all right; and I'm bound to say stan'ing here, that con-sidering that Mr Dugdale guv' up the sea a good bit ago, he's managed uncommonly well down to this here time.'

There was a murmur of assent. I thought I would take advantage of this momentary posture in them of appreciation, perhaps of concession.

'Since you are all before me,' said I, 'two excepted, let me ask you a question. You are aware of course that from the very beginning of this business I have regarded your whole scheme as the effect of a madman's dream.'

Lush stared at me with an iron face; Forrest, with an impudent grin, shook his head; two or three of the fellows smiled incredulously. I proceeded, eyeing them deliberately one after the other, and speaking in the most collected tones I could command.

'I want to know this: If Captain Braine's island should have no existence in fact, what do you men propose to do?'

'No use putting it in that way!' exclaimed the carpenter, after a brief pause, and a slow, snarling wagging of his head; 'the island's there. 'Tain't no dream. Ye'll find it right enough, I'll warrant.'

'It was described to me,' I went on, 'as little more than a reef. This is a big sea, men. A reef is easily missed in such an ocean as this.'

'You have its bearings,' exclaimed Forrest defiantly; 'if you put the barque in the place on the chart where the captain said the island is, how are we a-going to miss it, unless all hands turns puppies and keeps a lookout with their eyes shut?'

'But,' said I, preserving my temper, 'may not this hope of obtaining a large treasure have rendered you all very considerably over-confident? Suppose there is no island. Reason with me on that supposition. Imagine that we have arrived, and that there is nothing but clear

water. Imagine, if you will, that we have been sweeping those seas for a month without heaving into sight your late captain's reef. What then, I ask? What next steps have you in your minds to take? I have a right to an answer, even though I should address you only in the name of the young lady whose protector I am.'

The fellows glanced at one another. Their low, suspicious intelligence manifestly witnessed some strategic fancy underlying my question.

'Look here, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed the carpenter, 'there's no use in your aputting it in any other way than the way we want, and the way we mean to have.' He accompanied this with a violent nod of the head. 'Though we're plain men without e'er a stroke of book-learning amongst us, we ain't to be made fools of. The island's where 'ee can find it, if ye choose, and to that there island we're bound, sir;' and he bestowed another emphatic, malevolent nod upon me.

I gazed at the fellows in silence. One glance at the array of mulish countenances should have satisfied me that there was nothing in anything I could say to induce in them other views than those they held, or to render endurable to them a discussion that must be based upon a probability of their being disappointed.

'We've stuck to our side of the bargain, sir,' said one of them.

'Ay,' cried the carpenter; 'I allow that let the gent strive as he may, there's nothen he can find in the treatment him and the lady's met with from us men to complain of.'

'I do not complain,' I exclaimed; 'have you on your side any reason to complain?'

'No, sir, and we don't want none,' the fellow responded with a look that rendered his words indescribably significant.

'You are satisfied, I hope,' said I, 'with the explanation I have given you as to the situation and course of the barque?'

'Yes,' answered the carpenter, with a look round.

'Then there is nothing more to be said,' I exclaimed, and picking up the chart, I carried it into my cabin.

AN ETRUSCAN CEMETERY.

THE person to whom graves and the dead are distasteful subjects had better keep aloof from Corneto. After a day spent in the Etruscan tombs, one begins to have something of a fraternal feeling for the mummies of the Pharaohs. There is nothing for it but to think of one's own latter end; and to contrast a nineteenth-century sepulchre of civilisation with the ornate and spacious tombs of these dead-and-gone ancients. The result of such a comparison is not cheering; and so the mood of lachrymose pensiveness is induced, and one is impelled to reiterate those antediluvian wails about the vanity and shortness of life, the omnipotence of Death, and the hollowness of all things.

Melancholy apart, however, this old cemetery is well worth a visit. So also is the town of Corneto itself, to which the graves are adjacent. It stands on a little hill about fourteen miles north of Civita Vecchia, and five or six miles from the coast; and it bristles with tall quadrangular

towers, as if it fancied that the arts of mediæval warfare would still, in its hour of need, suffice to protect it. The road ascends through vineyards and olive woods until the town walls seem to impend over us. Then the diligence which has carried us from the station frolics through the town gateway, and comes to a stand-still in the paved market-place immediately upon the other side of the gate. A longish, narrow, dark street runs from the square; and the street is somewhat crowded with wayfarers, who one and all seem to turn towards the coach to see what the train has sent them in the way of novelty.

There is a famous old Gothic *palazzo* close at hand, which not so long ago was the inn of Corneto. It is now degraded into worse uses. This is a thousand pities, for it were difficult in a day's search in this part of Italy to discover anything of the kind more attractive than its arched and rose windows with twisted columns, and its delightful inner courtyard—a maze of pillars with engaging capitals, and with two or three tiers of balconies looking down upon it. However, the *Locanda Grassi*, its successor on the opposite side of the street, is not despicable, for a country inn. The landlady is a peculiarly hearty, plump, old soul, and she ushers the stranger into a bedroom with a rainbow ceiling, the notion of which he by-and-by regards as a plagiarism from the Etruscan. There is word about dinner; the wine of the country is brought forward to be tasted; and the maid of the inn, a gray-eyed, pretty little creature, unlooses her tongue for a brisk course of gossip while we smoke in the large upper room that looks upon the street. A couple of bullocks' horns, mounted in wood, and set perpendicularly upon the mantel-piece, remind us that we are in a land of charms and wonders. Anon comes the celebrated Frangioni, the custodian of the tombs, to talk over the programme of the morrow. He is a courteous gentleman, with recollections of distinguished visitors; and he tells tales about Mr Dennis, of Etruscan notoriety, and his liking to lodge while in Corneto in a house full of pretty girls—tales which go far to explain why the author in question has devoted a clear hundred pages of his famous book, *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, to a consideration of the cemeteries of Corneto alone.

Meanwhile, dinner is over: the juice of Montefiascone is approved; and a stray firefly flickers now and again up the dusky street. Frangioni has shaken our hand with a solemn promise that he will be with us the next morning at seven o'clock, so that our work may be well begun ere the heat of the day; and then we wander forth with a cigar to view this placid old town by moonlight. There is no knowing what the municipality would have said had they heard of this rash proceeding. For it is evident that Corneto is a town the citizens of which are all abed ere the hour of curfew. It lacks lamps; and the Corso itself catches but a faint glow of illumination from the half-open door of a café in which sundry revellers are playing billiards on a dilapidated table with cushions of cast-iron. And so we stumble along an uneven alley, steering for a point in the city walls, and at last break from the darkness upon an uneven bank of flowers and grass, having a tower pierced with windows rising

stark from the soil eighty feet high on the one hand, and the walls adjacent on the other. The moon shines on some water in the valley far beneath us. It is the river Marta; and the broad back of hillock on the opposite side of the river is the site of Tarquinia, the Etruscan city of which the Monte Rossi on which Corneto stands was but the cemetery. The moon sparkles on some white blocks which seem to be crested Tarquinia's hill. The fancy sees walls, temple bases, and what not. But in truth they are only unchiselled masses of the limestone which crops through the soil and scrub of Tarquinia. According to Betham's Celtic-Etruscan reading, the word Tarquinia means, 'the oldest settlement in civilisation.' It is odd that citizens should christen their city with such a phrase; but we need not be hypercritical about derivations. There is nothing of the city left except its cemetery.

Hist! While we stand musing about Tarquinia, tracking with the eye the course up the valley of the silvery Marta, listening to the untimely bray of an ass in a field of the farm at the base of Corneto's rock, and wondering what the Etruscans would have thought of us and of our interest in them, a stealthy step is audible behind. A boy emerges from a second alley, black as a pit's mouth, with something struggling in his hands. He rushes to the nearest part of the wall, and with a passionate, 'Now you are going to die!' hurls the 'something' over the battlements. There is a cry like that of a child, the subdued sound of collision with the jagged nether cliffs, and finally a rustle among the bushes.

'What have you done, boy?' we demand sternly, with a hand upon the startled urchin's shoulder.

'No, no!' he cries; 'not a *bambino* at all, only a cat. It scratched mamma, and so we have killed it.'

The released assassin disappears in the gloom whence he had come, and a wakeful jackdaw in the tower asks what is the matter. But we leave the bird to solve the riddle for itself, and grope our way back to the Corso. By this time the dissolute café is shut. All Corneto is, or seems to be, asleep. The melodious clock of the white church in the market-place chimes ten as we ascend the stone stairs to our bedroom in the *Locanda*.

The next morning we have dressed and breakfasted by seven o'clock, and await the gentlemanly custodian. At eight o'clock a messenger is sent to arouse him from his bed. It is nine o'clock ere he appears, smoothing his sleek beard, and looking fresh and much at ease. He begs pardon a thousand times; the engagement had slipped from his mind. To atone for his negligence, he peremptorily orders a carriage to be ready for us in ten minutes. It is but ten minutes' walk to the first of the tombs, he says, in inconsequent comment upon the hire of the conveyance. 'As for the cost, it will be but five or eight francs additional.' A man of immense *savoir faire*, this Frangioni. His father-in-law was custodian of the tombs for thirty years, and he has already held the keys for half as long. He is more like the head-keeper of a Scotch deer forest than a guardian of sepulchres. And it may be doubted if his heart is in his work. But he is the authority of Corneto on things Etruscan. The massy

gold ring of an archaic mode upon one of his fingers, and the various leaden weights and bronze *fibule* pendent from his watchchain, are the insignia of his profession.

We drive through the city gates, and soon find ourselves upon a bleak, treeless tongue of upland, of which, in fact, the rock of Corneto itself is the north-western extremity. Below us, to the right, are the vineyards and grain-fields and olive groves of the seaboard; the glittering Mediterranean; and the headland of Monte Argentario. To the left, across the valley, is the hill of Tarquinia. They are carrying hay from its lower slopes. Beyond, towards the interior, we see the dull shapes of the Apennines. There is not much beauty in any part of the prospect. A man must be replete with sensibility, imagination, and archaeological lore to be able to refashion the Monte Rossi and Tarquinia thoroughly to his contentment.

At a signal from Frangioni the carriage is now arrested. We are by the first of the tombs. The land is thick with asphodels gone to seed, poppies and thistles in fervent bloom, mint, wild thyme, and gorse. Having alighted, we force a way through this perfumed tangle to the iron-bound door which lets upon the sepulchre. With some effort the door is opened; a staircase cut in the rock is disclosed; this we descend, and at the foot of it is another gate. We light candles, open this second gate, which is green with mould, populous with slugs and snails and other creeping things, and are in the empty sepulchre.

One's first Etruscan tomb comes like a revelation to one's intelligence. It is on a par with the other important stages of development in life: first balls, first loves, and the like. There is something bewildering about it. To think that these ancients—our inferiors, we flatter ourselves, in nearly everything—should be able to design and execute such laborious and elegant chambers for their dead!—apartments by the side of which the mortuary chapels of the fashionable cemeteries of civilisation are tawdry and unpleasant! A visit to Corneto is more educative in a classical sense than a whole year devoted to Livy, Florus, and such other writers as make mention of the Etruscan people.

The tombs of Monte Rossi are so numerous that the more important of them are scheduled, furnished with white triangular entrance portals, and numbered, like the houses in Italy, on little enamel discs. But they are known distinctively rather by the subject of the frescoes which adorn their walls than by their number in the city of the dead. You do not go to see tomb No. 4, but the Grotta del Tifone, so called from the remarkable figure of the Etruscan Lucifer upon one of the columns which support it. The tombs that have been discovered are reckoned by hundreds; but little by little the colours of the frescoes fade, are corrupted by the damp and the loathsome slugs which slime them; and so they lapse into ruin, and are eventually filled up and forgotten. One has to be careful in rambling without a guide about this hill of the dead, for the brambles and scrub grow with a beguiling denseness over the mouths of abandoned tombs, into which the unwary investigator may easily enough be precipitated.

Frangioni is voluble of archaeological lore during

the hours we spend in these fascinating vaults. But really the drawings on the walls tell their own tale sufficiently well. What spirited studies in red, black, and green they are! daucing-girls, merry-makers, the dead and the dying, hunters and fishermen, birds, beasts, and fishes, galore! These chambers of the dead are a gallery of pictures of the domestic life of the Etruscans. Nothing could be more vivid. The lamps and vases and ornaments of gold and bronze with which the Corneto Museum is crowded might have served as the models for the details of the frescoes. Such sepulchres are worth libraries of descriptive literature. Frangioni is evidently pleased at enthusiasm in his clients. He dilates on the laudable conduct of his German visitors, who spend entire days in the tombs, heedless of rheumatism, the bloated toads under their feet, and the spiders suspended over their heads.

The heat of the day is over when we turn our back upon Tarquinia's cemetery. We meet a funeral procession coming out of the gates of Corneto. The modern necropolis is a walled enclosure, over a part of the old necropolis. Only the other year, indeed, a grave was dug so deep that, after the burial, the corpse broke through the ceiling of one of the Etruscan tombs. This incident gave a ghastly touch of realism to the experience of the visitors who were the first to enter the sepulchre after the disaster. For my part, however, I should be sorry to carry away any such sensational reminiscence of Corneto. It takes rank with Baalbec as one of the unique places of the world. It is a pity its unique attractions are not also as durable as those of Baalbec.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

CHAPTER III.

As Mr Wegswood rightly guessed that the terms on which he had secured publication of Miss Malden's book would not be gratifying to her pride, he considered it prudent to omit all mention of the part his purse was to play in the transaction. And the young lady was given to understand that Mr Twinkleby, after glancing through the manuscript, had been so impressed with it that he consented to push on its production without loss of time. She was, we need hardly say, absolutely ignorant of such matters, and saw nothing singular in the apparent quickness with which the publisher had formed his opinion; his trained eye had, of course, detected the excellence of the story in a fraction of the time required by an amateur critic.

The thought that her novel had been thus accepted upon its merits restored all Alicia's natural amiability, and dissipated her resentment against the purblind Arthur Meadowson. Prospective fame made her generous; and now that her own views had been so irrefutably confirmed, she could spare time to remember that she had begged hard for his candid opinion, and that it had been given with manifest reluctance. Her wrath, never very lasting, died away, and the only feeling that now qualified her old liking for the young man was one of slightly contemptuous pity for his lack of discernment. She was tempted to write and tell him how completely

wrong his judgment had been; but desisted. She intended to bestow forgiveness with reproof, and decided that the best way of doing this would be to send him a copy of 'At Eden's Gate' 'with the kindest regards of the authoress,' when the book burst upon the world six weeks hence.

To Mr Wegswood's self-indulgent eye, it appeared that his master-stroke had produced all the results anticipated; and it was undeniable that, from the day of his visit to Paternoster Row, Miss Malden's bearing towards him was more friendly. Had he only known it, he was receiving neither more nor less than the measure of gratitude his services had earned. It was a pleasant delusion, and it led him to imagine himself very much nearer the goal than he was. He considered his engagement to Miss Malden as good as accomplished, and spared the young lady the task of enlightening him by once more adopting his old attitude of pursued instead of pursuer. He had resolved to put the momentous question on the day that saw the great novel make its debut; that occasion would be peculiarly appropriate; and he had no inclination to cut short the present sweet dallings, which derived not their least attraction from the undisguised interest with which they were watched by his friends.

For Rumour, coupling his name with that of Alicia Malden, had risen from her lair in the Unknown, and was spreading the news with the certainty of infection. There were lamentably few 'affaires' that season, and this one was a real boon to afternoon tea-tables. The knowledge that his name was in every one's mouth as the future husband of the beautiful Miss Malden was nectar to Mr Wegswood; and if he did not actually encourage the rumour, he did nothing to allay it.

Had the brewer's cerebral cavity been large enough to contain more than one idea at a time, a conversation he held with Mr Twinkleby, about a week after his visit to Paternoster Row, would have aroused some misgivings as to the farsightedness of his policy in respect to Miss Malden's novel, and made him less serenely confident of success. He was strolling up St James's Street one evening, on his way to his chambers, to dress for dinner, when the publisher suddenly appeared from a side street and button-holed him, with obvious purpose.

'I'm glad to meet you, Wegswood,' he said. 'I intended to write, but was called out of town and quite forgot it. I wanted to communicate with you about that manuscript you brought me.'

'Manuscript?' queried Mr Wegswood, wrinkling his brows and frowning into vacancy. 'Ah yes—remember—lady asked me to give it you. Dining with her to-night, by the way. Suppose I may tell her it's all right?'

'Well, I'm sorry to say that is just what it's not.'

'Eh?' exclaimed Mr Wegswood, startled into temporary sanity.

'The plain truth is that I can't publish it. I wouldn't put the firm's name on such a production.'

The last remnant of Mr Wegswood's languor vanished, and his rubicund countenance grew pale. 'Can't publish it?' he echoed incredulously. 'You said you would.'

'I did. But I never for a moment suspected what the contents would prove to be. I gave it to one of my people to estimate length and so on, and didn't think any more about it. Well, the next day, the reader to whom I'd given it burst into my private room without knocking, almost in a fit, and asked if I had looked at the stuff. When I inquired what he meant, he made me read a few specimen passages. I've had to wade through some baddish books in my time, but'—Mr Twinkleby recollected that the novel under discussion was the work of a friend of Mr Wegswood, and considerably refrained from further criticism. 'The upshot of it was,' he concluded, 'that I resolved to decline your commission; and I'll send the package and your cheque back to-morrow.'

Mr Wegswood wiped the perspiration from his brow, and seized the publisher by the arm, unconscious that his tightly rolled umbrella had fallen from his grasp and was lying in the turbid runlet of the gutter.

'Twinkleby!' he exclaimed in a hollow whisper, 'you don't know what depends on that book. All my happiness in life hangs upon its being published. Twinkleby, for any sake—don't refuse to print it; don't send it back. Name your own figure, make your own terms: do *anything*; but oh! don't say you won't publish it.'

Mr Twinkleby stared, as well he might; his petitioner's anguish was so very real and intense, that it piqued his curiosity. When Mr Wegswood brought him the manuscript he had let fall nothing that could lead any one to suppose he possessed any interest in it; and now the information that it was unworthy the honours of print threw him into a fever of agitation. The publisher was before all things an obliging man, and he began to waver in his decision.

'Really, Wegswood,' he answered reassuringly, 'I had no idea you attached any importance to the publication of the book. I understood that you were simply executing an errand for a lady, when you brought it me. I don't want to pry into your private affairs, of course; but if you have any sound reason for wishing me to do the business, I'll reconsider it.'

'I can't tell you—exact reason, Twinkleby,' gasped the unhappy lover; 'very private indeed, but most important. Just name your price for doing it; I'll pay you anything in reason.'

'I don't want to take advantage of you, my dear sir. The thing that puzzles me is, how on earth to make a book of it. If you remember, you said the lady particularly wished no alterations made.'

'No,' said Mr Wegswood, beginning to recover himself; 'you must not mutilate it on any account.'

Mr Twinkleby could not repress a smile at the thought of 'mutilation'; but, recollecting his 'reader's' assertion that no manipulation would improve the story, let the matter pass.

'Well, Wegswood,' he said after a little consideration, 'I'll have the book set up as it stands, after correcting the English and spelling. I must do that; I don't think it need distress you, for the authoress is not likely to recognise the changes in print.'

'Correct the spelling,' assented Mr Wegswood dubiously, so profound was his respect for Alicia's

commands, 'and if you must, the English as well.—But, Twinkleby, I can't consent to your cutting out a line of it. She would throw me over in a minute if I let you spoil her book, and I'd rather—rather'—Imagination failed to suggest an alternative; he fell back a pace and gazed at the publisher in eloquent silence.

'All right, Wegswood; don't alarm yourself. I'll stretch a point, and do the job in your own way. But I warn you that I shall charge pretty heavily for it; a rising house like ours has a reputation to make.'

'I've given you a hundred, Twinkleby. How much more do you ask?'

'Another hundred and fifty. It's a lot of money, I know, but'—

'My dear fellow,' interposed Mr Wegswood in tones tremulous with grateful emotion, 'it's nothing compared to the end in view. I'll send you a cheque this evening.'

He pressed the publisher's hand warmly, and continued his walk to Dover Street. Never in the whole course of his life had he passed through so agonising a quarter of an hour. 'At Eden's Gate' was leading him like the ignis fatuus; he was blind to the dangers of the chase, and the thought that the guiding light had been so nearly blown out made him shiver.

'Merciful powers!' he exclaimed as he sank into the deepest armchair in his luxurious rooms and drank off a glass of sherry to steady his nerves, 'supposing Twinkleby had stuck to his refusal and sent it back. What should I have done?' There was no one to suggest that London contained many publishers less scrupulous than his friend, and this simple solution of the hypothetical difficulty did not occur to him. He therefore enjoyed a grateful sense of having escaped danger by the only possible road—namely, paying up.

'It's costing me a good deal, one way and another,' he said to himself as he went to his dressing-room. 'But I was prepared for that. And after all,' he continued with a thrill of devotion, 'what is money but road-metal to pave the way to Her?' After which flight of poetic feeling, Mr Wegswood applied himself to the serious task of choosing sleeve-links to wear that night.

The effects of his interview with Mr Twinkleby had not entirely worn off when he appeared in Brook Street. He was grave and preoccupied, and less aggressively languid than usual; more sparing of personal reminiscence, and altogether a more companionable person than when he essayed to make himself agreeable. Mrs Malden's party was a large one that evening; but he contrived to snatch a few minutes with Alicia after dinner, and repeated as much of his conversation with Mr Twinkleby as he thought judicious. In brief, without distinctly intending it, he impressed her with the opinion that he was keeping jealous watch over the publisher to ensure her wishes being carried out; and he went away, having raised himself several degrees in her estimation.

'Mr Wegswood was very nice this evening,' she observed to her mother, when the last guest had driven away.

'Don't you always find him so?' inquired Mrs Malden with a shade of reproof in her tone.

'Well, no, mamma; I can't say I do.'

'He admires you very much,' said her mother, as though appealing to Alicia's sense of justice to reciprocate the admiration.

'So I believe,' returned Miss Malden calmly.

'You know what Mrs Brotwig told me the other day, Alicia,' said Mrs Malden more gravely. 'People are beginning to chatter.'

The young lady rose from her seat on the fender stool with a gesture of impatience. She knew her neighbour's propensity for gossip, and cordially disliked being the subject of it.

'Mamma, I can't help that,' she protested. 'I can't prevent Mr Wegswood's coming here six times a week; and so long as he does that, we can't be surprised if people talk.'

Mrs Malden put the last touches to the flowers she had been rearranging, and sat down on a low chair near the hearthrug, on which her daughter was standing in an attitude of unstudied grace, with one arm on the mantel-piece.

'Alicia,' she began, entreatingly, 'don't keep your mother out of your confidence, I implore you. Tell me plainly, dear; what are you going to say when Mr Wegswood speaks to you?'

'He hasn't spoken yet, mamma,' answered Alicia evasively.

'I know that, dear; but it would be false modesty on your part to doubt the meaning of his attentions. I shall not live for ever, and the wish of my life is to see you happily settled before I go. Will you not confide in me, Alicia?'

'Really, mamma, I am keeping nothing from you—about Mr Wegswood, at all events,' she added, thinking of the weighty secret now within measurable distance of disclosure. 'I like him, and I confess, better now than I did a month ago; but I haven't even thought what I should say if he asked me to marry him.'

'Keeping nothing from you—about Mr Wegswood, at all events,' repeated Mrs Malden to herself with a sharp twinge of anxiety. The reservation pointed directly to some other man, and who should he be but the absent Arthur Meadowson? To that gentleman himself, she had, as we have heard, no objection—quite the reverse. But when his existence raised an obstacle to the union upon which she had set her heart, he was a very odious person indeed.

Mrs Malden had not been born in Mayfair, but in the more industrious neighbourhood of Clerkenwell. Her late husband had commenced at the lowest rung of the ladder, and had fought his way up to the top by sheer hard work and shrewdness. Late in life, he had taken Sarah Hodding to wife from amongst his own kindred, raising her at a step from poverty to affluence. And thanks to the husband's acknowledged abilities and the wife's unflinching discretion, the pair had gathered a large circle of friends round them long before Death laid his hand on Mr Malden.

It was therefore not wonderful that the widow should regard this heir to a peerage with peculiar favour as a desirable husband for her only daughter. There was much to recommend him, and the worst any one could urge against him was his indolence and conceit. 'Faults of youth,' Mrs Malden had often said to herself ere now, 'due to his training and want of good advisers.

They will disappear in time.' And from the day he allowed her to see his ambition, the marriage had been the dream of her life. Since Arthur Meadowson's departure, she had never mentioned that gentleman's name to Alicia; hoping, as she admitted to the more suitable candidate, that her supposed regard for him was merely a passing caprice.

'Well, Alicia,' she said, rising from her chair after a long and thoughtful silence, 'I won't press you about it. If you have not the feeling for Mr Wegswood which a girl must have for the man she marries, there's nothing more to be said. Position is not everything, of course, and I would not have you buy it at a price. But at the same time, you should remember that there are very few men with Mr Wegswood's advantages. And don't gauge his character by his manner, which I grant has some defects.'

'It has,' assented Alicia, glad to be able to agree with her mother on some point; 'but he is improving, mamma'—with gracious condescension.

Mrs Malden smiled approval, and ventured a step on the ground she had heretofore so carefully avoided. 'I know no young man I would sooner see your husband, Alicia; and I only trust you will not throw away substance for shadow.'

'I am in no hurry to marry any one,' said Alicia, returning her mother's good-night kiss with more than ordinary warmth; 'I am very happy at home with you.'

'She means,' said Mrs Malden, sorrowfully, to herself as she went up-stairs, 'that she is willing to wait for young Meadowson. Well, what must be, must be; but I did hope things would have gone otherwise.'

So the mother, accepting the imaginary inevitable, turned for solace to the thought that her child was at least no disciple of the present school; that having given her love, she would not withdraw it, though it were almost hopeless, and the shadow of a coronet arose to tempt her constancy.

While Mrs Malden mused upon these things in the privacy of her own room, Alicia, sitting in her favourite place on the drawing-room fender stool, was honouring Mr Wegswood with more sober thought than she had ever spent upon him before. He was unquestionably a great match; but she could not discover that his wealth and prospects weighed much in his favour; indeed, she thought, he would be a much nicer man without them, for then he might perhaps think a little less of himself. But he was good-natured, and had really been very kind about her book; he seemed to have taken a great deal of trouble over it. He was improving without doubt; at one time he had always treated her as a child, upon whom intelligent conversation would be thrown away; and if there was one thing Alicia Malden thoroughly hated, it was to be treated as a child, whose proper mental diet was frivolity and nonsense. However, Mr Wegswood had given up that method latterly.

From Mr Wegswood, her thoughts flew to her novel and Mr Meadowson. It was odd that a man whose literary tastes were acknowledged to be sound should have dealt so severely with 'At Eden's Gate.' He must have told what he really

believed to be the truth about it, for one of the nicest traits in his character was, that he never said an unkind word when he could possibly say a kind one; moreover, his affection for her would have made him lenient. By the way, it was a little curious that Mr Twinkleby should have snapped so eagerly at the novel, and have said nothing at all of his intentions regarding payment. Probably he would send the cheque when the book came out; not that she cared about the money itself; but it would add greatly to the éclat of the occasion to be able to exhibit the cheque as the earnings of her own pen.

'I wonder how the papers will criticise it?' speculated the authoress as she rose to retire to her room. 'I mustn't forget to ask Mr Wegswood to tell Twinkleby to send me all the critiques as they appear.'

And Miss Malden went to sleep, picturing the *Saturday Review* in throes of respectful laudation.

While these events were passing in London, Arthur Meadowson, at B—, was settling down with the adaptability to circumstances peculiar to him. Ever since his induction to the Secretaryship he had lived in a state of chronic wonderment at the trivial nature of the duties required of him in return for the liberal salary he drew. He had hoped to find in his new sphere opportunity for proving his mettle, and perhaps of opening connections with people who would be able to assist his advancement; but he soon realised that his office was little better than a sinecure. It was a disappointment. Although he left town weighed down with the thought that Alicia Malden was hopelessly estranged, it was not long before he persuaded himself that his offence would be condoned; she was too good-hearted and sincere to bear malice, and he lived on in the desperate hope that something unlooked for might occur to restore him to her side and to her good graces.

He continued to employ his many leisure hours with literary work, and thus maintained correspondence with his publishing friends in London. Among these, Mr Twinkleby, as proprietor and editor of the *Ludgate Hill Magazine*, was the one with whom he held the most frequent and familiar communication, for his business connection with the *Ludgate Hill* had laid the foundation of close personal friendship with the editor.

He had been in B— for little more than a month, when he received one morning a letter from Mr Twinkleby which contained among other items of intelligence, of no interest to us, one that cast a black shadow over his life, and threw him into that condition of blighted misery which darkens existence while it lasts.

'Our friend, Gussy Wegswood, is going to be married,' wrote Mr Twinkleby. 'He brought me a novel for publication the other day, and I have since learned that he is engaged to the lady who wrote it. I should never have suspected Wegswood of rushing into matrimony; but the unexpected is always happening.'

Arthur Meadowson read this over twice, and then laid down the letter with a sick feeling of despair. There could be no doubt of the identity of the lady to whom Mr Wegswood was engaged,

and he felt that Alicia was now lost to him for ever. Arthur felt that he had himself to thank for his position, and the knowledge did nothing to make it less miserable.

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

To all classes of Her Majesty's subjects a marriage is a topic of absorbing interest. Politicians, formerly the best of friends, but since estranged, owing to their political proclivities, and who, save to glare at one another from opposite benches, seldom meet under the same social roof, are drawn together once more when a mutual friend takes upon him, or herself, to enter into the bond of matrimony, and for a time sink their differences in honour of the occasion. Perhaps the spirit of good-fellowship which seems to permeate everybody on the happy day may even induce the bitterest of foes to forget their wrongs and shake hands in a manner which shows they are both delighted to make it up and little likely to repent of so doing. The business man forsakes his daily task, and nearly everybody in the office gets a holiday; the lawyer returns his briefs, or has them 'devilled' by some lucky junior who has long wanted to find his legal legs; the village turns out in Sunday best to gaze at the array of bunting and triumphal arches; and even the hermit throws off some of his impenetrability at the sound of the marriage bells.

The winning of the bride may have caused many sleepless nights; at one time the fates are propitious, at another frowning; but at last the difficulties and doubts have been overcome, and all troubles left behind, forgotten, when the day comes to crown the lover's patience with what he has so long desired.

But all the trials of satisfying the stern demand for a handsome settlement, overcoming family prejudices, and winning the affections of the lady, are little in comparison with those we read of as having tortured the lover long ago, and even now in distant lands. Hundreds of years before Britain had begun to attract the attention of the bold Roman adventurers, intent on gain and conquests new, we find that men had to take wives unto themselves by force of arms, or by some base subterfuge which went not altogether unpunished in those troubled times. Every school-boy has felt the irksome task of translation relieved by the story of Romulus and his city full of men pining for the company of women, and driven at last by their desperation to their cowardly deception. Who has not heard of the proclamation of games to be celebrated in honour of the god Consus, the invitation of the Latins and Sabines to the festival, during which Romulus and his fiery youths rushed upon them and carried off the virgins, leaving the matrons to escape as best they could?

The Romans were not the only people of the classic age who had such difficulties to overcome, for the Spartan damsels also had to be compelled by violence to submit to matrimony.

But although in very early times a husband had to resort to violence to obtain a wife, we find that when these nations had settled down into comparative civilisation, it became part of the ceremony of marriage that there should be a

show of capture on the husband's part. In Rome and Sparta, among the lower classes, when a marriage was arranged, the bride sat confidently on her mother's lap, and was not at all surprised when her husband came accompanied by his friends to complete his part of the contract by tearing her away from her mother's fond embraces.

Records show that violence or capture was a necessary feature of a marriage in nearly every land at one time or another, and even at the present day among many races the custom is preserved in a modified form. An interesting instance of recent times is given of the Khonds. All the preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, each family contributes something towards adorning the feast which is prepared at the bride's dwelling. The feast is succeeded by dancing and singing well into the night, until it is time for the real business to commence. An uncle of the bride takes her on his shoulders, and an uncle of the bridegroom does the same for him while the dance is at its height. Suddenly they exchange their burdens; and the uncle of the bridegroom disappears with the bride, hotly pursued by her female friends, who are kept at bay by the comrades of the bridegroom striving their utmost to keep them off and cover her flight. She is wrapped in a scarlet cloak; while the young women even go so far as to hurl stones and bamboos at the devoted bridegroom until he has escaped with his bride to the verge of the village. Then the ceremony is complete, and he is allowed to conduct his hard-won spouse to his abode without further molestation.

It has been suggested that in the hurling of the stones we can trace the origin of the throwing of old slippers after the wedded couples of our own land; but it seems a long way to go to Khondistan to derive the origin of the amusing custom over which so much skill is sometimes exercised to ensure the slipper-keeping company with them on their honeymoon.

Among the Kalinucks we have a slight variation of the programme. It seems that the man who wants to marry any particular girl has to win her by the fleetness of his horse. She is mounted on horseback, and gallops off as fast as she can go. He follows; and if he can catch her she is his wife, and has to return to his tent with him. We are told that there has never been an instance where she has been caught if she has no desire to become his wife; but it would seem from this, that after he has paid her parents the price they agreed upon, she has no option but to avoid the marriage by a successful flight.

It is not unknown to many that until quite recently a similar custom prevailed in Wales. The bridegroom having won the damsel's heart, appeared with all his friends mounted, at her door on the wedding morn and demanded her from her parents. The bride's friends, likewise on horseback, refused to give her up; upon which a scuffle ensued. She was suddenly mounted behind her nearest kinsman and carried off, pursued by the bridegroom and the whole body of friends, who with loud shouts and much laughter gallop after her. It was not uncommon to see two or three hundred people riding along at full speed, crossing in front, and jostling one another, to the delighted amusement of the

onlookers. When they and their horses were thoroughly exhausted, the bridegroom was allowed to overtake the bride, carry her away in triumph, the whole party finishing the day with feasting and festivity.

Sir Henry Piers gave an account of a similar kind of ceremony in the wilds of Ireland, where the interested parties met somewhere between the two dwellings to discuss the matter and make arrangements. If an agreement was concluded, the agreement bottle was drunk, and then the bride's father sent round to all his neighbours and friends to collect the wife's portion, to which every one gave a cow or heifer. These the husband had to restore to their respective donors if the bride died childless within a certain time. On the day of bringing home, the bridegroom and his friends rode out to meet the bride and her friends at the place of meeting. Being come near each other, the custom was of old to cast short darts at the company attending the bride, but at such a distance that seldom any hurt ensued, although we do hear that on one such occasion a noble lord lost an eye, which must have gone far to sound the knell of this quaint old custom.

Another curious instance affording evidence of ancient capture occurs in a certain Arab tribe. The betrothal takes place apparently in a similar manner to that of young English people of the nineteenth century; but the marriage is only rendered complete by the husband bringing a lamb in his arms to the tent of the girl's father and there cutting its throat before witnesses. As soon as the blood falls to the ground the marriage is complete, and he retires to his tent to await his lady. A game of hide-and-seek is played by the girl and by the people of the village, who pursue her as she runs from tent to tent. At last she is caught, and led off in triumph by some of the women to her lover, who, taking possession of her, forces her into his tent.

Perhaps the Bedonin Arabs of Mount Sinai conduct their matrimonial arrangements in the strangest fashion, for when a man desires to marry, he goes to the maiden's father and makes a bid, which may or may not be accepted. Should the father think the offer sufficiently tempting, the sale is completed without the chief person concerned being consulted. When she comes home in the evening with the cattle, she is met at a short distance from the camp by her intended husband and two of his friends, and is carried off by force to her father's tent. If, however, she has time to defend herself, and suspects their errand, she defends herself like a young tigress, biting, kicking, throwing sticks and stones and anything that comes to hand at her antagonists, often injuring them severely, even though she is not altogether averse to the match. The greater resistance she makes the greater praise she receives from her companions, who record it in her favour for ever after. When she is safely in her father's tent, they throw a man's cloak over her, and make a formal announcement of her future husband's name. She is placed on a camel in her bridal dress still struggling with might and main, and has to be held on by the young men. Then she is led round three times, and afterwards taken into her

husband's tent, the ceremony being wound up by the usual feast and presents to the bride.

In comparing these few instances, culled from current authorities upon folklore and kindred subjects, it will be seen how prosaic is the modern English marriage, which, even after a thoroughly romantic courtship, peaceably assures the ardent lover of his victory. There are not many fashionable young men about town who would seek matrimony if it could only be attained at the risk of a broken head or other practical demonstration of his bride's prowess.

PARIS SYNDICATE OF PROFESSIONAL MENDICANTS.

In the autumn of 1888 the special Commission appointed by the Municipal Council of Paris to study the condition of mendicancy in the French capital delegated two of their number, Messrs Georges Berry and Piperaud, to visit the establishments frequented by professional beggars. During the second week of December we accompanied these explorers in their plunge into the dark continent where rogues and vagabonds have their seclusion, when we succeeded in obtaining interesting particulars regarding an extensive and comparatively wealthy Association known by the high-sounding title of the Paris Syndicate of Professional Mendicants. The existence of a corporation of the kind had been known to the authorities for some time; but it had never been fully investigated. The first knowledge of it had come from an old man, who one evening was set upon and severely assaulted by half-a-dozen equally impoverished-looking persons in the Champs-Élysées. The assailants escaped; and the only explanation the old man could give was that he had been warned off the hunting-ground by other alms-seekers; and as he had not gone, had been attacked—all, he believed, because he did not belong to 'The Syndicate.' Other details he could not or would not give, and there the matter rested, while the Minister of Police and the Mair of Paris discussed in whose province the matter of unearthing the corporation lay. Mendicants in the streets were under the eye of the police: at home, they were subject to the Municipality; but in view of the coming Exhibition, the Council set to work.

Every observer in Paris knows that there is an incalculable number who daily implore charity in the streets. Out of the two million seven hundred thousand residents, it is calculated that one in eighteen, or one hundred and fifty thousand, live on charity with a tendency towards crime. In London, the proportion is one in thirty. From this number must be deducted a third, who profess to be occupied regularly as cigar-end merchants, rag-pickers or *chiffonniers*, broken-bread collectors, newspaper hawkers—known as *dans la journalisme*—picture and book hawkers, song-sellers, street musicians—who cannot play the trombone or trumpet they carry, but demand coppers, or they will do their best—pavement artists and other *batteurs du pavé*. Many of these have their own Syndicates, as that of the cigar-end merchants, who have a regular market in the Place Maubert; or of the *chiffonniers*, whose headquarters are in the Rue

Sainte Marguérite. But there is a good hundred thousand who are nothing but mendicants.

After much wandering through slums and into taverns of the lowest class on the outlying Boulevards, without coming upon any traces of a Union save of the most transient nature amongst the hundreds of wretches we encountered, we were advised to try a place right in the centre of Paris. It proved to be the spot we wanted. It is a large wine-shop, known as 'La Cave,' at No. 36 Rue Montorgueil, a main street running almost due north from the middle of the Central Markets. When we arrived, the place was well crowded, and presented a striking spectacle. In this den, with damp black walls, unplastered, and overgrown with fungus and clouds of cobwebs, a black roof of bare beams, the many recesses filled with sticks and boxes and broken furniture, there was only one large-flamed, smoking oil-lamp, which threw a dim light on a crowd of evil-looking men and women. Here and there was a filthy-topped rotten table, resting obliquely on shaky legs, surrounded by groups of men, women, and children, most of them drunken, and all showing the brands and stains of vice in its various stages. On the ground, the bare earth, were sitting, lying, or huddled together, scores more of women and children or men stretched in the last stage of helpless drunkenness. All had the wrinkled, grimacing countenances of the world's dregs; some were fat and bloated of face and body; most had lean sharp shoulders half-covered with loathsome rags, tangled hair, eyes bleared or glistening with the side-glance of a wolf, legs wrapped in dirty loose bandages, covering real sores or simulating ugly wounds, and bodies swathed in shreds and tatters. We had been in Marseilles when cholera and smallpox were rampant, and the sufferers from these two most loathsome of all diseases had been collected hurriedly in temporary hospital sheds; but the ghastly spectacle was nothing to this. Probably, there was not one person in this den suffering from any ailment calling for medical treatment; but the aggregate of disease there, resulting from the lowest vice and utter animal degradation, was sufficient to have polluted any honest community. The whining beggar on the street may seem individually a harmless unfortunate; but here collectively, without the mask that tickles charity, the gang seemed loosened from the lowest Inferno. As we soon learned, it was not poverty, nor was it crime or criminal tendencies that could be held to account for this accumulation of bestial creatures, but utter sloth and besotted viciousness.

After the first growl at our intrusion, they were harmless animals. They accepted our plea of being provincial artisans looking about Paris, and needed little persuasion to partake of a bottle of superior wine. With three of their leaders we sat in a partitioned corner, and let them become gradually not merely loquacious but arrogantly communicative. It was their day of reunion. Every Wednesday from ten p.m. till twelve, all the members of the Syndicate meet in La Cave for the distribution of the week's funds. Daily they hand over to the appointed President and Treasurer their gatherings. They number several hundreds, and every

man and woman's post has a fixed or approximated value, which must be realised. Should there be any falling-off or any suspected discrepancy, the post is given to a more capable person. There have been cases of what our informant called embezzlement on the part of a collector; but they were always found out and punished. It would be difficult for any member of the Association with subversive ideas to dispose of any sum retained. If he squandered it on the road home, it would be known at once, and he would know what fate waited him in La Cave. If he were suspected of secreting any coins, he would be quickly stripped, searched; and if found guilty, consigned to a more difficult station. He might even be expelled, and then, woe betide him if he went to any of the Syndicate's stations. He would have the treatment dealt to any other outsider who intruded on the reserved hunting-grounds. Poachers are disposed of as in the case before mentioned in the Champs-Élysées, though it seldom requires to be carried to that extreme. A hint usually suffices. The great safeguard, however, is the indifference of the members to anything beyond the satisfaction of the day and the natural recklessness as to the future which brought them to their present state. They get their share in the division. As the stations are allocated, they have no more right to the sums they collect than the others, and there is enough to be made out of the profession legitimately to satisfy their immediate wants. The embezzlers quickly drift into crime, which entangles them with the police; and it was the boast of our informants that there are no criminals in the Syndicate. They are men and women with the deeply rooted idea, which cannot be eradicated by any amount of preaching, that it is preferable to live well by doing nothing than to starve to death by working.

We were carefully assured that those whom we saw were the *vauriens* of the Association, *bous enfants* all, but inclined to squander every penny the moment the distribution was made. The Syndicate has a variety of systems in dealing with the collections of its members. In several cases, especially for well-known frequenters of a particular site, it levies contributions of a fixed sum per week, in return for which the Syndicate allows no rival to interfere with the mendicant. The protégé of many regular patrons finds this to his advantage. In general, the sums collected are divided in a very equal proportion, a few receiving an extra percentage, *pro rata*, on their drawings. A certain percentage is retained for the general expenses of the Syndicate and for the reserve fund. There is no sick or burial fund—the sick being best able to beg, and having the free hospitals at their service, and funerals of the poor being a State arrangement. The reserve fund has in part been applied to the purchase of a house where any of the members who choose may lodge at the rate of one franc (tenpence) a week, and the remainder—amounting, we were led to believe, to a considerable sum—is invested in the purchase of shares and bonds. It is safe in the hands of a small Committee; but a difficulty of the Syndicate has all along been the inability to secure able financiers. The present treasurer was once a great man in the financial world; but,

as we could understand, his faculties are not what they were, and his disinclination to plod over figures had led to frequent disputes. There was some talk of setting up a regular bureau, but it had got no further. It would not be very surprising to hear of its being established, of its issue of shares, of its being quoted on the Bourse, and of its cashier levitating by the night-train across the frontier into Belgium, all in the regular fashion. Stranger things than that have been matters of notoriety in the Paris commercial world. The more reputable members, who had gone home immediately after the distribution, had, many of them, very considerable savings. All of these are lodged in the Syndicate's funds. The members, even when they had their own little household, were not supposed to dwell in such localities as might include a safe for their documents, so that the rule of the Syndicate did not involve any hardship, while it enabled the management to keep an eye on the different banking accounts. Any member could withdraw his savings and retire when he had amassed sufficient for any likely object. The usual desire of the economical mendicant, like that of all Parisians, is to get together enough to enable him to buy a small cottage in the country, and live thereafter on an annuity; or, preferably, rank as a *rentier* or independent person retired on a competency.

Considering these points, we were inclined to give some credence to the stories regarding the possible profits and purposes of the better class of mendicants. We were allowed no sight of the official books; but an accident enabled us to draw out some fuller details as to figures. While we were talking, an old man whom we all knew by sight as a habitual seeker of charity on the Boulevard des Italiens in the evenings, and on the Place de la Bourse in the forenoons, came in, and stood at the zinc counter counting out some money to the proprietor there. He then came over to where we were sitting, and received two louis and some silver amounting to over another louis—about two pounds ten shillings in all—from one of our companions. That was his share for the week, and he grumbled at it. He drank one or two glasses of wine and left us. The man who had paid him told us the old fellow was always discontented, though he was one of the richest members of the Association.

From this we got into statistics regarding the value of the best posts. They argued no small knowledge and experience of human nature as embodied in France. The alleys in the Champs-Élysées, it appears, are good for picturesque-looking old men. On a good day, from ten to a dozen of these mendicants should each collect from thirty to forty francs, or an average of thirty shillings. This seemed exaggerated; but we were assured it was not. The number of persons allowed on the 'beat' is kept carefully limited, and intruders are speedily cleared off. To a tall thin person endowed with long white hair and beard, really or artificially patriarchal and starved-looking, who can stoop effectively, yet with an air of departed grandeur, and smile pathetically, a post on the Champs-Élysées brings in thirty or forty fifty-centime pieces and a pocketful of coppers every day. One old gentleman who was well known for many years, and bore the reputed distinction of

an effete Marquisate—one of the oldest in France—we were assured cleared close on two louis a day, or about ten pounds a week. He had been a member of the Syndicate, which of course guarded him against all competition; and out of his drawings he received two pounds plus twenty per cent., from five to eight pounds, and fifty per cent., on all beyond. His share amounted to over three pounds ten shillings a week nearly all the year round. He is now in honourable retirement in the neighbourhood of Bougival. The mendicants allotted to the Champs-Élysées hand over their drawings twice a day to collectors, in case the police should take a fancy to inspect them, and are in addition pretty well watched and followed by fellow-members, lest they should dispose of any sum to a confederate.

The Bourse is another spot which can be depended upon for a pretty regular amount. The mendicants there enjoy the relics of a reputation they never possessed as quondam millionaires who lost all at some grand crash in hypothetical stock. Third on the list come the principal churches, the Madeleine and Notre Dame; but they are far from being so profitable. Pictures of charity at church doors are archaic. The real centre of the practice is where it may serve to foster the self-gratification of women and children, or weigh down the balance in the game of 'beggar my neighbour.' The Syndicate's objection to church people is that they support their protégés privately, or give alms in the smallest doles as a duty. Every beggar revels on New-year's Day, for then no Frenchman or Frenchwoman runs the risk of a beggar's malediction by refusing to pay for a *bonheur* for the year. The Syndicate complains grievously that on that day innumerable outsiders join the profession, on account of its exceeding lucrativeness for the first twenty-four hours.

The 'money-losers' form a recognised branch of the profession. These are usually children or young female recruits from the country, who bemoan pitifully a supposititious half-sovereign which a big man knocked out of their hand as they were going a message. The crowd collects, and aids to search the gutter. When the weeping damsel begins to talk of a hard-hearted mistress and suicide in the Seine as all that is left for her, the crowd becomes practical, and one effusive blue-bloused workman gives out of the sweat of his brow the first silver coin to make up the lost amount. Then the crowd disperses, patting itself on the back for its tenderness of heart towards the afflicted.

The courtyard vocalists are in general a transient portion of the Association. They should clear at least two francs out of each block where there are from a dozen to twenty tenants of varying orders, and get over ten to fifteen places in a day. Their average weekly drawings are from four to five pounds. Every courtyard is marked in a Bottin, the Paris Directory, and its value carefully reckoned. There should be no discrepancies, or the vocalist hears of it.

From La Cave we went with one of our informants to another resort of the begging fraternity in the Rue St-Martin, beyond the Boulevard Sevastopol. This den is one of the sleeping haunts almost exclusively patronised by members of the Syndicate. It is little more than a

covered-in alley, from fifty to sixty yards long, twelve or thirteen feet wide, and little more than seven feet in height. Down the middle of the room is a passage about two feet broad; and on either side, about a foot above the level of the ground, rising slightly towards the wall, is the long planking from end to end on which the sleepers lie with their feet towards the centre-way. The place was very dimly illuminated by small jets of gas turned low; and here crowd together nightly, or rather twice a night, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons of all ages. When we looked in, the place was packed, many crouching on the ledges and huddled on the passage. 'No matter how many are in,' said the doorkeeper, 'there is always room for more.' The rule of this and other establishments of the kind is that for one penny the visitor is entitled to lie down till two o'clock in the morning. Then all are wakened up, and go out. At four the place opens again, and for another penny the visitor may stay for the rest of the night. The entrance-way is a bar, at which the visitor is supposed to take a *consumation* or drink of some kind before going farther. This, however, is not always enforced. The reason of the break from two till four is that the place is nominally a restaurant, and must conform to the police regulations, which compel public-houses to close at two, and not open again before four.

A few doors farther along, at No. 116 in the same street, is another den of the Syndicate without the bed arrangements, but with tables and benches to be utilised instead. Here also were scores of debauched wretches; but a glance round sufficed. It is possible to sup of horrors even to satiety, and though we had gone to all the dens which our informant of the Syndicate mentioned as patronised by his fellow-members, we could have learned no more.

The Municipal Council has resolved to tolerate the existence of the Syndicate. Wiping it out would be of no public benefit, and all that can be done is to enforce more stringently the ordinances against open mendicancy. The Association is only a drop in the bucket, and not necessarily an unwholesome one.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

'Mm waving grass the broken headstones lie;

The carven cross-bones show, the blades between,

And half-effaced, the once-known names are seen

'Neath bright-hued mosses, clinging tenderly.

No flower-decked mound here charms the passer-by;

The dead sleep lost below the exuberant green;

None cares to read what once their lives had been;

Their words, their deeds, have passed from memory.

It hurts our tender vanity to know

That time may bring us to the same cold plight,

When we and all we love have passed from sight,

And o'er our heads the untended grasses grow.

The daily tide of life may ebb and flow,

But we shall rest within oblivion's night.

c. g.

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IN A CASTLE GARDEN.

ROUND the massive parapet of the Castle courtyard runs a broad stone bench, and, under the shadow of the gray old keep, there could be no quieter resting-place, no better-chosen spot for a reverie. In the scented silence here, 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' lingers the memory of deeds that have shaken thrones. Lichen-ed and weather-stained with the rains of many centuries, are tower and bench and parapet; the gravel of the ancient courtyard has been worn by the footsteps of historic generations, and the heavy antique masonry is dark with the warmth of forgotten summers. Overhead, not a feather of cloud drifts in the soft dim blue of the heavens; and amid the rich flower-splendour of the garden below, the hot silent air seems all but asleep. Fragile passion-flowers are leaning their starry blossoms from the foliage of the terrace wall beneath, a wall that needs to frown defiance no longer upon a threatening foe. And beside these blossoms hang delicate white bells of fragrant jessamine and sun-loving petals of golden honeysuckle.

From end to end the great walled garden flames, a blaze of colour, relieved here and there by quaintly-clipped hedges and trees of sombre yew. Beds of famous roses, crimson and cream, glow there, with heavy-winged butterflies of brown gold rising and falling among them. In the distance, in the month of June, the rhododendron trees were heaving rich pink masses of bloom against a milky background of hawthorn foam. And still nearer hand, the flower-beds, cut in quaint patterns after a bygone fashion, and enamelled brilliantly in blossom-colours of citron, silver, sapphire, and flame, glow, a triumph of gardening of the days of Queen Anne. The border of scarlet geraniums blazing royally yonder in the sun might be a picture of the thin red Highland line of Balaklava; while the purple squares of pansy-bloom above might be the squadrons of Russian cavalry gathering for the charge. The bank of queeuly white irises farther off

might represent Guinevere and her ladies pavilioned again at Camelot; while the knights of the Round Table, crimson-jerkined champion and white-plumed pinks, muster thickly once more in the lists below. A thousand fancies might be drawn from these trim arrangements of walk and parterre, and their vivid contrasts of living colour. No painter's palette has a tone as bright as that of the scarlet poppy-banners flaming there in the sun; and the hot blood of youth is not more red than the rich clear tint of the peony farther away.

Happy, surely, must be the blackbirds, the merles of medieval days, whose rich notes ever and again float from the well-kept thickets. Are there not cool fountains in the garden's shady nooks wherein they may wet their golden flutes for fresher warblings? And do not close hedge-trees and secluded paths afford retreats enough amid which to rear their fluttering young?

And the sweet scents of the flowers wander about terrace and parterre like the place's memories of bygone times. For it has pregnant memories, this gray old Castle of the Fourth James. Quiet as is its courtyard now, and fair as is its garden, they have rung long ago to the tread of armed heels, and many a piece of statecraft and more than one red map of war have been planned within their precincts. Many a footstep weighty with the cares of state has passed under yonder low-browed doorway. Gray old warrior-politicians and doublet-ed cavaliers of France, noble and stately dames and the mothers of kings—all have woven here their webs of ambition or desire. A storied old place it is, hoar with the frosts of many a winter; a stronghold that has outlived at least one dynasty of kings. Day after day and month after month through the centuries the shadow has gone round the face of the carved stone dial in the middle of the garden. No less steadily than to-day, doubtless, did that dial-stone mark the time when the lord of the Castle marched away in the fatal '45 to join the fortunes of his house to the failing Stuart cause. And year after year the roses of the garden have

burst forth into glorious bloom, have faded and been forgotten, like the hopes of the lovers, long since dust, who wandered generations ago among them. For great dames and noble have had their love-time here. One can imagine them, still young and sweet and fair, sitting in some such nook as this of the gray battlement, listening with pleased and trembling heart to the soft whisperings that all maidens love, while their eyes, dreamy as the blue forget-me-nots, gazed far off through the great stone gateway yonder, seeing, not the staggled deer trooping under the beech-trees of the lower park, but a future fair and glowing as the flower-garden beneath.

Here, a bride in her time, once came a haughty and ambitious Baroness, who presently was to become one of four famous rulers of Society—the all-powerful four who a century ago decided the invitations to the balls at Almack's, and whose disfavour could close irrevocably to timid debutantes the portals of the fashionable world. One wonders whether most of love or of ambition were the thoughts of such a dame as for the first time she stepped within the gateway here, mistress of these broad lands and of their ancient title.

Somewhat of a contrast to the thoughts of these forgotten lovers are the reflections of the nineteenth-century man of science who may resort here now sometimes to rest for a breathing-space on these old-world battlements. The dreamer of a century ago, listening to the pleasant hum of bee and fly among the blossoms, called it the music of insect life. He marvelled at the petal splendour of terrace and parterre as a matchless flower-tapestry of Nature's colouring. And the faint bloom-perfume drifting on the air was to him the incense offered by the flowers to Heaven. The student of evolutionary science of to-day, however, takes another meaning from his surroundings. The ceaseless hum of the insect world reminds him of the struggle for life—the dire battle for existence amid the surging waves of circumstance, from which he knows that only the fittest and strongest races, insect or human, will survive. For him something of the splendour and perfume of the flowers cannot but have faded with the knowledge that these are but bribes offered to bee and butterfly, that they may carry pollen from blossom to blossom, and so perpetuate the frail plant-life—an evidence of that competition in which countless less attractive flowers have already become extinct. Even the enjoyment of the garden's sunshine has become fraught to the mind of science with a foreboding thought; the sun's light and warmth, alas! are fast dissipating caloric, whose exhaustion must at some time leave dark and lifeless the golden eye of day. And the thin silver disc of the moon growing clear there in the evening sky has become only another sad reminder; for the lovely satellite, it is known too well, is a world already cold and dead.

Such is the sadness that has come with the fruit of the tree of knowledge; and though it is

doubtless well to know all truth, one may be pardoned for looking back sometimes with something of envy to the simple old-time enjoyment of life and its loveliness.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—LAND!

OUR progress was slow. For some while we carried strong winds, which swept us onwards into the softer climates of the Pacific; they then failed us, and were followed by a succession of light airs, as often ahead as astern.

But not to linger upon this time—though I could tell much of my incessant intimate association with Miss Temple—dwell with delight, untinged by recollection of the miseries and anxieties of this passage. It was the 18th day of February, as very well indeed do I remember. On this day at noon, having worked out my calculations, I discovered that the distance to Braine's island, as I may call it, from the then situation of the barque, was to be traversed, if the light air held as it was, in about twelve hours; so that it would be proper to keep a lookout for it at about midnight.

I gave Mr Lush this piece of news; he received it with a flush of excitement that almost humanised the insipid coarseness of his dull, wooden, leather-bound, weather-hardened visage.

'Ye may calculate upon our keeping a bright lookout, sir,' said he with a grin that disclosed his tobacco-coloured fangs, and that might fairly be called sardonic, since the eyes bore no part in this disagreeable expression of satisfaction.

I watched him walk forwards to convey the information to the men. They went in a whole body on to the fore-castle, and stood staring about them, as though the ocean were a new countenance to their gaze, now that they believed Braine's island to be a short distance past the slope of it. The carpenter pointed, and was full of talk; there was much lighting of pipes, expectoration, puffing of great clouds indicative of emotion, uneasy, impatient, flitting movements amongst the men, some of whom presently broke up into couples and fell to pacing the fore-castle like marines on sentry; talking, as I did not doubt, of the money they were going to dig up, what they would do with it when they had it, and so on.

I had the watch that afternoon; and when Miss Temple and I had eaten our little mid-day meal, I drew chairs into the shadow of the short awning, and we sat together, I, pipe in mouth, occasionally quitting her side to take a look outside the edge of our canvas roof, along with a brief stare ahead, for I could not be sure of Captain Braine's chronometer, nor of the exactness of my own calculations, and if the mad-man's island was where he had declared it to be, it might heave into view off either bow or

right ahead at any moment, for all I could tell.

Miss Temple stood in no need now of Captain Braine's overcoat. She was habited in the costume of the *Countess Ida*; somewhat soiled it was, yet the perfect fit of it continued to atone for its shipwrecked airs. Her dark eyes glowed under the shadow of the straw hat she had had on when she left the Indianan. She needed but her jewelry, the flash and decoration of her trinkets, to show very nearly as finely as she had on that day.

Heretofore, that is to say for some weeks past, she had exhibited a resigned, calm, resolved behaviour, as of one who was constantly schooling herself to prepare for an issue of life or death. She had long ceased to utter a complaint; she would even detect a sigh in herself with a glance of contrition and self-reproach. Again and again had I complimented her upon the heroic qualities which her sufferings of mind and body had fructified in her; but this afternoon she was feverishly impatient and restless. The old fires of her spirit when alarmed were in her eyes. I would observe her struggling in vain to appear composed. As we sat together, she exclaimed, as she brought her eyes to my face from a nervous sweeping gaze at the horizon over the bows: 'By this time to-morrow we shall know our fate.'

'Perhaps not. Yet I pray it may be so. If I were sentenced to be hanged, I would wish the hour come. But what is to be our fate? Nothing in this life is so bad or so good as our fears or our hopes would have us think. If there should be no island— Well, those villains will find me on the alert for what may come along in the shape of chance, and you must be ready.'

'I am ready,' she exclaimed; 'only tell me what to do. But this expectation'— Her lips trembled, and her white fingers clenched to the agitation that possessed her. 'The misery is, Mr Dugdale, you have no scheme.'

'That will come,' I exclaimed; 'be calm, and remain hopeful. I might, in the language of the heroes of novels, hope to reassure you by promising that if we are to perish we will perish together. I am not a hero, and I talk with the desire and the intention of living. There may be a few more adventures yet before us; but your hand is in mine, and I shall not relinquish it until I conduct you to your mother's side.'

Of course I talked only to cheer her; yet I hoped even as I spoke, and my hope gave a tone of conviction to my words that seemed to animate her, and she smiled whilst her wistful eyes sank, as though to a sudden reverie.

During the rest of the day the crew were ceaselessly on the move, passing in and out of the galley and in and out of the fore-castle, pacing the planks with impatience strong in their rolling gait. The sturdy figure of the carpenter was conspicuous amongst them. When he came aft, he would look as though willing to converse with me, but I walked away abruptly

on his approach, and if I chanced to leave the cabin when he was on deck, I kept to the lee side, contriving an air that even to his unintelligent gaze must have conveyed the assurance that I wished to have nothing to do with him.

When the night descended, it was moonless, and through the pleasant blowing of the wind, of a singular sweetness and freshness such as I could not imagine of darkness in any other ocean. The water was now streaming in a line of whiteness along either side, and the murmur under the counter was as constant as the voice of a running brook heard amid the stillness of a summer night. The carpenter had the watch from eight to twelve; but for my part I could not find it in me to go to my cabin. Such was my feverishly restless condition, that I knew I should close my eyes in vain, and that the inactivity of a recumbent posture would speedily grow irksome and intolerable. Miss Temple entreated me to lie down upon the locker in the cabin. I answered that I should be unable to sleep, and that without sleep the mere resting of my limbs would be of no service to me.

'But you will have to watch from twelve to four,' she exclaimed, 'and at this rate you will get no sleep to-night.'

I smiled, and answered that Braine and the carpenter between them had murdered sleep; and then took her on deck, where we walked and conversed till the hour of eleven—six bells. I then returned with her to the cabin. She declined to enter her berth; she begged me, and her eyes pleaded with her voice, to suffer her to remain at my side throughout the night. But this I would not hear of: I told her that such a vigil would exhaust her, that her utmost strength might have to be taxed sooner than either of us could imagine; that she must endeavour to obtain some repose upon the locker, and that if anything resembling land showed during my watch, I would call her. I saw a look of reproachful remonstrance in her face; but compliance was now a habit with her, and in silence she allowed me to arrange a pillow and to throw a light blanket, that I fetched from her bed, over her feet. I sat near her at the table, leaning my cheek on my elbow, and from time to time exchanged a few words with her. There was hardly any movement in the sea. The wind held the canvas motionless. The seething alongside was too delicate to penetrate, and the silence in the little cuddy was unbroken save by the ticking of a small brass clock under the skylight, and by the measured tramp of the carpenter overhead.

A little before twelve I looked at my companion, and perceived that she was asleep. On the eve, as I believed we were, of God alone knew what sort of events, the spectacle of the slumbering unconscious girl, whose beauty was never so affecting as when softened, and I may say spiritualised by the expression of placid repose, moved me to the heart. What a strange association had been ours! How intimate had we become! what confidences had our common suffering caused us to exchange! what condition of shoregoing life was there that could have brought this girl and me together as we had

been and still were? How I loved her, I was now knowing; I could dwell upon my passion with delight as I looked at her, though on the threshold of a future that might prove terrible and destructive to us both. What was the secret of her heart, so far as I was concerned? I gazed at her lips with some unintelligible hope of witnessing them shape the syllables of my name; then the clear chimes of eight bells floated aft. With a sigh and a prayer, I dimmed the cabin lamp and went softly to the companion steps.

On my emerging, the carpenter came up to me.

'It's been blowing a steady air o' wind,' said he: 'allowing for this here improvement in our pace, what time d'ye reckon the island'll take to show itself?'

'If it exists,' I answered, 'it might be in sight now. The captain's description showed that there was no height of side to make a loom of. If you're going forward, see that a couple of hands are stationed on the forecable, and tell them to keep a bright lookout. We don't want to run the reef down, if it's there.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' he exclaimed in the rough off-hand voice of a sailor receiving an order, and left the poop.

The time crept away. There was a light burning in the galley; and the shapes that flitted in and out through the open door, throwing giant shadows upon the hazy square of illumination on the bulwark abreast of the galley entrance, satisfied me that most if not all of the men were awake and on the lookout.

All this while Miss Temple lay soundly sleeping below.

It was wanting about ten minutes to four when the quarter-deck was suddenly hailed from the forecable. The voice rang loud and startlingly upon the ear used to the continued stillness of the night.

'Hallo!' I cried.

'There's something dark right ahead,' came back the answer.

I whipped the glass out of the companion, and walked swiftly forwards where all the crew had run to the first cry, and where I found them standing in a huddle of shadowy shapes at the rail, some pointing, and all looking in one direction.

'Where away is the object reported?' I exclaimed.

'Yonder,' cried the carpenter, stepping out of the little crowd and projecting his arm almost on a line with the jib-boom end.

I instantly perceived it! It was just a streak of shadow, low-lying, like a line of cloud beheld by night lifting a few fathoms of its brow above the sea-line. I pointed the telescope; and the lenses, without revealing features, resolved the length of airy obscurity into the firm proportions of land.

'Is it the island, sir?' demanded the carpenter in a voice hoarse with excitement.

My own astonishment—the wonder raised in me by yonder prompt settlement of the incredulity that had possessed me from the first minute of hearing the captain's story—the conflict of emotions which followed on my con-

sidering that the land ahead must inevitably be Braine's island, since the chart showed clear water to the distance of the latitude of Easter Island, which the low stretch over the bows most assuredly was *not*, the loom being little more than that of a reef—rendered my ear deaf to the carpenter's inquiry. He repeated his question.

'If not, then I know not what other land it can be,' said I. 'How far distant will it be, think you?'

The men gathered about us to hear what was said.

'Three mile about,' he answered.

'More like five,' grumbled out a seaman.

'Five in your eye!' cried another—'more like *ten*. If ye'll stay your breathing, you'll hear the wash o' the surf.'

'Better shorten sail and wait for daylight, Mr Lush,' said I.

'Ay, ay, sir,' he answered; 'that'll be the proper thing to do;' and instantly fell to bellowing out orders.

The uproar of the excited crew clewing up and hauling down, yelling as they pulled at the ropes, and springing about with an alacrity that made their darting figures resemble those of madmen, awakened Miss Temple. I stood alone on the poop, endeavouring to obtain a view of the land by leaning over the rail, when she came up to me.

'What is it, Mr Dugdale?'

'Land!' I exclaimed, instantly turning to her.

'The island, you think?' she cried, suppressing astonishment until she should have received my answer.

'I have no doubt of it. The shadow indicates that it is little more than a reef. Its bearings, according to my computation, accurately correspond with those given by Captain Braine.'

She projected her head over the rail, but was some time before she could distinguish the mere dash of gloom that the land made upon the horizon.

'If it should be the island!' she cried. 'That you should have steered this ship straight as an arrow for it, and that it should be there—no madman's dream, as we have both believed it! If one part of the story be true, the other part should be so.'

I was too astounded to converse. I could do no more than ejaculate. To be sure, as my companion had said, if the story of the island was true, the story of the gold might be equally true. There would be the treasure, then, for the men to possess themselves of! And afterwards?

My brains seemed to whirl like a teetotum in my skull.

Meanwhile, the sailors had reduced sail till the barque was now under topsails only, the rest of the canvas hanging from the yards in the grip of its gear. The carpenter arrived on the poop.

'Mr Dugdale,' he exclaimed, in a rough, congratulatory voice, 'you've done wonderfully well, sir. I don't think there's e'er a navigator would have struck it true as a hair as ye have. Ye've got no doubts now left, I allow?' and I

saw his face darken with the wrinkles of the grin that overspread his countenance.

'What's to follow?' I demanded, thinking to take advantage of his mood.

'Why, the gold,' he answered, 'the money, sir; what we've been awaiting for; and what I suspects we'll most of us know what to do with when we gets it.'

'And then?'

'That'll be a matter for consideration,' he answered, drawing off and going to the rail and staring ahead.

'Back the topsail yard and bring the ship to a stand, Mr Lush,' said I, 'and get a cast of the lead, will you?'

These orders were immediately obeyed. The lead ran out to the whole scope of line without touching bottom. There was nothing now to be done but to wait for daylight. A whole eternity seemed to pass before the dawn broke. Then to the sifting of the dull gray faintness over the rim of the eastern sea, the land came stealing out, till, to the sudden upsoaring of the sun into the clear blue sky of the Pacific morning, it flashed out into its full proportions and distinctive features not a mile off our port beam as we then lay with our maintopsail aback.

The crew, neglecting all discipline and ship-board habit, were assembled in a body on the poop; and thus we all stood looking, I a little distance away from them with Miss Temple at my side. It was a small coral island, apparently of the dimensions that Captain Braine had named. To the northward the smooth water brimmed to a long shelf of coral grit, lustrous as snow in the sparkle of the early sunshine. There was a small rise, green with vegetation, in the centre of the island; how far distant, I could not imagine. Almost abreast of us, the land went in with a semicircular sweep like to a horseshoe, and was exactly the lagoon as had been described by Captain Braine. In the centre of it, just as he had marked the thing down upon his chart, rose a coral formation of the appearance of a very thick pillar, and at the distance from which we surveyed it, it might easily have passed for a monument of white stone erected by human hands, the decorated summit of which had been rudely broken off by a tempest or some volcanic shock. On a line with this pillar, some little distance up the beach of the lagoon, were several clumps of trees. There was a deal of a sort of stunted vegetation going inland from the margin of the little bay, coarse grass, as my telescope made out, tangles of bushes, and so on.

The carpenter in the midst of the men stood with the parchment chart in his hand, pointing out how the outlines corresponded with those of the land, amidst a hubbub of eager comments and exclamations of excitement. For my part, I could not credit my senses; I disputed the evidence of my own eyes; I brought them away from the island to fix them with an emotion of profound bewilderment upon Miss Temple.

'Can it be real?' I cried. 'After the weeks of conviction of the utter madness of this quest, am I at last to be persuaded that the wretched suicide was not mad, that his island is a fact, and his gold an absolute reality too?' I turned my back upon the crew to press my hands to my eyes to ease my brow of an intolerable sense of swooning in it.

'Three cheers for him, men!' I heard the carpenter roar out. Volley after volley of huzzas rang from the deep sea lungs of the sailors. They were cheering me. I turned to find them all looking my way. They tossed their caps and flourished their arms like madmen in the exuberance of their delight.

'Now, sir,' sung out the carpenter, 'hadn't we better see to our ground tackle?'

'As you will,' I answered; 'there is your island; I have kept my word with you; now, Mr Lush, the crew will proceed as they think proper. When you require my services again as a navigator I am ready;' and so saying I seated myself on the edge of the skylight, and with folded arms continued to view the island with such astonishment and incredulity as made me fear for my head.

'Is it all for the best, do you think, Mr Dugdale?' said Miss Temple, who had seated herself beside me.

'I cannot tell—it may be so. If they find the money, the wretches' delight and good temper may render them willing to comply with my wishes to make for the nearest port. I am in a dream. Give me a little time to recover my amazement. You know it ought to be impossible that that island should be there.'

She glanced at me anxiously, with something of alarm indeed, as though there was even a greater strangeness in my manner than in my language. Long hours of anxiety, long hours of sleeplessness, the continual apprehension of what was to follow if this island was not discoverable, these things, and how much more? had done their work with me; and now on top was come the shock of the discovery of the truth of what I had all along been convinced was the dream of a madman—the lie of a crazy head! I felt a moisture in my eyes; my limbs trembled; my breathing grew thick and difficult. In silence, Miss Temple hurried below and returned with a tumbler of cold brandy grog. She put it into my hand, and I drank it off; and I have very little doubt that the strong stimulant—such a dose as might have made me boozy in an hour of ease!—rescued me from an attack of hysterics, man as I am who tell this!

The carpenter had now taken command. He came aft whilst Miss Temple and I nibbled at some breakfast which Wilkins had brought us on deck, and ordered the maintopsail to be swung, and stationed a hand with a lead-line in each of the mainchains. The wind was about south, and allowed the barque with her yards braced fore and aft to very nearly look up for the lagoon. We crept slowly along; the lead on either hand went in frequent flights towards the bow, but no bottom was reported. This went on till the yawn of the lagoon was upon our starboard quarter, with the trend of the land covered with bushes opening out as it ran into the south-east, and then came a shout from the port main chains. The water now shoaled rapidly; a man stood forward ready to let go the anchor; down thundered the topsail yards to the cry of the carpenter to let go the halliards; the barque lost way; the sharp clank of a hammer rang through the vessel, followed by a mighty splash, and the roar of iron links torn in fury through the lawse-pipes.

In a few moments the *Lady Blanche* was at rest, with the western spur of the lagoon within half a mile of her.

(To be continued.)

FRUIT-GROWING.

UNTIL within a very recent period, the subject of Fruit-growing would not have come within the scope of a popular journal. Fruit of all kinds has in the past been looked upon as a luxury rather than as a food, and our forefathers, for whatever reasons, did not regard the consumption of fruits as one of the requirements for the maintenance of health. The strenuous advocacy of vegetable food only, by the extremists who glory in the title of vegetarians, has perhaps produced the effect of drawing attention to the value of fruit as a food, and the possibility of health being maintained without the assistance of animal substances. One thing, however, is certain, that the cultivation of fruit—mainly thereby meaning such solid varieties as apples and pears—is rapidly coming to be considered a branch of agriculture in its broad and national sense.

For many years the industry of fruit-growing in England dragged on what may be called a routine if not a miserable existence, productive of only bad or very mediocre results. That no steps were taken to improve upon that state of affairs would appear to be attributable to that peculiarity with which British people, and particularly the British farmer, are credited by outsiders, of allowing matters to take their own course, happy in the belief that what was good enough for their predecessors required no improvement or alteration at their hands. In the meantime the orchards not only became old, but bore their years badly in the bargain, suffering from lack of attention at the hands of their owners. With increased population came an enormously augmented consumption of fruit, for which the British orchardist ought to have been, but was not prepared. To supply it, therefore, there came, and came to this day, very large importations of foreign fruit. It is now about fifty years since apples were first sent to this country from America; whereas it is barely seven years since the fruit-grower in the United Kingdom began seriously to realise his situation or the opportunities he had for ameliorating it.

At the present time a wave of enthusiasm is passing over the country in connection with the question of fruit-growing in England; and a number of its advocates have now rushed to the opposite extreme, and appear to be as unreasonably sanguine as they were a few years ago unreasonably lethargic and silent. There can be no doubt that the seeds of the movement were sown by the Royal Horticultural Society at their first Apple Congress in 1883; while the wide attention drawn to it by the words and personality of Mr Gladstone has played a hardly less important part in its growth. About the same time, too, apples commenced to arrive here from Australia, and the fact of their importation from such a distant and unexpected quarter may have served in a very great degree to rouse the grower here to face and to think about amend-

ing his absurd if not somewhat contemptible position.

It must not be imagined from the foregoing that apples are the only kind of fruit proposed to be grown. Such is not the case, although the apple is the general favourite. From the apple or the pear to the soft fruits, particularly gooseberries and currants, is but a short step from the grower's point of view; for in planting an orchard of the harder fruit he will also plant between those trees rows of the softer ones named. By this means he will obtain marketable returns in two years from the latter kind; whereas from trees such as apples, three to five years is the soonest he can expect a healthy crop of any size or importance.

It is not at all generally known here to what a science the growth of apples is carried in Tasmania, nor in what perfection that fruit is there produced. The British public have, however, during the last two years had some opportunities to pronounce an opinion upon it, as the trade between the two countries has during that period assumed larger proportions than has previously been the case. The great encouragement with which the importation has been met on this side is thoroughly merited by the, generally speaking, sterling quality of the fruit sent, an encouragement which in no way jeopardises the position the English grower holds or hopes to attain, as the apples do not arrive at a time to compete with any English fruit. The whole of the imports arrive and are sold during a period of about two months, say, from the middle of April to the middle of June, when the season for American apples is over, and before the soft fruits make their appearance to any extent. The apples are brought from the colony in the refrigerating chambers of the large ocean steamers, and attention being given to the fruit during the voyage, it is turned out here in prime condition. Great credit is due to the growers for the care and skill exercised in the packing, a subject upon which a few remarks will be made hereafter. Those who read the above references to the fine quality of Tasmanian fruit, and cannot already testify to their accuracy, will doubtless take the necessary steps to taste and report upon it when the proper time arrives.

The bare idea of England importing fruit from Australia is no doubt at first sight a startling one; but the foregoing facts will show that it is now an established trade, and are introduced here with the object of demonstrating what success might have attended the English grower had he taken the bull by the horns at the proper time. At anyrate the Australians can grow good fruit; and a glance at their mode of culture may prove both interesting and profitable, for their system is not adopted to any extent, if at all taking it as a whole, in this country. In recent communications to the leading London journal, the treatment referred to was briefly described somewhat as follows: The apple-trees are obtained from the nursery when one year old, and are found to be healthiest when consisting only of one upright stem, having no shoots. They are properly planted in holes, which are dug two feet square and a rod apart. Each tree is then subjected to its first pruning, which is done by

cutting off sufficient of the upper part of the tree to leave about twelve inches above the soil, the portion remaining in the ground possessing at least five or six live buds or eyes. Although this treatment may appear rather harsh to those who do not advocate the free use of the knife, it is productive of very good results, as extensive experience shows. The result of the first year's growth of a healthy tree will be that each eye left upon the short trunk referred to will throw out a shoot or branch of four to six feet in height. These in the following autumn should be cut off to within, say, five buds of the trunk, which buds, during the second year of the existence of the tree in the orchard, become branches, to be pruned in their turn. If the branches be always cut immediately above an eye pointing outwards, the trees will during the third year already resemble an inverted half-opened umbrella. It should at this time be kept quite free from shoots growing inwards. From that time onward the pruning must be left entirely to the judgment of the skilled cultivators, having in view the shape which it may be deemed desirable to maintain. So far as the development of the tree is concerned, this may be reckoned to be full at about ten years, having then probably attained the height of about twelve feet. It must not be supposed that the fruit will be difficult to pick without ladders at this height, for the branches, particularly the outer ones, can be easily drawn down sufficient for the purpose and without fear of breakage. Indeed, the fruit upon the branches, if present only in moderate quantity, will very often by its own weight place itself within reach. Although the trees are placed as a rule a rod apart in the Tasmanian orchard, it is no uncommon sight to see there an avenue, or rather a tunnel, formed by the branches of the trees, in two separate rows, overlapping by reason of the weight of fruit upon them.

Since fruit, however, is the sole object, every atom of nourishment which is diverted to the growth of wood beyond what is required to give it sufficient powers to support the fruit, is absolutely lost. One of the replies to severe pruning is that the balance of nature is lost; that she is outraged, and vents her spleen by throwing the force which would have gone into the branches into the roots, which do not bear fruit. This is so in the case of trees, such as the crab, which have a decided disposition to grow wood whether in the form of branch or root. The remedy, however, is simple: root-pruning. As a rule, trees which grow an excess of root throw their strength into one tap-root, which, unless cut, will penetrate very deep into the earth. When cut, a piece of slate or flat stone placed immediately under it will cure the mischief. Under many trees in any orchard of importance, properly kept, will be found such pieces of slate or stone; and in one instance an orchard was referred to as being 'paved with stone' a few inches beneath its surface. If the bewildered grower who halts between the different opinions of the 'masters' wishes to grow the pyramidal trees, he is advised to use the knife severely, and somewhat on the lines already indicated, being those upon which the present writer, following the example of his neighbours,

proceeded upon his own land in Tasmania. By that method the central trunk is virtually extirpated above the height of about twelve inches.

Of apple-trees planted at the distance of one rod apart, as already described, there will be one hundred and sixty in an acre. At five years from the time of planting the Tasmanian grower may rely, if the orchard receive proper attention and treatment during that time, upon each tree, on an average, yielding from two to three bushels of apples. Calculated at only two bushels per tree, a crop of three hundred and twenty bushels per acre will be obtained, which at four shillings per bushel—a fair net return—will give in money about sixty pounds per acre. From this must be taken, say, four pounds for cost of trees (one hundred and sixty at sixpence each); and for planting, cultivating, rent, &c. (the latter two for five years), say, at the outside sixteen pounds; in all, twenty pounds, or a net return to the grower of forty pounds per acre. It will be noticed that in this calculation the fifth year's crop is made to bear all the previous five years' working, as well as the initial expenses. The seventh year's crop may be fairly estimated at four to five bushels per tree; take the yield at only three bushels per tree—four hundred and eighty bushels per acre, or (at four shillings) ninety-six pounds. Allow as much as sixteen pounds per acre for cultivating and expenses, and the net result to the grower, of eighty pounds, must be considered a very handsome one. If the yield be taken at the larger quantities named, which may fairly be done, the profits will, of course, be greatly increased; and if that superior crop be obtained in countries where Nature is very sparing of rain, why should not the same crops be grown here, where the grower is more favoured? If the secret lies in keeping the ground round the trees constantly moved, let that system be adopted, since the results thus secured are more than commensurate with the expense. In any case, the foregoing figures will show the approximate results the grower may expect from apple-growing pure and simple; they cannot be said to be exaggerated, and have been purposely somewhat under-stated, to avoid any chance of misleading the would-be orchardist.

The natural and weighty objection which is at once raised to apple-growing is founded upon the length of time which must elapse before the grower can reap the benefit of his labour during that period. This is partly overcome by planting, between the rows of apple-trees, gooseberry and currant bushes, strawberry and raspberry plants, and in some cases cherry and plum trees, the former of which come into bearing quickly enough to ease the burden referred to. There is no doubt, however, that the fruit-grower must know how to wait.

Gooseberry and currant bushes are propagated from cuttings taken in the autumn from the old trees, upon which are a number of buds proportionate with the size of bush desired. Supposing these kinds are planted between the apple-trees referred to above as being one rod apart, there will then be eight feet between each tree or bush, and four hundred and eighty bushes in each acre. A fair crop from these may be said to be one ton of gooseberries and fifteen hundredweight of currants; the former valued at eight pounds per

ton, and the latter fourteen pounds per ton, net to the grower. This cannot be called very lucrative; and if an early and more considerable return is indispensable, the English dwarf-apples may be planted at the distance of one rod apart, in which case there will be room for two soft-fruit bushes between each apple-tree; and when the latter come into bearing, the former may be substituted by fresh apple-trees. If, however, the grower can 'rub along' with the proceeds of the soft fruit for five years, the apple-trees, one rod apart, with one row of soft-fruit bushes between, as first described, may be recommended as producing the best results in the end. Gooseberries and currants may be said to do best on a moderately dry rich soil; and when ground is devoted entirely to them, should be planted about five feet apart, giving one thousand seven hundred and fifty to the acre. When the soil and aspect are suitable (the latter should not be east), both these fruits are very profitable, the gooseberry perhaps being the favourite, the crop being more certain and the cost of labour less. The cost of these bushes one year old is in this country about one penny three-farthings to twopence apiece. The expense of laying out an orchard can thus be gauged according to the number of bushes required per acre. If they are planted by themselves, fourteen pounds per acre would cover the cost of trees and planting. In pruning currant bushes it must be remembered that red currants grow best on old, and black on new wood; gooseberries also on the new shoots.

Raspberries are also largely grown in some places. They are propagated from suckers, and are planted at a sufficient distance apart to permit of keeping the land clean without injury to them. A not too dry soil is preferable for this fruit: in the colonies it may be seen in rather low positions growing to seven and eight feet in height, and fruitful. About a ton and a half per acre, also valued at about eighteen pounds per ton, is an average return.

The ancient custom, which is at the present time greatly in vogue, and in favour of which prejudice still exists, of growing grass in orchards close up to the trees must be strongly deprecated. The trees are prevented from 'breathing,' and the soil beneath, where the roots are, is dry. It is simple and saves trouble, but it does not do the fruit-trees justice. It does not appear to be generally accepted now, as it must become later, that far better results will be obtained from orchards when the soil is kept continually moved. The weeds must be kept down and the cultivator continually at work; and as the trees grow older, or the instrument named cannot get close to the trees, the ground round the trunk should be hoed through the summer and dug every autumn. The result, as regards moisture, between the soil which is worked and that which is not, can be easily seen by leaving a portion of the land uncultivated for the season; when the earth, a few inches from the surface, will be found to be dry; whilst in the case of soil which has been continually moved, it will be found quite moist. When the trees reach the age of seven or eight years, the soft-fruit bushes should be taken out, and the whole of the orchard should be given up to them, and neither grass nor any other crop should be allowed to extract nourishment from

the soil. From the time of planting, however, to the age of maturity, when the young trees do not call heavily on the soil for their requirements, the space can be utilised by soft-fruit bushes, as already described.

The question of packing and preparing the fruit for the market is one which appears to have been somewhat neglected or not very successfully studied by the grower. Careful selection and general preparation in a manner to attract buyers cannot be too closely attended to; in so many cases at present, unfortunately, fruit is bundled into baskets or other receptacles and packed off to market, no attempt being made to select or to establish and maintain a brand which would in time become well known and sought after. Many orchards now yielding fruit for our markets are composed of so many varieties, that such a practice would be quite impossible; but there are many contrary instances. It may not be out of place to suggest the introduction of a box of a standard size or capacity, the fruit to be sold only in such boxes. The grower can then, at the time of picking early soft fruits, cart the boxes into the orchard and pick the fruit into them direct, each box being properly branded, and even, under supervision, nailed down in the orchard. This suggestion would apply principally to apples and gooseberries. The late fruits can at the proper time be packed in similar boxes. This would probably tend very greatly in the direction of sorting and branding, which in its turn will gradually lead to higher prices being obtained and a general improvement in the fruit sent to market.

The foregoing remarks have chiefly referred to apples as being probably the favourite and most popular fruit. The quality of fruits now generally produced in this country are, it must be admitted, of a very low order; but the standard during the next few years will no doubt be considerably raised; and if it is to be so, it can only be by the grower studying the demands of consumers and doing his utmost to meet them. The Englishman is too apt to think that buyers must come to him to buy, and not that he must go to the buyers to sell. Business nowadays, whether it be fruit-growing or any other business, must be pushed energetically, the consumers' requirements thought over, and no stone must be left unturned to satisfy them. When the English fruit-grower meets with that success which every one wishes him, he will find that attention to this portion of his duties will have played a not unimportant part in placing him in his enviable position.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

'WHY, bless my heart! if she hasn't published it after all!' Thus Arthur Meadowson exclaimed, as he opened a package which he found upon his breakfast table one morning in July. He had not expected ever to see or hear anything more of Miss Malden's novel; and lo! here it was, in three neat volumes, tastefully bound in dark green, with the title stamped in rustic gold characters upon the covers, as inviting a book to look at as any that ever gathered its deserved shroud of dust upon Mr Mudie's shelves.

He picked up the topmost volume and glanced through it; the paper and print were of the best, and the whole workmanship reflected the highest credit on Twinkleby & Co., whose name was visible on the back. The book had been got up regardless of expense; and recalling a remark in Mr Twinkleby's letter, Arthur guessed the secret of its splendour while he feasted his eyes upon it. 'Wegswood's doing,' he said, with a bitter little laugh. 'What a grand thing it is to be a moneyed man!'

He sat down to breakfast, and having poured out his coffee, unfolded the newspaper as usual; but after casting a careless glance over the summary of news, put it aside, and took up 'At Eden's Gate' again. This time, something prompted him to look at the fly-leaf; and as he read the few conventional words Alicia had written there, he grasped their *intention*, and felt the blood rush to his face. She had forgiven him; and lost to him though she was, the thought gave him an unreasonable degree of pleasure. He cut a few pages of the book, and propping it against the sugar-basin, began to read, eating mechanically the while. He was curious to see how Twinkleby had handled the story; whether he had allowed it to run its own wild course, or had laid a kindly restraining hand on its vagaries. A very brief examination showed how sparingly censorship had been exercised; the spelling had been corrected, and here and there he found a passage elucidated which he remembered as having baffled his understanding in the manuscript; but not one of the superabundant adjectives had been deleted, nor a single inconsequent phrase cut out; and on every page italics and inverted commas broke out like a rash. The faithful publisher had reproduced the melancholy original in all its crudity. It had looked bad enough on foolscap; but now, exposed to the unflattering glare of print, its weaknesses were deplorably manifest. Arthur turned back to the title-page with a shrug.

'Ah! she has been content to let it go with only her initials,' he muttered. 'I rather think she will have reason to be thankful she did.'

Having finished breakfast, he put away the book, and set out for his office, pondering over the terms in which he should acknowledge the presentation. He did not want to mar her enjoyment of success; but he knew that a double motive had led Alicia to send him the novel, and was not inclined to admit that its public appearance had caused him to alter his opinion of it. So he wrote, expressing his gratitude for the mark of forgiveness, which had given him sincere pleasure. He praised the refined taste displayed in the binding and general appearance of the book; and added that his having read it in manuscript would in no way qualify the interest with which he should peruse it again; which Delphic utterance he had no doubt would be accepted in its more flattering interpretation.

He could not bring himself to congratulate her on her approaching marriage to Mr Wegswood, for he felt that felicitations from himself would be too transparently hollow; he therefore omitted all reference to the subject, quieting his conscience by the reflection that, as the news had only reached him by a side-wind, she would take

his silence to mean he was in ignorance of her engagement.

Miss Malden did not answer his letter; but as it had contained nothing that called for reply, this gave him no disappointment. He was beginning to forget the matter, when one day, a fortnight after receiving the book, the evening post brought a note from her which gave him not a little astonishment.

'I am most anxious to ask your advice about something,' she wrote. 'If you could *possibly* escape from your work for a day, I should be so grateful if you would come up and see me. I shall be at home any day and hour you may appoint; but I earnestly hope you will be able to come soon.'

Mr Meadowson thought he could make a very fair guess at the purport of this summons, but did not delay to speculate upon it. He despatched a reply at once, saying she might expect him at noon the following day; and he spent a sleepless night, making half-hearted efforts to convince himself that the hopes which would insist in springing up again were foolish and vain. Nevertheless, his heart beat very fast when he found himself once more confronted by the familiar face of the butler at No. 212. Mrs Malden was not at home, but Miss Malden was, and had given orders to show Mr Meadowson into the library when he came. Thither he was accordingly conducted; and there, seated amid a litter of newspapers, wearing an expression of the most abject misery, he found Alicia. She sprang up as he entered, and before he could ask what distressed her, betrayed the nature of her trouble with her first words. 'Oh Mr Meadowson,' she cried, 'I *wish* I had taken your advice.'

'About your book?' asked Arthur, though he had grasped the situation already.

Miss Malden did not answer. She withdrew her hand from his, threw herself into a chair, and hid her face in her handkerchief. Mr Meadowson did not distress her with further questions. He put down his hat and took up the nearest newspaper: it was a copy of the previous day's *London Courier*, and he turned to the column headed 'New Novels,' never doubting what he should see; a blue pencil-mark half-way down showed him what he sought.

'At Eden's Gate. (By A. M., 3 vols. Twinkleby & Co., London.) A silly, hysterical, and vapid example; obviously the work of a very young person indeed. It is quite impossible to deal seriously with such a production; we can only recommend the parents or guardians of "A. M." to keep writing materials out of the child's reach for the future. The book is daintily got up.'

Arthur Meadowson lowered the paper and stole a compassionate look over the top at the unhappy authoress, who met his gaze with red eyes.

'They're all like that,' she sobbed out—'every one. Oh, I *do* wish I had believed what you told me.'

'Who sends you these things?' demanded Arthur indignantly, throwing aside the paper.

'Twinklebys. I asked them to send me all the critiques as they appeared; and—here, poor Alicia completely broke down—'they—they've—been coming in—by every post for—days.' She pointed to a corner by the window as she spoke;

and there Arthur saw an untidy heap of journals, some of which bore traces of rough handling.

'What am I to do?' sobbed Alicia. 'Some of the things they say are simply awful.—I'll show you,' she continued, choking back her tears and going over to the heap of papers. 'The *Northern Celt*'s the worst; just listen to this.'

But before she could begin, Arthur Meadowson took the paper gently from her hand. 'It only pains you to read such things,' he said; 'and you surely can't imagine it gives me any pleasure to hear how your work has been ridiculed or abused. Nobody believes all a reviewer says. Besides, who is to know the book is yours? You kept it a profound secret, and only your initials are on the title-page.'

'But it is not a secret now,' she said. 'I have sent away copies to quite a dozen people, and they are sure to tell every one they know. And it will be in all the libraries besides,' she continued in a quivering voice. 'I shall never be able to show my face anywhere again. Fancy meeting one's friends after they have seen *those*!'—with a shuddering gesture at the newspapers.

'But they won't see them, Miss Malden. They may perhaps see what their own paper says, but it's more likely they will not. Moreover, such exaggerated, sarcastic censure as that I read will evoke sympathy for you rather than derision.'

Alicia drew a long breath, and looked up at him gratefully. 'Do you really think that?' she asked. At this juncture a loud double knock at the street door made her start. 'The post again!' she ejaculated with a long sigh.

The post brought three more newspapers for Miss Malden. She would have torn them open at once, but Arthur Meadowson quietly took possession of them.

'You are not going to see these until I have looked at them,' he said, stuffing his capture into his pocket. 'You sent for me to ask my advice, and I'm going to take what steps I can to save you further annoyance. If these critiques are of a nature to give you any pleasure, I'll give them to you; otherwise, they go into the fire.'

Alicia yielded. Her book had been condemned with such exasperating unanimity that curiosity was almost strangled by this time; nevertheless, she devoured every review as it came, in a forlorn hope that she might find a good word for some other part than the covers. All the papers praised the binding; and the majority drew satirical comparisons between that and the contents.

'Now, Miss Malden,' said Arthur, taking up his hat, 'this kind of thing must be stopped. I am going into the City to see Mr Twinkleby at once. I shall be back in a couple of hours, and will see you again before I return to B—.'

'Do,' replied Alicia; 'and don't be longer than you can help.' She felt that his presence gave her heart to face her trouble. He had not once hinted that he had 'told her so,' as another person might have done; and she nursed a vague idea that his visit to the publisher might somehow stem the current of hostile opinion.

Mr Twinkleby was in his office; and when Arthur explained his mission, he had no hesitation in informing him how the novel had come to be published.

'I did not tell Wegswood in so many words

that it was all twaddle,' he concluded, 'because I knew the authoress was a friend of his, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. But when I declined to send it out, he was so upset that I consented to do it for him. I never thought Wegswood was so human; he was fearfully agitated at the idea of my sending back the manuscript. He offered to pay any sum I chose to name for doing the work.'

'He asked you to send all the critiques to the authoress, didn't he?'

'I believe he wrote about it. I was away, and my partner Tweek would have opened the letter.'

'Well, I've just seen the lady who wrote the book,' said Arthur, 'and I've come over to ask you not to send her any more of them. Wegswood pressed for publication under some misapprehension, and the authoress is very much annoyed and distressed about it.'

'I can quite believe it,' answered Mr Twinkleby dryly. 'I'll give orders on the subject at once.'

'Thanks. Pray, do.—I suppose you have not sold many copies of the book?' remarked Arthur, rising to go.

'Barring those distributed for review and a batch we sent the authoress, nearly the whole impression is down-stairs. It was a very small one, and I don't think I've now got a dozen copies ready bound. I suspect the account will give Wegswood a shock.'

Arthur Meadowson fervently hoped it would, but did not say so; and he travelled back to the West End, wondering how any sane man could have been guilty of such monumental imbecility as this.

'I know he confines his studies to the sporting papers and *Ruff's Guide*,' he said to himself as he turned into Brook Street; 'but surely he must know that it's customary for newspapers to review novels; and why on earth he insisted on having it published in the face of Twinkleby's advice, passes me altogether.'

'It seems my fate to have awkward tasks thrust upon me,' he mused. 'Now I've got to tell her that she has to thank the man she's going to marry for her trouble. I only hope I get out of it better than I did the last difficulty.'

He found Alicia eagerly awaiting his return; and in answer to her inquiries told her that she would see no more critiques, and that only very, very few copies of the novel had been sold; so she might set her mind at rest about the danger of her friends obtaining it at the libraries.

'Of course you told Mr Twinkleby on no account to sell any more?' said Alicia.

'I could not do that, Miss Malden. You see, Mr Wegswood published the book at his own expense, and no one has any right'—

'Mr Wegswood did what?' demanded the young lady with flashing eyes. 'What do you mean?'

'Another fiasco,' said Arthur sotto voce. 'No help for it.'

'Please explain yourself, Mr Meadowson,' commanded Alicia.

'It's rather a delicate thing for a man to do,' he said awkwardly, 'to interfere between—I believe I ought to have congratulated you—your engagement—Mr Wegswood;' he got out the words with an effort, blushing purple as he did so.

The fluency of Alicia's reply took him utterly aback. 'I'm not engaged to Mr Wegswood,' she said angrily. 'It's too bad, the way people talk.—Who told you such an untruth?'

'Mr Twinkleby.—I understood that his information came direct from Mr Wegswood; but may be mistaken.'

Alicia bit her lips with suppressed anger, but said no more on the subject.

'Please explain about the novel,' she said, pointedly reverting to the topic.

A crushing weight had been lifted from Arthur's heart by Alicia's flat contradiction of her reported engagement, and he addressed himself to his now greatly simplified task of explanation without further hesitation.

Alicia heard his story in silence, listening with downcast eyes and hands tightly pressed together; nor did she speak when he had finished. She was comparing the truth with Mr Wegswood's circumstantial mendacity about his interview with the publisher, which she had so implicitly believed. He had made a fool of her, flattered her vanity with pretty stories, blind to the results his idiotic behaviour would bring upon her.

Several minutes passed before she awakened from this train of thought, which Arthur Meadowson did not interrupt. At length she looked up, and with a long-drawn sigh dismissed the matter from her mind in favour of more prosaic affairs.

'I never asked you to have some lunch, Mr Meadowson,' she said. 'I told the servants to keep it on the table for you; so come into the dining-room. I'm not going to bother you with my worries any more now; I want to hear about yourself.'

On hearing that Mrs Malden was expected to return at any moment, Arthur consented to stay, and he ate his lunch, tended by Alicia.

'I suppose it is not quite conventional for me to entertain a young man by myself,' she remarked; 'but I owe you a great deal for all you have done to-day.'

Arthur's services had not been of a very practical nature; but Miss Malden ganged their value by effect. She had been unutterably wretched for the last day or two—ever since that storm of newspapers had broken—and his method of dealing with her trouble had been, as she told her mother later, particularly 'nice.'

Although he lingered until late in the afternoon to see Mrs Malden, she failed to appear; and at four o'clock he bade Alicia good-bye, and set out for Victoria, after the longest and most confidential talk he had ever had with her. If his run up to town had brought comfort to her, it had been productive of infinite joy to himself. Not only had he re-established their old friendship on the firmest basis; he had learned from her own lips that her engagement to Mr Wegswood was a myth.

It was a myth, but not wholly without foundation. Mr Wegswood had carried out his project, and on the day which brought Alicia the copies of her novel from Twinkleby's, he had laid his fortunes at her feet. The occasion was well selected. Alicia was too blissfully happy to inflict pain upon any one that day; and as she could not say 'Yes,' sought to spare his feelings by procrastination. She was not prepared to

give him an answer, she said, and hoped he would not press her to do so. She would suggest that they should continue to be friends only, for the present. To this, Mr Wegswood, albeit not a little astonished at the lady's unreadiness, had acquiesced, and stated his intention of renewing his proposal on some future day. Alicia did not realise that in thus temporarily disposing of the subject she was riveting her chains upon him; and we fear that she gave it very little thought afterwards. Mr Wegswood, seeing the situation in his own light, accepted it with more philosophy than might have been expected; she meant, of course, to marry him eventually, but wanted to impress him with a proper sense of her value by repelling the first attack. Mrs Malden, to whom he confided the result of his proposal, was only too willing to confirm him in this theory; and mother and lover, therefore, patiently lay on their oars to await the turn of the tide.

This was the position at the time of Arthur's visit in connection with the critiques. Mr Wegswood was not in town just then, it is to be noted; some domestic calamity had taken him away to his mother's place in Berkshire, a few days after 'At Eden's Gate' appeared, and he knew nothing of the annoyances his publication of that work had inflicted upon the authoress.

What course events might have taken had Miss Malden not been enlightened as to the means Mr Wegswood had employed to publish her book, it is no part of our business to conjecture. What did happen, an hour after Mr Meadowson had taken his departure, the sequence of our story requires we should here relate. Alicia sat down, and indited to Mr Wegswood a temperately worded but very frank expression of her views on the subject; concluding with a request that he would be good enough to inform her what sums he had disbursed, that she might immediately refund them. The effect of this letter was to bring the recipient back to London by the first available train. He came to Alicia to explain, apologise, and sue for pardon, with an energy of humiliation which proved his sense of the injury he had done his cause; but he soon understood that any chance he might have had of winning the lady's hand was fatally wrecked. Alicia admitted that her eagerness to see the novel published might have misled him; she quite believed he deeply regretted the results of his short-sighted zeal, and these she would have overlooked. But she could not and would not forgive him for having practised upon her credulity as he did; he had misrepresented and concealed facts which would have convinced her, as they should have convinced him, that the book was not good enough to publish. He had consistently deceived her about it; he had treated her like a child, telling pretty stories simply to please her; and she had only found him out by accident.

And Mr Wegswood, standing before her, limp but not languid, received this flagellation in submissive silence. When it was over he begged Miss Malden to say what reparation he could make; he would do anything in the world to recover her good opinion and friendship. Alicia was sorry, but he could do nothing, save render an account of the expenditure he had incurred,

and direct the publishers to act upon her instructions in respect to the unsold copies of the book; Mr Meadowson had been up in town yesterday, and had done everything for her that could be done.

The mention of his rival's name made Mr Wegswood turn pale; he forgot the unlucky book, and in a hungry whisper implored Miss Malden to say that he might still—hope.

'I scarcely thought, Mr Wegswood,' said Alicia gravely, 'that you would ask me to speak more plainly than I have done. I cannot respect any one who tries to please by double-dealing. The truth may be disagreeable to hear, and I did not like it, I confess, when it was told me about my book. But I honour a man who has the courage to say boldly what he thinks, regardless of the consequences.'

She could not refrain from firing this last oblique shot, when she remembered what she had suffered; and it answered its purpose by bringing the unpleasant interview to an immediate close. Mr Wegswood said no more; he raised her hand to his lips, and left the room, creeping down-stairs and out into the street with a meekness of deportment which obscured his identity.

This phase of his disappointment, however, did not remain for long in the ascendant; the thought that Arthur Meadowson had brought this disaster upon him, rankled in his breast; and such black ingratitude from a man who might almost be called his private pensioner made him vindictive; he had no scruples about gratifying his thirst for revenge, and he lost little time in doing so.

Hence, a week after our hero's trip to town, he received an official communication from Mr Watson briefly advising him that his services would be dispensed with at the end of the following month; or, if he found it convenient to leave at once, no obstacle would be thrown in his way. Arthur Meadowson was not altogether unprepared for some display of his patron's ire; but he had not anticipated that he would wreak his vengeance so spitefully as this. He was somewhat surprised at his employer's subservience to the young brewer, knowing nothing of the financial secrets of the syndicate. He received his dismissal with dignity, elected to take a month's salary in lieu of notice, and in a very few days was once more installed in his old lodgings, engrossed in his literary work.

We need not linger over the sequel to this veracious history. Mr Meadowson resumed his visits to Brook Street with Mrs Malden's full concurrence. She had learned from Alicia what damaging results the young man's services to her had brought upon him; and her sympathy was not decreased by the indignation she felt against Mr Wegswood. The revelation of Alicia's great secret had not disabused her mind of her old theory—that Arthur Meadowson and her daughter had long loved each other; and as Alicia had given Mr Wegswood the congé he deserved, she gave up her dream of becoming a peer's mother-in-law with perfect unselfishness, and watched the young author's progress with equal interest. Before the Maldens left town that year, Alicia discovered that to respect

a man is a step towards loving him, and she soon took the next. As her mother promises to smooth out pecuniary difficulties, we have every reason to suppose she will shortly take the third, and 'obey.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A KNOWLEDGE of the use of fire and artificial lights has always been regarded as distinctly human, and as marking a definite separation line between man and the lower animals. It would appear from a paragraph in Stanley's new book, *In Darkest Africa*, that this distinction can no longer be claimed, for on page 423 of the first volume of that work the author says that among other natural history notes which he gleaned from Emin Pasha was the following: 'The forest of Msongwa is infested with a large tribe of chimpanzees. In summer-time, at night, they frequently visit the plantations of Mswa Station to steal the fruit. But what is remarkable about this is the fact that they use torches to light the way! Had I not witnessed this extraordinary spectacle personally, I should never have credited that any of the Simians understood the art of making fire.'

Another interesting note in the same work is that referring to the Dinka tribe and their reverence for pythons and all kinds of snakes. A Soudanese officer who killed one of these reptiles had to pay a fine of four goats for his presumption. The Diukas, indeed, make pets of the snakes, domesticate them, and allow them to crawl out of the houses for prey, and to return for rest indoors at night. They even go so far as to wash the pythons with milk and to anoint them with butter. It would be interesting to know whether the snakes show any affectionate regard for those who lavish such attentions upon them, or whether they behave like the traditional serpent taken to one's bosom.

This year is supposed to mark the tercentenary of the invention of the microscope, and there has been some talk of an International Exhibition to commemorate the event. The invention is credited to Jansen, an optician at Middelburg, Holland. We may regard the discovery of the microscope, like that of the telescope, as a thing which was bound to come sooner or later when the properties of lenses came to be understood.

Ocean-going steamers are often in great danger from the presence of icebergs, and even in the summer-time these dangerous obstructions are sometimes found in the track of steamships crossing the Atlantic. Some of these are one hundred feet above the water, and are often many hundred yards in circumference. Sir E. Palliser, commenting upon the dangers to shipping caused by these vagrant bodies, has recently

suggested that a time may come when England and the United States will find it incumbent upon them to organise a fleet of patrolling vessels to wage a scientific war upon these monsters, and, if possible, to destroy them. He suggests that as it is practicable to split a large block of ice by stabbing it with a pricker, an iceberg might yield to the persuasion of a steel projectile from an eighty-ton gun, and he advocates experiments in this direction. But Sir E. Palliser apparently loses sight of the well-known fact that the part of an iceberg which is above water is only about one-tenth of its total bulk, so that even a successful hit with a solid shot would merely split off a comparatively small piece, while the main body of the iceberg, relieved of so much top-weight, would rise in the water, and present as serious an obstacle as it did before any attack was made upon it.

At the recent International Medical Congress, the tenth of its kind, a number of interesting papers were read by those who are regarded as authorities upon the subjects discussed. Perhaps the most important was that by Professor Robert Koch dealing with the Germ Theory of disease. He showed how recent investigation, helped by the marvellous efficiency of the modern microscope, had proved that certain maladies had their origin in micro-organisms, among them being the terrible tubercular disease commonly known as consumption. For many years he has been looking for a remedy which will prevent or cure this insidious complaint, and his method of working has been to cultivate the tubercle bacilli, and to try the effect of various drugs, &c. upon the organism. In this way he has found that certain ethereal oils, mercurial vapours, aniline dyes, and metallic salts, stop the growth of the artificially cultivated bacillus, but do not seem to be effective when the organism has found its home in the animal body. But he announces—and a truly important announcement it is—that he has found substances which when injected into a guinea-pig—which, by the way, is an animal peculiarly susceptible to tubercular mischief—will stop the disease. This remedy he will presently make public; and if his surmise be correct, consumption will no longer be included in the list of diseases which are incurable.

It has been asserted by physiologists that married couples after living together for a number of years, and having thoughts and occupations in common, become not only like one another in mind, as might be expected, but that they also begin to resemble one another in facial appearance. With a view to the elucidation of this point, the Geneva Photographic Society has taken a number of pictures of husbands and wives, which are said to give the following results: Of the seventy-eight couples photographed, twenty-four were found to resemble one another to a greater degree than if they had borne the relationship of brother and sister; while in thirty cases the resemblance was as great as if they stood in that relationship. We are inclined to think that the results arrived at cannot be considered as reliable unless the investigation was conducted in a certain way. If the photographs were handed to an artist who was accustomed to the study of the human face, and he, without knowing the originals, succeeded in pairing the

husbands and wives by their likeness to one another, and did so correctly, the experiment would be most significant. But if they were already paired, the desire to find a likeness between them would most surely give rise to a false issue.

An architect writing to an American trade journal points out the great value of photography in building operations, and more especially when a building is being erected close to other buildings of smaller size. The greater weight of the new building and its settling is apt to crack the contiguous walls, and a claim is often made for compensation by the owner thereof. If, before the contemplated building is commenced, the existing house property be carefully photographed from every point of view, the pictures showing every mark of crack or other dilapidation, such photographs will constitute valuable evidence by-and-by, should a dispute arise as to the amount of damage done by the pressure or settling of the new work. The owner of the old premises may assert that a certain crack has made its appearance since the new buildings were erected; but if the crack appears in the photograph, it is clear that he is mistaken.

The keeper of the lighthouse on Fire Island, which is generally the first land seen by vessels from Europe bound for New York, has made an interesting statement with reference to the number of birds which commit involuntary suicide against his lantern and its lenses. The thick lenses are chipped in places by the ducks and geese striking them with their heavy bills, after flying through the glass (one-eighth of an inch thick) which covers the outside of the lantern. Frequently, he says, he has found one or more ducks or geese flying about in the lantern chamber, wounded with the cut glass, and sprinkling lenses and floor with their blood. As many as sixty dead ducks have been picked up on the ground about the base of the lighthouse on a single morning; and sometimes more than a hundred birds of various kinds have been found; while the large metal ball which crowns the lighthouse has been bent and nearly twisted from its position by flocks of wild-geese coming against it. A great deal of the interesting and valuable information published by the United States Agricultural Department on the migration of birds is gathered from information such as this, which is furnished by lighthouse keepers at various stations.

A new system of dredging, which is said to have given good results in other localities, is about to be tried at Swansea Harbour, with a view to deepen the entrance channel there. This method is the invention of Mr Tydeman, and consists in injecting powerful jets of water upon the silt and mud deposited in the bed of the channel, so that the matter is thoroughly loosened and stirred up, and is carried away by the outgoing tide. For this purpose a frame studded with jets, which are in connection with steam-pumps in a vessel above, is sunk to the bottom; and water at a pressure of twelve hundred pounds on the square inch is forced through the nozzles with the result already stated. It will be observed that by this system the soil deposited is not actually lifted out of the water and utilised, as in the case of older methods, but

is simply removed to be deposited elsewhere. The reduced cost of working by this system will doubtless cause it to be employed in situations where complete removal of the solid matter is not a thing of first importance.

A Report recently published by the Foreign Office deals with the comparative value of raisins and fresh grapes as materials for wine-making. Whilst the beverage from fresh grapes is undoubtedly the best, that made from the dried fruit is by no means unpalatable, and is very much cheaper. The mode of manufacture is the same in both cases, except that in the case of raisins and currants, the water which has been driven off in the drying process has of course to be restored. It takes something more than three pounds of raisins to make one gallon of wine, which cannot be distinguished from ordinary fresh grape wine by chemical analysis, for both have the same constituents. Wine-making from dried fruit is new to France, and was almost unknown until the advent of the Phylloxera, and the consequent defective harvests; but already several factories are at work, Paris alone having nearly twenty.

A Pneumatic Dynamite Gun, which has been constructed in New York for Australia, has recently been put to trial, and has been found to give good results. The shell containing the dynamite was, according to the contract, to weigh two hundred pounds, while the gun was to have a range of two miles. In the trial just referred to, a shell weighing five hundred and twenty pounds, but filled with sand instead of explosive matter, was thrown nearly three miles. This result is remarkable, seeing that the propelling force is not gunpowder, but compressed air. The weapon, indeed, is in principle the same as that of a pea-shooter, only the pea is a weighty one, and the tube through which it is puffed is fifty feet long and weighs thirty-three tons.

M. Caillietet, a physicist who has already distinguished himself by some noteworthy experiments in which he succeeded in liquefying oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen, which had hitherto been called permanent gases, is about to extend his researches in the same direction. He proposes to take advantage of the Eiffel Tower as a ready means of obtaining an enormous pressure upon the vapours with which he intends to experiment. A column of mercury carried up to the top of that building is calculated to give a pressure below of four hundred atmospheres, which is equal to six thousand pounds on the square inch.

Dr John Murray has recently brought before the Scottish Meteorological Society some interesting information regarding the Sahara, which he has lately visited. With an extent of three and a half million square miles, it represents a vast area of inland drainage, where the evaporation exceeds the rainfall, and where, therefore, there is no surplus water to be carried off by rivers. The temperature will reach one hundred degrees during the sunlight hours, to sink to freezing-point at night, and, as might be expected from this condition of things, the wind blows into the desert during the day and out from it at night. But these winds bring with them no moisture to the thirsty land, for any moisture they may carry is precipitated as rain in the hilly country by which the desert is surrounded. Dr Murray

differs from the general opinion of geologists that the Sahara is an old sea-bed, and does not think that any part of it has been covered by the ocean, at any rate since the Tertiary period. He inclines rather to the opinion that much of the region has once been a fresh-water lake. The sandy nature of the region he attributes to atmospheric denudation, the alternate expansion and shrinkage of the rocks with the ever-changing heat and cold to which they are subjected, disintegrating them where they lie. It seems quite incompatible with all our preconceived notions of this scorching desert to hear that there is a range of hills in the Sahara which for three months of the year is covered with snow.

Metchnikoff, a Russian physiologist, who has for some time been working in Pasteur's laboratory in Paris, has recently made certain observations with regard to the action of minute organisms in the animal body, which, if confirmed by further investigation, must represent one of the most extraordinary discoveries of the age. He has sought to prove why it is that the deadly microbes which are found to exist in the mouth and in other parts of the body can do so without injury to that body, which continues to show every sign of good health. By the aid of the microscope this investigator has traced the impotence of the organism to the action of certain cells contained in the blood of all the higher animals, which are termed phagocytes, and which are identical with the white blood corpuscles. These tiny corpuscles are not only endowed with independent motion, but they are believed to pursue, overcome, and devour any bacilli with which they may come into contact, clearing them off and annihilating them whenever they attempt to attack the system. It is when these phagocytes become from any cause inert, or sluggish in their action, that the opportunity of the invading hosts of bacilli arrives. Then they assault the body with success, and either destroy it by mechanical lesions or by poisoning it.

The question of a suitable material for our city roadways is of first-class importance, and is one which has led to discussions in every civilised country without yet finding a solution. One kind of paving seems to be the best so long as the weather remains dry; but the least trace of moisture turns it into a surface which is almost as slippery as ice to the shoes of the poor horses. Another description of paving acts in precisely the reverse way; while a third is equally objectionable because of some other vagary which it possesses. And so the municipal authorities are at their wits' end to know what to try next. These functionaries at Brussels are about to try a new form of paving, which is called Caoutchouc Macadam, and which is a compound consisting of various kinds of selected stones, which are ground up and mixed with caoutchouc in the presence of heat. The composition is said to possess wonderful merits, refusing to become soft in the hottest sun, and remaining free from cracks in winter-time. But it would be more satisfactory to know that it gave a firm foothold to a horse's foot.

Ten years ago, naturalists were much interested in hearing that a fresh-water Medusa—somewhat like the elegant parasol-shaped creature which

is found in such numbers in the sea—had been discovered in the Victoria Regia tank at the Botanic Gardens, London. Since that time, year after year in the summer months this curious creature has appeared; but the most remarkable thing in connection with it is that nowhere else in the wide world has it ever been found. Last year, the old tank was broken up, and as the Medusa had not put in an appearance during that year, it was believed that at last its death had come, and its place would know it no more. A large tank and house have taken the place of the old one, and to the surprise of every one, the Medusa has once more been found swimming about in its new home as merrily as ever.

Our contemporary *Iron* describes a curious mass of rock-salt which is known as Salt Peak, and which is situated at Louisiana. The rock is on an island which rises from a salt marsh, and this island, which itself is one hundred and eighty-five feet high, presents the only solid land for many miles round. It contains three hundred acres of excellent land, and in its centre rises Salt Peak, a dazzling mass of pure rock-salt, which is estimated to weigh ninety million tons.

Southend, near the mouth of the Thames, is almost too near that estuary to be regarded as a sea-side resort, and the river reminds the visitor of its presence by the deposition of quantities of silt and mud where there should be only clean sand. This necessitates a pier of more than a mile in length, which stretches out into the wide water-way in order to find sufficient depth for the small steamers which bring visitors to the place. An electric railway has now been carried along this pier, and forty passengers can be accommodated at each journey. This is a great convenience, besides which the place is so near the metropolis that numbers of persons who are interested in electrical traction will have the opportunity of seeing the system actually at work.

HEARD AND OVERHEARD:

JOTTINGS FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE reporters on a daily paper are sometimes forced to echo Wendell Holmes's complaint and protest that they 'dare not write as funny as they can,' or sometimes as fervidly and pathetically. They are not expected to feel any emotion, and they are allowed to deal only with news. Now, the best and most interesting parts of the events of every day cannot be regarded as news; they belong to the perennial qualities of human nature, or else they are matters of personal experience, which have no little bearing on the great social and political questions with which, in the absence of exciting murders, newspapers are supposed to deal. They are so amusing, they make even the reporters smile—and your veteran reporter is not easily amused—but they are not 'copy,' unless, indeed, they fall from the lips of a famous politician or a noble lord. One of the grievances of the press is that a good speech must give place to a bad one if the latter be delivered by a person

of note. Take, for example, H.R.H. the Duke of Aldershot. He is the worst speaker that ever opens his mouth in public, yet addresses of the most eloquent and interesting character are cut down to lines, or omitted altogether, that the Duke of Aldershot may be reported verbatim, or nearly so, for no journalist would be so rash and cruel as to set down all his Royal Highness's hesitations, stammerings, repetitions, and marvellous grammatical involutions. His debt to the press is enormous. Only those who have heard him speak know the irritating effect of his utterances; those who read the report find a simple speech, commonplace enough, but not stupid or ungrammatical.

The result is that, looking over my note-book, I find set down a number of things grave and gay, which, though absolutely useless for the columns of a daily paper, are to my mind more interesting than a great deal of the statistics and arguments I have recorded. Here, for example, is a story which Sir John Lubbock told against himself not long ago. The Bishop of London had been talking of the difficulty a self-taught student often met with when he first encountered contractions which a master could have explained in a moment; and his remarks recalled to Sir John an error into which a contraction had led him. A friend who was travelling round the world sent him some specimens of unfamiliar marine animals, which he studied carefully and published an account of. One of these was quite unique; Sir John had never seen its like before; but unfortunately his friend had in his notes said nothing of its habitat, and he was anxious to give this information. At last he thought he found it; for the label on the bottle in which the animal had been preserved and sent home was inscribed ' $\frac{1}{2}$ S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.' 'Evidently,' thought Sir John, 'this means that the animal was captured in a spot half a degree west longitude, and half a degree south latitude.' This statement he published, and rested content till his friend came home, and accosted him with: 'My dear fellow, what on earth made you say I found that animal in the latitude and longitude you mentioned? I was never within five hundred miles of the place.' Sir John was surprised, but produced the bottle and pointed to the label. 'I took the information from this,' he said. 'What else can " $\frac{1}{2}$ S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W." mean?' 'Mean!' was the reply—'why, it means that the animal is preserved in a mixture half Spirit and half Water.'

The following anecdote I heard from the President of a learned Society whose name I think it better to withhold, as there may still be those alive who, in the days when he was a publisher's reader, had manuscripts returned by the firm he worked for, and their vengeance, though late, might be terrible. It certainly indicates that the author may sometimes have a grievance against the reader, though occasionally he owes him a debt of gratitude. Many years ago a friend was visiting him who had been asked to look over an historical work and report on it for a publisher. It was high summer, the two friends were in a lovely part of the country, and the manuscript remained unread. After several

weeks the publisher wrote to ask what the verdict was. The gentleman to whom the book had originally been entrusted said to his companion: 'You know as much about this work as I do; look over the copy and tell me what you think of it.' The President accepted the task; but having a turn for laziness, left it unperformed. In a month the publisher wrote again, pressing for a verdict. On this the two friends thought the matter over, looked at a page or two, and returned the manuscript with a recommendation that it should be published. And so the *History of the Dutch Republic* was given to the world.

The next story I find in my book is of a more serious stamp. It was told by Mr John Burns to an assembly of friends not long after the end of the Dock strike, and throws a flattering responsibility on Mr Walter Crane. In Toynbee Hall, Mr Burns met a stevedore who had by some chance wandered in there, and who was looking at Mr Crane's picture of 'The Golden Bridge.' This picture, as those who saw it at the Grosvenor Gallery a few years ago will remember, represents mankind at all ages—Shakespeare's seven many times subdivided—crossing the bridge under which flows the river of life. The infant is laid by an angel's hands on the shore on one side of the stream; on the other, the aged man is helped into Charon's boat. Some critics found fault with the picture for technical reasons; so did Mr Burns's stevedore, but on other grounds. 'I wish I hadn't come here,' he said. 'My house'll seem a deal more squalid and empty now that I have seen a picture like this.'

It is rather strange to find an amusing note in one's records of a religious conference; but when the speakers at the conference are chiefly American, a touch of humour will lighten up the most solemn subject. Our cousins are certainly our superiors in this, that they do not regard all wit as profanity. Thus it happened that at a recent meeting of Sunday-school teachers, the Rev. A. Schauffler, of New York, gave a specimen lesson the like of which, I will venture to say, was never given in any Sunday school on this side of the Atlantic. He chose for his subject a little-remembered miracle, the healing of the man who was brought to Christ borne by four friends, who, unable to push their way through the crowded doorway, made a hole in the roof and lowered the sick man through it. With wonderful vividness did Mr Schauffler picture the scene—the struggling of the bearers, the impatience and obduracy of the crowd, that at last made the weakest of the four—'My brethren,' said Mr Schauffler, 'in every four there will always be a weak brother'—say: 'It's no use; we can't get in.'—'But,' the speaker went on, 'the strong brother—in every four there will be a strong brother'—said: 'I'm not going to give in. If we can't get in by the door, let's make a hole in the roof and lower him down. It's not a very firm roof; we can easily do it.'—'But who is to pay for mending the hole?' says the weak brother.—'Oh! I will,' cries the strong one. And so it is agreed.—My brethren, in every four you'll find one brother willing to pay, and three brethren willing he should.

The blunders of schoolboys' answers to examination questions might fill a volume; I find a few recorded in my notes of a lecture by Dr Lant

Carpenter, in which he pleaded for the teaching of science in Board Schools, and gave a few examples of the average pupil's grasp of simple scientific facts: that at night the sun is still in the sky, but you can't see it because it's dark; that the moon appears 'when people forget to light the lamps'; that the stars are 'the nails that hold up heaven,' are simply common enough examples of the untrained intellect of the nursery explaining the phenomena of Nature according to its experience. But there was a taint of misapplied erudition in the reply of the boy who, being asked why the days were longer in summer than in winter, said: 'Heat expands all bodies, and in summer it's warmer.'

YOLANDE.

A PASSING shower beats on the castle wall,
And from the staring gargoyle's stony lips
The summer rain into the courtyard drops,
Where, idly watching the warm raindrops fall,
Within the doorway's gloom, white-robed you stand,
Gold-haired Yolande.

And I, a modern knight, have come to woo.
In bygone days, amid the tourney's fray,
I would have fought for thee; but in our day
These things are changed; yet, dearest, I am true;
Oh wear this ring for ever on thy hand;
Be mine, Yolande.

Oh fairest daughter of a mighty race,
Love comes to-day as it came long ago;
Though customs change, no changes it can know;
Ah! do not hide the sunshine of thy face,
But come with me through the enchanted land—
Say yes, Yolande.

She smiles, and leads me slowly through the hall;
Torn banners droop along the architrave
Above the dinted armour of the brave,
And pictured knights gaze on us from the wall;
Their hearts are cold—they cannot understand
Our love, Yolande.

In the soft quivering light the pale moon throws,
The castle tower looks dim and far away;
Across the terrace silvery moonbeams stray;
We part; but as she tosses me a rose,
My jewelled circlet sparkles on her band,
My own Yolande.

J. H. SYMES.

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POSSESSING ONE'S SOUL.

By MRS LYNN LINTON.

THERE is a patience that is servile and a patience that is noble—a submission to injustice that takes the pith out of a man, and a recognition of superior force which shows his clearness of vision for the one part and his strength of self-control for the other. The slave exemplifies the first—the philosopher the last; and between slavishness and self-control there can be no hesitation which to honour. In all the untoward circumstances of life there is but one of two ways—to break or bear—to fight with might and main and do all that is possible to overcome the enemy and attain freedom from distress—or to bear the inevitable with dignity—to yield to the unconquerable with that noble self-possession which makes defeat itself as grand as victory. Wrench the dagger from your assailant's hand and turn it against himself if needs must; but if you are worsted in the struggle, and wounded, cover yourself decently in your cloak and bear your secret without vain regrets or screeching lamentations—accepting your fate with that patience which in the Christian is resignation to the will of God, in the philosopher is recognition of the inevitable.

Every man worthy of the name of man should know how to possess his soul—bearing with patience those things which energy cannot change and the evil of which impatience only increases. Nothing is more pitiable than to hear of the childish irritability of men of light and leading, the grandeur of whose intellect is dwarfed by the smallness of their moral control—whose leadership of other men's thoughts does not include the possession of their own souls. The frantic lamentations because of the untimely crowing of the challenging cocks—the furious onslaughts against the inevitable noises of the streets and the as inevitable noises of the railway—the inability among them to bear, to endure, to resist depressing influences by the grand power

of patience—this it is which gives cause to the enemy to blaspheme and makes the Philistine's contempt for intellect only too intelligible. It is, of course, a mistake to suppose that intellect should necessarily mean possession of the soul as well as the nimble or the profound use of the brain. But it is a natural mistake, and can plead a certain amount of moral harmony in its favour. This patient possession of one's own soul stretches far and wide; it covers all the domain of social life—all the tract of inter-relation with others. It means patience with every kind of outside annoyance that cannot be removed by vigorous exertion. It does not mean patience with removable nuisances, or curable evils which want a big broom and a strong hand to make a clean sweep of them before the sun goes down. But there are both nuisances and evils which cannot be swept away in this high-handed fashion, which can only be removed by patient endeavour and unwearied repetition; and then the possession of the soul comes in as a faculty akin to the grand creative and transforming powers of Nature—working bit by bit and inch by inch silently, patiently, 'without haste or rest.'

Take as an example the ignorance of children, and of the untrained and uneducated generally. Which is best here—the nervous irritability which 'flies' when the eyes, as yet unopened, do not see, and the feet, as yet unaccustomed to the right way, stray into the wrong—or the self-possession of patience which gently, firmly, unweariedly repeats and repeats again the lesson which has to be taught before it is learnt, and learnt before it is practised? How many a childish life has been made miserable and all the mature future darkened and distorted by the brutality, the impatience of those who acted as if knowledge came by intuition, and the gradual evolution of the moral sense, as well as the gradual development of the intellectual faculties, was but a fond fable devised to excuse the wilfulness of negligence! To these impatient souls the young and ignorant should make but one bound from darkness to light. No faltering steps of stumbling

advance, now halting, now retreating, but in the main going forward for them, these irritable souls—these impatient tempers. No unwearied repetition day after day of the same precept, till the dull brain and clumsy hand have finally been impressed and directed. They do not possess themselves. Their impatience, their nerves, their irritability possess them instead; and when they are angry they blame the stupidity of those they instruct, and not their own want of self-possession—the ineptitude to learn of the learner, and not the unfitness of the teacher to teach.

This same quality of patience, which is but another word for the possession of one's own soul, is of primal importance in all one's dealings with the young and ignorant. We make the mistake, in general, of judging both the inexperience of youth and the mistakes of ignorance from our own platform of experience and better knowledge. We have to be patient with the follies, the very vices of youth, always striving to straighten the crooked path and to substitute good grain for those wild-oats. If we do really possess our own soul we shall be able to look all round the thing we deplore; and, looking all round to find reasons why; and, in finding reasons why, to see also excuses, and therefore softening of judgment. For things are not absolute but relative to the condition of those who do them; and the child of two years old who surreptitiously takes a bit of sugar is not on the same plane as the accomplished penman who deliberately forges his friend's name to a bank bill. Yet each action is a theft; and the respective magnitude of each issue does not modify the wrong. It is in the ignorance of the one and the knowledge of the other where the real guilt lies. And this holds good for all the indiscretions and follies of youth—in due proportion of patience with ignorance—possessing one's own soul while seeking to enlighten and direct that of another. If parents and masters—and above all mistresses—would but remember this, how vastly lessened would be that river of tears which humanity sheds daily for sorrows that are remediable and anguish that need never have been! How that cloud of sighs going up to heaven would be lightened—how those prayers of futile misery, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' would be reduced—translated instead into glad and humble little *Te Deums*! It is one of the saddest of all sad thoughts to remember how much we suffer unnecessarily in a life where we needs must suffer by the inevitable—how much we are afflicted by each other in the tyranny, the oppression, the injustice, the impatience that need not be, and would not be did we but possess our own souls!

Good breeding teaches us the outward semblance of this possession, and to bear complacently with bores is the practical outcome of the lesson. People who interrupt you while you are talking, and will not let you finish your sentence in their impatience to contradict you—to cap your story with a personal experience of their own—to break off the conversation and lead it into another channel—people who take the words out of your mouth and supply the adjective or noun, as if you had aphasia and they the gift of divination—people who tell you for the tenth time the same old anecdote, the same old adventure, or

who repeat the same complaint and the same confidence—people who have panaceas and can settle the Irish difficulty and the Bulgarian question—who could discover Jack the Ripper as easily as a cat could find a mouse, if only they had a free hand and the police at their command—people who, whatever the topic of conversation, lead it round to themselves, and make the general theme a personal one and the discussion of first principles a peg for their rampant egotism—people who contradict you for the sake of contradiction, and people who agree with all you say, knowing nothing of the merits of the matter, but backing you up vigorously notwithstanding—all these and more of the same breed politeness demands that you should entertain with patience; and the possession of your soul in a drawing-room is one of the first things required. We have indeed to possess our souls in all sorts of social coils and knots. When some of our guests are late and ill-humour is beginning to hover over the others—when the dinner is bad and the cooking-butter has been rancid—when the companion to whom we are assigned is stupid or cross-cornered—when we are not included in a coveted invitation—when we are asked to a disagreeable house and for politic reasons cannot refuse—when a favourite friend marries an unsympathetic acquaintance and we are snubbed where formerly we were caressed—when the Hanging Committee rejects our picture, the press cuts up our book, the 'boss' editor rejects our article, and the actors gag, misinterpret, and forget—then we have to possess our souls in patience and to refrain from letting fly. When graver catastrophes happen there is no more use in shrieking out our woes to men and the winds than there is in flounce and fury over the smaller annoyances. Shrieks, flounce, fury, despair—nothing of all this helps. The only help there is to be found is in tiding over the bad moment with patience and building up a something out of the wreck. If we cannot build up a mansion we may have a cottage, and if not a cottage then at least a screen between ourselves and the blasting wind. Out of all wreck and ruin that something is left, and we can make it available if we have the mind.

We must possess our souls in pain. Impatience makes those pangs sharper and more severe. Hysterics of all kinds, indeed, make all pains more severe; and to lose our self-control is to open the flood-gates and let the whole country go to waste. In the petty vexations of domestic life, as in the large disappointments which sadden and impoverish our after-years, it is needful to 'hold on to ourselves'—to possess our souls—to have patience—to accept the inevitable with serenity and dignified reservation of force. It is all in the day's work—all in the training of life—and he who learns his lesson best has most of this noble self-respect, which forbears to howl, to whine, to rage, to bluster, to complain, to resist where resistance is in vain. The tumultuous grievances which the screeching race of sufferers pour out in floods of mingled tears and wrath, lose their pathos by the process. Those who pity themselves so profoundly get few to echo their threnodies. Those who do not possess their own souls are not apt to stir the souls of others. If, indeed, we want to be masters of others, we must first be masters of ourselves,

and in this art of self-mastery patience comes first—that patience which is but the sweeter term for the old Stoics' more mainly severity of self-discipline and self-control.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XL.—THE ISLAND.

THE men now went to work to get tackles on to the yards, in order to hoist the long-boat over. When they had her alongside, they passed water and provisions and several gallons of rum into her, with other matters of this sort, of which I hardly took notice. They also handed down the shovels used for the little stock of coal that was carried in the fore-peak, and several crows, hand-spikes, and whatever else they could lay their hands upon that would enable many of them at a time to dig up the soil.

Whilst all this was doing, I remained seated on the poop with Miss Temple. I was now feeling better and stronger again, could think rationally, and astonishment was worn out.

'It is most unmistakably the island that Captain Braine named,' I said to the girl, speaking with my eye at the telescope. 'I remember he spoke of a clump of trees at the foot of which the treasure lies hidden. Yonder are several clumps. Which one of them will it be, I wonder? and will the money be there? What an astonishing romance will it prove, should those sailors fall in with a booty of nearly two hundred thousand pounds!'

'What are they going to do, do you think, Mr Dugdale? Are they not taking a deal of provisions with them?'

'They may mean to make merry. After months of shipboard life, the touch of the land will feel grateful to the soles of their feet. Let them find the gold! their transports will know no bounds; there will be some wild skylarking amongst them before they come off, or I am greatly mistaken. I wish they would make themselves drunk, that I might run away with the ship.'

'Cannot that be done when they are on shore?' she cried with an air of exultant entreaty in her sudden leaning towards me as she spoke.

'Yes; were an off-shore gale to come on to blow, I might contrive to slip and let the barque storm out to sea before it. But in this weather! They would be after me in a jiffy in their boat, and then God help me when they got hold of me!'

A shade of paleness overspread her face, and she regarded me with a look of consternation, as though violently affected by the fancies my simple sentence had put before her. I sprang on top of the hencoop to sweep the sea-line with the telescope, but could nowhere discern the least shadow of land. As I put down the glass, the carpenter came off the quarter-deck, where, at the gangway, he had been busily shouting out instructions and overseeing the work of preparing the boat, and approached me. He held Captain Braine's parchment chart, at which he stopped to look for a moment when he was yet some paces distant.

'Will ye tell me what's your opinion of the weather, sir?' he exclaimed, in a voice whose natural gruffness and surliness were not to be sweetened by the satisfaction that was merely visible in a small symptom of respectfulness in his bearing.

'I do not know, I am sure. This cloudless sky should be full of promise. The mercury in the captain's cabin promises fair weather.'

'What do 'ee think of letting them sails hang?' said he, sending his malevolent gaze aloft; 'or shall we tarn to and roll 'em up afore we go ashore?—though it'll be a long job,' he added, directing his eyes thirstily at the island.

'The ship is in your hands,' said I.

'Oh well,' he exclaimed, as though gratified by my admission, and sending a slow look round the sea; 'we'll let 'em be as they are for the present. The anchor's got a good grip, I allow; if so be as a breeze should come along, we can send some of the men aboard to furl the sails.'

Well, I thought I, as I regarded him in silence.

'My sight ain't what it used to be,' he continued; 'yet I can see enough of that there island'—and here he began to fumble with the chart he held—to guess that this here's a first-rate likeness of it.—This,' said he, pointing with his square thumb at the mark in the middle of the lagoon on the parchment, 'is one of the bearings we've got to have in mind to find out where we're to begin to dig, ain't it?'

'I believe so,' said I.

'Didn't ye put down the particulars of the spot in writing?' he inquired, looking up at me from the chart.

'No,' I answered shortly.

'How many feet was the money hid away from the wash of the water?' he demanded.

'It was in paces, I remember,' I returned, 'but the figure is entirely gone out of my head. Wilkins should be able to recollect.'

He ran with a sort of dismay to the break of the poop and bawled for Wilkins. The lad came half-way up the steps. The carpenter spoke to him, and then returned.

'The young scowbaker don't recall,' he exclaimed. 'He believes—a curse on his believes!—that the captain spoke of four hundred feet.—Was that it, sir?'

'I remember enough to make sure that it was not four hundred feet,' I answered.

He picked up the glass and levelled it at the island.

'Which of them clumps of trees was it that the capt'n talked to ye about?' he asked whilst he looked.

'He did not describe any particular clump. It was to be found by measuring so many paces from the edge of the water of the lagoon yonder, the pillar bearing something west, but what I can't tell you. I treated the story as a madman's dream, and dismissed all the particulars of it from my mind.'

'We'll have to try all them clumps, then, that's all,' said he, with a hard face, and a voice at once sharp and coarse with ill-subdued temper. 'We'll get the money, though it comes to having to dig up the whole island.—And now, sir, there's nothen to stop us—the boat's ready—if you'll be pleased to come along.'

'I can be of no good to you,' I exclaimed with

an involuntary recoil; 'you have hands enough to dig. I'll stop here.'

'No, if you please; we shall want you,' he said, with a stare of dogged determination.

'I must not be left alone, Mr Lush,' cried Miss Temple, with a painful expression of fear in her bloodless face. 'If Mr Dugdale goes, I must accompany him.'

'No, mem. You're safe enough here. We must have Mr Dugdale along with us to show us what to do.—No arguments, sir! The impatience of the men 'll be forcing them to taking you up in their arms and lifting you over the side, if you keep 'em waiting.'

'But am I to understand,' I exclaimed, 'that all hands of you intend to quit the ship, leaving this lady alone on board?'

'Joe Wetherly and Jim Simpson 'll remain,' he replied; 'they 'll keep a lookout, and two's enough with us men in hail of their voices.—Now, sir, if you please.'

The crew standing in the gangway were looking my way with signs of irritation in their bearing. I merely needed to give one glance at the carpenter's face to satisfy me that temper, protest, appeal, would be hopeless; that refusal must simply end in my being bodily laid hold of. I was urged by every instinct in me to a policy of conciliation. To irritate the fellows would be the height of folly; to provoke the indignity of being seized and roughly thrust into the boat, the utmost degree of madness. My resolution was at once formed.

'I will accompany you, Mr Lush,' I said. 'Get you gone on to the quarter-deck whilst I say a few words to comfort my companion.'

He walked away to the gesture with which I accompanied this request.

'Miss Temple, pray take heart. Wetherly is one of the two men who are to be left. You will feel safe here with him on board until I return.'

'Until you return!' she cried, with her eyes full of misery and horror. 'I shall never see you more!'

'Oh no; do not believe such a thing. The men imagine I shall be of service to them in lighting upon the spot where the gold is. They cannot do without me as a navigator. They will bring me off with them when they leave the island.'

'I shall never see you again,' she repeated in a voice of exquisite distress. 'Why could they not have left us together here?'

'Now, Mr Dugdale, if you please,' bawled the carpenter from the head of the poop ladder.

I took and pressed her hand between mine, and then broke away from her. What had I to say, what to offer, that she could convert into a hope? I turned to smile and to wave my hand, and found her with her back upon me and her face buried.

Wetherly and the man who was to be left with him stood a little forward of the main-hatch looking on. As I stepped to the gangway I called out: 'Wetherly, and you, Simpson: I leave the lady behind me; she is alone. You will see to her, men, I beg.'

Simpson gazed stolidly, as though not understanding me. Wetherly smiled, and flourished his hand with a significant glance.

When the men had entered the boat, there were

ten of us in all. She was a roomy, stoutly-built fabric, and her oars were almost as long as sweeps. The barque's quarter-boats would have been too small for this service; for the ten of us made a body, and they had handsomely stowed her besides with water and rum and provisions (as you are aware), not to mention the sundries with which they proposed to dig the soil. I rather wondered that they should have supplied themselves so hospitably, till I recollected that Captain Braine had said there was no fresh water and nothing to eat upon the island. The carpenter had no doubt remembered this as a passage in the story which Wilkins had overheard and repeated.

When we were clear of the shadow of the barque's side, I turned to look for Miss Temple, and observed her seated in a posture of utter despondency upon the skylight. I stood up and flourished my hat; but she made no sort of response. She remained motionless, as though stupefied and insensible. I resumed my seat, breathing hard with the wild mood that possessed me; but I was not to be suffered to sit in silence. The carpenter plied me with questions, which he only ceased that the others might have a chance of making inquiries. Couldn't I remember how many paces it was that the captain had said? Would it be one hundred? Would it be two hundred? Would I turn to and think a bit? A gent's eddicated memory was always better than plain men's, who weren't no scholars. If the right number of paces wasn't hit upon, it might take 'em a week to find the spot. And what about the bearings? Couldn't I recollect exactly how the trees bore from that there pillar? Wherever the gold was, it couldn't lay deep hid, for there was but two men to bury it, and them weak with shipwreck, and they wasn't going all the way down to hell to make sartin of a secret nook.

To all this I had to listen and reply as I best could. Yet it was talk to put a fancy that had long haunted me—that had haunted me, I may say, from the time of some of my earliest conversations with the carpenter—into shape, out of which arose one instantly present keen perception: that gold or no gold, they must be kept hunting for it!

It was a cloudless day; the sky a true Pacific blue, a mild breathing of wind off the island; and the sun, that was already at his meridian, flung a wide splendour upon the air that was without an insufferable excess of heat. The long-boat floated into the lagoon, the bottom of which showed like a pavement of white marble trembling through the blue, glass-like translucency. I looked carefully about me, but could see no signs of the hut which Captain Braine told me he had built, and out of which he had crawled to find the Yankee surveying craft hove-to abreast of the island. Neither were there any other relics of his shipwreck visible: such as the bottles, casks, tins, and so on, which, according to his account, he and his companion had landed from the brigantine.

'The Spanish craft 'll have come ashore yonder,' said the carpenter, standing erect, referring to Braine's story, and indicating by an eager nod of the head the position of the stretch of lustrous beach that looked northwards, but that was now

invisible to us. 'Where'll be a good place to land here?'

All hands were staring about them. The fellow named Forrest said: 'There's a bit of a tree there that'll hold the boat secure. Better let her lay afloat, Mr Lush, 'case of a change o' weather and having to shove off in a hurry.'

'Ay, she'll be all right off that tree,' exclaimed the carpenter.—'In oars, lads! Let her slide quietly stem on. I've heard of coral spikes atearing of boats' bottoms out.'

A few minutes later most of us were ashore, the boat lying quietly secured by a line to a small but solidly rooted tree.

The feel of solid land under my feet was a singular sensation. I had now been incessantly at sea for a time that was growing rapidly into six months, and after those interminable weeks of heaving shipboard, the immovability of this coral rock affected me as something in the last degree novel. I sent a hurried glance around; but the eyes I had strained from over the rail of the barque had acquainted me with every material point of the island, and this closer survey yielded nothing fresh.

Everything was landed; the men seized hold of the various implements they had brought with them to dig up the soil; the carpenter flourished a shovel and called to me: 'Mr Dugdale, have ye no recollection of the number of paces?'

'None whatever,' I responded.

'What d'ye advise, sir?'

'Measure a hundred paces, keeping yonder pillar on a line with that clump of trees there, and then dig.'

'Ay, but Wilkins overheard the capt'n say that the money was buried at the foot of some trees,' said Forrest. 'A hundred paces ain't going to bring us near a tree.'

'I remember nothing about the foot of some trees,' I exclaimed.

'What do *you* recall?' the carpenter shouted to Wilkins.

'I thought I heard something about the foot of trees,' answered the fellow, turning his pale meaningless countenance upon Lush. 'But Mr Dugdale 'll know best, of course.'

'If the money be here at all,' said I, 'you may take it as lying hidden somewhere in this space,' and with pointing finger I indicated an oblong surface one end of which went a little beyond the fourth group of trees, whilst I defined the other as starting from about a hundred paces away from the edge of the beach where the boat was.

Ten minutes were now expended in heated discussion. Where should they begin? One or two were for leaving it to me and carrying out my suggestions; others were for measuring two hundred paces and starting there; whilst others were for digging at the roots of the clumps of trees, taking them one after another.

'See here, lads,' cried the carpenter; 'we han't had anything to eat yet. Better tarn to and get some dinner and grog.—By that time we shall ha' settled what to do and be the fitter to go to work.'

This was a proposal which all hands found perfectly agreeable. They flung down the implements they held, and in a very short time were seated about the grass, sheath-knives in hand, making a hearty meal off salt beef and

biscuit and cheese, and tossing down pannikins of rum-and-water. They invited me to join them, and treated me with all the respect I could desire. Again and again, whilst we thus sat, I would direct looks at the barque as she lay as it might seem almost within musket-shot of us. The figure of a man paced the fore-castle; but Miss Temple was not to be seen. Poor girl! and there arose before me a vision of the Indian-man—a recollection of the proud Miss Temple scarcely enduring to send a glance my way—But this was a reverie that must be speedily disturbed by the company I was in.

They had hoarsely debated until they had come to an agreement, and having concluded their meal, each man lighted his inch of sooty clay, picked up his shovel or his crow, or whatever else had been brought off from the barque, and marched to the nearest of the clump of trees, at the foot of which they fell to digging. Every man was in motion; they laboured with incredible activity, and with such faces of rapturous expectation as again and again forced a smile from me, depressed, anxious, miserable as I was. With my hands clasped behind me, I paced to and fro, watching and waiting. Now that the island had proved an absolute fact, I could no longer feel certain that the gold was a madman's fancy. Nay, I was now indeed imagining that it was all true, and that Braine had fallen crazy through possession of his incommunicable secret acting upon a mind congenitally tinctured with insanity, and irremediably weakened yet by the horrible sufferings he had undergone before he was cast away upon this spot. Yet never did I glance at the barque without a prayer trembling from my heart to my lips that the wretches might not find the gold. An old scheme, that this unexpected lighting upon the island had quickened and given shape to, was fast maturing in my mind, even whilst I paced that stretch of grass; but the discovery of the money must render it abortive.

I watched the seamen with an interest as keen as their own, but with hopes diametrically opposite. Presently the carpenter, resting his chest upon his shovel, with the sweat falling in rain from his crimson face, bawled out to me: 'How fur down, d'ye think, we ought to keep on adigging?'

'I would give up at two feet,' said I. 'Captain Braine and his friend would not find strength to go much beyond two feet.'

One of the fellows plumbd with his crow, and bringing it out, with his thumb at the height of the level, cried: 'It's more'n two feet already.'

They dug a little longer, nevertheless; then a few curses ran among them, and the carpenter, with a note of irritation in his voice, roared out: 'No good going on here.—Try this clump.' He walked over to it and drove his shovel into the soil. The men gathered about him, and in a trice were all in motion again.

All this while the sky had remained cloudless, and there was no hint visible in any part of its countenance of a change in this softness and tranquillity of weather. The light off-shore draught, however, had shifted into the west, and at this hour there was a cool and pleasant breeze, that brushed the breast of the sea into a surface of twinkling ripples.

The sailors by this time were pretty well exhausted. The expressions their faces wore, so far as they might be determinable amid the purple, and perspiration, and hair of their dripping and fire-hot visages, showed them full of irritability and disappointment. The carpenter addressed them; I did not catch what he said, but as they came in a body towards the part of the beach where I had been pacing or sitting whilst they worked, I could hear them swearing and cursing whilst they grumbled and growled out their surmises as to where the money was hidden, their eyes roving over the soil as they talked. Lush's face was hard with temper.

'We're agoing to send off some men to furl the lighter canvas,' said he. 'Ha'n't got much opinion of this soil as holding-ground, and she'll drag with that weight of canvas loose, and blow away out of soundings, if we don't see to it.'

'A very proper precaution,' said I coolly. 'You don't mean to give up digging yet, I suppose?'

'Give up?' he cried with his coarse sarcastic air, and frowning upon me out of the rage my inquiry excited. 'No; not if we has to dig the whole island up, as I told ye.'

'Very well. I'll go aboard with the men in the boat. The money, if it is hidden at all, will be hereabouts,' said I, with a wave of my arm, 'and I can be of no further use to you.'

'No, no; you'll stop along with us, if you please,' said the fellow. 'Your recollection of the number of paces may come back to ye, and we can't do without you.'

I sent a look from him to the faces of the fellows who stood listening near us, and without another word folded my arms, and with a spin of my heel, started off on a walk to and fro.

THE GROWING DEMAND FOR FLOWERS.

SINCE the days of the decadence of the Roman Empire the employment of flowers has never reached the stage which it has in our own days. So much is this the case, that we might almost be afraid that the turn of the tide of our national upward progress had also been reached, were it not that in other countries, both old and new, the same employment of flowers holds sway. In the United States, flowers are employed with a lavishness which in this country is seldom or never attempted. In the home, the lecture-hall, and the church—at christenings, marriages, and funerals—and at all seasons of the year, the rarest and costliest flowers are used with extravagant profusion. Wealthy Americans visit the nurseries of Europe and buy up the choicest of their inmates for importation to their own homes. At the same time the leading nurserymen of the Old World have representatives travelling in America and disposing of costly plants to fill the greenhouses, which Scotch and English gardeners are eagerly sought for and well paid to manage. But while in America flowers are very much a luxury of the rich, in our land the love of flowers is universal, and confined to no class. It is a passion engrained in the national life. Circumstances may indeed keep it in a dormant condition; but as soon as the means or the

surroundings permit, the passion is certain to be gratified.

The cultivation of flowers as a commercial undertaking has assumed proportions of late years which are somewhat extraordinary. There are no returns, so far as we know, which are obtainable in order to arrive at an estimate of the quantity of flowers grown now, as compared with the quantity cultivated for sale ten years back. But to those who are at all cognisant of the trade the increase must be enormous. The demand for orchids such as *Cypripedium Insigne*, *Odontoglossum Alexandrea*, *Pescatorei*, and *Rossi Majus*, for certain *Dendrobiums*, and for *Cuttleys* and *Laelias*, is always greater than the supply. Daffodils ten years ago might almost be said to have been an undiscovered flower to the general public; but now it is an indispensable article of commerce from January until June. The Dutch import the flowers in quantity. The Scilly Islands may almost be said to be devoted entirely to their culture; and in England and Scotland, large market-gardens, which the owners cropped with strawberries as the paying crop, are to-day stocked with thousands and millions of these fashionable flowers. The Chrysanthemum may be indicated as another flower which as a commercial item has been cultivated to an enormously increased extent. Last year, it was estimated that each of the cultivators depending on Covent Garden, London, for an outlet increased their quantity of this favourite winter flower by thirty per cent.; while the number of growers, especially in the provinces, is annually increasing.

As to who are the purchasers, and the uses to which the flowers are finally put, we can only give a general reply. For many years, at least for the past twenty-five years, flowers have been very profusely used in the homes of the upper classes; but even in their case the process of the flowers has been widening. As a rule, they were content with few or more flowers and plants in public rooms; but now both plants and flowers enter largely into the general furnishing of public apartments; the daily renewing of flowers and bi-weekly or weekly changing of plants forming one of the most important duties of the gardening staff. In dining-rooms it is quite common in good establishments to change the flowers and plants used on the table every day, and sometimes both for breakfast and dinner. Then this taste has increased to such an extent that private apartments, dressing-rooms and bedrooms, are rapidly assuming the same aspect as public rooms. All the material for these and other purposes is, of course, produced on the estate; but no doubt the taste of the upper classes for flowers has had much to do in spreading to a wider circle the same desire for these charming beautifiers of otherwise cold furnishings. We may therefore, we think, take this as the initial cause. During the annual London 'season,' the flowers very often have to be purchased, and so the trade-growers had an impetus given them, other growers at a distance sending to so good a market.

But along with the adornment of houses, personal adornment necessitated a great quantity of flowers being grown; while the practice of decorating altars and pulpits of churches at Easter, widened into the decorations being repeated in

a less lavish style at Christmas, and by-and-by into flowers being used in churches at all seasons except during the six weeks of Lent. The practice of sending wreaths and crosses of flowers as tokens of affection or respect on the demise of friends is a means of consuming an enormous quantity of flowers. Where the circle of friends is large, as in the case of a wealthy person, the money value of the flowers used as mementos will average forty or fifty pounds. This practice is almost universal now.

But another method of employing flowers on these sad occasions has lately come into fashion. The edges and sides of the grave were first rendered less unsightly by means of a lining of evergreen branches. The inevitable followed. Flowers are much prettier than evergreens; and so graves are now being lined and bottomed with flowers, and the coffin itself after being lowered to its place in the tomb is covered with wreaths of the most expensive flowers. There is no doubt that this fashion will spread. The cost is borne by the relatives of the deceased; whereas crosses are the offerings of those outside the family circle; and it is strange how everything that can be done by love to make the aspect of this last service less repulsive is eagerly laid under contribution.

Rapidity of transit must also be allowed its due meed as a means of popularising flowers. Roses and other flowers can be sent during winter from Algiers and the south of France. Covent Garden is in direct communication with all the provincial centres, and if flowers are to be had anywhere, they are sure to be there. Then it may not be commonly known that the railway companies have cheapened the carriage of light materials like flowers far below the postal scale. Flowers to the value of many pounds can be sent long distances at a charge of from sixpence to a shilling. Then we have had the printer lending his aid. Horticultural literature for many years was an expensive article, and was directed mainly to the helping of the professional. But a dozen years or so ago a penny paper was embarked, and proved such a startling success that it has been followed by several other penny sheets. The contents of these papers are generally good, and the extent of their bearing on the employment of flowers must have been great. Then for some time some of the popular magazines have been devoting a portion of their space to these matters; and of late years newspapers have found it necessary to follow in the wake of the magazines. The best method has not as yet, we imagine, been found in either of these, but their help cannot be overlooked here.

One of the most pleasing features of floral decoration in this country is its markedly educational effect. In America, judging by descriptions of the manner of employing flowers given in their own press, quantity and costliness is the predominating idea. As a rule, we have reached a point far ahead of the Americans. Formal bouquets are condemned, and in arranging cut flowers, the beauty and naturalness of putting up a few good flowers in a setting of their own foliage is recognised as the only fitting method. Then we don't, as a people, value a flower because of its rarity. We love the violet of the wood just as much as we do the forced Neapolitan in mid-winter.

Indeed, the favourite flowers of the present day are also the commonest. Carnations are to be had in flower all the year round; so is mignonette; so are roses. Lily of the valley is to be had from November until June; and daffodils for at least six months in the year. These all hold their ground. But fashion changes from year to year. Camellias are now no more *bon ton*, and the masquerade of to-day despises the gardenia. One year, Neapolitan violets bring a big price; the next year some other flower will have taken its place. Blush carnations are a standing flower; but last year, General Boulanger set the rage for red ones; and a certain Duchess devoted to pink Malmaisons set up a big demand for these lovely carnations. Some years, the harassed grower may find his white chrysanthemums of less value than yellow; or both, again, have to give place to those of a bronze or a red shade of colouring. Just now, the race of Palms is coming rapidly into notice, after having been set aside for a dozen years. Crotons, with leafage of the most brilliant colouring, are also becoming more fashionable than they have been for many years.

It will be a matter of rejoicing to the patriotic Scotsman to know that his countrymen have responded to the wants of the times. The gardening Scot has long been recognised as *facile princeps* among fruit; but the market-grower of the London district always claimed precedence among flowers. Now, however, as fine flowers are produced by Scottish growers as by English; and the examples of ferns, of pelargoniums, of hydrangeas, and of other popular plants grown and sold by Scottish florists, are quite as good as those sent from the valley of the Thames.

WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

WHEN Will Provant came back to his native town of Scargill—and a very small town it was, not numbering more than between four and five thousand inhabitants—there was not one person of the many who remembered his going away that recognised him again till he made himself known. But that, perhaps, was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that he had left the town a child of five, and that he had now returned, after an absence of twenty years, a strapping fellow, over six feet in height, bearded like a pard, and speaking with an accent never heard in Scargill before, which of itself tended to make him seem more outlandish than he really was.

Will's father, finding times hard and money scarce, had emigrated to one of the Western States of America; but as to how far he had prospered there, his son vouchsafed but scant information. Will's avowed object in visiting his native town was to 'look up' his grandfather, old Peter Doveridge, who lived in a small gray-stone house about a mile away on the Shulcotes Road, with a housekeeper nearly as old as himself for sole companion. Peter had accumulated whatever fortune he might be possessed of by

the slow patient industry of half a century as proprietor of the chief shop, or store, in the town, where almost everything might be bought, from the silk for a lady's dress to a packet of blacklead or a child's rattle. It was not forgotten among the older inhabitants that when Peter's only child married Robert Provant against his express commands, he vowed that he would never set eyes on her again, and that he 'washed his hands of her' then and there for ever. He was known to be an extremely vindictive man; and that Master Will would have to smart for his mother's disobedience, those who knew Peter best were most inclined to believe. 'Of course he's been sent over to see how the land lies and to try and "soap" the old man over,' said the quidnuncs to each other over their nightly grog at the *King's Head*. 'But he'll be a rare and sharp un if he contrives to throw dust in the eyes of owd Peter.'

And indeed the young fellow's reception by his grandfather might well have chilled the heart of any one less sanguine than himself. 'If thou'st come all this long way thinking to get round me, and that mayhap thou'lt come in for my bit o' brass when I'm dead and gone, thou mayst as well go back to where thou came from,' said the old man, after a long silent scrutiny of Will through his spectacles. 'No one of thy name or breed shall ever touch a penny of mine. Thou can have thy bed and victuals here for a fortnight. After that, if thou chooseth to stay, thou must pay for them like any other lodger.'

Whatever Will Provant's feelings in the matter might be, he took care to keep them to himself. No one ever heard him whisper a syllable derogatory of his grandfather. He had not been a week in the little town before he was the most popular person in it. There was a sort of open-air, breezy freshness about him which most people found very taking. Among the men he was hail-fellow-well-met, always ready with a hearty grip of the hand and a song or a story when called on in the bar parlour of the *King's Head* or the *Ring o' Bells* of an evening; and what was perhaps more to the purpose, always seemingly more pleased to treat others than to be treated himself; for, to all appearance, he lacked nothing in the way of means. As for the marriageable portion of the other sex, they were all but unanimous in agreeing that he was the handsomest young fellow who had been seen in Scargill for many a day. He was tall and somewhat gaunt, but muscular and straight as an arrow. He had an olive complexion and thin clear-cut features. He had a smile which came and went with equal facility, and which showed off to advantage his large white teeth. His eyes were dark and brilliant, somewhat overbold, it may be, when bent on a woman, but he could endue them with an expression of pleading tenderness, or Romeo-like passion, whenever it

seemed worth his while to do so. His hair, which he wore long, was, like his beard, a glossy black. He displayed a profusion of showy jewelry; and it was a well-ascertained fact that he always carried a small revolver in a secret pocket. His usual dress was a loose velvet coat over a vest made of the skin of some wild animal; while under the broad turn-down collar of his fancy shirt he wore a silk kerchief of some gay colour with loose flowing ends. His ordinary headgear was a broad-brimmed Panama hat, which, however, he would sometimes exchange for a Mexican sombrero. Small wonder that half the foolish maidens in Scargill fancied themselves in love with him. Little did they dream in their simplicity that behind that semi-romantic exterior, that under that manner so smiling, bland, and debonair, there lurked volcanic passions, only restrained and held in check by a thin crust of conventionality, which might one day burst forth and astonish all beholders.

At the end of a fortnight Will Provant left his grandfather's roof and took lodgings in the town. People wondered and surmised, but to no one did he vouchsafe an explanation. His reasons, however, such as they were, would not have been far to seek. In the first place, even if his grandfather would have continued to board and lodge him for nothing, he was weary of the restraints which a residence under the old man's roof imposed upon him. All his life he had been used to come and go at his own good pleasure, and he found it intolerable to have his meal-times fixed for him to five minutes, and to be told that if he were not indoors by half-past ten he would be locked out for the night.

In the second place, he had fallen desperately in love with sweet Bessie Ford, who was indisputably one of the prettiest girls in Scargill. More than once before had Will suffered from the same complaint, but all previous attacks had been like so many mild outbreaks of nettlerash in comparison with the fierce fever which now consumed him. It was nothing to the purpose that Bessie was already engaged; that fact merely lent an added zest to Will's pursuit of her. He thought far too highly of himself to doubt for one moment his ability to run her sweetheart off and win Bessie for his own. The fellow in question had been pointed out to him—a great hulking, begrimed engine-driver on the railway, Steve Garside by name. Will sniffed disdainfully, and ran his fingers through his glossy beard at the thought of there being any possibility of rivalry between himself and 'Mounseer Smokejack,' as he dubbed Steve contemptuously to himself.

Bessie Ford was a slender, blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl of twenty, whose manners and appearance would not have discredited a far higher position in life than the one she filled; for Bessie's father was merely the foreman porter at the Scargill railway station, while she herself was an assistant in a shop. The shop in question, which called itself an 'emporium,' was devoted to the sale of periodicals, newspapers, stationery, and fancy articles of various kinds, and had, in addition, a small circulating library attached to it, in which the newest novel was at least half-a-dozen

years old. This shop, which was kept by a widow, and in which the only male employed was a youth of sixteen, began to have Will Provant for a customer most days of the week. It was remarkable how frequently he found himself in want of note-paper, or envelopes, or some other of the numerous articles purveyed at the emporium. And then he began to enter on quite a course of novel-reading, changing his volumes as often as three times a week; and when he happened to have Bessie to wait on him, it was singular what a difficult matter the choosing of a book became. Before long he found out the particular half-hour when Mrs Fountain and the other young-lady assistant went up-stairs to dinner and Bessie had the shop to herself. After that his visits were nearly always timed accordingly.

As a matter of course, Bessie was not long in discovering that she herself was the magnet which drew Provant so often to the shop. There was no mistaking his glances of admiration, which were considerably bolder and more outspoken than anything she had been used to, nor the way in which he tried to hold her hand for a moment whenever she had to give him change, which was very often, till at length she found it expedient to place the money on the counter and leave it for him to pick up. Bessie was but a girl and a pretty one, and dearly as she loved Steve Garside in her heart, she could not help being flattered and pleased by the unstinted admiration accorded her by the handsome dark-eyed stranger, about whom there was a flavour of romance which added not a little to his attractiveness. But Bessie was a prudent girl, and when Will began to haunt the shop whenever she was alone in it, she was careful never to emerge from behind the safeguard of the counter. If he wanted a book at such times, he had to go into the back shop and choose it for himself. Still, she could not turn a deaf ear to him—nor, indeed, had she any wish to do so—when he perched himself on one of the stools in front of the counter and began to chat to her, brightly and pleasantly, about places he had been to and people and things he had seen, and to narrate to her romantic episodes of which he had been the hero, in that strange, far-away world from which he had come, almost like a visitant from another sphere, and to which he would doubtless go back ere long. It was all very fresh and fascinating to the country-bred girl, whose imagination often flew away with her far beyond the narrow limits of her every-day surroundings. And then, having discovered that she was passionately fond of flowers, Will rarely failed to appear without one in his button-hole, of which he made a point of begging her acceptance—flowers, too, of a rarer kind than Bessie had ever seen before, whose names she did not know, and which could only have been procured by some occult process from Squire Denton's hot-houses, where, as was well known, the choicest flowers were grown and sent off by rail to the London market. Surely, Bessie argued with herself, even though she was engaged to Steve, there could be no harm in accepting so simple a thing as a flower from Mr Provant and wearing it in her dress; and although she might not consciously do as he sometimes asked her to do, which was to 'think of the giver,' she could not

help being aware that, while in no way disloyal to her sweetheart, he began to fill a very prominent place in her thoughts.

Still, she was not one whit less unfeignedly glad to see Steve when he made his usual weekly appearance at her father's house on Sunday afternoons, nor did she derive any less pleasure from his society when they went for their customary walk through the meadows by the banks of the Windle. Steve's duties compelled him to lodge at Egginton, a great manufacturing town eight miles away, where were the local headquarters of the railway company, so that it was only on Sundays that he could get as far as Scargill. The engagement between the young people was now a couple of years old, and it was merely the fact of Steve having had a bed-ridden mother to keep which had delayed their marriage for so long a time. But Mrs Garside had now been dead for some months, and Steve was putting away every shilling he could spare towards furnishing a little home for his bride. August was now here, and the young engine-driver had won a shy consent from Bessie to their marriage taking place in Christmas week. Steve was a tall muscular young fellow, with dark-gray, honest-looking eyes, a fringe of golden-brown beard, and a by no means uncomely presence. He was still young in years and experience, and at the present time he was employed as driver of one of the local goods-trains: his secret ambition was to rise in his profession till he should one day be entrusted with the driving of one of the main-line great passenger expresses.

Scargill railway station was a good mile and a half from the heart of the town. To those people who wondered why the two had not been brought nearer each other, the answer was that engineering difficulties had stood in the way, and that, as the railway could not be brought closer to the town, the best thing the latter could do was to move itself nearer the railway, which it was proceeding to do, after a fashion, by gradually stretching out an arm, which at no distant date would reach to and include the point in question.

Bessie's usual walk, morning and evening, to and from business was along this rather dreary stretch of road, in which more or less of building operations were always going forward. But there was another and a much pleasanter walk along the banks of the canal, albeit a little longer, by means of which she could get between home and business, and during the summer months that was often the way she took. The walk was screened by a fringe of trees, which shaded it pleasantly from the sun, and gave it at the same time an air of semi-seclusion.

Bessie hardly knew whether to be pleased or annoyed when, one evening as she was on her way home, she encountered Will Provant leaning over the stile which gave admission to the foot-path by the canal. Was he there accidentally, or on purpose to intercept her? was the question she asked herself; but it was one she was unable to answer. In any case, he greeted her with his frank-seeming smile, which displayed his gleaming teeth through the black rift of his moustache and beard, and turned to walk with her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should do so. She could see that his eyes took note of the flower in her belt, which he had

given her earlier in the day, and she was afraid that he might draw certain inferences therefrom such as she was far from wishing him to draw. His talk was easy and animated, as it always was. Presently he brought it round to a topic as to which he had hinted more than once already; to-day, however, he spoke openly. Such a charming girl as Bessie was far too good—'far too rare and precious'—to be buried alive in such a 'dog-rot' place as Scargill, where she was unappreciated and altogether out of her proper sphere. Her true home ought to be in America, more especially in one of the glorious Western States. In Kansas or Arizona, for instance, she would at once be elevated to her proper position—that of a 'Society Queen'—whatever that might be—and have all the 'chivalry' within a circuit of fifty miles 'worshipping at her shrine'—and so on, and so on, in a similar high-faluting strain. Bessie listened in silence, her bosom rising and falling a little more quickly than usual, but finding not a word to say in reply. Will parted from her at the point where she had to turn off for home. As he held her hand for a moment and lifted his soft broad-brimmed hat, there came a flash into his eyes which caused hers to flutter and fall on the instant, and left her blushing and trembling as he turned to go back by the way he had come.

Bessie Ford was not without some of the weaknesses of her sex. It was impossible to resist deriving a species of sweet satisfaction from the knowledge that more than half the young women in the town envied her her undoubted conquest of the 'handsome American,' as Will was called, despite the fact of his being a native of the place. Two evenings later she found Will waiting at the stile again. Again he kept her company to within a short distance of home; but Bessie felt that if this sort of thing were to go on, it could not fail to come to her sweetheart's ears. She and Will had been seen together by more than one person who knew of her engagement to Steve, and gossip flies fast in small country towns. So for the next few evenings she shunned the dangerous path by the canal, and went home by the omnibus which plied between the *King's Arms Hotel* and the railway station.

A week passed without Will troubling her in any way, and then, with the inconsistency of her sex, she began to long to see him again. She missed his bright talk and the flowers he used to bring her. His visits to the shop had made a pleasant little break in the monotony of her life, and the cessation of them affected her like a loss. The fact was, although, of course, Bessie was unaware of it, that Will had been away for four or five days attending a race meeting in a neighbouring county. There came, however, a certain noon when he found his way once more to Mrs Fountain's shop. It was during the half-hour when he knew that, in all probability, he should find Bessie alone. The sparkle in her eyes and the blush that suffused her cheeks avouched to him that she was not displeased to see him again. And how lovely she looked! Nowhere among all the great ladies on the grand stand had he seen a face which in his eyes was at all comparable to Bessie's. He was carrying a bouquet of choice orchids—flowers more strange

and exquisite in their tropical loveliness than any Bessie had ever seen before.

'For you,' he said as he touched the flowers lightly with his lips and then placed them on the counter in front of her.

'Oh, how lovely!' broke involuntarily from her lips. Then, a moment later: 'But indeed, and indeed, Mr Provant, I can't accept them.'

'Can't!' responded Will with a lifting of his heavy brows. 'If you have a reason, I should like to hear it.'

Bessie hesitated, and the colour in her cheeks deepened. How was it possible to explain that there had suddenly come over her a consciousness that she was in some sort wronging the man whose promised wife she was in accepting flowers from another unknown to him? No such thought had ever struck her before. Will was watching her with an amused smile, under which, however, lurked something veiled and sinister. He could give a pretty good guess at the feelings at work in her mind. 'Reason or no reason,' he went on to say, 'I've brought them purposely for you; and if you won't accept them, why, I'll just scrunch 'em under my heel and— But that's nonsense. Take them; they are yours.' Then, without giving her time for any further disclaimer, he said: 'So, you little witch, you have taken to going home by 'bns, eh! One would have thought the footpath by the canal, with the sunlight shining through the leaves, was a far pleasanter road these autumn evenings.'

'I suppose this is a free country, and that I can go home whichever way I please,' answered Bessie with a toss of her head.

'Of course you can, my blue-eyed darling,' responded Will composedly.—Bessie stared at him: he had never addressed her in such a strain before.—'I am not so stupid as not to know your reasons for going home by 'bus; but you won't find it quite so easy to get rid of me as all that.' He hitched the stool on which he was sitting a little nearer the counter, and resting his arms on the latter, fixed his dark glowing eyes full on Bessie's face. 'I think it's about time that you and I came to an understanding,' he said. 'Six weeks from now I am going back to the States, and I mean to take you with me!'

'Oh!' was all the startled girl found breath for.

'Don't misunderstand me. I mean to take you as my wife.—Don't speak just yet. I know what you are about to say—that you are already engaged. But what has that to do with it? Such a girl as you were never intended to be the wife of an engine-driver. I have loved you, Bessie, from the moment I set eyes on you, with a passion, an intensity such as yonder tepid-blooded smokejack never had the capacity even to dream of. What do such as he know of love as we know it in that newer world beyond the sea? You shall be mine, Bessie—the wife of a man who knows how to appreciate you, and who can place you in a sphere such as Nature has fitted you to adorn. I have made up my mind to buy a big ranche way down California and to make you its mistress. It will be a glorious life—a life such as you who have grown up in a one-horse place like this can only faintly imagine. There, for months at a time, no speck

of cloud darkens the sky; there the most beautiful flowers are as common as weeds are here. Your home shall be built in the midst of an orange grove; you shall have servants to wait upon you hand and foot, and as many horses to ride as there are letters to your name. You shall'—

But at this point his flight of rigmorale came to an abrupt end. A premonitory cough at the head of the stairs warned him of the approach of Mrs Fountain. He had spoken so rapidly and with such impassioned fervour that Bessie had found it impossible to interrupt him. Now, however, there was a moment's chance, for Mrs Fountain was old and came down-stairs very slowly.

'If you knew that I am engaged, as you say you did, you had no right to speak to me as you have,' exclaimed the girl in low but vehement tones. 'I must request that you will never speak to me on such a subject again, and also that you will cease to bring me any more flowers, because I shall certainly decline to accept them.'

For a moment or two Will's lips turned a blue-white, and his eyes became like two points of vivid flame, but it was a spasm of passion which vanished as quickly as it had come, and when he spoke it was with his usual easy, smiling nonchalance. 'Do you know, Bessie, that you look most deucedly pretty when your "dander's riz," as we say in the States? I calculated how you would feel called on to take it just at first, consequently I ain't disappointed. But if you think Will Provant's going to take No for an answer down on the nail like that, you were never more mistaken in your life. Take time to think it over, my pretty—second thoughts are nearly always best. Listen. The day you promise to be my wife I'll buy you a twenty-guinea engagement ring.' A moment later he was gone, leaving his flowers behind him.

SOME MOORISH MENDICANTS.

THRICE blessed is that beggar whose lot is cast in a country over which floats the green flag sacred to Mohammed: happy in living in a land where mendicancy is the recognised profession for all unfortunates who have failed in other arts and occupations; happy in his climate; happy in the fewness of his needs compared with those of his less-favoured northern brother, whom neither the law nor the weather will permit to go half-clad; happiest of all in his immunity from the nagging attentions of a pitiless constabulary, for of regular municipal police there are none to harshly move him on; or, if he prove refractory, to march him into the dread presence of the stipendiary, and procure him a sentence of fourteen days for daring to loaf about the streets without visible means of support. It would almost appear that in the case of the mendicant there is some approach to a geographical distribution of happiness, for it is incontestable that along the Mohammedan parallel of latitude beggary is better off than elsewhere, enjoying as it does the gracious patronage of the law and the climate.

As for Great Britain, the levy of the poor-rate has done much to deprive the begging profession

of its attractions, by seriously diminishing its lucriveness; for there is nothing benumbs the charity of an average citizen so effectually as the periodical visits of the rate-collector.

Just contrast, for instance, the shivering, badgered existence of the English beggar with the pleasant life of a Moorish member of the craft. For the *n^o* part of a penny, which the fractional copper coinage of his country supplies him in the shape of *blanquios*, one hundred and fifty to the franc, the beggar of Morocco can keep his rag of soul and his body very comfortably together for the day. The sunshine alone represents meat and drink and clothes and coppers to that fortunate individual. No inexorable 'peeler' bids him move on, for there is no statute in his land to proclaim begging a misdemeanour. There is so much comfort in the sunshine that he does not feel impelled to create an artificial warmth within him at the bar of the nearest house of call when Charity has paused to drop a penny in his greasy hat. Nor, for that matter, has he any greasy chapeau in hand for the reception of penn'orths of compassion from passers-by; and let this be recorded to his credit, that to whatever depth of poverty he may be reduced, he never sinks to the indignity of cast-off clothing; though whether this is to be ascribed to the economical practice followed by well-to-do Moors of utilising their old *jelds* for blankets when past use as *jelds*, and when too shabby to be any longer employed as blankets, cutting them up into mule-cloths; or, on the other hand, is owing to some innate nobility of character peculiar to the mendicant of Morocco which prevents him stooping to the degradation of arraying himself in the ex-garments of gentility, we must leave to the charitable interpretation of the reader. And not only in their appearances and appurtenances, but in their business methods, are the beggars of north and south as different as the latitudes they live in; for while the free and enlightened British beggar besieges your back-door or slinks after you to whine his plaintive tale (redolent of rum) into your private ear, the Moor sits cowed like a friar at the mosque door or at the market gate, gravely silent, contemplating the ground at your feet; or if he speaks at all, it is to Allah, to whom he addresses his supplications, to Allah and his prophet Mohammed; and if you are moved to give, he receives your dole as his due, for not only are you therein obeying the behest of the Koran, but you are feeing an advocate to proclaim hereafter, at the Great Session, when it shall stand you in most stead, the good deeds you did upon earth.

In a certain covered alley-way, the name of which in Arabic is *Sama el Kebir*, leading out of the principal street of Tangier, by the side of the great mosque, there is a little colony of beggars established, attracted to the spot by the shelter it affords against the excessive blaze of mid-day sunshine, and by the constant stream of devout Moslems who at all hours shake off their slippers and enter the church by the side-door in the alley, from whom, coming out of the presence of Allah, a meed of charity may the more hopefully be anticipated. The alley itself is in a manner sanctified by contact with the holy edifice, and not infrequently, in the course of the day's

religious ceremonial, the voice of the *alema* within the mosque, wailing the litanies, comes reverberating and resonant into the outer air, carrying with it a strain of lamentation as from a man labouring in spiritual agony. Lying east and west, this tiny roofed street admits the sun into its recesses during certain hours only, that is, before ten in the morning and after three p.m., when he can be trusted to behave himself with propriety and moderation. Here, as into a harbour of refuge, drift the beggarly remnants of decayed mendicants, and coiling themselves up within their *jelâbs*, only leaving their feet sticking out in some chosen blot of sunshine, sleep away the memory of their woes; and if it do not offend you to stand beside one of these sackfuls of humanity, observe narrowly the protruding feet, and you will see the toes open and shut from time to time, like the claws of lobsters, in the excessive enjoyment of the warmth and the siesta. Suddenly, provoked at last out of all patience, one of the sleepers wakes and sits up in a fury of resentment, plunges his hand down deep into the folds of his ragged robe, and after a brief but determined resistance on the part of the flea, drags it out in triumph, and having flung it away from him, subsides again into his rags and doze.

Yet even in this sanctum of poverty a small industry has established itself (on a straw buffet) in the shape of stick-carving, and in the person of a cadaverous Moor, of somewhat dilapidated aspect, with a very sharp nose and a rather blunt penknife, which latter is his only tool. The other accessories of his trade consist of a few tiny dishes of coarse red-lead, and indigo *au naturel*, a pot of sand, a bowl of water, a correct eye, some artistic talent, and an inexhaustible fund of patience. With these means at his disposal he will carve you patterns on picture-frames, or illustrate a walking-stick with alternating squares and rhomboids and triangles of red-lead and indigo all the way down in a spiral coil from the crook to the ferrule. From time to time, to counteract the crampedness of his position, he breaks off to solace himself by blowing aimlessly up and down the gamut of a toy melodeon, after which he goes to work again refreshed and invigorated.

It is not so many years ago since the penal code of Morocco included mutilation among its recognised punishments for larceny. Instead of taking away the thief's liberty and keeping him out of harm's way at the further expense of the community whom he had already robbed, it took away his eyesight, and thus deprived him, with merciless directness, of all future power of coveting his neighbour's goods. Not a few of these empty sockets are to be seen in the streets of Tangier to-day. There is one eyeless beggar whose post is on the steps of the mosque, and whose continual cry is upon God and Mohammed. 'Allah-r-bhi! Allah-r-bhi!' he iterates and reiterates in guttural Arabic with pathetic and exhausting insistence, lifting his blind face to the passers-by on which the drops of sweat glisten in the sunshine. After bleating his passionate appeal for some space of time without intermission and without result, he falls into a momentary despair, and drooping his head under the shadow of the cowl he wears, murmurs to himself over the fruitlessness of his supplications. At

nightfall this beggar shifts his quarters to one of the city's gates, where a little company of his fellows, with faces blanched by leprosy, clamour upon Allah till the last passenger and the last mule have gone by, and the Moorish sergeant, with his lantern and musket, comes to shut and bolt the great wooden doors.

No less pathetic, and much more weird, is the figure of the ancient diminutive wizard in cowl and gown who sits rocking himself back and forth ceaselessly in the gutter at the side of the Kasba lane, for all the world like a little toy mandarin on rockers. Asses walk over him, and the world goes by regardless; but for all that he never ceases to cry, over and over, over and over, with breathless haste, the name of Allah in every variety of accent and key.

Much more Saxon than Moor, in appearance at anyrate, is the red-haired blind beggar lad who is generally to be seen hurrying and blundering at a reckless speed through the crowded streets, going nowhere in particular at a headlong pace which, if he enjoyed the use of his eyes, he would hardly dare attempt. It has been suggested, not without some show of probability, that he derives his carrotty locks and Saxon face from some forefather of his of English birth, who in the good old piratical days may have fallen into the hands of Moorish sea-rovers, turned renegade to save his life, and completed his domestication by taking unto himself a Moslem woman to wife. This boy has picked up a trifle of pigeon-English and turns it to account in supplicating alms: 'Givee penny to povero blindo!' If he overhears you conversing in English in the street, he fastens himself on you, lays hold of you by whatever article of attire he can clutch, and will on no account let go till you have paid a ransom for your liberty.

There is another and a smaller boy-beggar who is usually to be found—or rather who usually finds *you*—on that slice of beach hemmed in by the town's battlements between the sea and the Custom-house. Here, as you stroll down towards the stone jetty, a very small boy in an orange-tawny *jelâb* (his only garment) suddenly pops round a stranded boat, 'Sirs' you, and beseeches charity with outstretched hand. With a negative shake of the head and an impatient 'la—la, emtehe!' you pass on; but, not by any means to be so easily repulsed, he dodges round the boat again, and towing forth a sightless, tottering old man, bears down on you afresh, confident that this time, with so overwhelming a claim on your compassion, he will not be refused.

A little way off, sitting half asleep in the shade on the sand, you come upon a company of three more decrepit mendicants, enjoying a peaceful harbourage while their boy-guides disport themselves gaily on the beach and harass the water-carriers, with whom they exchange a great deal of playful banter and occasional handfuls of pebbles or mud.

Yet, again, there is your holy beggar—your mendicant saint or 'santo,' who, being afflicted with paralysis or imbecility, conceives himself therefore one of the chosen children of Allah, and levies his tax upon your piety rather than your charity. It is no matter to *him* that you owe no allegiance to Mohammed; on the contrary, he appears to make a particular merit of fleeing

'Christian dogs' of their *blanquios*. 'Santo!' says he, by way of introduction, tapping himself on the breast, 'una peseta—give me! Santo!' and in further corroboration, produces a string of beads and dangles them before your eyes. Why he is a Saint it would be impossible to predict, judging by his appearance. Perhaps he is considered holy because he is so very dirty; perhaps because the left half of his unprepossessing visage is rendered still less attractive by a stroke; or it may be that he has been thrice to Mecca, and thereby sanctified himself for ever and a day.

But by far the most magnificent beggar in Tangier is that old scamp of an Arab with the keen hawk face and grizzly goat's beard and but one leg, who sits perched royally on a high stool before the rich Jew Nahon's door in Soko Street. Fantastically rigged out with coloured cottons and medals and a great twisted turban, he cuts a rakish figure, and by his warlike air and the long assegai which he carries, gives one to suppose that he must have lost his leg in some desperate tribal conflict; for it is pretty evident that the old fellow has been a fire-eater in his day. Letting the Faithful go by unchallenged, he accosts all strangers, loudly demanding a 'peseta' of each one—not a stiver less—and when you answer him with a stare of amused denial and pass on, the hoary old scamp launches after you some gay impertinences in Arabic, at which the loungers laugh, to your confusion.

A YARN SPUN IN MANITOBA.

You say you would like to know what our life in Manitoba really is like. The best I can do is to send you my diary in the shape of a story. As I did not keep one until Seymour joined me, I cannot give you my first year out here, alone under a tent spread over a barrel; or in the winter, alone in my shanty, which was so cold, that my beef, six feet from the stove, never thawed out till the spring. It was mostly misery, though I didn't know it at the time; anyway, I don't look back on it with pleasure.

It must be nearly seven A.M. But this is a Monday morning in October (1888), and my week for ploughing was out yesterday. Not that we plough on Sunday, but the one of us whose week it is, is responsible for the bulls Moses and Aaron, and for their Sunday capers. Last week I had to get breakfast and then work the bulls; while Seymour did the 'chores' (that is, milk the cows, feed the pigs, &c.), cooked, and did odd jobs. To-day puts us the other way on. I said to myself: 'It feels cold; I won't get up first to-day. I got up first last week and had the fire lit before Seymour stirred. I believe he is shamming to be asleep, and waiting for me. He can wait. I'll have another snooze;' and I turned over to carry out my resolve, when a shower of earth from the unfinished door-frame made me roll back. A hen was looking inquiringly in through the gap, and seeing everything quiet, came fluttering down. I have a prophetic feeling she will land on the grub table, which she does with a little nervous cackle.

Perhaps before going any further I had better give you a notion of our house. It is what is

known as a 'dug-out.' Outside, it looks like a huge grave-mound, with a window at either end, and a ditch running up to a door in the side. On a dark night in winter you might walk over the top of it, imagining it to be a drift. But 'come right in,' as the Kamucks have it, and you will find two sheetless beds, on bedsteads made of poles, with string stretched across them, two tables, three chairs, some rough shelves, a gun-rack, a stove in the middle of the room, and boxes under the beds to act as wardrobes. So much for our furniture.

The floor and the walls for four feet are of mother-earth; then come logs with mud-plaster between. A post, supporting the ridge-pole, bristles with nails, from which hang frying-pans, clothes, a looking-glass, &c.

To return to our hen amongst the victuals. She has already put the teapot and a tin cup on the floor; and after craning her neck over the edge and looking sideways down at them, she looks around for a safe place to put her egg. The open flour-sack seems to have attractions, but the cat is wandering round the bottom of it. She turns her head; Seymour's bed catches her eye; just by his side there is a hole in the mattress. With another nervous cackle and flutter, which reminds me of an old country-woman crossing a street in front of a cab, she alights on Seymour's bed. I feel convinced, if he was asleep before, he must be awake now; yet he does not offer to get up. I dozed again, when her rejoicings over the egg awoke me. She has laid it by his side and is pacing his body, in time to her shrieks. He wakes with a start; the egg is no longer of the shape over which a hen would like to brood. She is fluttering against the pane; a cowhide boot is humming through the air; it hits her and carries her through the pane; and now she is on the roof expressing her indignation—while Seymour is expressing his in shocking language below.

We both feel cross as we dress, for it is late and cold, and the wind is blowing through the broken pane. Seymour with chattering teeth shoves a sack in the hole and starts to light the fire; while I go out to milk and do the chores, which done, I come in with a good appetite.

Seymour places in silence a bowl of hot bread and milk on the table. My appetite goes. Bread and milk is very nice; but when you have had it and nothing else from Thursday's dinner to Sunday's supper, it gets monotonous; and this being Monday morning, I had expected duck, as on Sundays we go out to fill the larder, and yesterday we brought in six. I mention 'duck' to Seymour. He only says: 'There was no time to cook one.'

Well, it is all there is. I swallow it and load up my pipe; it has often before now helped to make a satisfactory meal of a poor one, as, when under a tent, it was often the only part of my meal that had seen the fire.

I wash the dishes and start for a new 'dug-out.' I am making for the calves. By eleven A.M. my opinion is, 'Bread and milk is poor stuff to dig on; I'll go and get dinner.'

As I got out of the pit, I noticed a prairie fire, or rather the smoke of it; the wind seemed blowing it our way too. I considered: 'Had we better go and plough some more furrows at the southern fireguard, or have dinner?' My stomach dis-

tinently said: 'Blow the furrows; let's have some duck.'

I didn't waste much time over the ducks. Having made a roaring fire, I singed off all the feathers of two, except for a little stubble in islands here and there. I put them to roast, and potatoes and turnips to boil, waited for Seymour, who, when he came, good-naturedly overlooked the stubble on the duck and the bone in the potato. We hold a council of war, in which it is decided that the occasion admits of a pipe after dinner; as the wind is so light, there's lots of time.

As we go down, we see the first tongue of fire, running as fast as a horse could trot, north-east; but it is two miles to the west of us. We begin burning small patches on the south of the guard, keeping it under with bag and broom. This lasts until sunset, when we see the fire, half a mile off, coming for us from behind a bend in the creek. We go to meet it, as the more of it we can put out, the more feed for the cattle next year. Neighbour Benton having put out his share of fire round his farm, and seen it safely past him, has come with his three sons to our aid, and by midnight all danger is past.

This is Friday; we have to go to Brant, our town, some seven miles off, to get a plough-point. I want some warm felt boots; we both want powder and shot. We strike a bee-line for Brant. I buy my boots; my feet aren't small, and in felts you have to take a size and a half larger than in ordinary boots, which brings me to elevens, as they have not any half-sizes. Seymour grins as he sees me mount for going home. I try to pay no attention; but as we pass the hotel loungers, some wag calls out: 'Come out of them boots! Come out! No use saying you aren't there; I can see your arms hanging out!'—which raises a laugh, in which Seymour joins.

'Well, small things please little minds,' I console myself with replying; but I wish I had held my tongue, for a grim old-timer, who had been silently watching us, exclaims: 'True, true, sonny, and big things please big minds; there's nought mean or little about them boots.'

We don't get home till sunset. Going to Brant always wastes a day. Our mail is generally brought up for us by one or other of our neighbours once a fortnight. We had a budget to-day for Ward, a neighbour of ours, which we delivered on our way home, taking tea there.

Ward is a married man with five children, who is always advising me to marry. 'Why, you have two cows, two ponies, five pigs, some poultry, &c. If I were in your place, I would not be unmarried twenty-four hours.'

So far, I have failed to see why the possession of so much stock should necessitate a wife; besides, Seymour owns half of everything; and even if I were alone, she would want a house, and sheets perhaps, and no more expeditions on Sunday; and possibly the pipe would be tabooed in the house, and— But I quail at the very thought of even these 'ands,' and I can see still more, and fancy further.

Saturday.—The bulls all this forenoon went 'shocking'; Moses, the night ox, crowding Aaron out of the furrow. I think I have an idea which will make them walk in the way they should go. Some nails driven through a board, so as to leave

the eighth of an inch sticking through, I hang over Aaron's side, the points towards Moses. I suppose the Society of Cruelty to Animals might object; I only wish they were doomed to plough an acre a day with Moses and Aaron. We start. All goes well for quarter of an hour; then Moses takes a lean-up against Aaron. He is electrified—he is the boss of the two—he stops short, and looks at Aaron, who at once takes advantage of the halt to pass up a cud to chew. Innocence is written in his every feature, as, with half-closed eyes and nose in air, he enjoys this delicious cud. Even Moses is satisfied, for without a word from me he begins his crawl once more. We are nearing the end of the furrow, when he again reclines against Aaron; this time he doesn't stop to consider a moment, his right hindleg is brought up to his ear, and he deals Aaron, who had been hanging back, a kick in the snout; and here things get a little mixed. Aaron recoils to curl his nose in the air and snort through it, as it hurt; but Moses turns on him with his horns, and chases him round the plough, giving him a dig at every chance, at which poor Aaron begins to bawl. They have twice described a circle round the plough, and now are happy: the night ox on the off-side, the chains twisted, their heads where their tails ought to be, facing the plough, which is a rod from the furrow; and they gaze at me with half-closed eyes, as they chew the end of contentment.

I don't attempt to reproach them; I feel too utterly squashed. I can unharness and harness them again in five minutes; but it takes me a quarter of an hour to get them going again. And till Seymour's welcome signal to unhitch, as it's time to start on a duck-hunting expedition, I am pulling at Moses' line and howling 'Haw' in every inflection of tone of command and entreaty that my voice is capable of.

I unhitch, and find Dave Benton and Rule at the house. Dave has brought over lots of delicacies, jam, pies, cakes, &c. We take a frying-pan, eggs and bread, butter and salt, also some wood, as where we are going there is no fuel, which accounts for the tameness of the ducks, as the Indians for that reason never camp there.

It is bright moonlight, and we are having a pipe over a cheerful fire after a good fill, when the dogs begin to raise Cain over something in the long slough-grass. Dave, the only one who has his gun handy, rushes over, and soon fires. There's a cry, and something springs at him. He is a very cool fellow is Dave; he gives a vigorous lunge with his gun-barrels, which makes it swerve a little to one side, and the claws that were meant for his face only tear his coat collar as the brute falls; and he gives it a second barrel, which finishes it. We are with him by this time, and find it to be a full-grown lynx, which is brought to the camp-fire and skinned, while we congratulate Dave, and eagerly clutch at the guns at every noise. At last we turn in, and go to sleep to be wakened at dawn by Rule, who pulls our blankets off, which causes some language; but soon a hot breakfast and pipe sets us in good humour. Thanks to him, we'll catch the ducks at breakfast some five miles off. On our way we pass a clump of willows; something springs up, and Rule, whose turn it is now, fires both barrels in quick succession, and rolls

over a jumping deer, which, after we have dressed it, must weigh about a hundred pounds. It is close season now; until November there is a fine for shooting them; but that wasn't thought of in the excitement of the moment, so we impress on each other to keep it 'mum.'

The lakes at last; the largest covers some ten acres. The ponies are picketed, and we start for the bulrushes which grow all round the edge. Seymour and Dave on the east and south sides begin the butchery, driving them up to Rule and me on the north and west. They are so tame, they don't fly, but just paddle from one of us to the other. I am the worst shot, but have got five duck. It is getting on in the afternoon. Dave and Rule come to me weighed down with some twenty ducks apiece. Dave proposes to start home; we have twenty miles of strange prairie between us and civilisation.

The sun is set. We have duck-soup for supper, which takes our last stick. Our clothes are wet, and the night is cold. They take off their clothes; I, thinking of the morrow, leave mine on, and after some shivering, go to sleep. Morning, I watch them insinuating shivering legs down clammy breeches, and hug myself for my forethought, being comparatively warm. We reach home about twelve, and all have dinner at the Bentons'. After dinner, the ducks are spread on the bare floor to divide up: in all, eighty-one ducks and three geese. We divide evenly, Seymour and I counting as one. We can't eat all our share before it will go bad, so Ward and other neighbours come in for some.

It is December; our diet changes to jack and bush-rabbit, and prairie-chicken, which they say is a grouse.

Seymour has been visiting the Rules a good deal lately. Colonel Rule is a retired Indian officer, younger son of some earl, I think; he doesn't like the Canadians, nor they him. Bob Miller annoyed him very much the other day. Observing the colonel's crest on his carriage, he said, thinking to flatter: 'That's a fine pictur' on yer buggy, kurnel! A man I worked for at the Portage, he had a fine one, too, on his grocery wagon what he peddled with. I've heard they have queer animals in India; is that a pictur' of one?' The 'pictur' in question was some heraldic monster that might have been a cross between a dragon and a nightmare.

Christmas Day, nine A.M., clear and fine. Ten A.M., the blizzard. We were to have gone to Rule's for the day; but it is impossible. Benton also invited us, but Seymour said he would go to Rule's, and I might go to Benton's. Rule has a pretty daughter, called Enid, with rather an uncommon style of face and colouring. She is dark, black hair, violet eyes, straight nose, and pointed chin; her eyebrows are straight and thin, and her cheeks have a healthy flush of red showing through the clear dark skin. She is about nineteen.

The stable is only forty yards from the house, but I can't see it for snow-dust. You can't call it snow; it is as fine as table-salt, and as hard as ice. The wind is blowing a gale; it has blown the heavy wagon-box off the sleighs. I take a piece of string in my hand, the end of a ball which I leave with Seymour, and grope my way to the stable. Although every bit of me is covered

except the eyes, and I breathe through a woollen scarf twice round my face, the wind takes my breath away, and confuses me as much as if it were wood-smoke. My eyelashes keep freezing together, the upper against the lower, and I have to keep rubbing them.

I have twice to come back to the door and start afresh. When I get into the dug-out, I jerk the string twice; and Seymour follows up the string, and we feed the cattle together out of a supply we keep inside against such days—watering isn't thought of.

Eight P.M., bright moonlight; fine, but bitterly cold. There's not a breath of wind. I look out of the door for a few seconds, and feel a bee-like sting on the cheek that shows Jack Frost is busy. I rub it with snow, and am just shutting the door when I see something dark on the snow of the prairie—a wolf, I think. Seymour gets his rifle, and we put on cap, scarf, and mitts, and go out. Seymour takes a shot, and hits the snow some three feet to one side, and puts in another cartridge, when we see with horror the supposed wolf lift up an arm, and the frozen face of a man shines white in the moonlight. He is crawling on all-fours in the snow. We rush to him, and between us, with considerable exertion, get him in to the dug-out; not by the stove, but close to the door, which is left ajar, so that he shan't thaw too rapidly. It is Colonel Rule! Seymour rushes down to the well with two pails for water, while I slit open sleeves, boots, socks, &c., with a knife. Having poured the water into a tub, Seymour throws in some snow; to thaw a frozen member too quickly means mortification of that member. The well-water, being from a spring, though feeling ice-cold in summer, in winter steams in the open air like hot water. We bathe his face, hands, and feet, which are all frozen, and are glad to find, that though the frost has spread all over his face, it has not struck deep. His hands are the worst; they keep freezing the water in contact with them, and we have to keep peeling a crust of ice from off them. At last they cease to form the crust, and gradually get a slight, very slight tint in them. Then the door is shut, and we lay him on a bed. It is awful agony, the thawing out a badly frozen member; but he hasn't even groaned; he whispers something to Seymour, who bends down to listen. Seymour, as soon as he hears it, pulls on his mitts and gets down his snow-shoes, and hurries out, saying, as he snatches up a buffalo coat: 'Enid is in Jackson's cellar!' I stop him, telling him to take some grub with him, and an axe to make a fire with; and I give him a chunk of frozen milk, and a saucepan to warm it in. He takes them, and is gone.

Colonel Rule is in a faint. We have a bottle of whisky in the house; he has had about a tablespoonful, and I give him more. After an hour he is able to sit in a chair and smoke a pipe. Possibly a doctor might object; I don't; and though talking is an exertion to him, I gather that he, with Enid, started for a service at nine A.M., held at a neighbour's west of us; that the storm caught them as they were passing, a mile from Jackson's deserted house. He led the pony into the house, and they went into the cellar. At about sunset, when the wind went down slightly, seeing Enid was shivering with

cold, though she declared she was warm, he thought he would strike for a man who lived two miles off, and bring back some food and matches for Enid. He soon lost his way; and at last merely went on walking to keep warm. The snow took him up to the calves of the legs, which made walking very hard, so that at last, when the wind did go down, and he saw our lumber shanty in the moonlight, his strength failed him. He began to crawl, throwing off his scarf, on account of the ends getting under his knees; and his face without the scarf got frozen. He saw me open the door just as he was getting sleepy, and tried to call, but couldn't make more than a groan. When Seymour fired, he raised his hand as a last effort, and knew no more till he found himself in here.

After a while, I see him to bed; and taking some more things, think I will go to Seymour's help; but as I get outside, I meet Seymour on his snow-shoes, carrying Enid on his shoulder. He has carried her the last half-mile; Jackson's is a mile and a half away. Enid at once cries out to me: 'How is my father?' Being told well and sound asleep, she runs into the house to the bed and kisses him gently, for fear of waking him. Seymour and I sit a short while in the house; and Seymour tells me in an undertone how he found Enid in the cellar, nearly faint, but unfrozen. He made a fire, and warmed the milk, which, with some bread, set her to rights. Here Enid interrupts, to thank me for thinking of the food; Seymour told her he had nearly come without it.

Enid had insisted on starting there and then to see her father. She put on Seymour's snow-shoes, and got tired out with the new exercise at the end of a mile; and then Seymour put on his snow-shoes again and carried her.

We say 'Good-night' to her, and make a straw bed in the stable. The next morning, Colonel Rule, after a hearty breakfast, went to sleep; he is all right, except for one finger, that pains him rather, and a weakness, which will go away with rest. It is pleasant having a woman at the breakfast table, especially if she is nineteen and good-looking.

I leave to go to Rule's son to tell him of his father and sister. Hearing they are safe, Rule says he will wait till after dinner to bring them home. We had an after-dinner pipe, and then started in a jumper with two ponies. The snow is too deep for good sleighing; the ponies can only trot here and there. At last we reach home, very cold. We put the ponies in the calf-stable and come in.

As I enter, I see a grin on Rule's face, and the bearing of Seymour and Enid fills me with alarm. Colonel Rule is smoking his pipe very contentedly, pretending to read an old dictionary, really watching Enid and Seymour. Well, here's a go! My suspicions are true; there's to be a marriage, and I am to live alone in this hole. It's too bad of Seymour! I am also to come to the marriage. I am afraid my face falls, for Enid kindly says: 'Oh, it won't be a swell affair at all. Father will lend you a collar, and your Sunday clothes are good enough.' I thank her for the collar. I did have twelve when I landed in this country; but I have never put one on since I left Winnipeg, and I don't know where they are.

And now I have told you enough to give you some idea of the life of the Erics and Oscars. Isn't it Carlyle who asks for them to come out here with steam-ploughs, &c.? We all imagine we are Erics and Oscars; but we don't run to steam-ploughs and etceteras. It is bulls and Shaganappie ponies we patronise, and many of us get very sick of them, and hanker for something more exciting, and fancy the original Erics and Oscars had a bully time of it. I confess I have these fits at times; but I generally blame Seymour's pancakes for them.

IN DREAMLAND.

I CANNOT go back to the past, dear,
Nor dream as I dreamed before,
Ere the sunlight had left me for ever,
When you smiled in my dreams as of yore.

I know it was only a dream, dear,
That has passed with the spring-tide away;
It was scarcely your fault if I deemed it
No dream when we played our play.

It was not your fault that I woke, dear,
And the pain of the waking is mine;
It has never brought sadness or sorrow
To that golden head of thine.

For my life was so fresh and so fair, dear,
And you loved me (it was but a dream),
And my life was a poem, made glorious
By a vision which did but beam

On my path, to make darkness more dark, dear;
And now that all dreaming is done,
With me stays its memory for ever;
It was not your love that I won,

But hers whom I met long ago, dear,
In the far-past days of my youth,
When I wandered for ever in dreamland,
And trusted in honour and truth.

I shall never meet more in this world, dear;
My dream-love you slew long ago,
When you shattered the vision one spring-tide:
She is buried beneath the snow.

If a day it should ever dawn, dear,
In that land where all care is past,
And we stand face to face in the future,
As once we stood in the past,

It will not be you I shall greet, dear,
But my dream that I loved long ago:
She will rise from the grave where I laid her,
No matter how deep the snow

'Mid which I laid her to rest, dear,
For in heaven 'twill all be past,
And my dream, with her face like yours, dear,
I shall know her, and find her at last.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

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BRANKSOME TOWER.

The feast was over in Branksome Tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell.

SUCH are the opening words of that famous 'Lay' by which the name of Branksome Tower was to be made familiar to the English reading public. To readers of Scottish history, and to the later collectors and readers of Scottish ballads, the name had long been well known, as indicating the headquarters of the most powerful and aggressive of all the Border clans; but it required the stirring verse of Scott, the charms of love and chivalry and romance which his vivid imagination wove around the name and the place, to make Branksome as well known on the English as it had been on the Scottish side of the Border.

The tower of Branksome is situated about four miles to the south-west of Hawick, in Roxburghshire, on the banks of the Teviot. Standing as it does on one of the great highways running southwards into England, it is easy of reach; but the town of Hawick affords perhaps the best starting-point. And the fine woods which modern culture has reared in the place of the old native forests which had long before died out or been destroyed, flanking as they do the rising grounds on either side of the Teviot, or bordering the highway, give a warmth and softness to a landscape that otherwise would wear the wild and somewhat solitary aspect which distinguishes in general these upland Border valleys. The place, moreover, is surrounded on every side by scenes that have been rendered memorable in many a Border song and story, and cannot fail to interest deeply any visitor who is familiar with the literature and history of the district.

This autumn morning does not promise well for the weather. It is cold, and what is worse, it is not clear. A damp chill mist hangs upon the mountain-sides, and spreads its cold gray skirts

along the valley. Everything in nature seems to be conscious that at this season the dun motley of October is your only wear, and is correspondingly depressed. The Teviot is slightly swollen and discoloured by last night's rain, and perhaps the angler is the only living thing who rejoices; for a slight freshet such as this always makes it worth his while to bask the alluring fly. There is scarce a breath of wind, and the trees that border the river look down upon it in sullen silence, their dank garments of fading foliage hanging heavily about them. At first, the general melancholy would seem to prelude a day of rain; but by a happy chance the tide of appearances chose to turn the other way. Things began to look brighter; and as we ascended the valley, became positively cheerful. For a breeze had sprung up. The mists withdrew themselves slowly towards the hill-tops, dragging their ragged skirts behind them, laying bare, point by point, the broken masses of birch and pine, or the long brown slopes of withered bent, flecked by straggling flocks of sheep. By-and-by, too, the sky lightened, till at length the sun began to show itself through a thin veil of mist, hanging its disc of silver over Broadhaugh Hill. A little later, it had flung the veil away, and with undimmed splendour looked out upon the land.

But this was not till long after we had passed the ancient keep of Goldielands, which, although we saw it not, we knew stood up there on the left in gray ruggedness, its battlemented top high above the engirdling trees. We are entering the defiles down which the Teviot seeks its seaward way, and before us we had seen, on the right,

Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand

—and had seen it with regretful eye. For up Borthwick Water was Harden Burn, and on Harden Burn was Harden Castle, and beneath Harden Castle was Harden Glen, where Wat of Harden kept 'Harden's kye.' But Harden, full as it is of attraction to the Border pilgrim, is not

our goal to-day. Like Sir William of Deloraine, our watchword this morning is, 'For Branksome, ho!'

As we pass upwards into the narrowing valley, everything is secondary in appearance to the magnificent trees that flank the highway, and which, in their richly-variegated hues, present ever new vistas of beauty to the eye. Here, the lofty pine lifts itself in dark and stately grandeur, side by side with the spreading chestnut in all its splendour of orange and saffron tints. There, the blood-red beech hangs out its polished leaves, and the oak its wealth of warmer bronzes and browns. The ash, slow to blossom and slow to decay, still drapes itself in foliage as green as emerald; while the birches, ever fairest among the fair, droop gold-flecked tresses in the morning light. One could stay all day among those trees, feasting the eye upon their endless variety of light and shade, of colour and form, and overshadowed by the beauty of their melancholy boughs.

But here we are at Branksome. Not much, after all, to see—to the outward eye. A white-washed mansion house, still inhabited, embracing in its design traces of an ancient castellated keep with the meaningless outlines of a commonplace modern country residence. Yet it is a famous place.

The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain-home.

This ancient stronghold, of which we have now but one tower standing, was the seat of a line of chieftains only a little less powerful than their king, and more tyrannical and aggressive at times than kings could safely afford to be.

Of Branksome—or Brankholme, as the Buccleuch family now spell it—we have traces into a remote past of our history. Long, possibly, before it bore the name by which it is now known, it was the scene of contention and strife. For up on the heights to the north will be found numerous round camps or earthworks, of great strength and of considerable size, constructed originally, in all probability, by the Welsh branch of the Celts, who occupied this territory before the Romans came and taught them how to build with stone and lime. And a few miles to the south of it runs the mysterious rampart, 'The Catrail,' also pointing to wars and bloodshed in the distant and unrecorded past. When we do hear of Branksome in the records of authentic history, it is as part of the barony of Hawick, and in possession of an English family of the name of Lovel. This family of Lovel, like many of the Saxon and Norman aristocracy in Scotland between the time of Malcolm Canmore and that of Bruce, held lands in both England and Scotland; but when the War of Independence broke out in the end of the thirteenth century, and the Scottish people made it manifest by sword and spear that they intended to assert and maintain their independence as a nation, these dual members of the aristocracy were compelled to choose whether they should remain with the north or with the south country—with the Scotch or with the English. Those who adhered to the Scottish cause lost, as a matter of course, their estates in England; and those who adhered to Edward and his policy lost equally their lands in Scotland.

From the time of Bruce, therefore, Branksome was no longer the property of the southern Lovels, but was held successively by Baliols and Comyns, by Murrays and Douglasses, down to about the end of the fourteenth century.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Branksome was in the possession of John Inglis, lord of Manor, who in 1420 granted to Robert Scott of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, the half of the lands of Branksome in perpetual feu and heritage, for payment yearly of a silver penny, in name of 'blench farm,' and this 'if asked only.' But about a quarter of a century later, Inglis of Manor had apparently found that that half of Branksome which remained to him was difficult and troublesome to keep, on account of its being so much subject to inroads and harryings by the thieves of the English Border. Hence, being a man evidently of pacific temperament, and not wishing to be further involved in disastrous feuds and reprisals, he gladly accepted an offer made to him by Scott to exchange the lands of Murdiestone for the other half of Brankholme. Scott did not mind the English reivers much. He is said only to have remarked, when this danger was referred to, that the beeves of Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale. That is as much as to say, that if the English stole from him, he could also steal from them. In this way the Scotts of Buccleuch and Murdiestone became the sole lords of Branksome, and remain so to this day. The Scotts of the neighbouring estate of Harden, from whom Sir Walter Scott loved to trace his descent, were of equal ancestry with the Scotts of Buccleuch; but the latter sept, by the vigour, courage, and force of character which successive heads of their family displayed, soon made their power felt, and became before long the most distinguished of the Scott clan.

And not only so, but the Scotts of Buccleuch and Branksome soon made themselves felt in the councils of the nation; and it was due to his great power and influence that Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, in 1526, was desired by the boy-king James V. to take him out of the hated keeping of Angus, upon the attempt to effect which was fought the sharp skirmish of Halidon Hill, near Melrose. It was at this battle that the foundation was laid of the long-standing and bloody feud between the Scotts and Kerrs,

When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

Nor, when the English, as a nation, invaded Scotland, was Branksome spared; for in 1533, 1545, and again in 1570, the tower was burned down and sacked. 'Burning' did not then mean quite what it would mean now, since the upper floors only of these old keeps were formed of wooden beams, the lower of stone vaults or arches; consequently, to be burned down would mean little besides the destruction of furniture and movables; and the tower and surrounding walls were easily put in repair again, when the place became as strong for refuge or defence as before.

The part of the ancient tower of Branksome, as it now stands, belongs to the restoration which followed upon its burning, and partial destruc-

tion by gunpowder, in 1570. Traces and evidences of this antiquity are still to be discovered upon it. On an arched doorway is one of those inscriptions in which a rude and rough-living people seem to have been fond of embodying some lesson which perhaps they were at times painfully conscious their lives and actions did not teach:

In. varld . is . nocht . nature . hes . vroucht . yat . sal .
lest . ay .
Thairfore . serve . God . Keip . veil . ye . rod . thy . fame .
sal . nocht . decay .

Along with this are the names of Sir Walter Scott and his wife Margaret Douglas, with the date 1571. Above these also are the arms of the Scotts and Douglasses, with a further inscription setting forth that Sir W. Scott of Branksome 'began the work upon the 24th of March 1571, wha departitt at God's pleasure the 17th April 1574,' and that 'Dame Margaret Douglas, his spous,' completed the aforesaid work in October 1576. The process of restoration had thus been begun early in the spring of the year after that in which the tower had been blown-up and burned, and was continued through six successive summers. The castle as rebuilt was a place of vast strength, and of great extent within the walls; though since then it has undergone so many changes and vicissitudes that neither 'Schir Walter Scot, Knycht,' nor his good 'Dame Margaret Douglas, his spous,' would be likely to know it, could they return once more.

But Branksome, when all is said and done, is not sought after for any casual splendour or interest which sober history may shed upon it. 'What's Yarrow,' asked Wordsworth in a mood of pleasant mockery—

What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.

Yet Wordsworth knew that Yarrow was to him as a household word in his home at Grasmere—that its gathered renown of pathos and pain had haunted his imagination and stirred his soul to poetic impulses—and that over and above the material existence and surroundings of that 'river bare,' there was still to the eye of his mind 'another Yarrow.' Not even its 'grace of forest charms decayed,' not even its air of 'pastoral melancholy,' could have so drawn and magnetised the poet's soul, were it not that the very ripple and flow of its river were musical of that past in which the lover bled and the lover died in the 'dowie holms of Yarrow.' And if there was 'another Yarrow' to Wordsworth, there is 'another Branksome' to us. It is not the memory of the fighting Barons of Buccleuch, with their tumultuous raids and unending quarrels, which draws the pilgrim's feet to Branksome's Tower, but the memory of events which the imagination of the Minstrel has conjured up, and which have made for themselves a local habitation and a name.

For have we not here, in the 'Nebbie's Tower' of the present day, the 'old Lord David's western tower' in which the weird Lady of Branksome had that 'secret bower' of hers that was so jealously 'guarded by word and by spell'? And

is not behind us 'Branksome's good green wood,' where the elvish Page held Lord Cranstoun's steed the while his master sat with the Flower of Teviot beneath the 'hawthorn green'? And down in the meadow beneath the castle, have we not the battle-ground of dark Musgrave and the champion of Buccleuch; and may we not in imagination again see the lists set up—the gorgeously-attired heralds proclaiming the issue—the two steel-clad champions riding forth against each other, with visor closed and lance in rest—the shout of assault, the deadly shock, the prostrate warrior—the sudden appearance of Deloraine, ghastly from illness and pallid with rage—the discovery in the victorious champion of Buccleuch of one long accounted as an enemy of that house? But now, when he is led before the Lady of Branksome as the lover of her daughter, the saviour of her son, she breaks her 'silence stern and still.'

'Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me;
Their kindly influence stars may shower
On Teviot's side and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quelled, and love is free.'
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:
'As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!
This clasp of love our bond shall be.'

The view from Branksome is necessarily limited, and this morning it is rendered even more so by the cloud of sunlit mist that hangs on the opposite hill. The tower is situated on the edge of a slight ravine which has been hollowed out by a little mountain-stream which here falls into the Teviot. The ravine is thickly clothed with trees. In front is the narrow vale down which the Teviot winds, approaching in one of its long curves almost to the foot of the bank on which the castle stands, then, sweeping away in the opposite direction, it leaves between it and the tower the 'nether lawn' on which the champions fought. The castle itself, in its palmy days, must, from its situation, have admitted of easy and formidable fortification; but all traces of wall, or bastion, or barbican are now gone. The green lawn, variegated by beautiful beds of foliage plants, covers the courtyard where the old-world warriors thronged to the muster; and the 'Dule Tree' is but a great battered and branchless trunk. A splendid ash-tree stands in the centre of the court behind the house, and a very old plane grows fast by the more ancient part of the tower itself. These, and a few yew-trees, seem, with the inscriptions, all that points to a past more remote than a few generations. And yet here three centuries ago were heroic and masterful doings—not seldom also acts of cruelty and tyranny—when Buccleuch stood guardian of the Middle Marches—

Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

The vale of the Teviot at this point, and higher up, has nothing to distinguish it from fifty other similar vales in the south of Scotland. There is the same winding of the river, 'cutting me out a huge cantle' here, and laying down a breadth of alluvial meadow there; the same rounded hills, sweeping down in soft outline to the

water's edge, their broad shoulders covered with bent and bracken, now brown and withered in the October wind. But the river still bears in its song the voices of the past, though now no bale-fires blaze upon its banks, no steel-clad warriors ride along its 'wild and willowed shore.'

J. R.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XL.—I ESCAPE.

IF I had witnessed the idleness of protest and remonstrance and appeal on board the barque, I must have held entreaty to be tenfold more useless in the face of the mortification of the carpenter and his crew, increased as their temper was by the irritation and the fatigue of hard and useless work. I might at once be sure that they had no intention of suffering me to leave the island until they quitted it themselves for good. There would be also distrust; the fear that I might contrive to run away with the ship. Yet I had still to find out what they meant to do; what their plans were for the night. I knew what I wanted, and I remember what I prayed for as I tramped solitarily backwards and forwards upon the edge of the herbage where it came thin to the beach.

Seven men entered the long-boat and shoved off. The carpenter remained; with him was the sailor named Woodward. They flung themselves down upon the ground with an air of exhaustion, and so lay smoking their pipes. After a while, the carpenter called to me. I approached him leisurely. He asked me if I could not remember the number of paces from the beach, and eyed me so surlily as he put the inquiry that I began to think he suspected I could tell if I chose.

'If Wilkins can't remember,' I exclaimed, 'why should I be able to do so—I, whose opinion of this business you well know? I do not recollect the number of paces. I wish I did, for I am more anxious than ever you can be that you should come at this gold, that we may sail away, and end the most cursed adventure that ever a man was forced into.'

The heat and the evident sincerity with which I spoke these words slightly subdued him, and his ugly face relaxed its threatening look. Finding him silent, I said: 'What do you mean to do?'

'Stop here all night,' he answered shortly. 'Stop here, I've told ye, till we've found the money.'

'You will leave some men aboard the ship to look after her?'

'Two'll be quite enough,' he answered. 'How much looking after do she want in weather of this pattern? If we don't meet with the gold afore dark—and there'll be no chance of that, I allow—we must all be at hand to tarn to at daybreak.'

I asked no further questions; and the fellow sank into silence, both he and the other sucking at their pipes, whilst they seemed to hunt with their eyes over the ground as they lay with their heads propped on their elbows.

I saw Miss Temple on the poop watching the approaching boat. Very well could I imagine

the feeling which would possess her when she perceived that I was not among the occupants of the little craft! The boat clumsily drove alongside, and the men sprang on board over a short rope gangway ladder that had been dropped. They went to work at once, as though in a hurry to get the furling job over, that they might return. This done, they descended, and came to a pause at the gangway, as though giving what news they had to the two seamen that had been left behind. They then entered the boat afresh and leisurely made for the island. As they jumped on to the beach, I noticed that the man Simpson had taken the place of Forrest, who had been left to keep a lookout with Wetherly. I felt instantly very uneasy on observing this. There was no other man of all the crew whom I would not sooner have wished to be Wetherly's associate than that impudent, mutinous, bold-faced young seaman. To think of Miss Temple alone with those two men! one to be trusted, as I hoped and believed; but the other as insolent and defiant a rascal as could be imagined of any fore-castle blackguardly hand! I gazed eagerly at the barque, and was glad to find that the girl had gone below. I earnestly prayed that she would have the sense to keep in hiding. There was the long night before her, and Wetherly might sleep.

Never since the hour of our losing sight of the Indianman had I felt half so worried, half so distracted with fears and forebodings. I withdrew to a distance from that part of the beach where I had been walking, that the workings of my mind might not be seen in my face; and thankful was I afterwards, when I had somewhat cooled down, that the carpenter did not offer to approach or speak to me; for such was the passion my anxiety for Miss Temple had raised, that I believe a single syllable of rudeness would have caused me to fall upon him—with what result it would be useless here to imagine.

There was about an hour and a half of daylight remaining. When the sailors had secured their boat, they went to supper. In lieu of tea, they drank rum-and-water, and this pretty plentifully.

'Won't ye jine us, Mr Dugdale?' called out the carpenter. 'No call to eat along with us if you object to our company. Ye can have your food separate; but you'll be wanting to eat anyhow.'

'He must be a poor sailor who is not good enough company for me,' I exclaimed, having by this time mastered myself; and forthwith I took my seat amongst them, and fell to upon a piece of salt beef, whilst I got a stronger beat for my pulse out of the pannikin of grog that I drained.

The men's talk was all about the gold. 'If it ain't under them trees,' said one of them, 'it'll ha' to come to doing what the gent told us: starting at a hundred paces from the wash of the water there and digging in a line till we strikes it.'

'What'll them as hid it have wropped it up in?' exclaimed another.

'Canvas,' answered the carpenter shortly.

'Which'll have rotted by this time, I allow, and the money'll be lying loose,' said a sailor.

'Who'll get the first clink of it?' cried Wilkins.

Exclamations of this sort I observed worked a general sense of elation in them; and the rum

helping their spirits, they began to crack jokes, and their laughter was loud and frequent. The scene, to any one who could have viewed it without distress, must have been thought admirable for its character of soft romantic beauty. The western atmosphere was brimful of the reddening light of the descending sun; under it, the smooth ocean lay in dark gold that came sifting out into a cool azure, which then ran with an ever-deepening tint of blue into the clear liquid distance. There was nothing in the wildness and rugged looks of the fiery-faced recumbent seamen to impair the tenderness of this picture. On the contrary, their roughness seemed to accentuate its gentle beauty, as the silence of a calm midnight at sea may be heightened by some gruff human voice speaking at a distance, or by some rude sound that assists the hearing as a contrast.

The carpenter looked towards the sun.

'Don't let's waste no more time,' he cried; 'let's attack that third clump there afore it falls dark.'

They sprang to their feet, seized their several tools, and in a few moments were hard at it, digging, boring, but in silence, for their efforts were too heavy for talk or for laughter. The sun went down whilst they were still toiling. They had discovered nothing, and the first to give up was the carpenter. He sent his shovel flying through the air with a loud curse.

'I'm done for to-night,' he roared. 'Where did them scowbankers hide it? It'll have to be as Mr Dugdale says. 'Morrow mornin' we'll start at a hundred paces from the beach. We're not here to miss it, and we'll have it if we rip the guts of this island out of her forty fathoms deep!'

He was furious with temper and exhaustion, and stepping to a kettle that was full of rum-and-water, he half filled a hook-pot and swallowed the contents to the dregs, afterwards pitching the vessel from him with an air of loathing and passion. The men, throwing their implements into a heap, came slowly to where the rum and provisions were, cursing very freely indeed, some of them groaning with weariness, smearing the sweat off their foreheads along their naked arms, and stretching their clenched fists above their heads in postures of yawning. Every man of them took a long drink, and then they slowly fell to filling their pipes whilst they continued to heap curses upon Captain Braine and his companion for not having buried the money in a place where it might be easily got at.

My heart was now beating quickly with anxiety. What was the next step they meant to take? Would the carpenter change his mind and carry all hands of us aboard? I observed him light his pipe, and then take a look around with as evil an expression on his face as ever I had witnessed in it. He next trudged with a deep sea-roll in his walk down to the tree to which the boat was attached, and having carefully examined the knot, as though to make sure that the line was securely fastened, he stood gazing awhile at the little craft, as though considering, afterwards sending his eyes in another rolling stare round the horizon as far as it lay visible. I watched him furtively, but with consuming anxiety.

'Tell ye what, mates,' he suddenly sung out, rounding upon the men and approaching them; 'there's nothen to hurt in this weather, and the

barque's going to lie as quiet as if she was laid up. We'll just stop where we are; but a lookout'll ha' to be kept, and the boat must be watched. Better settle the order at once. The lookout will sit in the boat, case'—he added with a sarcastic leer in my direction—'there might be savages about unbeknown to us with a settlement aback of that hill amidships there.—What d'ye say, Mr Dugdale?'

'I have no longer command,' I answered; 'it is for you to arrange as you will. Why you desire to keep me here, I cannot imagine. Why not put me aboard, that the young lady may have the comfort of my presence?'

'She don't want no comfort,' he answered coarsely; 'she's all right. The number of paces the capt'n talked of may come to ye by daybreak, and we're all at hand to tarn to.'

I made no answer.

The men roamed about in twos and threes, but never very far. I believed I could trace an uneasiness in their behaviour, as though they had consented to sleep out of the ship in obedience only to the carpenter's wishes, and were now reconsidering their acquiescence with some indecision of mind. I earnestly hoped that this might not prove so, and watched and listened to them with my heart full of wretchedness. The carpenter was seated with another man, and conversed with him in low notes, which trembled to my ears like the subdued growling of a dog. I strolled away to a distance, but was neither followed nor called to.

The time passed very slowly. The men grew weary of moving about, though for some while the mere sensation of the hard soil was a delight to them, now that the air was deliciously cool and they had no work to do and could roam at will. They came in a body together and seated themselves round about the carpenter and his companion, drinking by the starlight, with the frequent glare of the lighting of pipes throwing out the adjacent faces, till it was like looking into a camera obscura. They talked much, but my attentive ear detected a drowsy note stealing into the sound of grumbling that stood for their conversation.

It was drawing on to the half-hour past ten when I stepped leisurely up to the huddle of shadows, and looking over them as they lay in all sorts of postures, I exclaimed: 'Which is the carpenter?'

'Here he is,' answered the voice of Lush.

'Are the men going to make a bedroom of this spot?' said I.

'Ay,' he answered. 'Where else? Ye han't surely come across a hotel in your lonely rambles?'

These words he pronounced without intending offence, though such was the coarseness of the ruffian that he could say little which was not offensive. One or two of the fellows laughed.

'I shall look out for comfortable quarters for myself,' said I. 'I have no fancy for lying amidst all this high grass. There may be snakes about.'

'No, no!' exclaimed one of the men; 'there's no snakes here, sir. I've kept a bright lookout. There's nothen to be afereed of.'

'Ye'll find the grass a soft bed,' exclaimed the carpenter.

'Thank you,' I answered; 'but since I am detained here against my will, allow me at least to choose my own mattress. Should you want me, you'll find me about eighty paces yonder, where there's some clean sand betwixt the bushes.' I pointed to a spot a little distance past the curve of the lagoon.

'It don't signify to us where ye sleep, sir,' exclaimed Lush; 'we shan't be wanting ye till the morning, by which time I hope you'll have recollected the distance Capt'n Braine named. If you should feel a dry in the night, ye'll find a kettle-full of rum-and-water alongside you breaker that's standing upright.'

'Thanks,' said I; 'good-night.'

There was a rumbling sleepy answer of 'good-night' from amongst them.

The spot I had chosen gave me a clear view of the lagoon, and by consequence of the boat. There was no grass here, and the bushes were small and stunted, as though starved by the sandy character of the soil. Yet they furnished a dark surface, amid which I could crawl on my hands and knees without risk of being seen from the place occupied by the men. I sat down to wait and watch. Over the tops of the bushes alongside of me I could just distinguish the figures of the sailors when one or another of them rose apparently to obtain a drink from the kettle. After I had been seated some twenty minutes or so, I spied one of them walking towards the boat. His dark shape showed with tolerable distinctness when he emerged from the comparative obscurity of the herbage into the dull gleam of the stretch of coral foreshore. He entered the boat, and then I lost sight of him, for the water past him lay in a trembling sheet of gloom, and his outline was absorbed in it. From time to time I could hear the voices of the seamen conversing; but shortly after eleven all was silent amongst them, and then the indescribable hush of the great ocean night settled down upon the lonely rock.

There was nothing in the stirring of the bushes to the wind, in the dim and delicate seething in the lagoon, in the hollower note of surf lightly tumbling at the back of the island, to vex this vast oppressive stillness. I thanked God that there was no moon; yet could have earnestly prayed for more wind and for a few clouds to obscure something of the small fine spangling of the atmosphere by the stars. I could see no light upon the barque; she lay in a little heap of faintness, what with her white sides and hanging white topsails, out in the gloom.

Presently, when I had supposed that all hands saving the fellow in the boat were sleeping, I saw a figure slowly coming my way. I gathered by his posture, as I dimly discerned it, that he was staring among the bushes as he advanced. He slightly lurched as he stepped, and it was not until he was within twenty feet of me that I perceived he was the carpenter. I pillowed my head on my arm, drew my feet up, and feigned to be in a sound slumber. He arrived abreast of me, stood looking a little, and then went slowly back to the others.

The scheme I had made up my mind to adventure was one of extraordinary peril. Yet I was quite certain that the dreadful risk would provide me with my last, indeed my only chance. I was

now immovably convinced that though Captain Braine's story of the existence of the island was a fact, his assurance of a large fortune in hidden gold was a madman's fancy. The men would be finding this out; what they would then do, I could not conjecture; but the menace involved in their lawlessness, their rage of disappointment, their determination (certain to follow) to find their account in the barque and her cargo at all costs, was so heavy, so fraught with deadly peril to Miss Temple and myself, that I was resolved that night to make one prodigious dash for liberty, leaving the rest to fate. Once during that day it had occurred to me to make a rush for the boat and shove off, leaving the men without any means of pursuing me; but a little consideration showed me that the risks of such an attempt were all too fearfully against me. If I valued my life for my own as well as for the girl's sake, I must not fail; and yet failure seemed almost certain. Before I could have liberated the line that secured the boat, sprung into her, lifted one of her heavy oars to shove her off with, the men, who had always been working within a hundred and fifty yards of the beach, would have been upon me. Or supposing I had managed to slide the boat a few fathoms away before they arrived, half of them would have been probably able to swim faster than I could scull the clumsy fabric, whilst my erect figure must have supplied an easy mark for the stones which those remaining on shore would have hurled at me. No! I had mused upon and then utterly dismissed that scheme, coming back to my first resolution, which I now lay waiting for the right moment to execute.

At half-past twelve by my watch, which the starlight enabled me to read, the man who had first entered the boat came out of it, and was replaced by another, whose figure I followed with my sight as he passed across the beach and disappeared in the little structure. For another hour I continued to watch, to wait, to hearken with every sense in me strained to its acutest limit; during which time the island continued sunk in the profoundest stillness of this midnight, saving always the noise of the rippling of waters and of the breezy stirring of the bushes. Then with a few words of appeal to God for courage and support, I started to crawl round past the spot where the men were sleeping, that I might arrive at the beach under cover of the tall grass, which would hinder them from observing my form as I approached the tree to which the boat's line was secured.

The soil ran in a sandy trail through the bushes hereabouts, and I got along pretty nimbly, crawling noiselessly, feeling ready to burst at times, owing to the almost unconscious holding of my breath, forced upon me by my apprehension lest I should be observed or overheard. Presently coming to the trees at whose base the men had dug, I stood up, not fearing detection here, and very rapidly gained the growth of bushes which darkened a space of land to the north, betwixt the place where the men lay and the broad shelf of white beach where, as the fellows had supposed, the Spanish brigantine had driven ashore. I now dropped on my knees and hands again, and in this posture skirted the high herbage that grew down to where the coral grit

provided no soil for such vegetation, until I came to the tree, close up against which I rose, that my shape might appear as a part of the trunk. Then, with an eager trembling hand, I cast the line adrift, and sinking again on my knees and hands, crawled upon the dark surface of the verdure to where it went nearest to the northern horn of the lagoon, where, still crouching, I remained for a little space watching.

In a few minutes the liberated boat, feeling the action of the wind, slowly floated off.

At every instant I was prepared to hear a shout from the shore or from the fellow who was supposed to be at watch in the boat. Yet it soon grew plain that my utmost hopes were to be confirmed by the heavy rum-influenced slumber that had overtaken the watchman, and that lay in lead upon the closed lids of the wearied sailors upon the grass. My heart was loud in my ears as I crouched watching. Presently the boat had slipped to some considerable distance from the shore, and was sliding seawards out to the wide yawn of the lagoon broadside to the ripples and the breeze. Then pulling off my coat and waistcoat and shoes and small-clothes, I crawled down on to the clear gleam of the beach, waded into the water, and struck out for the barque.

I was a fairly good swimmer; of old the exercise had been one of delight to me. The water was cool, but not chilling; I seemed to find a buoyancy in me, too, as from excess of brine in the dark surface, through which I gently pushed at first, lest I should raise a light of phosphorescence about me. At intervals I would pause, faintly moving my arms, that I might keep myself afloat, and hearkening in a very agony of expectation. But all continued silent ashore. Now and again I caught sight of the boat as she went drifting seawards; but the shadow of the night lay thick upon the breast of the sea, and the small structure was sunk in it in a blending that eluded the gaze.

When I considered I had swum far enough to render any such sea-glow as my movements would kindle about me invisible from the island, I put my whole strength into my arms and legs and swam with a vigour that speedily began to tell. The dim heap of faintness which the barque had made grew definable with the stealing out of its proportions. The outline of the hull shaped itself; then I could see the clear line of the yards and spars ruling the starry sky with the vaporous-like folds of the topsails hanging. I felt no fatigue, no cold; the silence on the land filled me with a spirit of exultation, and the animation of that emotion acted upon me like a cordial of enduring virtue. Gradually and surely I neared the barque; the swim was but a short one in reality, and I needed no rest, though rest I could easily have obtained by floating on my back for a while. Within twenty minutes from my first cautious taking of the water, my hand was upon the lowest rung of the little rope gangway ladder that lay over the side.

I held by it a little, to take breath and to listen. I had seen no figures on the vessel as I approached; but I knew that Forrest was on board, that the very piratical cast of the rogne's character would render him alert and perceptive,

that the moment he spied me he would guess a stratagem, and be upon me; and that it was my business to be before him, or to be prepared for his first spring, armed, as I knew him to be, with the sailor's invariable weapon, the sheath-knife.

ON SOME PHENICIAN BOWLS.

Most people, it may be presumed, have heard of the Phœnicians and their voyages, but very few have realised with what difficulty facts in Phœnician archaeology have been established. Of this there is no clearer proof than the result of the French expedition under M. Ernest Renan in 1860, which, though authorised by government, and directed by the ablest savants, by no means satisfied the hopes of its supporters. Still, it succeeded in conveying at least one valuable lesson—namely, that in dealing with Phœnicia we must reverse the usual process in dealing with antiquity, and not look for monuments on the native soil of the people we are studying. The following remarks are concerned with one especially interesting branch of Phœnician metallurgy, which has been developed by discoveries anywhere but on the once busy Syrian coast. The factories of Tyre and Sidon turned out large quantities of metal bowls—gold, silver, silver-gilt, and bronze—elaborately decorated, and from their numbers evidently extremely popular. Their main interest, however, centres in the discovery that they are indubitably of Phœnician origin, and in the valuable lights they cast on the character and enterprise of this singular people.

The term 'bowl' is perhaps not strictly applicable to these vessels; they are more like our common saucers, though slightly deeper, with an average diameter of eight inches. They have no feet or handles. The method of decoration employed by the artists was repoussé-work, finished off afterwards with the burin and a free use of incised lines. Each bowl is double—that is to say, it consists of two plates welded together; the inner being profusely decorated, and the outer added to hide the roughness left by the repoussé-work, and for strength. Variety was one of the chief aims in the ornamentation, and to this end the inner surface is divided into concentric rings, in number from one to three, encircling a central medallion. This is filled with geometrical patterns, or groups of two or more figures. The bands are occupied by scenes of active or religious life, and by symbols and forms borrowed from Egyptian and Assyrian types, cleverly combined and skilfully executed. For instance, in a broken silver bowl found by General di Cesnola at Amathus, in Cyprus, the first band, next to a central eight-pointed rosette, is filled with winged sphinxes, the second with Assyro-Egyptian figures, and the last represents the siege of a fort, with Assyrian towers and archers, Egyptian woodcutters, and Cypriot horsemen. It is curious to note how the besiegers are as tall as the walls they are attacking, as in the Assyrian bas-reliefs. On other bowls we have similar mixed scenes, picturing lion-hunts, military processions, and religious ceremonies.

But, as has been said above, the interest of

these bowls is not due only to their excellent workmanship and variety, but also to the fact that the Phœnicians were their designers, and that these are the best relics we have of their metallurgy, which, next to the purple of Tyre, was their most famous product. 'We may even venture to say,' observes M. Perrot, 'that of all the products of the Phœnicians' industry the most authentic are these works in metal.' The Homeric poems abound with references to their triumphs, and their name comes up whenever an art-work of great excellence is to be described. The silver crater offered by Achilles as a prize at the funeral games of Patroclus was the work of Sidonian craftsmen, and Menelaus was fortunate enough to have received a similar present from the king of Sidon. At that epoch Sidon was overlord of the Phœnician cities, before the rise of the more famous Tyre. It will be of great interest to many readers to learn that the savants who have tried to restore Achilles's shield, as described in the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*, agree that that masterpiece must have been arranged in rings, as above described, and that the scenes depicted are evidently of Assyro-Egyptian origin. Their peculiar shape has assisted the preservation of so many of the saucer-like bowls; being almost flat, they have run less risk of being crushed, as has been the fate of most of the more elaborate vessels we know the Phœnicians made, from pictures of them in the tomb of Rekhmarah, in Egypt.

The bowls have been found in most quarters where Phœnician commerce is known to have flourished. They have been unearthed at Caere, Salerno, and Palestrina (Præneste), in Italy; at Curium, Amathus, and Idalion, in Cyprus; at Camirus, in Rhodes; and above all, at Nineveh. As is the case with most Phœnician remains, there is a more marked deficiency of them in Syria than anywhere else; the constant series of foreign invaders, Crusaders, Arabs, Turks, &c., has destroyed architectural relics, and bodily removed all metal and other portable 'finds.' How, then, do we know that the bowls are Phœnician at all? At first, they were not known to be so, excepting in cases where Phœnician characters, presumably of the maker's name, appeared engraved upon the metal. Layard more than suspected that his 'finds' at Nimrud were of Phœnician manufacture, arguing from the mixture of Egyptian types in the designs and Assyrian handling of the figures, coupled with the well-known metallurgic fame of Phœnicia, and its relations with Egypt first, and afterwards with Assyria. The specimens stamped with the Syrian letters proved to be of very similar character to those found at Nimrud (one of which also was inscribed) and elsewhere. In fact, the real criterion lay in their peculiar style of decoration, the mixture of Egyptian and Assyrian patterns, and the frequent use of both without regard to their true significance—that is, only for decorative purposes. For instance, hieroglyphics have been found which, when translated, made nonsense. The conclusion was assisted by the fact that similar vessels, when of known Egyptian or Assyrian manufacture, were quite simple, not much made, and both nations a great deal too conservative to borrow so extensively from each other. Now, the Phœnicians were purely a

trading people, and much less influenced than their neighbours by considerations of nationality and religion. They manufactured to sell, and found that a judicious combination of various national and religious emblems pleased everywhere, and obviated the necessity of having to originate patterns for themselves. Anything Egyptian, with its bizarre character, in some ways resembling China or Japan at the present day, was sure to take, especially when cheap and appearing in useful guise.

The workmen must evidently have used pattern-books with their favourite Assyro-Egyptian models—to take a few instances, the scarab, lotus-flower, lion-and-bull encounter, long-robed Ninevite priest, &c., which recur so frequently. The general handling of the figures may be said to lean rather to Assyria than to Egypt; this is seen in the strict attention paid to details, and the vividness and accuracy of the lion-hunts and other natural scenes. Even the Egyptian types become less rigid and lifeless in Phœnician hands: the eyes, for instance, are treated with greater fidelity to their size and position in the head, and the attitudes are often much less strained. Curious examples of haste on the part of the workman are sometimes found, legs and arms being missing in some of the engraved figures. Such carelessness in otherwise excellent execution is probably to be explained by the enormous trade in these bowls, and the consequent pressure on the artificers. How popular they were in Assyria is shown not only by the numbers found there, but also by their frequent recurrence in the sculptures. They reappear in the *phiai* and *patara* of the Greeks and Romans, the forms of which they almost certainly suggested. In fact, the discoveries at Nineveh and elsewhere have disclosed to the world a hitherto unsuspected ancient industry, and one of the many ways in which Phœnicia systematised and cheapened the inventions of earlier races. In metal engraving, as in many other things, she made the West acquainted with the East, and though not an originator herself, fairly earned her name as the pioneer of civilisation.

WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER II.

BESSIE's fears that the attentions paid her by 'the handsome American' would reach her sweetheart's ears proved to be well founded. One of Steve's friends, who was engaged to Bessie's fellow-assistant in Mrs Fountain's shop, happening to be over in Egginton one day, encountered Steve on his way from work, and did not fail to enlighten him as to everything which had come to his ears, thereby raising a little tempest of jealousy in the young engine-driver's usually placid breast. It was not often that Steve went over to Scargill between one Sunday and another; but at nine o'clock the following evening he knocked at Denny Ford's door. Bessie, who knew his knock, admitted him, and her first glance at his face warned her that something was amiss. Scarcely did he give her time to shut the door before he began. 'What's this I hear,

Bessie, about your letting that American chap go walks with you, and about his making you presents of flowers and I don't know what beside?' demanded Steve in what for him might be called a white-heat.

Bessie could not keep back the tell-tale colour from her cheeks, and for a moment her heart sank within her. 'He's never walked out with me but twice, and then it was by no choice of mine,' she answered. 'He met me as I was coming home by the canal; and if he chose to walk by my side and talk to me, how was I to help it? After the second time, I took to coming home by the bus, on purpose to keep out of his way.'

'But he must have been on pretty familiar terms with you, or he would never have taken to meeting you of an evening,' remarked Steve shrewdly.

'Indeed, then, he was nothing of the kind,' answered Bessie with spirit. 'He used to come often to the shop, and he got to know me in that way.'

'And used to time his visits so as to have you all to himself when the others were at dinner.'

This Bessie was not prepared to deny. 'How was it possible for me to tell him when he should come and when he should stay away?' she demanded.

'But you needn't have accepted flowers from him time after time, and worn them in your dress. If you had been engaged to the fellow you couldn't have done more.'

'If I had seen any harm in it, I shouldn't have done it.—And, pray, where was the harm?' she added next moment.

'When did you see him last—I mean, see him to speak to?' asked Steve without heeding her question.

'To-day,' answered Bessie, looking at him a little defiantly, and with a bright spot of colour on either cheek. 'He came into the shop when I was by myself and—and he asked me to marry him.'

Steve sprang to his feet, muttering something under his breath. Then he sat down again. 'Perhaps you won't mind telling me what answer you made him?' At that moment he looked for all the world as if he would like to strangle Mr Will Provant.

'I told him that I was already engaged, and could have nothing to say to him.'

'Are those some of his flowers?' demanded Steve, indicating by a nod of his head a vase on the chimney-piece in which were the orchids Will had that morning left behind him.

Bessie quailed a little under her lover's scornful gaze. 'He brought them for me this morning; but I refused to take them. Then he forgot all about them, and left them behind.'

'And you brought them home to cherish and look at and keep you in mind of the giver!' exclaimed Steve passionately. 'Curse both him and his flowers! So long as you are engaged to me, you have no right to take presents from any man. Let his flowers go where I would jolly soon fling him if he were here,' he added as he rose, crossed the room, and snatched the orchids out of the vase. He was on the point of throwing open the window, when Bessie sprang to his side and arrested his hand.

'You shall not, Steve—you shall not!' she exclaimed indignantly. 'What have the poor flowers done that you should treat them in that way? They were forgotten and left behind, as I told you, and it would have been both childish and stupid of me to fling them away.'

Steve let her take the flowers unresistingly, but he turned very white as she did so. 'Oh, well, if you set such store by them, you must care something for the man they belonged to,' he said in his quietest tones. 'In that case, there's no more to be said. It seems to me that I'm not wanted here, and that I was a fool to come. The best thing for me to do, Miss Ford, will be to wish you good-night, and to trust that your dreams may be pleasant ones.' He had possessed himself of his hat while speaking, and he now turned and left the room without a word or a look more. A second or two later the front door clashed behind him. Bessie had made no effort to detain him.

But both Stephen Garside and Bessie Ford were far too fond of each other not to be made unhappy, after the fashion of lovers' unhappiness, by their little misunderstanding. Steve blamed himself for his foolish jealousy, feeling assured in his mind that Bessie's love was all his own; while Bessie blamed herself for her tacit encouragement of Will Provant, and for having taken his flowers home after the scene between them in the shop. When Sunday came round Steve found his way to Denny Ford's house as usual, but it was with somewhat of a sheepish feeling at his heart that he knocked at the door. As soon as he was inside, Bessie held up her mouth to be kissed, which Steve accepted as a token that everything was to be forgiven and forgotten on both sides. For any mention of his name that day there might have been no such person as Will Provant in existence.

A week passed without Bessie seeing anything of Will, and she began to hope that he had taken her words to heart, and that she would be no more troubled with his attentions. Sunday had come round again. After calling on Bessie, Steve set off for Warley, a village three miles away, to visit a friend who was dangerously ill. It was arranged that he should come back by the footroad which wound along by the banks of the Windle, and that Bessie should go part of the way to meet him. It was a favourite walk with our lovers.

The September sun was hanging low in the west when Bessie set out. She had got more than half-way to Warley without seeing anything of Steve, and had reached a point where the path she was following crossed the river by means of a high wooden foot-bridge with a flight of ten or twelve steps on either side of it. Bessie, busy with her thoughts, had climbed the steps and reached the level of the bridge before she was aware of Will Provant advancing from the opposite direction. Her first impulse was to turn and go back, but next moment she asked herself what she had to fear; still, it was with a heightened colour and a fast-beating heart that she went forward. They met midway across the bridge, which was only just wide enough to allow of their passing each other. Then Will came to a sudden halt so as to block the way.

'Good-even, fair damosel. Prithce, whither

away so fast?' he demanded, in the mock-heroic style he sometimes affected, as he swept her an ironical bow.

'Good-evening, Mr Provant.—Be kind enough, please, to let me pass.'

'Anon—anon. You have not responded to my question.'

'I am going to meet a friend.—Will you please make way for me?' She saw that he was smiling, but for all that there was something in his expression which made her blood run cold.

'To meet a friend!' he sneered. 'Why not speak the truth, and call him by his right name? You are on your way to meet your lover—the man who smells of oil and wipes his hands with greasy rags. Faugh!'

Bessie's temper flamed up at this insult to her lover. She gave a quick glance round, but not a creature was in sight. 'Will you let me pass, or will you not?' she demanded, staring Provant defiantly in the face as she did so.

'Not till you have paid the toll—not till I have stolen a kiss from those dewy lips,' he replied as he made a step forward and put out his arms to seize her. A cry broke involuntarily from Bessie, which was answered in a way the most unexpected.

Steve, when about a quarter of a mile from the bridge, on his way back from Warley, had seen and recognised Will Provant in the distance, and half a minute later had made out the figure of Bessie as she advanced along the footpath on the opposite side of the river, evidently on her way to meet him as arranged. Acting on the impulse of the moment, and without asking himself why he did so, Steve turned off into a belt of broken shrubbery which skirted the river a little farther inland than the footpath. Here he was invisible to any one at a distance, and thus it was that Bessie failed to see him when Will met her on the bridge and barred the way.

Steve, advancing quickly through the shrubbery, could hear the sound of voices even before he reached the bridge. For one moment a flaming thought shot through his brain that, maybe, the two had met thus by appointment, only to be dismissed the next as utterly unworthy of the girl he loved. Besides, had they been so minded, there was nothing to hinder them from meeting times out of number when he himself was out of the way. Still, as he came to a stand at the foot of the bridge, his heart seemed to cease beating, and all the landscape became blurred before him as he strained his ears to catch the words of those who were so close to him while yet unseen. The first sentence he could clearly make out was Bessie's question: 'Will you let me pass, or will you not?' A great torrent of rage surged through Steve's heart as Provant's answer fell on his ears, and he was half-way up the steps before Bessie's cry broke from her lips. Then it was that, an instant later, Provant felt the grip of a mighty arm round his neck, his head was wrenched violently back, following on which came a blow, as of a sledge-hammer, between the eyes, so that it seemed to him as if a ball of fire had suddenly exploded inside his head. With a yell of rage he let go his hold of Bessie and turned on his assailant, whose name he felt that he had no need to ask; but strong and wiry though Will Provant might be, he was no match

for the stalwart engine-driver, who was noted as one of the best wrestlers in the country-side. Despite his desperate struggles, his arms were presently pinned to his sides and there held as in a vice; then he was twisted round, his back was jammed up against the hand-rail of the bridge, and his body bent over it till he felt as if his spine must surely snap. Then his feet were suddenly knocked from under him, and while his legs described a semicircle in the air, his assailant let go his grip, and Will Provant, falling clean backward into the water running fifteen feet below, sank out of sight as if he were a stone. The struggle had not lasted more than a couple of minutes.

'Oh Steve, he will be drowned!' cried Bessie with ashen lips. She had been watching the encounter as though it were some scene in a nightmare which she was powerless to interrupt.

'No fear,' responded Steve grimly. 'The man that's born to be hanged won't be drowned.' Steve had occasion to remember his words later on.

As a matter of fact, Will was a capital swimmer. After coming to the surface, he dashed the water out of his eyes, and then striking out, swam slowly down stream till he reached a point where the shelving bank allowed of his landing without difficulty. After hastily wringing some of the water out of his clothes, he plunged into a plantation of firs close by and was lost to view.

About eight or nine days later, as Bessie was on her way home in the dusk of evening, she was aware of stealthy footsteps coming up behind her, which some instinct told her were those of Will Provant. A moment later, a voice which seemed to tremble with concentrated passion whispered in her ear: 'There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, my proud Lady Disdain. I wouldn't order my wedding gown yet awhile, if I were you.' Then the footsteps turned abruptly down a side street, and Bessie, without daring to turn round, hurried trembling home.

Scargill is situated on the Egginton and Swallowfield branch of the London and West-Eastern Railway. About three-quarters of a mile beyond Scargill station, going towards Swallowfield, the line crosses the Windle by means of a wooden bridge. Here there is a narrow gorge, some forty or fifty feet deep, at the bottom of which runs the little river on its way to join a much larger river a dozen miles farther on. The foundations of the bridge at the date of this narrative consisted of huge balks of timber, some of them driven into the sloping sides of the gorge, and others into the bed of the stream itself, while substantial cross-beams, clamped with iron, helped to hold each of them in its place and to make of the whole a homogeneous structure, which the trains had traversed in safety for something like a quarter of a century. As a rule, the Windle was as well behaved a little river as one could find anywhere, innocent of all vagaries, and running placidly on its way to join its elder sister; but now and then there came times and seasons when even its best friends would hardly have recognised it. Two or three miles south of Scargill ran a semicircular range of hills, an outlying spur of the 'backbone of England,' as it is often called; and after any lengthened spell of rainy weather,

the Windle, fed by countless streams from the Hoybeach uplands, was liable to swell to four or five times its normal size, and transform itself for the time being into a turbid, raging torrent, which, after flooding the low-lying lands on either side of it, when it reached the Scargill valley, the farther end of which was spanned by the railway bridge, rushed through it with a force and velocity which seemed as if they must carry everything before them.

As it fell out, the autumn to which our story refers proved to be an extremely rainy one; not for a dozen years had the Windle been known to rise so high and then to keep at that height for so long a time. Then a whisper went about that the railway authorities began to have some doubts as to the stability of Gripside Bridge, and it became known that experts had been sent from headquarters to examine it as far as it was possible to do so in the flooded state of the river.

About twenty yards from the Scargill end of the bridge was a signal-box, which necessitated the services of two men, who went on duty turn and turn about. With one of these men, Seth Gedge by name, Will Provant had become extremely intimate, owing, probably, to the fact that Gedge had spent several years of his early life in the States. They met of an evening at the *Ring o' Bells*, and when Seth's time came to go on duty, Will often kept him company as far as the box.

The river was still nearly at its highest, although there had been no rain since morning, when one night about dusk Bessie Ford took it into her head to walk as far as the Gripside Bridge to look at the flood. She had been rendered somewhat uneasy by a rumour that the passenger trains were to be sent round by Pettywell, but that the goods-trains, one of which was driven by Steve, were to keep on running as usual, and still more so by something she had overheard her father say to a crony of his the evening before as he leaned over the garden-gate smoking his after-supper pipe.

'Whether th' owd bridge is safe, or whether it isn't, is, m'appen, not for the likes of me to offer an opinion about,' Denny had remarked; 'but this I will say, th' watter being very low at the time, I couldn't help seeing how some of the balks looked as if they were rotted half-way through, so that I could scale thick shivers off them with my thumb and finger. But, there; if the gents as came over specially from Egginton say it's all right, why in course it must be all right; but in that case an ignorant chap like me might like to know why they've taken to sending the passenger trains round by Pettywell.'

These words had not failed to make a deep impression on Bessie.

So now, to-night, she felt as if she were drawn towards the bridge by some inward compulsion, which she could not have overmastered without an effort.

After passing the station a little way, Bessie crossed a stile which brought her to a footway through the fields running alongside the fence which bounded the line, and leading directly to the signal-box and the bridge. When a little way from it, Bessie diverged to the left, and crossed the grass to where a hand-rail had been

placed for the protection of pedestrians at a point where a landslip had at one time taken place. Here she came to a stand, and resting her arms on the rail, gazed down into the gorge. Surely, surely the old bridge, which had breasted so many floods in safety, would stand the strain of this one!

Presently she took out her watch—a birthday gift from Steve—and read the time. It wanted twenty minutes to nine, and at five minutes past the hour 'No. 5 Down Goods,' which Steve was driving, was due to pass the junction on its way to Egginton. She would wait and see it pass, she said to herself. Perhaps she might catch a momentary glimpse of Steve.

The place where she was standing was about thirty yards from the signal-box. She was putting her watch away, her eyes being fixed absently on the box, when she became aware of something which brought back her wandering thoughts to the time and place where she was. She felt nearly sure that she could distinguish the figures of two men in the signal-box! She knew how imperative was the rule laid down by the railway company that no signalman should allow any stranger to enter his box; she knew, too, that it was not the hour for the interchange of duties between Seth Gedge and his 'mate.' It was just possible that the second figure might be that of Mr Wilson, the station-master, or of some other official whom some business errand had taken to the box, but at so late an hour that was far from likely. Bessie's curiosity was strongly aroused.

On the open ground between herself and the box grew a few tangled bushes of bramble and blackberry. Gliding from one to another of them, Bessie presently reached a point which was not more than six or eight yards from the box. That there were two men in it she was now more firmly convinced than ever.

Half a minute later, Bessie would have been gone, but at this juncture the signal-box door was opened, a man came out, and, shutting the door behind him, descended the steps. Bessie drew her hood closer round her face and crouched behind the bushes. At the foot of the steps the man paused for a few moments, as if to look round and listen. As he did so, Bessie, peeping through the tangle of creepers, saw, with a gasp of surprise which was not unmixed with fear, that the man was none other than Will Provant!

HOW OUR BLUE-JACKETS ARE FED.

THE statement that one pound of meat, one pound and a quarter of biscuits, one pint of cocoa, and one pint of tea, is the regulation daily allowance for each man, tends to impress one with the idea that there is something decidedly monotonous about the bill of fare aboard ship. It will be found, however, that although their tables do not 'groan under ponderous dishes piled with choice viands prepared in the most *recherché* style,' the food supplied to our sailors—from the time they enter the service as boys on a training-ship—is of a wholesome and substantial character. The quality, quantity, and—except under certain circumstances—the variety of their fare are such as might well

make the majority of working-men feel that they are not so well off as our 'jolly jack-tars.'

Dinner being the principal meal, we will start with that. It must be understood that the seamen, &c. are divided into messes, each mess numbering from eighteen to twenty men, half of whom belong to the port watch, and half to the starboard watch. Usually, the odd-numbered messes form the starboard watch, and *vice versa*.

A sailor is not called upon to decide as to sauces, entremets, ragouts, or any of those gustatory perfections and triumphs of culinary skill so pleasing to the epicure; he must be satisfied with 'boiled' or 'baked.' By the following arrangement he must perforce take each in turn on alternate days or—go without. Supposing to-day the starboard watch have a bake—'sea-pie' generally—the port watch must be content with a 'boil,' and the satisfaction of knowing that to-morrow this will be reversed.

One seaman is appointed from each mess as mess-cook for the day, and each man has to take his turn. His duties include making the pie or preparing the stew, taking it to the ship's cook, laying out the table, washing up, &c. Should it be the day for a stew—generally termed 'copper rattle'—the mess-cook prepares the meat, vegetables, oatmeal, and any other ingredients they are lucky enough to procure. This is handed over to the ship's cook, and 'called for'—in more ways than one—when dinner-time arrives. This is eaten together with biscuit; and of course it depends in a great measure on the skill of the mess-cook as to whether the seamen enjoy their dinner. Some have been so sarcastic and 'funny' as to advise the cook for the day not to fetch hot water from the galley as usual for washing-up purposes. 'It would be a waste of time, because he could find nothing more suitable than the copper-rattle, now the meat and vegetables are taken out.' This does not say much for the richness of the stew in that particular case.

This calls to mind an amusing incident which occurred on foreign service. The vessel had arrived in port on Christmas Eve, and hams being cheap and plentiful, many of the seamen 'clubbed' together and bought one each for their particular mess. As chance or ill-luck would have it, early on Christmas morning the ship's cook met with a serious accident, and the cooking of the hams devolved on an Irishman, who had not had any great experience that way. Thinking to simplify matters, Paddy decided to cook the hams—numbering some twenty or twenty-five—together in a large 'stock-pot.' Unfortunately, owing to the festive season, or the importance of the 'greatness thrust upon him,' or both, sad to relate, Paddy got 'half-seas over.' Not so bad, however, but that he had an eye to his business. Being determined the men should not have to wait for their dinner, and, like a 'good and faithful servant,' taking to heart the injunction that everything should be 'well done,' he had the hams boiling over the fire in what he termed 'ochins of time, me bhoy.'

This is a sample dialogue—one of many—which occurred at the dinner-hour. Enter mess-cook for his dinner.

'Well, me bhoy,' says Paddy, 'what's the number of yer mess?'

'No. 11.'

'No. 11 is it?' Looks at a paper on which he had been for some time previously making an evidently difficult calculation; then turning to one of the assistants, Paddy exclaimed: 'Two bones and three ladlefuls for No. 11.'

He had stewed all the meat off the hams!

'Bearing in mind' this anecdote, it will be plainly evident that the difference between good and bad fare depends to some extent on the ability of the cook.

With regard to the variety of the fare, the regulations will not afford us the slightest grounds to base any calculations upon. In these we find that one day the sailor is supplied with salt beef (junk) and pudding (duff); the next, salt pork and pea-soup; and the following, tinned meat (commonly called 'Fanny Adams' or 'Harriet Lane') and preserved potatoes. This, at any rate, does not say much for variety. We must, however, remember that these are rations served out only when at sea. When in harbour, fresh meat is allowed in lieu of salt meat, and in many ways the seaman obtains delicacies and relishes without 'touching his pocket.'

Take, for example, a vessel in harbour. In a mess numbering, say, eighteen, the chances are there are at least three or four who will not be present to take their allowance at dinner-time. Therefore, instead of 'taking up' eighteen pounds of meat—the regulation allowance of one pound each man—only twelve or thirteen pounds are drawn. This leaves the mess with five or six pounds 'to the good,' with which they are credited at the rate of fourpence per pound. By leaving a certain quantity behind, which if 'taken up' would only be wasted, the tar is supplied with the 'needful' for purchasing vegetables, &c., without drawing on his pay. These vegetables and other 'extras' are supplied by the canteen—in the event of there being no canteen aboard, by the bumbot men. The 'plus' mess-money is paid over at the beginning of each month, and the 'private' bill of each mess must then be settled.

Of course, in many cases the 'extras' will amount to a larger sum than the allowance of plus mess-money, sailors, like ordinary mortals, not troubling themselves as to whether 'both ends meet' or not until they are called upon to make them do so. Under these circumstances, the caterer posts the bill in such a position that all the mess may see it. On this notice appear the amount of allowance, the amount expended, and the sum required from each man to 'square accounts.' When settling-day arrives there must perforce be some grumbling, owing to the 'happy-go-lucky' way of doing business which is characteristic of Jack. Some individuals in the mess have enjoyed all the delicacies, while others are troubled because they have had comparatively nothing for their money. For example, take the man who has the 'last trick at the helm.' When he is relieved and goes below, he immediately rushes for the cook of the mess to know where his breakfast is, to be met only with the remark that 'not knowing he was at the wheel, none was "put up" [put by] for him.' If he is of a 'philosophic turn of mind,' he will take matters

cahny, and 'make for' the biscuit barge. Even then, as he lifts the lid, he may hear one of his messmates shout: 'You'll have to ship your beak'—this being the expression used, in sailors' parlance, to notify there is nothing but dust left in the barge. He has now nothing to satisfy his hunger, except grumbling, until dinner-time.

When cruising in 'foreign parts,' or stationed abroad, seamen enjoy many delicacies denied to their brethren at home, for they usually obtain 'something of everything' the port they stop at is noted for. Imagine the numerous kinds of fruits, &c., which they have the means of enjoying, and which are always easily and cheaply obtained. Then, again, while vessels stay at Ascension Island, some of the men are usually put on duty as 'turtle-turners,' and are allowed about fourpence—in addition to their regular pay—for every turtle 'turned.' It is at such times as this that the ordinary seamen may be observed regaling themselves on 'real turtle,' having what they term a 'blowout.' It is also on foreign service that cheap liquors are met with. This is a matter which can scarcely be mentioned as a benefit, for when intoxicants are so easily obtained, the temptation to 'overstep the mark' is harder to resist, and consequently, by 'having his fling,' Jack in many cases, unfortunately in too many, makes a 'beast of himself.' The 'cheap' drinks, for the most part spirits, are strong and fiery. Our tars not being accustomed to them, are soon overcome, and afterwards suffer for their indiscretion in health or pocket, sometimes both.

This brings us to the grog question. Each seaman is allowed half a gill of ship's rum daily; before he gets it, however, this is 'lowered' to what is facetiously termed 'three-water rum'; that is, the half-gill is made into half a pint of liquor by the addition of the requisite amount of water. Interrogate ordinary seamen as to the strength and quantity of their grog, and it will be found that the prevailing opinion is, that although the regulation half-pint of grog is served out, it does not contain the proper proportion of rum. The reasons given for arriving at this opinion are generally as follows. The steward—in the presence of an officer—stations himself at the grog tub at six bells, and adds—or, rather, is supposed to add—the requisite amount of water to make it three-water rum. He is assisted by the 'Grog Tub Staff,' which consists of the duty petty officers for the day, a sergeant of marines—and very often a corporal—the steward's assistant, and the cooper ('Jimmy Bungs'). Standing in the rear will be found the marine lamp-trimmer, ready with a cloth to 'swab up' any mess that may be made.

The Grog Tub Staff claim as a perquisite any grog that may be left after the men are served, and—a most extraordinary occurrence, either due to miscalculation or something—there is always a quantity of 'overplus' grog. Sometimes the quantity left is so large that the officer on duty may 'smell a rat' and order it to be thrown away. Whether this is true or not, it is of course difficult to determine; the fact remains, however, that in nine cases out of ten our 'jolly Jack-tars' are strong in their belief that their grog may be four, five, and even six—but three watered rum, never.

It would scarcely be fair to our blue-jackets to conclude this article without mentioning one great mistake made in their present system of dietary. From tea-time—about half-past four in the afternoon—nothing in the way of food is served out to Jack until the following morning at seven o'clock, when he obtains his breakfast. If he should require anything in the meantime—and who would not?—he must perforce pay for it or go without. This is not only a great mistake; it is a 'scandalous shame'—an evil for which a remedy should be found at once. Here we have men sent on duty—on night-duty, by-the-way, when the greater necessity for food will be at once apparent—so far as the responsible authorities know or care, with that weary languid feeling which always accompanies hunger.

The writer once heard it remarked by a man who had apparently tried it, that the hardest work he ever did was carrying an empty stomach about all day. Our wealthy and charitable country, who has to thank Jack for the high and secure position she now holds, allows, nay, forces her gallant defenders to remain without food to satisfy their natural cravings at a time when they are expected to keep a 'brighter lookout' for a period of fourteen or fifteen hours at a stretch.

THE GIRL IN ENGLAND.

AN AUTUMN IDYLL.

'Look, father; there he is.—Quick! to the right.'

'That young fellow in gray?—No, my dear; I cannot say I remember him. But I respect him for not getting himself into aggressively mountaineering dress. Carlyle lays it down as a maxim that a man'—

The speakers disappeared round the corner of the house, and passed beyond earshot, and the young man referred to leaned back in his chair with a sigh of great content. It was a hot August day, and the whole of the Grindelwald village lay parching in the brilliant sunshine that poured with pitiless intensity alike on white dusty roads and snowy mountains. This welcome and apparently unique stretch of shade in which he was resting, and in which some half-a-dozen young chestnuts were flourishing apace, was cast by the angle of the big rambling 'Hôtel de l'Ours,' in which he had taken up his quarters, and being early in the afternoon, it was well-nigh deserted by its usual throng of occupiers. Every one was either sight-seeing, or taking calm siestas in the little gaily-painted bedrooms which were boxed away so coolly behind their green 'persiennes.'

Adrian Lane shifted his meerschamm from one corner of his mouth to the other, and, picking up his pen, went on with the half-finished letter that was lying before him.

'... I have seen her again, and she recognises me. There's fame for you! She and her father—the visitors' book gives his name as Sir Leonard Villiers, but I have not got hold of her name yet—crossed the courtyard a moment ago, and she pointed me out to him. He is a pompous old fool, who seems given to making her remarks a

peg on which to hang his preachments; but she doesn't seem to mind. Perhaps she does not listen.—Have I described her to you? I forget, and I am too lazy to turn back and see. Well, she is something like the heroine of that novel of mine, "Lady Diane," which was to have taken the world by storm, only somehow or other it never got written. Do you remember how you used to bring your endless darning into my room sometimes, and sit and rate me for my abominable laziness, in the most diffident sweetest little way in the world? I remember it so well.

The writer paused a moment, for he heard a murmur of voices, and fancied Miss Villiers might be coming back again. With this idea he bared his head and stroked his red-gold moustache into yet more immaculate precision; being given to various harmless small vanities, and amongst them an insatiable desire to present a good figure, both moral and physical, in the eyes of any woman with whom he might be brought into contact. So, when Miss Villiers reappeared, and began a struggle with the obstinate latch of a door near him, he rushed to her assistance with rather an overshoot of alacrity, and won a grave bow and a 'Thank you,' before returning to the reminiscences which meant so little to him, and so much to his correspondent, a girl in England.

'I remember the first day of all, when I had just moved into my new lodgings, and found your step-mother a sort of feminine Micawber, aggravating if forgivable, and certainly not the stuff of which a model landlady is made; and about a dozen children, more or less, sprawling on the stairs; and my rooms untidy, and matters generally in a very unpromising state. And then there suddenly arrived upon the scene a slip of a girl in a straight black gown, with big steadfast eyes, which would have made her face too determined for its age, had not her lips quivered like a troubled child's as she apologised for the state of affairs and promised to right them at once. That was you, you dear little friend; and all the many times you have cheered me up when an irate publisher has thirsted for my utter demoralisation, and all the sage timid counsels in those April half-lights, count as nothing in comparison with the great help you are to me now by letting me write to you. I hope I don't bore you.'

Here he laid down his pen with a second sigh of self-satisfaction, for few things are more consoling than to run one's self down with the full consciousness that it is perfectly futile to do so. He knew she would not be bored.

Meanwhile, Miss Villiers had come out again—for such a reposeful-looking person she seemed in a singularly restless mood that afternoon—and stopped short with an exclamation of annoyance. Then she looked at Adrian. It was a straight comprehensive sort of look, with nothing of the coquette in it, and she called to him from where she stood: 'Can you speak German?'

'Fairly. Enough to be of service to you, if you will let me.' Adrian Lane went over to her. 'What is the matter?'

'I want tea out here, and the French and English waiters are not to be found. I do believe they are all asleep! The only man I can find is German, and apparently he could not understand what I meant.' She laughed. 'I am afraid that is not very astonishing.'

Adrian was all readiness. He went off at once, and being evidently in luck's way that afternoon, he came across the German waiter, tray in hand, and piloted him to the table she had indicated.

'He did understand, after all, you see.—And now, if you will allow me, I will go and tell your father that the tea has finally arrived. I saw him in the smoking-room as we passed it.'

Adrian was off again before she could answer, and Miss Villiers glanced after him with an amused smile. He was rather an officious person, she thought, but he was a gentleman, which always counted for something; and as they were leaving Grindelwald on the morrow, it really did not matter if in the meantime her father struck up an acquaintance with him on the ground of mutual friends. Sir Leonard was apt to make himself amiable to any passing stranger who would consent to listen to his rather meaningless dissertations; and dismal experience had taught his daughter that for some reason, which the two interpreted differently, men of Adrian Lane's type generally did so consent. So she was not much surprised when a few minutes afterwards they appeared together, and Sir Leonard introduced his companion as a great friend of the Courtenays.

'You were right, my love. We must have met Mr Lane in Portland Place,' said the old gentleman, placidly sipping his tea. 'Dear, dear! how small the world is! One meets friends in every quarter of the globe.'

Adrian had broken off a bunch of the chestnut leaves, and now stood silently watching his hostess, to whom he had given it. Had she been the Lady Diane to whom he had likened her, he knew he should have written that she made a pretty picture in her cool white draperies, with the sunlight glinting through the trees above upon her dark red hair. But as he was not writing, he knew the word 'pretty' would not describe her accurately. Why, the girl in England was pretty, with her big wistful eyes, and the fitful flush coming and going in her white cheeks. But this woman, whose slow delicious movement of hand and wrist as she waved her green leaves to and fro simply enthralled him—she was perfection itself.

'True, sir; that is very true,' he murmured in response to Sir Leonard's comment; and then, rousing himself with the recollection that the talking must be done by somebody, 'You have found it so?' he added interrogatively.

'Yes, yes. I remember it was at Hurlingham this season I met Barnes—"Mutiny Barnes," as they call him, and I said'—

The measured voice went on and on; but it might have been in an unknown tongue for all that Adrian could have vouched to the contrary. The dreaminess of her strangely light eyes? her utter disregard to his presence? He knew not what it was that so piqued and fascinated him.

'I know the Courtenays well,' he said to her when Sir Leonard's rounded periods had wound themselves out; 'but I have not met you there. I could never have forgotten.'

'Oh, but you have, for I recognised you. But the rooms were crowded; I daresay you did not notice me.' She spoke slowly, almost indolently. Not the vainest man on earth could have flattered himself upon her avowed recollection.

Adrian risked it; anything seemed to him better than a stupid silence. 'It was good of you to trouble to recognise, I think,' he said softly; and Miss Villiers fixed her eyes upon him for the moment before replying.

'I have an excellent memory for faces. I remember even dogs,' she said briefly.

This was certainly annoying, and so wrote Adrian in his neglected letter, for he had received an additional snub that night at the table-d'hôte, and felt sufficiently sore about the subject to add a couple more pages to the girl who might be less *crème de la crème*, but who was at all events more sympathetic.

'... She is distractingly beautiful; but you will see by what I have just said that sympathy is not her strong point. I hate an ungracious woman. You used to say that, thanks to your father marrying "Mrs Micawber," you had sunk too much in the social level to know what "real ladies" did; and you cried once, you silly little thing, about this very point. But I assure you such things are innate. You never spoke to a man in your life as Miss Villiers spoke to me to-day; and when I think of the work you used to get through, and your patience with those great lumbering boys, and of the way you used to brighten me up when I came home tired and depressed, it begins to dawn on me that I was an ass to come so far afield in search of the "one woman" you once said I needed to make me a more thorough man.'

This feeling, however, was of scant endurance, for a week later he wrote off a glowing account of recent events. The Villiers' idea of leaving Grindelwald the day after Adrian had succeeded in making their acquaintance, was baulked in a summary fashion by Sir Leonard slipping in his endeavour to climb into the *banquette* of the diligence which was to carry them on to Interlachen, and breaking his leg. It was a clean break, and a doctor was fortunately close at hand, so circumstances, as the patient philosophically observed, were as favourable as they could be, but that could in no way shorten an enforced rest of some six or seven weeks. At Grindelwald he was, and at Grindelwald he must stay, and Adrian's arrangements were made in accordance as speedily, as though he also were the victim of fate. He instantly decided that he would stay too.

At that early stage of the proceedings it was manifestly impossible to explain at length to Miss Villiers herself his exceeding delight at the way matters had fallen out; and as sympathy was about as necessary to Adrian's well-being as the actual air he breathed, he wrote off at length to the girl-friend who never wearied of his confidences.

'Here we are in mid-August, and simply baked to death if we dare show ourselves out of doors. Luckily, this one is a good specimen of Swiss hotels, and there are plenty of big bare rooms where it is deliciously cool and solitary, when one feels like a friendly chat and smoke, and with green leafy nooks around the house, where the screening chestnuts not only shut in one's privacy, but shut out the cries of the coachmen and the general confusion of travellers coming and going, until the whole world seems blended into one great melodious contentment, which

centres in one's self and one's companion. Is this tall talk? I can't help it: I feel as if I were living the part of hero in one of my own novels.'

The pen lay limply between his idle fingers while his thoughts flew back to the lodgings in which he had lived until lately, and he wondered what its occupants were doing at that particular moment. There were not many to wonder about, he knew, for several of them were away holiday-making. The worthy lady of the house had gone for a week's change to Sonthend. She was never anything but kindly to the step-child, whose delicate features and little refinements of thought and speech were so different from those of her own sturdy brood, and had she cared, the girl could have gone with her. But she did not seize the chance. 'I suppose *my* relations aren't good enough for the likes of you,' her step-mother had suggested tartly; and so she was staying on in the stuffy London house, with the younger children to 'see to,' and with a lodger to satisfy, who was neither so friendly nor so sweet-tempered as Adrian had been.

Thinking over these facts, that young gentleman was tempted for the moment to write the poor child some account of the scenery, which he knew would delight her beauty-loving eyes, or of the amusing nothings of hotel life, which might lift her for the moment from the dreariness of Bloomsbury surroundings. But after all, it was scarcely worth while, for she did not know sufficient to be able to follow his descriptions easily. And so he left it; and a fanciful little rhyme, which was pretty enough in its way, about the hardship of a young girl's life being cooped up in town while the meadows and lanes cried vainly to be graced by her presence, and which came out a few months later in one of the magazines, was the sole result of the kindly lazy thought, which died at its birth. But time after time he wrote her pages of other matter in its stead, for of course it was necessary to explain to some one how foolish he had been in jumping to the conclusion that Reine Villiers was an ungracious woman.

'On the contrary she is, to me, the embodiment of fascination. . . . She stays with her father for part of the day, as of course do I. But the old man is an omnivorous reader, and as long as I can keep him with books and, above all, early readings of his beloved *Times*, he much prefers being left to himself. These leisure hours Reine and I spend together. You ask me if she cares to be with me as much as I do to be with her; I do not know; but I think she likes me.'

'I think she likes me!' It was to this humility Adrian Lane had grown some three weeks after Sir Leonard's accident; and it was just three weeks from that same event that Reine Villiers, who, if not quite possessed of all the virtues with which her lover credited her, was at any rate honest with herself, awoke to the knowledge that the promised tedium of her father's recovery had proved a mere phantom as far as she personally was concerned. She told Adrian so one still September evening, when the invalid had so far recovered as to be able to limp about with the aid of a stick and the younger man's ready arm, and the three were sitting under those self-same trees, through which the sunshine had glinted

upon that memorable day, when Adrian had first stood feasting his eyes upon her fresh warm beauty.

'I do not know what we should have done without you, father and I,' she said to him in her musical measured tones. Her eyes were shining brilliantly: was it the distant starlight or some feeling which was moving her?

'But yet you did not like me when we first met. Confess it.'

Adrian's voice, despite his easy words, sounded a little unsteady. Sir Leonard, a few paces deeper into the shadow of the house, was heedless of them both.

'I liked you.—No; I am not sure.' She glanced up at him as he stood beside her, and gave a little daring laugh. 'My Lord Conceit! You cared too much for yourself,' she said.

'And now I care for—yon!'

A light breeze sprang up suddenly, and swept the murmured words from off his lips. It stirred Sir Leonard from the brown-study into which he had fallen, and he looked anxiously at his daughter. 'Reine, my love,' he said, 'I am wrapped up; but I fear you will take a chill. Will you not go into the house, or else walk about?'

'You will walk,' whispered Adrian.—'She will walk, sir,' he added aloud.

Sir Leonard sat up, and rubbing his eyes, peered out through the darkness at the receding figures. Perhaps the brown-study had not been so very deep after all, and the old man was thinking now of his own wooing and of his girl's mother.

There had been a long lapse in the letters which once had been written so steadily; but the outcome of that starlit walk was sent off at length, and in due time arrived at its destination in Bloomsbury. It so chanced that its recipient had the house to herself that afternoon, for the children were away on a school-treat, and their mother was drinking tea with a crouny next door. When the letter was put into her hand, she had hungered for it so long that she resolved to play with her pleasure, and thus prolong it a little. So she clad herself in her poor best, and pinned in her dress a posy she had bought from a passing barrow, for it was her birthday, and she had a childish undefined longing that some sort of honour should be paid to her seventeen years.

'So you have come to have a chat with me, have you, Mr. Lane?' She curtsied to the letter which lay upon the table before her. Then she slit the envelope. It was only a note, and so bright and cheery that the rest of the household might have read it at the same time without connecting it in any way with her suddenly whitened cheeks, and pitiful little gasp of tears she was too proud to shed.

'Are yer there, miss? Yer ma is 'ome, and callin' for yer like mad!' The servant's voice brought her back with a start to every-day duties and trials.

'He will be happy with her—God bless him!' In her earnestness she had spoken aloud, and if her voice quivered somewhat, the prayer itself was strong. 'God bless him; I mean—God bless them both,' said the girl in England.

INCH-CAILLIACH, LOCH LOMOND.

[The island burial-place of Clan-Alpine, resembling, from Rossdhu, a reclining body with folded arms.]

No more Clan-Alpine's pibroch wakes
Loch Lomond's hills and waters blue;
'Hail to the Chief' no longer breaks
The quiet sleep of Roderick Dhu:
Enwrapped in peace the islands gleam
Like emerald gems in sapphire set,
And, far away, as in a dream,
Float purple fields where heroes met.

Inch-Caillach—*island of the blest!*
Columba's daughter, passing fair,
With folded arms upon her breast,
Rests soft in sunset radiance there;
A vision sweet of fond Elaine,
And floating barge of Camelot,
Upon her brow no trace of pain,
And on her heart 'Forget me not.'

Forget thee, saintly guardian? Nay,
From distant lands across the sea
To this lone isle I fondly stray
With song and garland fresh for thee;
I trace the old inscriptions dear,
Fast fading now from mortal ken,
And through the silvered lichens peer
To read MacAlpine's name again.

My mother's name, a sacred link
Which binds me to the storied past;
A rainbow bridge from brink to brink,
Which spans with light the centuries vast.
Two hundred years! Clan-Alpine's pine
Has struck its roots in other lands;
My pulses thrill to trace the sign
And touch the cross with reverent hands.

All ruin here!—the shrine is dust,
The chapel wall a shapeless mound;
But nature guards with loving trust,
And ivy twines her tendrils round
The humble slab, more fitting far
Than gilded dome for Scotia's line;
The open sky and northern star
Become the chieftains of the pine.

The light streams out from fair Rossdhu
Across the golden-tinted wave;
That crumbling keep, that ancient yew,
Still mark a worthy foeman's grave;
But warm the hearth that now await
Our coming at the open door,
With love and friendship at the gate,
And beacon-lights along the shore.

Dear Scotia! evermore more dear
To loyal sons in every land;
Strong in a race that knew not fear,
And for man's freedom dared to stand:
Ay, dearer for thy songs that float
Like thistle-down o'er land and sea,
And strike the universal note
Of love, and faith, and liberty.

WALLACE BRUCE.

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OUR CHIMNEYS.

WHEN the soot in a flue catches fire, we say the chimney is on fire, thereby inferring that the flue is the chimney. However, in point of fact our chimneys must be allowed to consist of three parts of equal dignity and use: the chimney-piece with its fireplace; the flue; and the chimney-stack, with its chimney-pots, or chimney-cans as they are called in some parts of the country. Not to take from the right of the flue to the first consideration, which colloquy may have conferred upon it, it may be mentioned that change and progress have made their marks on this item of domestic construction, as in much else. Instead of the wide squarish ascending passages our ancestors made for the egress of the smoke from the great wood-fires they kindled on their level hearths, we have gradually contracted these necessary outlets, especially since the general use of coal. And since the invention and adoption of the sweeping-machine, we have made their form as nearly cylindrical as possible, so that the operations of the circular brush should be effectual. We may add, too, that with the prohibition of chimney-sweeping by means of young boys climbing up them, a dark and heavy page of cruelty and hardship has been, happily, torn out of the book of life for ever.

On the chimney-piece has been lavished all that art has to give—colour, form, and proportion. Heraldry, too, with its mottoes, has lent it adornment; and even Holy Writ has been displayed upon it. Our old castles and manor-houses and peel towers, and ancient burgages, have handed down to us many fine old chimney-pieces. The 'Jew's house' in Lincoln gives us a very early example. In some very ancient specimens whereof the flue is in the thickness of the wall, there are semicircular hearths receding into the thickness of the wall with semicircular mantels projecting over them, the two semicircles thus forming a completed circle. But the chimney in the old Norman house in Lincoln,

known as the 'Jew's house,' projects beyond the wall, beginning with the floor of the first story, and rests upon an arch over the opening giving access from the street. There is another interesting 'early' chimney-piece now falling to pieces in a ruined peel tower on a moor at Edlingham. Instead of the one huge stone we generally find, there is a row of small stones little more than a foot square stretching across the opening for the fireplace from jamb to jamb. Each stone in this row has its two side-edges cut into a pattern so arranged, alternately, that the edge of one dovetails into that of the next, thus forming the series into a compact mass. On either side of the fireplace is a square recess in the masonry, which may have been an ambry or a niche for the reception of lights. There are traces of the stone groining of the roof and of the windows, from which we may gather some impressions of the aspect of the old life led in the place before it was unroofed and unpaved, and before weeds were growing in every chink, and grass covering up each mound of ruin around. In the long winter evenings, near this chimney-piece, the knight who lived in this tower would gather about himself not only the members of his family, but his household, his husbandmen, and such strangers as desired his hospitality. Here, all would partake of the evening meal, recount the incidents of the day, or give an account of their toil, and relate those legends for the general amusement that we now collect with so much pains.

The chimney-pieces of a later period, such as those in the manor-house, South Wraxall, a few miles from Bath, have mottoes and posies on them. One of these says, 'Death seizes all.' But brevity has not been always considered necessary. A mantel-piece only recently uncovered in an up-stairs room in a house in Tewkesbury was found to have the following long inscription painted upon it in black-letters with red initials: 'Three things pleseth booeth God and man: Concord between bretheren: Amytie

between nayghbours: And a man and his wife that agreeth well together. Fower things hurt much the sole of man: Teares, smooke, wynde, and the worst of all to see his frends unluckye and his fose happye. These fyve things are rare sene: A fayer younge woman with ought a lover. A younge man with ought myerth, an old useseror without money. Any great fayer with ought music.' As a rule, however, the inscription was as short as that which Lord Armstrong has caused to be placed on the chimney-piece on his dining-room at Crag-side: 'East or west, hame is best.' Nearly every chimney-piece in the chief rooms of Elizabethan mansions will be seen to be thus embellished, or with heraldic sculpture. One, in the manor-house at South Wraxall, mentioned above, has four figures on it: Prudence, Justice, Arithmetic, and Geometry. A little later, festoons of flowers beautifully carved in marble or oak ornamented many chimney-pieces, whilst more ambitious sculpture adorned those in the highest places. Panels of marbles of various colours, and columns of varied coloured marbles, have been also freely used to produce richness of effect for some centuries. We must conclude that some of the inscriptions had a superstitious origin; for in Bailey's Dictionary there occurs this definition: 'Arse-verse—a spell written on an house to prevent it from burning.'

As we approach the old residences of our forefathers from a distance, the chimney-stacks and gilded vanes and tapering gables give us our first impressions of their grandeur and antiquated repose. Over the tops of the trees in the long avenues or wide parks they rise in their well-poised groups, noticeably. Approaching Callaly Castle, for instance, 'Callaly Castle, built on a height, Callaly Castle down in a night,' we see the grouped chimney-stacks against the fir-clad hill-side before we see its palatial front and extended wings; or, approaching 'Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall,' we must first admire its Elizabethan stalk-like stacks. The same fact is to be noted nearly everywhere, and certainly in the instance of the grand old mansion Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh built close to Stamford; for over the low-lying green meadows, over the winding river, over the chestnut trees in the great park, stand up these crowning efforts of the architect, with vigilant scanning outlook. The chimney-stacks at Hampton Court, too, are a fine study of graceful and intrepid combinations. Shakepeare must have called to mind some such cluster when he made Henry VI. say, as a sign of ill-porment attending the birth of Gloster, 'The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top'; and Smith, the weaver, avers of Jack Cade, 'Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.'

In the Tennis Court Lane, for instance, there are groups of chimneys that can but evoke delight in the minds of those who are versed in the laws of construction and possess an eye for the picturesque. They rise from the ground on a wide and massive base thrown out boldly from the lines of kitchens and offices to which they belong, and as they rise, stage upon stage, they are gathered together, narrowing and narrowing, sometimes with stepped gabling,

sometimes with sloped weathering, sometimes with embrasured parapet work, till the stacks rise high out of the mass clear against the sky; and on each stack are the richly-wrought chimney-pots of the Tudor period, each of a different design, zigzag, hexagonal, spiral, or interlaced, all capped with the same mouldings and other details, which last touch gives uniformity to the rich variety.

And as we approach our modern manufacturing towns, it is the tall chimneys that first point out their locality. Many of these chimneys are four hundred feet high, and some of them are still higher. One, in Glasgow, is four hundred and thirty-five feet high, and tapers from a base measuring forty feet to a summit of thirteen feet and a half, only. These fabrics require a particular skill and caution in their erection; for not only has their weight upon their foundations to be calculated, but the pressure of the winds and the effects of heat and gases have to be taken into consideration. When there is a foundation of rock to be dealt with, matters are simplified; but when there is clay, marl, gravel, or sand, various expedients must be used to ensure stability, and prevent subsidences that would result in 'leaning towers.' Sometimes iron and timber piles are driven in to secure the requisite solidity; and sometimes wide well-like excavations are filled with concrete for the purpose, and then heavy ramming and heavy weighting are brought to bear. In a rough sort of way it is reckoned that the foundation of a tall chimney-shaft upon compressible ground should be not less than about a quarter of its height. Being so smoky and grimy, we are not accustomed to associate them with any ideas of beauty; yet, in the smokeless atmosphere of an Italian town, structures of a similar tall and slim outline are generally allowed to be picturesque. And thus we get at the fact that it is the smoke and its effects that disassociate them with those things of beauty that are joys for ever. When the efforts are successful of those ardent spirits who are aiming at making the consumption of smoke compulsory, a very little expenditure would make our tower-like shafts as pleasing in effect as those of Pisa and Bologna. As it is, standing on the High Level Bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and looking either up or down the river, its banks studded with hundreds of tall tapering chimneys two and three and four hundred feet high, wreathed in gray clouds of smoke, its waters burdened with countless black and white ships, with people looking like specks moving about on the mysterious wharfs and flat quays, and vehicles that are toy-like in their minuteness plying about, one must allow the nineteenth century has wonders of its own. Again, crossing the green country with its woods and wolds, and hills and dales, and coming within sight of marvellous Manchester, almost palisaded with masses of tall chimneys that lift up their heads veiled in gray haze to the invisible sky, we see a sight our ancestors never saw.

Charles II. levied a tax on chimneys in 1663. This was considered very burdensome, especially as it was enforced by persons who had an interest in collecting as much revenue as they could. There is an old contemporary ballad

setting forth the dislike the housewives of the day had to the domiciliary visits of the collectors of the tax:

There is not one old dame in ten and search the nation through,
But if you talk of chimney-men will spare a curse or two.

After a run of six-and-twenty years the obnoxious levy was abolished by William III. The mention of the circumstance is sufficient to bring to mind the cosy ingle-nooks, the stately mantel-pieces, the glowing embers on the wide hearths, of those old times, whereof the returning taste for ingle-nooks and mirrored over-mantels is but a reflection.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XLII.—WE SAIL AWAY.

It did not take me long to recover my breath. The swim had, indeed, comparatively speaking, been a short one; there was no tide that I had been in any degree sensible of; and I had lost nothing but breath, thanks to my eagerness, to the riotous tumult of spirits that had nerved my limbs with steel and rendered me unconscious of fatigue. I crawled up the ladder and peered over the rail. The gloom lay heavy upon the quarter-deck and waist, and objects were hard to distinguish. All was motionless, however, there and on the fore-castle; but I could now discern two figures walking on the poop on the port side. The spanker-boom and mizzen-mast and the several fittings of skylight and companion, and so on, had concealed them from my observation whilst I swam, approaching the ship as I had on the starboard side. Their shapes showed tolerably clear against the stars that sparkled over the rail and betwixt the squares of the rigging, and I stood staring with no more of me showing over the line of bulwarks than my head till they had come to the rail that protected the break of the poop, and I then made out that one of them was Miss Temple.

This convinced me that the other must be Wetherly, for it was not to be imagined that the girl would seek refuge from even a more frightful loneliness than hers was in the society of young Forrest.

At that instant I heard a long wild halloo dimly coming through the steady breeze from the shore. The cry was followed by another and yet another, and then it seemed to me that it was re-echoed from off the water some distance ahead of us. I sprang in a bound on to the deck, and in a breath had armed myself with an iron belaying-pin; and now if that man were Forrest with whom Miss Temple was, I was ready for him! In a moment I had gained the poop. The cries ashore had brought the pair to a dead halt, and they stood listening. Now that I was on the poop I perceived by the build of the figure of the man that it was Wetherly, and rushed up to him. The girl recoiled with a loud shriek on seeing me, as well she might; for, having partially undressed myself, I was clothed from top to toe in white; I was dripping wet besides, which moulded my attire to my

figure and limbs as though I had been cast in plaster of Paris, and my sudden apparition was as if I had shaped myself out of the air.

'Is that you, Wetherly?' I cried.

'Gracious, mum, it's Mr Dugdale!' he roared.

The girl uttered another shriek, came in a bound to me and flung her arms round my neck.

Now the halloaing ashore was incessant, and the wild cries sounding through the wind were as though the islands had been suddenly invaded by an army of frenzied cannibals.

'My dearest!' I cried, letting forth my heart in that moment of being clasped and clung to by her whom I had long loved and was risking my life to save, 'it is I indeed! But release me now, my darling girl. We must get the barque under weigh instantly.—Wetherly, where is Forrest?'

'Dead, sir.'

'Dead!' I cried.

'Shot dead by Miss Temple's hand, sir,' he exclaimed.

The girl let fall her arms from my neck, essayed to speak, struggled a little with her breath, and fell against me in a dead swoon.

'Your coat, Wetherly,' I shouted; 'off with it, man, and make a pillow for the lady's head. Quick! If the long-boat sculls ashore and the crew enter her before we can slip, we are both of us dead men.'

He instantly slipped off his jacket; and tenderly, but swiftly, I laid the girl down, first freeing the collar of her dress and no more, for there was time for no more.

'Jump for the cabin lamp, Wetherly,' I cried; 'don't stop to ask any questions. We must knock out a shackle, and let the chain go over-board. That is what is now to be done.'

He rushed off the poop, I in his wake. The lamp was very dimly burning, but it enabled us to find what we wanted in the carpenter's chest; and whilst I held the light to a shackle that was just forward of the windlass barrel, he let drive, and the cable went with a roar through the iron hawse-pipe.

'We must now get the topsail on her and blow away,' I cried.

The conviction that the men would view him as my confederate and have his life if they got aboard, put an incredible activity into his limbs, which were habitually slow of motion. We fled to where the topsail clewlines were belayed, and let them go, and then hand over hand dragged home the sheets, which, being of chain, travelled through the sheave-holes very readily.

The light breeze was off the starboard quarter. I at once starboarded the helm, and, to my infinite delight, found the barque responsive to the turn of the spokes, proving that, snail-like as might be her progress, she at least had steerage way upon her. This brought the land upon the starboard beam. I then steadied the helm, quite sure that the craft would steer herself for a few minutes.

As I ran forward I witnessed Miss Temple in the act of sitting upright. I sprang to her side and lifted her to her feet, and held her for perhaps a minute with her face upon my shoulder until she should have recovered herself.

'Sit on this skylight,' I exclaimed, 'until you feel equal to assisting us, and then come to our help, for we greatly need you.'

She understood me, but was too weak and dazed as yet to be of use. The shouts from the shore were incessant. The men must have heard the chain cable as it rattled through the hawse-pipe, and I judged they were yelling to the ship, as though hailing Forrest; but they were too far distant for their syllables to reach us. I spent a breathless moment in sweeping the sea towards the mouth of the lagoon, and on a sudden saw the boat like a drop of ink on the star-touched shadow of the water; but I heard no sounds of her being sculled—which would be the fellow's only chance of getting ashore—nor could I catch the least sign of his figure.

My immediate business now was to get the foretopsail mast-headed as best we could. There was a little winch just abaft the mainmast, and by this means we contrived to hoist the foretopsail, though not, as will be supposed, to a 'taut leech,' as sailors call it. Yet the cloths showed a wide surface to the wind, and already the nimble frame of the little barque, yielding to the summer pressure aloft, was sliding along very nearly as fast as the men could have urged the heavy long-boat through the water, supposing them to have recovered her and to be in pursuit.

Catching up the girl's hand, which I pressed to my lips before speaking, I asked her to accompany me to the wheel, that she might hold the helm steady and keep the barque straight before the wind.

'There is no time,' I exclaimed as I hastened aft with her, 'to utter more than the few syllables necessary to effect our escape. We must heap all the canvas we can manage to spread upon the ship. We must contrive to blow away out of sight of that island before the breeze fails, or the men will be giving chase in the long-boat.'

She grasped the spokes in silence. The binnacle lamp was unlighted, and the card lay in gloom. I bade her take note of a star that stood like a jewel at the extreme end of the starboard main-yardarm, and swiftly directed her how to move the wheel, if that star swung from the end of the spar, so as to bring it back again to its place. I then sprang to the main-rigging, and completed the work I aimed at. When this was done, I raced aft to the wheel and put it down. But I could do no more. My strength had failed me, and I was incapable of further exertions.

'Hold the wheel, will you, Wetherly,' said I. 'I am pretty nearly spent. I must rest a bit. Thanks be to God, we are safe now, I believe; and so saying, I sunk wearily upon the stern gratings.

Miss Temple went hastily to the cabin, carrying with her the lamp with which Wetherly had kindled the mesh in the binnacle. In a few minutes she returned with a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which she put to my lips. I swallowed the contents greedily, for I was not only parched with thirst, but my nerves sorely needed the stimulant. I took her hand and brought her to sit by my side, and continued to caress her hand, scarcely equal to more just then

than a few rapturous exclamations over our deliverance, the delight I felt in being with her again, the joy in believing that I should now be able to redeem my promise and restore her in safety to her mother. Her replies were mere murmurs. Indeed, her own emotions were overwhelming. I could hear her sobbing then and see her by the starlight smiling; but she kept her eyes fixed on my face; soaked as I still was to the skin with salt water, she leaned against me, as though she needed the assurance of actual contact to convince her that I was with her once more.

But by this time the island had melted into the scintillant dusk of the sky. Nothing showed but the liquid sweep of the indigo line of horizon. Another hour of such sailing as this would convey us out of all possibility of reach of the long-boat, supposing the men should recover her; for she was without mast or sail; the utmost exertion of the rowers could scarcely get more than three or three and a half miles an hour out of her; then again I had shifted the barque's course, and would shift it again presently.

'Tell me now about Forrest?' I exclaimed, breaking a silence of fatigue and emotion that had lasted some few minutes.

I felt the shudder that ran through my companion in the clasp of her hand.

'Did I understand that you shot him?'

'It is too dreadful to speak of,' she said in a low voice.

'It was like this, sir,' exclaimed Wetherly. 'Forrest and me had agreed to keep a four hours' lookout. He was to stand from eight to twelve. I lay down on the fo'c'sle, believing the lady safe below, where she'd been pretty nigh ever since you and the men went ashore. I was awoke by a noise that sounded to me like the report of a gun. It was then about six bells, sir. Well, as I reached the quarter-deck the lady came out of the cabin. The light was burning dim, just as you found it when you came aboard. She held a pistol in her hand, and she says to me quite coolly: "A man came into my cabin just now. I heard him trying the handle of my door, and I took up this pistol, and when he walked in, I said: "Who are you? What do you want?" he answered; and I pointed my pistol at him and fired. I believe I have killed him. Will you go and see?" I thought she was walking in her sleep, so cool she talked. I went to her cabin, and saw Forrest lying upon the deck. I turned him over, and he was stone dead; shot through the heart, I reckon. I dragged his body into your cabin, where it's alying now. The lady then asked to keep company with me on the poop; and so it was you found us awalking together, sir.'

'Brave Louise!' I murmured, moved to the utterance of her Christian name, though this was the first time I had ever given it her, close and ceaseless as our association had been.

But what she had done was a thing not to be referred to again now. I felt the piteousness of her distress, shame, and horror in her silence; by-and-by she would be able to speak of it collectedly, if there were need indeed to recur to it at all.

'No fear of the boat overhauling us now, I think, Wetherly?' I exclaimed.

'Oh, no, sir; without e'er a sail to spread either.—That swim of yours was a bold venture, Mr Dugdale. Ye must ha' managed the job in first-rate style. Wasn't no lookout kept?'

His questions led me into telling the story. Miss Temple listened eagerly, our hands remaining locked; again and again she broke into an exclamation with some cry of alarm, some ejaculation of sympathy. 'You called me brave just now,' she said; 'but how is your behaviour to be expressed?'

'D'ye think there's any chance of the men recovering that boat?' inquired Wetherly. 'The chaps told me when they came aboard to furl the canvas that there was nothen to eat or drink upon the island saving what they'd taken. If they should lose the boat, it must go hard with them, sir.'

'They will not lose their boat unless the fellow who was in charge of her lay dead drunk in her bottom: an improbability; for I saw him walk on steady legs to her. My one chance lay in his being asleep. Make your mind easy: he was awakened long ago by the yells of the men, and by this time the boat lies snug at the beach of the lagoon.'

'Mr Dugdale,' he answered, 'I shall be desperate glad, I shall, when this here voyage is over. I should only just like to see my way to getting enough out of it to set up for myself ashore, for this here's been a job as has properly sickened me of the sea, and so I don't mind telling ye, sir.'

'There'll be the salvage of this craft,' said I; 'you can have my share, and I'm sure Miss Temple will give you hers.'

'Oh, certainly,' she exclaimed.

'Then there'll be your own share,' I went on. 'We have to carry the ship in safety to a port first of all. If we can't pick up hands as we go along, we three will have to manage as best we can. I don't doubt we shall contrive it; and then you will easily see your way to a few hundreds.'

I saw him grin broadly by the mingled light of the binnacle and star-shine. It was proper to fill him with hope, and to present to his limited understanding something very definite to work upon.

The breeze seemed to freshen as we drew away. The barque was now heeling prettily, throwing the water in a white curl of sea off her weather bow, and her wake ran far into the liquid gloom astern, into which I would again and again send a glance, governed yet by an agitation of spirits and an animation of alarm which my judgment pronounced ridiculous. But I was wet through; and now that we were safe, the vessel gliding with swiftness through the clear shadow of the night, my shipmate Louise tranquil in the full realisation of our sudden and complete deliverance, I could find leisure to feel a little chilly. So, leaving her with a promise that I should shortly return, and telling Wetherly to keep the barque steady as she was going, I picked up the cabin lamp, that was still feebly burning upon the deck, and descended the companion steps. I paused to look around me upon the familiar interior in which Miss Temple and I

had passed so many hours of distress and wretchedness with an exclamation of gratitude to God for his merciful preservation of us, and then went to my cabin to habit myself in such dry garments as I might find in Captain Braine's locker. I opened the door, but recoiled with an involuntary cry. I had forgotten Forrest! and there lay the dead body of the man right in front of me. I entered the cuddy, hung up the lamp and went on deck.

'Miss Temple,' I exclaimed, 'will you kindly hold the wheel for a few minutes?'

She rose and grasped the spokes. Wetherly understood me, and followed me below in silence.

'We must toss the body overboard,' said I; 'there can be no luck for the ship with such an object as that as a part of her freight, and Miss Temple must be helped to forget the horror of the night that's going.'

Between us we picked up the corpse, very quickly conveyed it through the companion hatch, went forward with it where the darkness lay heavy, and dropped it over the bulwarks.

'That's how they would have served you, sir,' said Wetherly.

'And you,' said I.

'Yes, I know it!' he answered in a voice of agitation.

We returned to the wheel, which Wetherly took from Miss Temple, who seated herself with me just behind it on the gratings, and there we held a council. Our business must be to get to a port as soon as possible. Should we head away for the islands of the Low Archipelago bearing north-west with a chance of falling in with a vessel cruising amongst them who would lend us two or three men to help us in navigating the barque, or should we steer a due east course for Valparaiso, that lay about two thousand six hundred miles distant?

Our resolution was rapidly formed. The islands might yield us no help; we ran the risk of running ashore upon the hundred reefs of that then little-known navigation; abundance of the natives of the groups were man-eaters, and we certainly had not delivered ourselves from the perils we ran through enforced association with the carpenter and his crew merely to ingloriously terminate our adventures by serving to appease the appetite of a little population of blacks.

No; it must be Valparaiso. There we should find a city with every species of convenience: a consul to advise and assist us; shops where Miss Temple could make all necessary purchases, a choice of large ships for the passage home. As we conversed, talking with exultation of our escape, the day broke; the stars died out in the east; the pale green of dawn went lifting like a delicate smoke into the shadow of the zenith; the light broadened fast, and the sun soared into a flashing day of cloudless heaven, of dark-blue ocean wrinkled by the breeze. With a telescope in my hand I sprang on to the grating and slowly circled the sea-line with the lenses. The water brimmed bare to the sky on all sides.

'We are alone,' said I, dismounting, and taking Miss Temple by the hand whilst I looked fondly into her face. 'When we were on the wreck it was our misery to hunt the ocean with our gaze

and find ourselves alone; and now, though we are still at sea, loneliness is delightful—for it is escape, freedom, the promise of home.'

Her eyes filled with tears.

JUNGLE NOTES IN SUMATRA.

It has been my fortune to spend some two years in the island of Sumatra, so little known generally to Englishmen, and containing so many strange and eccentric species of bird, beast, and tree. Unfortunately, I am not a scientific man, and my occupation, that of a tobacco overseer, did not leave me much leisure for observation; but some odd experiences in natural history came under my notice.

One of these was a crocodile duel on the Batu Bara River. Our estate was situated a long way up one of the tributary creeks; and about every month one or other of the overseers, or 'assistants,' had to go down to the *kwalla*, or mouth of the river, to receive from the Singapore steamer the cash with which the coolies' subsistence money was paid. I used to embark early in the morning in a little dug-out sampan paddled by a couple of Javanese, and descend the creek, which wound its tortuous way for some miles between lofty walls of the densest possible jungle, and suddenly opened out into the broad swirling muddy river with its border of rustling nipa palms, springing from the water's edge like vast ferns. Here and there were a few Malay habitations, where two or three women in blue jackets and brick-red *sarongs*, like dingy parrots, came out to stare curiously at the *tuan* (sahib). Then mangroves would replace the nipas, and at length our destination was reached, a huddle of *atap* huts on the left bank of the river, with a crowd of sampans beached in front of them, two or three small junks at anchor, and beyond, a bright white sandy beach and the shallow muddy sea. Insignificant as it looked, however, a very considerable trade is carried on from this port; its staple product being a species of cockle, which is found in vast quantities in the sand of the beach, and when rather 'high,' is considered by Malays and Chinese as great a delicacy as pheasant with 'rice' among certain Europeans.

On this particular occasion, after waiting nearly all night in a lighter, moored some half-mile from the shore, the steamer at length arrived, and delivered the box of dollars. Now, four thousand dollars in one box weigh about two hundred-weight; and when it was balanced in our sampan, and myself and the two paddlers were aboard, there was barely two inches freeboard. As soon as there was a strong tide making, we pushed off, and went rapidly up the river. I was very drowsy, and was nearly asleep, when a cry of 'Crocodile!' brought me to a sitting position; and about fifty yards ahead I saw a mass of foam and spray surrounding some black object, which in a few seconds was apparent as two immense crocodiles in deadly combat. The bowman let his paddle go in his fright, and we were drifting right down upon the struggling monsters, a touch from which would have sunk us, when the steersman, by desperate efforts, managed to alter our

course, so that we cleared them by a few feet only. An ugly sight it was, the huge jaws, with their hooked ivory tusks, interlocked, the fore-claws deeply anchored in each other's sides, the stiff armour-clad bodies writhing like a lizard's, and the hideous stony green eyes seeming to start from their sockets. It was not a moment for accurate estimate, but I am sure that either of them must have been considerably longer than our sampan, namely, sixteen feet. Just as we passed, one of them succeeded for the moment in forcing his antagonist under water, and as he did so, struck such a blow on the water with his tail that it sounded like the report of a duck-gun, and completely drenched us with spray, so that I thought for the instant we were swamped. The strong current, however, carried us quickly clear, and for ten minutes we watched them rolling over and over in a cloud of foam, now deeply reddened, until they suddenly sank, and we saw them no more. The men's nerves were so shaken that they saw imaginary crocodiles in every log, and finally upset the canoe about a mile from home, luckily in only two feet of water.

I once witnessed a very comical incident on an estate in the Langkat district. I was superintending the cutting of a 'planting road' through dense swamp jungle, when I heard a great hubbub compounded of shouting and laughing of men and chattering of monkeys. On arriving at the spot I found a crowd of coolies, Chinese, Klings, and Malays looking up into a lofty *damar* tree, in the branches of which about a dozen of the common black macaque monkeys were leaping about in a state of great excitement, while one of their number, who appeared in some way to be fixed to the trunk of the tree, was uttering the most doleful outcries. What had happened to him was at once apparent. He had espied the entrance to a tempting-looking cavity, which he rightly judged to contain eggs or nestlings, and at once inserted an exploring paw. Unluckily for him the nest was that of a hornbill, and the lady of the house being at home, the would-be burglar was in a most unpleasant sense 'brought up before the beak.' None of the other monkeys, who had by this time increased to about twenty, attempted to go to his assistance, but contented themselves with raising a chorus of yells, which, joined to those of the delighted coolies, were perfectly deafening. Suddenly there was a rushing sound overhead, and the male bird returned. Taking in the situation at once, he made straight for the tree, and seizing the prisoner by the hindleg in his huge mandibles, gave such a hearty tug at it, that the next instant bird and monkey came headlong down; but while the former let go his hold and flew up, the latter fell with a sounding thump on the road and there lay. A Chinaman, on monkey-stew intent, laid hold of him; but the animal recovering himself, made his teeth meet in his captor's leg, who thereupon added his howls to the general uproar. The male bird sat on guard outside the nest for about an hour, when the monkeys, having exhausted their stock of abuse, gradually dispersed, and the original cause of the riot 'went to pot' the same evening.

These hornbills are very remarkable birds. I can't imagine any system of natural selection

which could have developed those preposterous-looking beaks. Was it because those with the largest beaks could best defend their families against monkeys and snakes? But what size of beak did they start with? If they were so persecuted a race, would not their enemies have exterminated them before they had time to develop their weapons? You can't, I suppose, allow much less than five thousand years for the process, and if they had to begin again with a beak the size of a fowl's, the monkeys alone would 'wipe them out' in ten years.

The most common species of hornbill is the 'rhinoceros bird.' This uncouth fowl is about the size of a small turkey, of a sooty black colour, with white bars across the under side of the tail. The beak is as much as fourteen inches in length by two and a half inches deep where it joins the skull, and on top of it, like another beak reversed, is the casque or helmet. Both beak and helmet, though strong, are very thin and light, being made up in a series of air-cells of thin horn. The whole appearance of the bird is most weird and uncanny; but in spite of his looks, he is a harmless individual enough, devoted, as has been seen, to his mate and family (the Malays say that they pair for life). Unfortunately, he has by no means the same tenderness for the families of others, and should he chance upon the nest of some smaller bird, has no scruple about taking the whole brood in successive gulps like so many pills. The flight of these birds is strong but slow, and the peculiar rushing sound of the wings can be heard a long distance. Their cry, which they utter only when flying, is startlingly like the braying of a donkey. They are very easily tamed, and I knew of one that would follow his owner from tree to tree round the estate, regularly presenting himself at meals, and disposing of such quantities of bananas that it was almost incomprehensible where he could find stowage-room for them. The greediness of 'Piet,' however, brought him to an untimely end, for he choked himself with a lawn-tennis ball.

There is another species, the great hornbill, an equally large bird, of a mottled gray and brown colour, whose central tail-feathers are nearly four feet in length, so that the bird when flying forms a perfect cross against the sky. If the early Spanish and Portuguese discoverers had noticed this bird, they would have named it the 'bird of the Santa Cruz.' The bill of this species is much smaller than that of any of the others, but a much more formidable weapon, being shaped like a miner's pick, of solid bone, hard as ivory, and weighted with a solid helmet of the same material. The Malay name for this bird is 'tebang mentuah,' or 'feller of mother-in-law.' This extraordinary name is accounted for in the following way. There was once a man who, having a grudge against that much-abused relative, went by night to her house and chopped down the piles on which it was supported, causing it to fall and kill her. As he stood laughing at the success of his feat, he was changed into this bird, and to this day you may hear him repeating the 'chop,' 'chop,' and the laughter. The fact is that the sounds are a call to its mate; and I have several times watched the bird alight on some lofty tree, strike several resounding blows against the trunk with the front of the casque (not the bill), and

burst into a shout of unearthly laughter, far louder and more human than that of the 'laughing-jackass.' In a minute or so the sound would be repeated from a distance, and then the mate would come slowly sailing across and settle on the same tree. It is a curious proof of defective power of observation, that old residents have told me the sounds were caused by a monkey.

Of the latter, the commonest species is the afore-mentioned black macaque; but another, almost equally plentiful, is the pig-tailed macaque, the 'brok' of the Malays. This monkey is about the size of a bull-terrier, and at a distance is not unlike one, from its habitual walk being on all-fours and its general dog-like carriage. This is, I believe, the most artful and intelligent of all monkeys, and is the one trained by the Malays to gather cocoa-nuts and durians. But, like all their race, they are spiteful 'unchancy' brutes, and never safe to handle. You can never trust a monkey, however tame he appears, as the late Frank Buckland found to his cost on more than one occasion. I have several times seen a monkey, which after being some time in captivity had made an excursion into the jungle, set upon by his wild relatives, and ignominiously hunted back to the abodes of men. I don't know how to account for this. Did they think that his morals or manners had deteriorated in the society of the anthropoids who couldn't climb trees, and didn't know how to screech?

Then there are the gibbons, those marvellous trapeze and horizontal-bar performers, with their almost bird-like flights from tree-top to tree-top, and their chorons of melancholy hootings at morning and evening. I only once saw a specimen of the siamang in captivity at the house of a Malay chief at Sirdang. It was about three feet high, but the stretch of its arms was over five feet. A sad-looking depressed creature it seemed, as it moved awkwardly about the floor, tripping itself up with its own arms; but once among the rafters of the roof, it moved with the agility of a spider. Of its gigantic relative the orang-utan, I am able to give but few particulars. But I may at least observe that it is rather ludicrous to any one who has a smattering of the Malay tongue to see him so frequently styled orang-utang, which signifies literally 'a man in debt,' utang being in Malay 'debt,' while 'utan' is 'forest' or jungle. But I always found this name incomprehensible to the Deli Malays, whose name for the animal is 'mowas.' The Sumatran species appears to be totally different in its habits from that of Borneo, which approaches human dwellings, and even plunders gardens. In Deli, at all events, it inhabits only the densest rattan swamps, of such a nature that any attempt at observation of its habits would be impossible; and it makes off instantly at the approach of man. It is certain, however, that it attains an enormous size, fully equalling the much-debated African gorilla. Those specimens which have reached Europe alive are mere pigmies. I have seen skins in the possession of natives (Bataks) whose original owners must have been something terrible to behold; one, indeed, could not have been less than six feet high and two across the shoulders, though the arms and legs had not been preserved. The hair on this skin was eighteen inches long.

I also saw at a Batak house a skull of a mowas,

evidently a very old specimen, whose teeth and jaws were no whit inferior in strength to that of a tiger. I tried to buy it; but the owner would not part with it, and told a long story as to how it came into his possession. From his want of front teeth and his defective Malay, he was almost unintelligible; but I made out that it had been slain either by his father or grandfather, after a desperate encounter; and indeed the deep cuts in the bone must have been done by a strong arm and a heavy weapon.

One or two small specimens I saw in captivity, but they seemed to have less intelligence than any animal I ever saw, and reminded me in all their actions of Chinese coolies after an overdose of opium. It is very possible that their captors may have 'housed' them with that or something similar to keep them from escaping. There is a belief among certain of the Sumatran natives of the existence of a creature half-ape, half-demon, which feeds on human flesh, and decoys its victims into the jungle by imitating the laughter of women. What foundation there is for this I don't know, probably none, except the cannibal practices of the Bataks; but it is not at all the kind of thing to remember in the depths of those gloomy, nightmarish, swamp jungles, with only two or three chicken-hearted Javanese in company. At such times the sudden appearance of a full-sized *mowas* would be highly calculated to 'rize the har' for the moment, if not longer.

The tiger is plentiful enough, but is not held in much dread. They are much more frequent in the older settled districts than in virgin jungle. One reason for this is that in Deli proper, where tobacco-planting has been carried on for many years, the fields which have been planted, and, as is the practice, allowed to lie fallow for six or seven years, have become covered with a dense growth of *lallang* or sword-grass, thus affording just the cover that the tiger likes. But though their tracks may be found thickly on the roads immediately surrounding the large town of Medan, they very seldom attack human beings, and are not very destructive even to cattle. I do not remember half-a-dozen cases of man-eating in two years. But they have a very strong penchant for dog-flesh, so much so, that a dog left outside the house at night will most certainly be carried off. In one instance, two Germans were sitting in the veranda of a house in broad daylight about four P.M., with one of the great useless mongrels so much affected by Germans lying on the top of the wooden steps. The house faced a road on which parties of coolies were coming and going every five minutes. Suddenly, a tiger, which had been lying concealed in the deep road-side ditch, dashed up the steps and disappeared into the *lallang*, dog in mouth, before the astonished men could rise from their seats. I remember a fine young half-grown tiger trapped a few years ago in Langkat whose stomach contained a large number of frogs—an odd diet for a tiger.

Tiger-hunting, as understood in India, is impracticable in Sumatra, or at any rate in the coast districts, from the impenetrable nature of the jungle and the extremely unhealthy climate; and game of all kinds, though retiring before the tobacco plantations, is little molested. The work

on a tobacco estate is so heavy and continuous, that Europeans have no leisure for sport; and the Malays as long as they can get rice and fish, will never trouble themselves about the game, much of which is forbidden them by Islam. But the pagan Malayans of the interior, Bataks, Allas, &c., have no more scruples about food than hyenas: man, horse, rhinoceros, orang-utan, or snake, no matter how tough or how 'far gone,' are alike to them, and they are very clever trappers, and expert at poisoning the 'sunpitan' darts. Sometimes they get up a deer-drive, at which the game is driven up to a line of strong nets by a cordon of men and dogs. But one experience of a Sumatran battue is enough for most Europeans, for, as the savages get excited, spears are hurled and overloaded 'gas-pipe' muskets discharged recklessly at every moving object; and I heard of one instance where a Dutch gentleman escaped by a sheer miracle, his coat being literally torn off his body by a charge of rusty nails from a blunderbuss, without his receiving more than a scratch or two. The dogs employed are curious little animals, fox-coloured, with long pricked ears and curly tails. They never appear to get accustomed to Europeans, puppies of a few days' old resenting the touch of a white man with yells of fright and spite; while older dogs remain always snappish and unfriendly, preferring the society of the cook to that of their owner.

The elephant is not uncommon; but a few years ago the mysterious 'murrain' which swept over the Sunda Islands, destroying alike wild and tame herbivorous animals, greatly thinned their numbers. The Malays of these islands have altogether lost the art of training them, and are quite incredulous when told that it can be done, though, three hundred years ago, the Sultan of Achin possessed a considerable number. I once saw a very young one, which had been accidentally trapped in a well, and had in a few weeks become even familiar, to such an extent that his great desire was to enter the estate-manager's house. To do this he had to ascend a very steep wooden stair, or rather step-ladder, in the most comically laborious fashion; and, once landed in the veranda, his first step was, if not prevented, to fling out chairs, tables, and all movables to the ground beneath. I scarcely think that elephants could be usefully employed on the east coast of Sumatra at present, as the country being all one vast swampy jungle without stone for metalling, they would make the clay roads utterly impassable for all other traffic, and there are very few bridges in the country that would bear their weight.

The two-horned rhinoceros is a much scarcer animal, and there are very contradictory reports as to its nature, some accounts representing it as a most dangerous beast, and others, as a particularly timid one. The only one I ever saw had been killed by a party of Bataks, two days before, and was in such a state of decomposition that it was impossible to approach, but not a bit too 'high' for the hunters, who were gorging themselves like wolves around it, with the merest show of grilling the dreadful viands. The horns of this specimen were mere stumps, eight or nine inches long; but a Chinese store-keeper gave the Bataks thirty dollars for one,

and no doubt made a good profit by it, as the Chinese have the firmest belief in the scrapings of rhinoceros' horn as a universal medicine, 'worth a guinea a box' at least.

WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

BUT what was the bright object Will Provant was carrying in one hand, which caught and flung back the light with such a cold steely glitter? Bessie was nearly sure that it was a weapon of some kind. Will now went forward a little way, and then came to a halt where the level ground broke away abruptly at the edge of the gorge. For full two minutes he stood thus, as immovable as if chiselled out of black marble; then flinging one hand in the air, as if his mind were finally made up, he plunged down the side of the gorge and was lost to view. But while he was standing thus there had come a sudden flash of lightning, and by its aid Bessie had been able to make out what the bright object was which had puzzled her so much. It was neither more nor less than a handsaw—a carpenter's common handsaw! What could he possibly want with such an article as that in Gripside Scour at ten o'clock at night?

No sooner had Will disappeared than Bessie ran forward, and kneeling on one knee at the extreme edge of the gorge, and grasping with one hand the stump of an old thorn, she craned her body half over, trying to pierce with her eyes the depths of blackness below her. The sides of the gorge were steep, and had been rendered slippery by the recent rains, and for any stranger to have ventured down them in the dark, especially while the river was in flood, would have been to court almost certain destruction; but Will Provant was as active as a squirrel, and had doubtless made himself acquainted beforehand with every step of the way he intended to take.

Again a flash; and yet another. By this time Bessie's eyes had become so far used to the lightning as to be capable of receiving impressions with almost photographic quickness. There was Provant again; but by this time he was under the bridge, and in the act of swinging himself up on to one of the cross-beams. What could he possibly want among the timbers of the bridge at that hour of the night, or, indeed, at any other hour? Bessie was more puzzled than ever. Keeping her eyes fixed on the point where she had seen him last, she waited for the fourth flash. It came and was gone in a breath. In the interim between the flashes Provant had worked his way among the cross-beams and under-pinning timbers of the bridge, till he was now full over the turbid, swirling river. Seated astride a horizontal beam, he was in the act of sawing through one of the huge balks which formed the main supports of the bridge. Then, in one vivid mental flash, the man's diabolical plot stood clearly revealed to Bessie. He was about to saw through one or more of the vital foundations of the structure, in the hope that it would collapse under the weight and stress of the next train that should attempt to cross it, and so hurl the latter to destruction! And the next train was 'No. 5

Down Goods,' which was driven by her sweet-heart! A cold thrill of horror shook her from head to foot, and the words Provant had whispered in her ear a few nights before echoed mockingly in her brain.

Her immediate impulse was to rush down the side of the scaur and call out to Provant that she had seen him, and knew on what nefarious task he was engaged; but she was doubtful whether her voice would reach him above the roar of the river, and even if it did, he was not the man to heed it. Before she could reach the station, three-quarters of a mile away, and cause the telegraph to be set in motion, Steve's train would be due, and it would be too late to avert a catastrophe. Then all at once she remembered Seth Gedge, whom she knew, as she more or less knew every one connected with the station. It was his duty to signal the trains; the distance signal for the trains coming from Swallowfield was at the opposite end of the bridge, consequently, all Seth would have to do would be to put it on at 'danger;' and Steve, in obedience to its warning, would bring his train to a stand before it reached the fatal spot.

The moment this thought had formulated itself in her mind she turned and sped towards the signal-box as fast as her feet could carry her. Up the stairs she sprang and opened the door without waiting to knock. Seth was there certainly, but to all appearance fast asleep, his head resting on his arms, and his body bent forward over the little table on which he took his meals. This was something so unprecedented, and involved such a gross breach of duty, that Bessie stood for a moment and stared in astonishment. Then she went forward, and laying a hand on Seth's shoulder, called him by name; then she shook him and shouted in his ear, and then she tried to raise his head; but the moment her hold relaxed it fell forward into its former position. Bessie gazed round her despairingly, and as she did so her eye was caught by a cup on a shelf, from which a peculiar odour seemed to emanate. She took it up; there was a little dark liquid in it which smelt like nothing she had ever smelt before. The truth flashed across her: Seth Gedge had been drugged! Doubtless, the signals were set at 'line clear,' and there was nothing to hinder 'No. 5 Down Goods' from rushing to its destruction. Bessie turned so faint and giddy that she had to sit down for a moment or two to keep herself from falling.

Presently her eye glanced at the little clock by which Seth timed his trains. In twelve minutes 'No. 5 Down Goods' was due to pass Scargill station. Her helplessness half maddened her. She sprang to her feet, clasping the fingers of one hand hard within those of the other, and cried aloud: 'What shall I do?—what shall I do?' If only she had known how to reverse the distance signal so as to show the red light in place of the white one! But even had she been strong enough to manipulate the heavy levers, the mode of working them was an utter mystery to her. And to think that the life of Steve and that of his fireman, who, as she knew, had a wife and two little ones at home, should be dependent on such a simple thing as the automatic change of a white light to a red one!

Again from her lips broke the cry: 'What shall I do?'

As if in answer to it, what seemed to her like a dazzling wave of light swept next moment across her brain, and all at once there was revealed to her a way by which her lover's life might be saved. She rose to her feet, her lips firm set, and a glow of fine enthusiasm shining through the crystalline depths of her dark-blue eyes. A few seconds later she was speeding like a fawn across Gipsy Bridge. Below her she could hear the hoarse muttering of the white-lipped waters; the night-breeze sang plaintively through the telegraph wires overhead; there was a rumble of distant thunder; but penetrating all other sounds, and altogether a thing apart, her excited fancy seemed to hear the ceaseless grating of the sharp teeth of Will Provant's saw as they bit their way through the foundations of the bridge. Ah, what a flash was that!

At length the bridge was crossed and Bessie breathed more freely. Fifty yards farther on was the bourn for which she was bound. But already the breeze brought to her straining ears the faint far-off pulsing of the engine of the oncoming train. The sound lent new wings to her feet. Light and slim though she was, the loose ballast gave way beneath her, more than once she stumbled and fell forward on her hands, but still she sped bravely on. At length, breathless and exhausted, she reached the foot of the semaphore, which towered far above her, its huge cyclopean eye at once a beacon and a warning, glowing far into the night. Here Bessie was fain to rest for half a minute, in order to gather breath before beginning to climb the steep iron ladder which gave access to the platform fixed near the summit of the semaphore for the use of the porter who had charge of the lamps. The deep, laboured throbbing of the engine was now plainly audible. Bessie drew a fuller breath than common and began the ascent of the ladder.

Up she went slowly, step by step, sadly hampered by her garments. The semaphore was one of the tallest in use, it being needful that its signals should be seen over the shoulder of a certain hill a little way beyond it where there was a sharp bend of the line. Higher and higher climbed Bessie, never once venturing to look down, lest she might turn dizzy. At length the tiny platform was safely reached, and not one moment too soon. With a deep sigh of thankfulness that was almost a sob, Bessie dragged herself on to it. There was the lamp within reach of her hand, with a great shining fan of white light radiating from it into the darkness. Without the loss of a second, Bessie set about doing that which she had come to do. With nimble fingers, which yet trembled a little, she undid the knot which held in its place the thick silk handkerchief she had tied round her neck before leaving home, which she had bought only that afternoon as a present for her lover. Then she shook it out, and proceeded to fix it as a screen or curtain in front of the lamp, tying two ends of it behind. The colour of the handkerchief was a rich crimson, and the light shining through it showed as a deep blood-red. Such was the danger signal improvised by Bessie in order to save her sweetheart's life!

She sank down half-fainting to wait for whatever might happen next. The sound of the steady oncoming rush of No. 5 seemed as though it were gradually filling the spaces of the night. Surely, surely the signal must be visible to Steve and his mate by now! Half a minute more and they will be round the curve. At last! Three short, sharp whistles—a summons to the guard to put on all the brake-power at his command. The signal has been seen, and they are saved!

And now the head-light of the engine could be seen shining in the distance like a huge glow-worm as the train came sweeping round the curve, its braked wheels, tracked by sparks, grinding out a horrible discord, as though it were some half-human monster venting its impotent rage at its enforced stoppage. Then, loud and shrill, came a long ear-piercing whistle, intended, as Bessie knew, for an intimation to Seth Gedge that No. 5 was waiting for the danger signal to be taken off. Slowly, and still more slowly, the train crept on, till presently it came to a stand within a dozen yards of the semaphore. Then Bessie, snatching her handkerchief from off the lamp, stood up on the platform and waved it wildly over her head. Jumping off his engine, Steve ran to the foot of the semaphore.

'Who's that up there?' he shouted; 'and what fool's trick are you playing with the signals?'

'Steve—Steve—it is I—Bessie!' came the response in the voice he knew and loved so well; and yet it seemed incredible, and he could hardly believe that his ears were not playing him false. His hand caught at his throat, as though something were choking him.

'Oh, my lass, what art thou doing there?' he cried; and then, without waiting for an answer, he began to mount the ladder in frantic haste.

Bessie was kneeling on one knee; and the first thing she did as soon as Steve was within reach of her was to fling her arms round his neck and strain him to her. 'Thank Heaven, oh, thank Heaven!' she exclaimed, and then for a few moments hysterical sobs choked her utterance.

Steve, still standing on one of the topmost rungs of the ladder, for there was no room for him on the platform, soothed her, stroking her hair and kissing her cheek, and waiting patiently till she should be able to tell him all that he was dying to know. It was only two or three minutes at the most that he had to wait. Then Bessie told her tale in the fewest possible words. Steve remained silent for a few moments after she had done. In truth, he knew not what to say. His was not one of those nimble intellects which profess to solve at a glance any problem which may be put before them, although as often as not the solution may be wrong.

'The first thing to be done is to get back to *terra firma*,' said Steve at length. He prided himself somewhat on his scholarship, which was, indeed, in advance of that of most of his class.

This seemed to Bessie one of those things which are easier to propose than to carry out. But Steve undertook to steady her, and they proceeded to descend the ladder slowly and carefully, taking one cautious step after another. Both guard and fireman were waiting at the foot of the ladder, burning with curiosity; and

the former threw the light of his hand-lamp on Bessie's face the moment she sprang from Steve's arm to the ground.

'Why, Miss Ford, who on earth thought of seeing you!' he exclaimed. Then to Steve: 'But what's up, mate? I'm fairly capped.'

'There's devilry at work, Jim Baines—that's what's up,' answered Steve; 'and if it hadn't been for Bessie here, most likely none of us would have been alive at this moment.'

A few words put his auditors in possession of the main facts as told him by Bessie.

'It's the most infernal scheme I ever heard tell of,' said the guard. 'The "down empties" is due in twenty minutes. I must run back at once for a quarter of a mile and plant three or four fog-signals, else they'll smash into us as sure as eggs is eggs.—But what's thy plan, Steve?'

'My plan is to leave Mike here in charge of the engine, while I cut across the bridge, rouse them up at the station, and stop the "up minerals," which is due in half an hour.'

'That's the ticket,' said Baines with a nod of approval. 'I'm off like a shot. We shall have something to talk about to-morrow, mates.'

Steve turned to Bessie. 'Thou'st better stay here with Mike till I come back,' he said, lapsing into the familiar thee and thou, as he generally did in moments of excitement. 'I'll not be gone longer than I can help.'

'No, no, Steve; you must take me with you,' pleaded the girl.

'Come along, then; but thou must put thy best foot foremost.' There was no time for argument. After a few last words to Mike, Steve tucked one of Bessie's arms under his and started off down the 'six-foot' in the direction of the bridge. The lightning flashes, although still as frequent, were no longer quite so vivid as they had been.

The intervening space had been traversed, and Steve and Bessie had advanced some distance along the bridge itself, when their ears were taken by a dull ominous roaring sound which seemed to come to them from up the valley beyond Scargill. Momentarily it grew louder and more distinct; whatever it might be, it was evidently coming towards them; involuntarily, they stood still to listen. Nearer and nearer came the sound, which was now as if the roar and rush of the Windle when in flood were intensified twenty-fold. As they stood thus, their straining gaze bent up the valley, expecting they knew not what, there came a long quivering flash, and by its light they saw a huge solid wall of water sweeping down the gorge towards them.

'Oh Steve, what is it?' she cried, clinging more tightly in her terror to her lover's arm.

'Back, back—or we are lost!' was Steve's answer; and with that he swung her off the ground, and making no more to do than if she were a feather-weight, he raced back with her to the solid ground beyond the bridge. Scarcely had he set her on her feet when the liquid wall dashed itself full against the framework of the old bridge. A shiver, almost like that of some sentient creature, ran through it from end to end; then above the fierce roar and swirl of the flood could be heard the cracking and splintering of the great ribs of timber, mingled with a noise of tearing and rending, and the same instant, domin-

ating all other sounds, came the shrill, agonised cry of a human soul in agony—a cry unlike all other cries. It came and was gone while one might draw a long breath. It rang through Bessie's brain as she clung trembling to Steve, and many a night afterwards it startled her in her dreams.

Another flash, and by it Steve saw that the heretofore solid structure was rent in twain, and that a huge piece of it had vanished utterly, so that there was now a gap several yards in width between one side of the bridge and the other. 'It must be the Hoybeach Reservoir that has burst,' said Steve in a low, awed voice. 'There's been talk for some days back of its being in a dangerous condition owing to the heavy rains.'

All possibility of crossing the bridge was now at an end. Of course there was a chance that the catastrophe might have roused Seth Gedge from his stupor, and that he might have had his wits sufficiently about him to remember that his first duty was to block both lines. At that hour of the night the station would be shut up, and all the officials, except the signal-man on duty for the night, have gone home, so that unless Seth were in a position to communicate with the latter, there was not much chance of the mineral train being intercepted in time. All this Steve saw clearly in his mind as he stood there for one solemn minute. But one chance, and that a faint one, was left him of being able to stop the 'up minerals.'

'There's nothing for it but to go back and be as sharp about it as we can,' he said.

Then, as they hurried back to the train, Steve told Bessie his plan. He had called to mind that close by the semaphore there was a crossing from one line to the other, put there for shunting purposes, and this it was which he was now about to utilise for his purpose. As soon as the engine was reached, Bessie was assisted on to it. Then, as soon as Mike had been picked up, Steve began to run back along the up-line towards Brimley Station, four miles away. The engine kept on whistling as a signal to Jim Baines, and presently they could discern the waving of his hand-lamp, although he himself was invisible in the darkness. Speed was slackened, to allow of the news being told him, after which all steam was put on, and away they went at a pace which at any other time would have frightened Bessie half out of her wits; but during the last hour she had gone through so much that for the time being she felt as if nothing could ever terrify her again.

Brimley was reached a few minutes later, where the telegraph was at once put in operation, fortunately in time to intercept the mineral train at Rushcliffe, the station next past Scargill.

Little more remains to be told. It was the bursting of the Hoybeach Reservoir, as Steve had surmised, that set free the immense mass of water, the flood upon a flood, which swept away a great part of Grimsby Bridge. It was the cause of a great deal of property being damaged and destroyed; but Will Provant's was the only life sacrificed. His body was never found; but the handsaw was picked up a week or two later, not far from the spot where he had attempted to work out the desperate scheme of vengeance which recoiled so terribly on himself. An

examination proved that before being overtaken by his fate, he had succeeded in sawing more than half-way through two of the great centre beams of the bridge.

Seth Gedge lost his situation, and deservedly so. He acknowledged that, as a relief to the monotony of his 'spell' of night-duty, he had more than once allowed Provant to keep him company in his box for an hour or two. On the night of the accident he had been suffering from faceache, and Provant had persuaded him to drink something which he had mixed for him as being an infallible remedy. After that, he had remembered nothing more for several hours.

Bessie's nervous system did not wholly recover its tone for several months, and for many weeks to come she suffered so much from sleeplessness as totally to unfit her for her duties in Mrs Fountain's shop. The wedding, however, took place at Christmas as arranged. It is pleasant to be able to record that the railway company presented Bessie with a purse containing a substantial token of their recognition of her services; while shortly afterwards Steve's ambition was gratified by his removal to headquarters and his appointment as driver of one of the main-line expresses. Lastly, it may be mentioned that the crimson silk handkerchief was carefully treasured as a memento of a never-to-be-forgotten night.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECT OF BACTERIOLOGY.

THE public interest has of late been much excited in the science of Bacteriology by the proposal to found in England a Pasteur Institute for the treatment of persons bitten by rabid animals, and more recently by the somewhat sensational reports of the supposed discovery of the *Bacillus* of influenza. It is noticeable that nearly all the discoveries in this science emanate from foreign laboratories, and are associated with the names of German and French observers; while our own country contributes but little to investigations which have proved so fertile in the elucidation of the causes of disease and the discovery of methods by which these diseases may be combated. That this is not the fault of our observers, the triumphs of Listerism sufficiently attest. It must rather be attributed to the English want of interest in pure science, and the numerous impediments which are thrown in the way of scientific workers in this country. But if pure science is not appreciated by us, we are usually credited with a sufficient readiness to take advantage of the practical benefits resulting therefrom, and to assist any investigations which are likely to lead to results of commercial value. Bacteriology has many such results to show.

Amongst the earliest problems attacked by Pasteur were those associated with the process of fermentation. He established on a firm basis the dependence of the chemical actions occurring in the formation of alcohol from sugar containing fluids in the process of fermentation upon the life of certain small plant-cells, which constitute the yeast formed in fermenting fluids. If the yeast-cells are not healthy, or if other vegetable cells of a different species gained access to the fluid, the original fermentation either went on

badly, or secondary fermentations were set up with the production of chemical compounds which injured the flavour or appearance of the desired product. Wines are liable to a number of 'diseases' springing from the action of these secondary organisms. In the various wine-cellar a number of empirical rules were followed which experience had shown tended to the diminution of these diseases; but, notwithstanding these, the annual loss due to totally spoiled or deteriorated wines was enormous. To Pasteur is due in great measure the determination of the nature and origin of these diseases, and the practical methods by which their ravages may be stopped. He showed that the time of greatest danger of disease was after the cessation of the primary and desired fermentation, and that the disease-causing organisms were killed by a short exposure to a temperature of one hundred and thirty-six degrees Fahrenheit. The practical method devised by Pasteur—and known as Pasteurisation—consists in slowly raising the wine, with many precautions to avoid access of air, to the above temperature after the primary fermentation has ceased.

Beer, like wine, also suffers from disease. In 1871 Pasteur was summoned to London by a large brewing firm to aid in discovering the cause of the deterioration of their ales, which had resulted in twenty per cent. of their production being returned on their hands as unsaleable. The deterioration was shown to be caused by impurities in the yeast employed, and Pasteur suggested remedies which soon restored the ales of the firm to their original quality. The method which is applied to wine in order to check disease is equally effective when applied to beer. Pasteurisation is now in general use in the wine-cellar of the Continent and in many of our largest breweries, and has resulted in a gain to the manufacturers of many thousands annually.

Yeast is a name given to a family of plants, and comprising many species and varieties. Nearly all members of the family are capable of fermenting sugar to alcohol; but the concomitant changes upon which depend to a large extent the special qualities and flavour of the fermented liquid differ with the variety of yeast employed. Ordinary yeast is a mixture in very variable proportions of several varieties, and beer produced by this mixture is liable to sudden and unexpected changes of quality. Hansen of Copenhagen has studied these varieties of yeast, and devised means for the preparation of pure species on the large scale. There are now large establishments at Berlin and Munich for the preparation of pure yeasts on a commercial scale, from which vast quantities are distributed to all the principal breweries of the Continent. At present these methods have not made much advance in England; but bearing in mind the rapidly-increasing consumption of foreign beer amongst us, there is little doubt that English brewers will have to pay attention to the teachings of science which are already accepted by their continental rivals.

In 1853 the raw-silk industry of France was valued at five millions sterling annually; while in 1865 its value had sunk to one million. This was caused by the ravages of the silkworm disease. Pasteur again came to the rescue, discovered the cause of the disease in certain micro-organisms in the body of the moth, and devised means for

the extermination of the disease. The silk industry rapidly reached its old importance; the returns of the past few years show a steady increase in the value of the produce.

In the large chicken farms of Northern France a disease frequently rages, called, from its symptoms, chicken cholera. It appears in epidemics, and causes large mortality. It is caused by a small *bacterium*, which has of late become notorious as the means proposed by Pasteur for the extermination of rabbits in Australia. The microbe can be cultivated outside the body of the fowl, and if a healthy fowl be inoculated with the fresh virus, it invariably dies. Cultivated, however, for some time under special conditions, the organism loses its virulence, and a fowl inoculated no longer succumbs to the disease, but is found to be vaccinated, or protected against a subsequent inoculation of the virulent virus. This method of protection is now largely employed on the French farms, and has reduced the mortality from ten to one per cent., with a corresponding saving in money value.

Anthrax is an excessively fatal disease, occurring amongst sheep and cattle, causing enormous loss to the farmers of the districts in which the disease is endemic. In England, it occurs only in small outbreaks; but in Australia, where it is known as the Cumberland disease, it causes great loss. It is the complaint which when communicated to man is known as woolsorters' disease. The growth and spread of a small *bacillus* in the blood of the animals is the cause of the affection. This bacillus has, like the microbe of chicken cholera, been cultivated in such a way as to produce a vaccine, so that animals inoculated with this material are protected from this most fatal disease. Such vaccines are now regularly produced and distributed to the veterinary surgeons and farmers of the districts in which anthrax rages. In 1886, no fewer than 367,208 sheep and 47,229 oxen were inoculated, and the death-rate reduced from ten per cent. in unprotected animals to one-fourth per cent. amongst those inoculated. The Insurance Societies show their belief in the efficacy of the protection by demanding a much lower premium on protected animals. Laboratories for the production of vaccines have been founded at Vienna, Madrid, Turin, and in Russia and Buenos Ayres.

A disease of pigs known as hog cholera has proved amenable to inoculation; and in 1886 over 19,700 hogs were inoculated. Cattle both in England and on the Continent are subject to a disease known as 'Quarter Evil,' caused by a special bacillus. In Switzerland the disease is especially virulent; and a syndicate of cattle-owners has been formed for the vaccination of their herds and for mutual insurance against losses. In 1888 over two thousand and eighty cattle were inoculated, and the death-rate reduced to one-fourteenth of its average rate amongst unprotected animals.

Pleuro-pneumonia of cattle is a malignant and fatal disease which causes great loss to the farmers of this country. Though no micro-organism has been isolated which can be shown with certainty to be the cause of the disease, yet inoculation has been practised by means of the secretions of an animal dead of the disease. The evidence as to the efficacy of the protection afforded is con-

flicting; but it is believed in Australia to be successful, and the Swiss Insurance Companies reduced the premium in the case of inoculated cattle.

The examples cited above show that Bacteriology has produced results of decided economic value, leaving out of consideration altogether the numerous cases in which it has taught us new and improved ways of dealing with and preventing diseases which more nearly affect mankind. Surely such a record should aid in removing some of the difficulties with which Bacteriology is hampered in England, and gain for it a somewhat larger share of appreciation and encouragement.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—1760.—THE 'VOER-TREKKERS.'

ONE fine day in the Cape summer of 1760, Mynheer Jan Petrus Van Niekirk, one of the frontier Boers of Roggeveld, sat somnolently just within the open doorway of his roomy but bare and unfurnished dwelling-house. He had but just finished his mid-day meal, which had consisted of a huge mass of mutton floating in a greasy ocean of sheep's-tail fat, the latter culled from the fat-tailed sheep anciently indigenous to the Cape.

Van Niekirk's vast and unwieldy form rested on a rude but roomy sofa, composed of a strong wooden framework, interlaced with stout thongs of ox-hide. His huge pipe depended from his mouth, and rested in an immense brown and fleshy hand; while his right leg, crossed over his left knee, was carefully secured by the great fingers of his other hand. Round about the room, on rough strong chairs, sat the Boer's four sons, all stalwart and strong, but all, like their father, thick-fleshed and unwieldy.

All these men were clad in short leathern jackets and leathern knee-breeches, stained, greasy, and smooth from frequent contact with sheep and cattle and the slaughter of many an antelope. Thick stockings, shirts none too clean, and field-shoes of untanned leather completed their dress.

The four younger men—all save the youngest, Dirk, a mere lad—were, like their father, well bearded. All were bronzed, and all smoked great pipes; and, like their father, overcome by their recent repast and the overpowering warmth, they nodded and half-snored. Each man, too, sat with one leg crossed over the knee of the other, one elbow resting on the brawny thigh, and one great hand clasping the ankle of the crossed leg. It was a moving picture of easy pastoral existence, and the effect of a heavy meat diet in a hot climate.

Vrouw Van Niekirk, the mother of these mighty sons, slumbered in a broad and deep arm-chair, close to the table upon which her everlasting coffee-pot stood brewing. Her arm-chair, as befitted the supporter of nineteen stone of solid flesh, was in truth an ample one, fashioned from the stout limbs of the dark-grained stink-wood tree, and covered with the striped skin of a

'koodoo,' shot in the neighbouring mountains. The old lady, as she slumbered uneasily—for the myriads of flies, swarming from the too-adjacent sheep-kraal, teased her sadly—looked a typical mother of the huge men around her. Stout, square, and thick-limbed, her shape nearly resembled in its contour the swelling lines of those punchy broad-built carvels in which her stout ancestry had, in Van Riebeck's time, ploughed their passage from the Netherlands to Table Bay.

A curious implement hung suspended from the vrouw's armchair, just below where her fat right hand rested. This was a massive iron spoon, which depended by a chain nailed to the chair-post. With this spoon the vrouw saved herself a world of trouble, and extracted many a toothsome morsel. Like all good Boers, Vrouw Van Niekirk loved the juicy marrow that lay hidden in the meat-bones served at table; and with her iron spoon she cracked these bones on the hard wood of her chair-post, and thus culled and enjoyed deeply the luscious pith within.

The furniture of the room was scant enough. In the far corner was a rough bedstead for the master and his wife, home manufactured, thonged with strips of hide, and covered with a dirty feather-bed. The sons slept on the floor upon the antelope skins that lay in one corner. The wretched Hottentots who ministered to the wants of the household snatched sleep as best they might in a filthy hut or two just behind the main dwelling.

In addition to the bed and chairs there was a mighty oaken chest, rudely but elaborately carved, and bearing the date 1632; there were, besides, two smaller chests, painted green, which in time of 'trek' fitted into the wagon, one forming the driving-box. These three chests contained almost all the worldly gear of the family. The enormously long flint guns, five of them, resting in a corner, powder-horns, shot-belts, riding-whips, with high-peaked saddles hanging on strong wooden pegs, completed the internal fittings.

But it is now three o'clock, and Vrouw Van Niekirk waking ponderously from her slumbers, calls out sharply: 'Dirk! Dirk! Up ye, and call Kleinboy, the lazy rascal, and Kaaitje, to milk the goats.—Where, now, is Kaaitje? I will so thrash her the instant she comes in.'

Dirk, the youngest son, a giant of sixteen years, yawns, and slowly rises. Slowly he unfurls his crossed leg, slowly slouches to the door, and, blinking in the sun-blaze, slowly takes his pipe from his mouth and calls in a deep voice: 'Kleinboy, Kaaitje; where are ye both? Come here this instant.'

Thus accosted, Kaaitje, the Hottentot maid, who has been snoozing beneath a bush just outside, raises herself, and with a stretch gets quickly to her feet; and Kleinboy, too, creeps round from an outhouse, for he also has been sleeping.

'Yes, sieur,' cries Kleinboy in Dutch, 'I hasten; and will at once get the goats to kraal.'

Even as he speaks, his acute ear detects a distant sound; he listens; and before the young Boer can hear what Kleinboy has heard he says rapidly with excitement in his bleared eyes: 'Arrie! Sieur, yonder come wagons; they are crossing the ford below, and will soon be here.'

The strangely vehement tones of the Hottentot's

voice arrest the attention even of the tame secretary-bird stalking about. The bird pauses in the act of chastising a brace of fighting cockerels, and turns his fierce grave eye inquiringly towards the two men. This is amazing news indeed, for in 1760 the Roggeveld was a remote frontier settlement, and its traffic altogether inconsiderable. Thus the arrival of a wagon at Klipplaar—Van Niekirk's farm—is an event rare and important. They wait and listen until Dirk, too, can catch the dull rumble of the ponderous wagons.

Presently the shrill voices of Hottentot drivers urging their oxen up the steep ascent to the farmhouse, hoarse cries, and strange oaths and curses levelled at the straining spans, can be plainly distinguished; then the pistol-crack of a whip. At this Dirk slouches indoors again, and, with a faint glimmer of excitement lighting up his flat dull face, informs the inmates of the approach.

But even now, despite the unwonted news—for it is six months good since strangers passed the door—there is no hurry, no unseemly haste. The group of inanimate men is scarcely stirred; the pipes are withdrawn from the mouths certainly, and the usual 'Allemagtig!' is uttered, nothing more. The stream of life runs too dreamily, too slothfully, in these dull natures. The crossed legs remain crossed; the heavy countenances impassive, immovable. But the housewife is after all flesh and blood and a woman. 'Kaaitje,' she shrieks—'you confounded gipsy, hasten here this minute.'

Kaaitje enters.

'Fetch my clean cap from the wagon-box yonder.—No, no, you imp; not there, but in the far left-hand corner. So, there.'

Then the vrouw, taking off the very dirty tight-fitting cap she wears upon her great hay-coloured head, rubs her greasy face with the still greasier headgear, smooths, with a touch of moisture from her mouth, her already sufficiently flattened hair with her fat palms, dons the clean cap, gives a brush and a smooth to her gray stuff gown, cuffs poor Kaaitje heavily aside, and is ready for action.

Now at last, as the wagons come nearer and nearer up the hill-slope, the men grudgingly bestir themselves. They rise, and all steadily sucking at their pipes, move to the doorway, first putting on their broad-brimmed uncocked felt hats. The stout oxen below are gallantly struggling with their enormous loads, and strive to surmount the boulder-strewn rise that caps the ascent. The drivers scream angrily at their long-horned charges; and the great wagon-whips crack and crack again, fetching out the hair in little clouds, and ripping open the thick hides of the poor brutes like slashes from a sharp knife. A mighty effort, a pull all together, a terrific strain at the wagon-ropes, and the hill is won; and at length, with a 'Wo haa!' from the leaders, the wagons stand in front of the low square house. Two or three men on horses ride behind; and yet behind them follow in a cloud of dust flocks of sheep and goats and a number of loose oxen and horses driven by natives.

Now Van Niekirk with proper Boer-like solemnity advances slowly to his threshold. Anon descending from the wagons and horses come to him a middle-aged Boer of immense size and

strength and four other younger men. The first is, for a Boer, an alert sharp-looking man, with determination stamped upon every feature of his handsome sun-burnt face. His tawny beard sweeps down to his middle, and his voice is deep and resolute. Altogether a notable man among these sleepy colonists. He and his sons, for they are such, advance to the doorway, and ejaculating 'Morning,' shake hands with Van Niekirk. After a pause, the latter asks them their names and whither they go. The stranger speaks: 'My name is Swanepoel—Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel, cattle-farmer; formerly Captain in the service of the Batavian Republic. I come with my family'—indicating his sons and the wagons, wherein are females, with a wave of his arm—'from the farm Riet-Vlei, on Groot Doorn Rivier, just above Warm Bokkeveld. But I am tired of the place, and have sold the farm; and now we shall go, if the Lord pleases, to the rich lands that, as I hear, lie far up to the north.—Yes! Night after night I have dreamed, and my wife has dreamed it too, that up there'—pointing northwards—'we shall find the Land of Promise, like the Israelites of old. There is a land of milk and honey, of grass and flowing waters, and full of game; and the Lord helping us, we hope all one day to see it. We expect dangers and troubles; but what of it? We shall not find fiercer or more treacherous foes than the Bushmen who have vexed us hitherto. And we shall have around us the big game thick as cattle, and a free land, and no taxes.'

With this speech the Boer introduced his four sons, all of them fine tall young fellows, ranging from fourteen to twenty; and then going to his wagons, called to his women-folk. From beneath the tents came forth a tall, big, handsome woman, Vrouw Swanepoel; and after her, two daughters and a niece: the former, buxom maidens of fifteen and seventeen; the latter, a fair slim girl of fourteen. The whole family then trooped into the house, and shook hands with the inmates, and partook of coffee; then proceeded to chat in the usual Boer fashion upon their respective families and connections, their flocks, the last Bushman foray, and the drought.

Hendrik Swanepoel having outspanned his oxen, and having, too, seen them and his flocks and herds well watered at Van Niekirk's fountain, proceeded, at the invitation of his host, to prepare for the night. Thorns were cut for a kraal, and the stock duly ensconced therein. Then followed a hearty supper, after which prayers and a long psalm prepared all for bed, the strangers retiring to their wagons.

On the following morning, with his stock thoroughly refreshed, Swanepoel inspanned early, bade a hearty farewell to his entertainer; and with his formidable train of forty oxen, seven hundred sheep and goats, and eighteen horses, trekked away through the mountains into the desert country beyond. The great whips cracked, the Hottentots yelled fiercely at their oxen, and the great gaudily-painted wagons rolled off, followed by a cloud of dust that hid the flocks. The trek-Boer's avowed intention was to find his way down the Zak River, and thence through Bushmanland to the interior, at that time dim and utterly unknown.

Whatever his course, Hendrik Swanepoel and

his family thenceforward vanished completely from colonial ken, and were never again heard of.

The boy, Dirk Van Niekirk, who lived to a great age, and died in Cape Colony so lately as 1836, used often to speak of the departure of this family. He remembered, too, that once a Koranna from the Orange River brought tidings, full twenty years after that strange 'trekking,' that a white family had at one time crossed the river and disappeared into the Karri-Karri (an old name for the Kalahari Desert). But, beyond the dim reminiscences of Dirk Van Niekirk, become yet dimmer since his death, and the Koranna's story, no tidings, whether of good or evil, ever again came south concerning the adventurous trekkers. The dark curtain of the interior fell between them and their fellow-colonists, and their names and memories gradually faded into almost complete oblivion.

THE 'TENDERFOOT.'

THE difference in the social status is as great between the manufacturing and agricultural States and those in which the mining and stock industries predominate, as between the European countries and the wild and woolly West, as it is often denominated. The miners and cowboys of the Western mountains and plains have developed a contempt for the more perfectly civilised and more polished gentlemen; and they do not stop there, but extend the same sentiments to the rougher and uneducated classes who hail from the manufacturing and agricultural districts. They apply the same epithet to all—'Tenderfoot.' Many amusing anecdotes are told in the miners' cabins and the cowboys' camps relative to the achievements of these strangers to their half-civilised customs and habits. One of these presents itself to the writer's mind here.

It was during the early settlement of the Black Hills that a New-Yorker, prominent in his own State and City, was journeying to that new-found Eldorado on the Deadwood stage. A few miles from his destination his attention was attracted by a herd of half-broken horses which the owner was selling. Our New-York friend questioned the stage-driver as to the advisability of purchasing one with which to make a tour of the various mining camps. Of course the old-timer, anxious to see fun, no matter how serious might be the result, advised an immediate purchase, and volunteered to stop his team and give the Tenderfoot a chance to inspect and buy one of those hardy specimens which do such useful service for the frontiersmen. As he approached the herd, an old gray-headed miner, who, from the new-comer's appearance and general get-up, knew too well that he had no use for any of the ponies, kindly volunteered the remark: 'Why, stranger, you don't want to buy a bucking cayuse.' But the New-Yorker disdained to take advantage of such a friendly warning, and at once bargained for as vicious-looking a specimen of its kind as was in the herd. The 'vacquero' whose duty it was to ride each pony after it was purchased, did so in this case, and, to a stranger's vision, our friend had succeeded in purchasing as docile an animal as would be found in any of the parks in the Old World. The New-Yorker

mounted at once, and in a twinkling lay sprawling on mother earth about twenty feet from his horse. The friendly miner was the first to assist him to his feet, merely remarking as he did so: 'I told you, you had no use for a bucking cayuse.' He was asked by the Tenderfoot: 'Was that what you call bucking?'—'Yes, sir-ree; but that was not bad bucking,' said the miner.—'Well, then, what does the little beast do when he cayuses?' was the next question, which provoked such mirth from the crowd of cowboys and miners, that our New-York friend made a bee-line for the stage; and it was not until the friendly driver had told him that cayuse was the Western name given to this class of horses, that the Tenderfoot fully appreciated his ignorance of the Western idioms of speech as well as its customs.

It is not necessary for a Tenderfoot to be a dude or swell to make him an object of curiosity to the frontiersmen, though, of course, if he is such, his persecution by practical jokers will be intensified. The writer remembers the first silk hat which was seen in a western Kansas town twenty years since subjected the wearer to become an involuntary actor in a second William Tell performance, with the only difference that a cowboy with his ready revolver took the part of William, and the high hat was the substitute for the apple. Of course, such performances as this are not heard of any more in the Wild West; but at that early date such a headgear was a curiosity even in many Eastern cities, to say nothing of what it must have been in the West.

The Tenderfoot is considered the natural prey of the frontiersman in a business transaction. The tendency is always to cut his eye-teeth as soon as possible, and if in doing that they can break him financially, the better the Western man is pleased. The reason for this antagonism is found in the fact that too many Eastern men come to our country with the idea that we don't know anything, and they can teach us; but they all forget that the majority of Western men have learnt as much as they before they came west, and have there graduated in a school second to none. Let a prospector in the mines discover any valuable mineral in too small a quantity to pay to develop, he will invariably look around for a Tenderfoot to take it off his hands, and usually is successful. Only a few weeks since the writer was approached by an acquaintance in an Eastern town, who desired to know the value of certain mining stock he had purchased, which was to my own knowledge valueless. He could hardly believe that he, shrewd business man as he was at home, had been duped by an apparently ignorant miner. Of course some men are not dubbed Tenderfoot so long as others, because they possess good common sense, and come to the West willing to acknowledge their ignorance in its habits and customs, and use their every effort to learn as much as possible, and as quickly as they can.

A man to get along in the West must prove his manliness—that is all that is necessary. Nowhere is personal bravery or nerve admired and acknowledged more freely; but it is not necessary for a new-comer to identify himself with the rowdyism so prevalent. Nor will it be conducive to his peace of mind to undertake to set up any fanatical or cranky notions in opposition to the

old-time theories and practices. No matter how full a town may be of bad men, desperadoes, any one can live there and be respected, but he must mind his own business; then even those very desperadoes will be among the first to acknowledge and uphold his rights in the community.

The name is applied to every new arrival in a mining or cattle camp, no matter where he is from, unless he be a Western man, which fact is easily ascertained by the inhabitants of the camp without any questions being asked, for there is a sort of freemasonry among frontiersmen unknown to the balance of the world, and rarely if ever do they make a mistake in recognising—or sizing-up, as we express it—a man's claims in either direction.

The class of Tenderfoot most imposed upon and subjected to the most trying ordeals in practical joking are those younger scions of English families whose parents and guardians send them West with the mistaken idea that they will succeed better than at home, especially if they were inclined to be a little wild. A wild boy in England will usually become a more dissipated man in America, because he is restrained by none of those home influences spread around him. Such usually come out under an agreement to learn farming, for which privilege their people pay enormous premiums; and the innocents don't discover till they get here that they have paid a big price for the privilege of becoming a farm-labourer, and usually for some ignorant but shrewd Yankee who does not know how to farm himself. The writer heard a young man say the other day that he came out under such an agreement, with an allowance of one hundred dollars a month for pocket-money. His description of his treatment was amusing. The first morning after his arrival at the farmer's he was awakened at four o'clock to go out and milk the cows. He remonstrated; but was coolly informed 'that for such purposes the farmer had agreed to take him.' Or, in other words, that he had agreed to accept his share of the premium and allow the young man to do the work he would otherwise have had to pay good fair wages to have had performed!

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

LIFE is not lived by days nor yet by years;
These come and go, or haply, sometimes stay,
As Time his changes rings; and if To-day
Lingers relentlessly when fraught with fears,
If perfect harmonies and smiles it hears
In one short moment—Lo! 'tis Yesterday.
And reverently the joy or pain we lay
Safe in the Past's dear shrine with unshed tears.

So, when the deepest chords of Life vibrate
And quiver 'neath the master-hand of Pain
Or Ecstasy, our quickened breath we bate,
And listen, hoping that perchance some strain
Of heaven's own music soothe, ere 'tis too late,
The troubled waters of Life's boundless main.

E. L.

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THE QUEEN OF AUTUMN.

WHEN the murky fogs and surly blasts of November are with us, the *Chrysanthemum*, Queen of Autumn, unfolds her beauteous flowers. The Rose, Queen of Summer, is faded and gone: her beauty and fragrance are now only memories; and with her nearly all the other floral children of our gardens are gone to rest, carefully shielded from winter's pointed fury. But the *chrysanthemum*, with her wondrous diversity of form and colour, still remains to gladden our hearts and brighten the dull days which link autumn to winter. She may be a child of other lands, but we have taken her to our hearts and homes, and crowned her queen of our autumnal flowers. No flower has excited so much enthusiasm or received so much admiring attention within recent years, and no other plant gives to the hand that tends it such liberal return in number and beauty of flowers. An eloquent writer has well said that, 'in power of expression, distinctness of character, in forms of beauty no less cheering to the heart than delightful to the eye, a beauty that is unique and the embodiment of the highest harmonies of plastic form, the *chrysanthemum* surpasses all other flowers, not even the rose, the tulip, or the dahlia being excepted.'

The *chrysanthemum* belongs to the very extensive and world-wide natural order, *Compositæ* or Daisy flowers. In its cultivated form it originated at a very remote period. The evidence we possess points to the existence, in the Chinese empire, of cultivated varieties for at least two thousand five hundred years. The progenitor of these varieties was very probably '*Chrysanthemum indicum*,' a species indigenous to China, Corea, and Japan. The flower of this species is small, single, and of a yellow colour. Some authorities, however, hold that there is also something of the wild species '*C. morifolium*' in them. Still, it is remarkable that the little species '*C. indicum*' is continually reproduced from seeds saved from blooms of the finest form and highest culture. This tendency to revert to

first forms (ativism) is observed in many other cultivated plants, and the fact of '*C. indicum*' being so frequently found among seedlings is a very strong argument in favour of the opinion that it is really the progenitor of all the garden varieties.

The earliest literary reference to the *chrysanthemum* we find in the '*Li-Ki*' of Confucius, written about 500 B.C. The Chinese value it very highly, and no other flower is so conspicuous in their gardens and homes. It is their national flower, and is to them an emblem of everything that is graceful and beautiful. They grow it to a high state of cultivation, tending it with their well-known untiring patience, and often train it into the most fantastic shapes, such as horses, stags, pagodas, boats, &c. Their poets never tire of singing its praises, nor their painters of depicting its graces. In the Franks Collection of Chinese ware, in the British Museum, many beautiful and interesting articles of porcelain may be seen decorated with it. The oldest piece in this fine collection is a dish ornamented in an archaic style with *chrysanthemum* flowers bearing the mark of the period '*Seuen-tih*,' which is equivalent to the decade 1426-36 in our era. Mr Fortune, in an account of his travels in China, tells us of the grandeur of the Chinese gardens, and the prominent place the *chrysanthemum* holds in them. He says that at night, during the autumn and early winter, it is a common sight to see in the gardens of the wealthy banks of magnificent blooms illuminated with lanterns. He also relates that he saw life-sized effigies of various national heroes constructed of the flowers.

The *chrysanthemum* is also a great favourite of the Japanese, who seem to have procured it from the Chinese at a very early date. Having ideals of beauty somewhat dissimilar to those of the Chinese, they have selected different forms of the many varieties which the plant produces. The *Kiku*, as they call it, has been chosen as the crest of the present imperial family, and is used on the official seal. Their highest national

decoration is that of the Imperial Order of the Chrysanthemum, which was founded in 1876. It may be remembered that, about four years ago, the Mikado, to express his regard for this country, sent a special ambassador to invest the Prince of Wales with the Star and Collar of the Order.

On Japanese pottery, lacquer-work, and textile fabrics, the Kiku is very often depicted, but generally in a conventionalised form. On their ornamental bronze-work, and on the plaques and vases for which they are famous, there are some beautiful examples of the flower. The ninth month of the Japanese year, during which the chrysanthemum is in full bloom, is called 'Kikudzuki.' On the ninth day of this month, one of the chief fêtes of the nation, the Festival of Happiness, is held, and in its celebration the Autumn Queen is largely employed as the emblem of joy. Some of the finest varieties we now possess have been procured from them, and contain the result of their gardening skill and care, throughout hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. In the autumn of last year the floral world was astonished by the flowering for the first time in this country of the unique variety, 'Mrs Alpheus Hardy.' This wonderful variety has large globular flowers of the purest white. In form it is not unlike some kinds we have got from the Chinese; but it has one distinct and marvellous feature—the under sides of the florets are thickly studded with long silky hairs, which give the flowers a light and extremely beautiful appearance. It is a distinct form, and is no doubt the first of many similar treasures in store for lovers of the chrysanthemum.

'Avalanche,' pure white, and 'Edwin Molyneux,' chestnut crimson, are other very fine Japanese varieties.

We find in the works of botanical and horticultural writers a few evidences of the existence of the chrysanthemum in Europe as far back as the year 1689, but there is nothing definite till the year 1789. In that year, so eventful in the history of France, M. Blancard, a native of Marseilles, brought to that city from the East three varieties. Two of them, however, soon died. The plant which survived was subsequently known as 'Old Purple.' In 1790 a few plants of it were sent to the British gardens at Kew. Hence the present year is the centennial year of the introduction of the chrysanthemum into Britain.

Improvements were made during the next few years, and other varieties were imported from China. In 1824 we find that about thirty varieties were growing in the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Chiswick, and in 1826 the number had increased to fifty. The Society distributed plants and cuttings of these varieties to the florists in and around London; thus the plant became widely known, and soon took a high place in public estimation. Societies for the encouragement of its culture were rapidly formed throughout the country, and year after year the number of chrysanthemum shows in the closing days of autumn have steadily increased. In the present year there are about four hundred such societies in the country, the membership of which is little short of one hundred thousand; and the displays made by

them in November are among the most delightful of all the floral exhibitions of the year.

The lovely goddess Flora has more worshippers to-day than at any other period of our country's history. Her altars are raised in every corner of the land, alike in the cottage garden, the villa porch, and the marble-floored conservatory of the mansion; and among her gifts to us none is more cherished than the chrysanthemum. All tastes find in its blossoms something to gratify. The artist has the fringed, tasselled, and frilled forms, with their glistening florets, to satisfy his ideals of beauty; the botanist finds much of interest in its structural peculiarities and variations; the florist has the formal Incurved, Anemone, and Pompon varieties, with their circles and half-globes, to please him; the aesthete has the beautiful single flowers with their simple grace to transport him; and he who loves gardening for the refreshment of spirit and healthy occupation it affords has in it a plant easily grown, and which gives a wealth of beautiful flowers to reward his pleasant labours. Its blossoms unfold at a season when other flowers are few—a season perhaps tinged with the sad memory of sunny hours now past, and the present prospect of skies chill and drear. But, as they unfold and fade, do they not point us in hope to the time, not far distant, when the earth shall once more hear the voice of spring, and 'flourish green again?'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XLIII.—CONCLUSION.

I HAVE kept you long at sea. With my escape in the barque from Captain Braine's island in company with my shipmate Louise, the story of my adventure—the narrative, indeed, of the romance of the wreck—virtually ends. Yet you will wish to see Miss Temple safely home; you will desire to know whether I married her or not; you will also want to know the latest news of the people of the *Countess Ida*, to learn the fate of the Honourable Mr Colledge, of the crew of the *Magicienne's* cutter, and of the carpenter Lush and his merry gold-hunting men. All may be told in the brief limits of a chapter.

For five days Wetherly and Miss Temple and myself navigated the barque without assistance. The struggle, indeed, would have been a desperate one for us but for the weather.

It was on the afternoon of the fifth day that we fell in with a Peruvian man-of-war brig. She backed her topsail and sent a boat. The young officer in command spoke French very fluently, and Miss Temple and I between us were able to make him understand our story. He returned to his ship to report what I had said, and presently came back with a couple of Irish seamen, to whose services to help us to carry the barque to Valparaiso we were, he said, very welcome. The Peruvian brig was bound on a cruise amongst the islands, and I earnestly entreated the officer to request his commander to head first of all for the reef upon which I had left Lush and his men, that they might be taken off, if they had not recovered their boat.

Down to this point, the three of us in one fashion and another had managed so fairly well, that the acquisition of the two Irish seamen communicated to me a sense as of being in command of a very tolerable ship's company. Miss Temple and I could now enjoy some little leisure apart from a routine that had been harassing with its vexatious and incessant demands upon our vigilance. Night after night descended upon us in beauty. There was scarcely, indeed, a condition of this tender tropic passage to Valparaiso that was not favourable to sentiment. Yet my pride rendered it an obligation upon me that before I spoke my love I must make sure of the girl's own feelings towards me. I watched her with an impassioned eye; I listened to every word that fell from her lips with an ear eager to penetrate to the spirit of her meaning; a smile that seemed in the least degree ambiguous would keep me musing for a whole watch together. Then I would inquire whether I could in honour ask her to be my wife until my protection and care for her had ceased, and she stood to me in the position she had occupied when we had first met aboard the *Indianan*. But to this very fine question of conscience I would respond with the consideration that if I did not ask her now, I must continue in a distracting state of suspense and anxiety for many weeks, running, indeed, into months—that is to say, until we should reach home; that she might misconstrue my reserve, and attribute it to indifference; that to make her understand why I did not speak would involve the declaration that my honour was supposed to regard as objectionable.

But all this self-parleying simply signified that I was waiting to make sure of her answer before addressing her. In one quarter of an hour one fine night, with a high moon riding over the topsail yardarm and the breeze bringing an elfin-like sound of delicate singing out of the rigging, it was settled! A glance from her, a moment of speaking silence, brought my love to my lips, and standing with her hand in mine in the shadow of a wing of sail curving past the main-rigging, with the brook-like voice of running waters rising, I asked her to be my wife.

There was hesitation without reluctance, a manner of mingled doubt and delight. I had won her heart; and her hand must follow; but her mother, her dearest mother! Her consent must be obtained; and from what she said in disjointed sentences, with earnest anxiety to say nothing that might give me pain, with a voice that trembled with the emotions of gratitude and affection, I gathered that Lady Temple's matrimonial schemes for her daughter soared very considerably above the degree of a commoner.

'But Louise, I have your love?'

'Yes, yes, yes! my love, my gratitude, and my admiration.'

'And you need but your mother's consent to marry me?'

'Yes, and she will consent. This long association—this astonishing adventure!—'

'Ay, but there is no obligation of marriage in that. I have your love, and your mother will consent because you love me?'

She fixed her eyes on my face, and by the haze of moonlight floating off the sand-white planks into the shadow in which we stood, I

saw such meaning in them that the sole sequel of my interpretation of it must be to put my lips to hers.

But enough of this. It all happened so many years ago now, that I am astonished by my memory that enables me to put down even so much of this little passage of my experiences with Louise as I have written.

After days of delightful weather and prosperous winds, we came to an anchor at Valparaiso. I at once waited upon the British consul, related my story, delivered over the ship, and was treated by him with the utmost courtesy, consideration, and hospitality. A large English vessel was sailing for Liverpool eight days after the date of our arrival. I inspected her, and promptly took berths for myself and Miss Temple; and the rest of the time we spent in providing ourselves with the necessary outfit for another long voyage. The consul informed me that the deposition I made as to the *Lady Blanche* would suffice in respect of the legal manœuvring that would have to follow, and that I was at liberty to sail whenever I chose. I empowered him to hand over any salvage money that might come to me to Wetherly, whom I also requested to call upon me when he should arrive in England, that I might suitably reward him for the very honest discharge of his duties from the time of our leaving the island in the barque.

I will not pretend that our passage home was uneventful. Out of it might readily be spun another considerable narrative; but here I may but glance at it. The ship was named the *Greyhound*. There went with her a number of passengers, Spanish and English, who, thanks, I suppose, to the gossip of the British consul and his wife and family, were perfectly informed of every article of our story, and in consequence made a very great deal of us—of Miss Temple in particular.

Our being incessantly together from the hour of our sailing down to the hour of our arrival strengthened her love for me, and her passion became a pure and unaffected sentiment. But I could not satisfy myself that she loved me, or that, subject to her mother's approval, she would have consented to marry me, but for our extraordinary experiences, that had coupled us together in an intimacy which most people might consider matrimony must confirm for her sake if not for mine.

But if that had ever been her mood—she never would own it—it ripened during this voyage into a love that the most wretchedly sensitive heart could not have mistaken. And now it remained to be seen what reception Lady Temple would accord me. She would be all gratitude, of course; she would be transported with the sight and safety of her daughter; but ambition might presently dominate all effusion of thankfulness, and she would quite fail to see any particular obligation on her daughter's part to marry merely because we had been shipmates together in a series of incredible adventures.

But all conjecture was abruptly ended on our arrival by the news of Lady Temple's death. A stroke of paralysis had carried her off. The attack was charged to her fretting for her daughter, of whose abandonment upon the wreck she had received the news from no less a person

than the Honourable Mr Colledge. Let me briefly describe how this had come about.

When the cutter containing Mr Colledge and the men of the *Magicienne* had lost sight of the wreck in the sudden vapour that had boiled down over it, the fellows, having lost their lieutenant and being without a head, hurriedly agreed to pull dead away before the wind in the direction of the Indianman, not doubting that she would be lying hove-to, and that they must strike her situation near enough to disclose the huge loom of her amidst the fog. They missed her, and then, not knowing what else to do, they lashed their oars into a bundle and rode to it. It was hard upon sunset when a great shadow came surging up out of the fog close aboard of them. It was the corvette under reefed topsails. The cutter was within an ace of being run down. Her crew roared at the top of their pipes, and they were heard; but a few moments later the *Magicienne* had melted out again upon the flying thickness. The boat, however, had been seen, and her bearings accurately taken; and twenty minutes later, the corvette again came surging to the spot where the cutter lay. Scores of eyes gazed over the ship-of-war's head and bulwarks in a thirsty, piercing lookout. The end of a line was flung, the boat dragged alongside, and in a few minutes all were safe on board. Colledge related the story of the adventure to his cousin—how the lieutenant had fallen overboard and was drowned, as he believed; how Miss Temple and I were left upon the wreck, and were yet there. But the blackness of a densely foggy night was now upon the sea; it was also blowing hard, and nothing could be done till the weather cleared and the day broke.

That nothing was done, you know. When the horizon was penetrable, keen eyes were despatched to the mastsheads; but whether it was that the light wreck had drifted to a degree entirely out of the calculations of Sir Edward Panton, or that his own drift during the long, black, blowing hours misled him, no sign of us rewarded his search. For two days he gallantly stuck to those waters, then abandoned the hunt as a hopeless one, and proceeded on his voyage to England.

Mr Colledge on his arrival immediately thought it his duty to write what he could tell of the fate of Miss Temple to Lady Temple's brother, General Ashmole. The General was a little in a hurry to communicate with poor Lady Temple. His activity as a bearer of ill tidings might perhaps have found additional animation in the knowledge that if Miss Temple were dead, then the next of her kinsfolk to whom her ladyship must leave the bulk of her property would be the General and his four charming daughters. Be this as it will, the news proved fatal to Lady Temple.

The shock was a terrible one to Louise. Again and again she had said to me that if the news of her having been lost out of the Indianman reached her mother before she arrived home, it would kill her. And now she found her prediction verified! But if her ladyship's death cleared the road for me in one way, it temporarily blocked it for me in another by enforcing delay. Louise must not now marry for a year. No; anything less than a year was out of the question. It would be an insult to the memory of an adored parent even

to think of happiness under a twelvemonth. I resigned myself in silence to the affliction of waiting, leaving it to time to unsettle her resolution. She had many relatives, and she went from house to house; but I was never very far off. Our being together in constant close association from morning till night, almost as much alone as ever we had been when on the wreck, what with delightful drives, delicious hand-in-hand rambles, ended in rendering me mighty impatient, and impatience is usually importunate. I grew pressing, and one day she consented to our being married at the expiration of a fortnight.

It was much too plain a wedding for such a heroine as our adventures had made Louise, but it was her own choosing. A few intimate friends of my own family, two poor but exceedingly lady-like and well-bred cousins of her own, the vicar who joined our hands, and his homely agreeable wife—these formed the company.

'We have started on another voyage now,' I whispered as we passed out of the church.

'There must be no wrecks in it!' she answered.

And for years, I thank God, it was all summer sailing with us; but I am old now, and alone. . .

In those times, the round voyage to India averaged a twelvemonth, and I was unable to obtain news of the *Countess Ida* until the August that had followed the June of our arrival at Liverpool in the *Greyhound*. I was in London when I heard of the Indianman as having been reported off Deal. In the course of a few days I despatched a note to old Keeling, addressed to the East India Docks, asking him to come and dine with me, that I might tell him of my adventures, and learn what efforts he had made to recover us from the wreck. He arrived in full shore-going fig, with the old familiar skewered look, in the long, tightly buttoned-up coat, and the tall cravat and stiff collars, in which his sun-reddened face rested like a ball in a cup.

He was heartily glad to see me, and continued to shake my hand until my arm ached again. Of my story he had known nothing; for the first time he was now hearing it.

He had little to tell me, however, that was very interesting. He had been blown away from the neighbourhood of the wreck; and though, when the weather cleared, he had luffed up to the spot where he believed she was to be found, he could see nothing of her. Mr Prance was looking at the hull through his glass when the smother came driving down upon her, and saw the cutter shove off; and he believed that Miss Temple and I were in her. He had no time to make sure, for the vapour swiftly blotted the boat out of sight.

The disaster that had befallen us, he said, had cast a heavy gloom over the ship, and it was heightened by Mrs Radcliffe's serious illness, due to the poignant wretchedness caused her by the loss of her niece. However, by the time the vessel was up with the Cape, Mrs Radcliffe had recovered; and when Keeling last saw her, she seemed as hopeful as she was before despairful of her niece being yet accounted for.

When I left Lush and the sailors of the *Lady Blanche* upon the reef, I had little thought of ever hearing of them again. I knew the nature

of sailors. If they came off with their lives, I might be sure they would disperse and utterly vanish. Great was my surprise, then, one morning some months after my marriage, to find, on opening my newspaper, a column-long account of the trial of a seaman named Lush for the murder of a man named Woodward. The evidence was substantially my story with a sequel to it. The witnesses against Lush were three of the seamen of the *Lady Blanche*. The counsel for the prosecution related the adventures of the barque down to the time of my swimming off to her and sailing away with her. The boat had been in charge of the man Woodward when I detached the line to let her slip away. He had fallen into a deep sleep, overcome by fatigue and drink. The yells and roaring of the crew, one of whom had started up and observed the boat drifting out, had aroused the sleeper after the uproar had been some time continued. He was thick and stupid, went clumsily to work to scull the heavy boat ashore, and was a long time in doing it. The carpenter dragged him on to the beach and asked him if he had fallen asleep. The unfortunate wretch answered yes; the carpenter struck him fiercely; Woodward returned the blow; and, mad with rage, Lush whipped out his sheath-knife and stabbed the man to the heart.

By this time the barque had almost faded out in the gloom of the night. Pursuit was not to be thought of. They waited till daylight; but instead of putting their remaining provisions and water in the boat and heading away in search of land or a passing ship, the fools fell to digging afresh; and it was not until their little stock of water was almost gone that, being satisfied that there was no gold in that part of the shore where Captain Braine had said it lay hidden, they put to sea.

They were several days afloat before they, or at least the survivors, were rescued. Their sufferings were not to be expressed. They had been five days without water when picked up. Four of them had died. They were fallen in with by an English brig bound home, to the captain of which one of the sailors, who had been an old 'chum' of Woodward, told the story of the murder of that man by Lush. The skipper, not choosing to have such a ruffian as the carpenter at large in his little ship, clapped him in irons, and kept him under hatches until the arrival of the vessel in the Thames, when he was handed over to the police. The jury found a verdict of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to ten years' transportation.

To this hour I am puzzled by Captain Braine and his island. My wife uniformly believed that the gold was there, and that the poor lunatic had mistaken the bearings of the spot where it lay. My own fancy, however, always inclined to this: that from the circumstance of his having rightly described the island, which he situated on a part of the sea where no reef or land of any sort was laid down on the charts, he had actually been wrecked upon it, and suffered as he had related to me; that by long dwelling upon his terrific experience he had imported certain insane fancies into it out of his unsuspected madness when it grew upon him; until the hallucination of the gold hardened in his poor soul into a con-

viction. Yet I may be wrong; and if so, then there must at this hour be upwards of a hundred and eighty thousand pounds' worth of gold coins lying concealed somewhere in the reef whose latitude and longitude you have.

THE END.

THE ISLAND OF IVIZA.

IN some respects, Iviza is the most interesting island of the small archipelago of the Balearics. The guide-books neglect it, or devote but a paragraph to it. Whether as the cause or effect of this slight, very few travellers of the tourist species set foot on its shores. A single steamer weekly from Alicante touches at the little port of the island for an hour or two, to keep the Iviceues supplied with the few luxuries they demand of the Europe that is so near to them, and with which, nevertheless, they have so little concern. The one hotel of the island is of the most nondescript and objectionable kind. Its master is confectioner, farmer, and landlord all in one, and a man of so independent a mind that if he conceives a prejudice against the petitioner for accommodation in his house, he is as likely as not to refuse to receive him under his roof. Such a calamity would here be more serious than in most insular communities. As a rule, the islander is a hospitable person. But in Iviza the stranger is not welcomed with open arms; and unless he have a letter or some special and emphatic quality to recommend him to their notice, the Iviceues will, it is probable, leave him to his own resources, be these ever so scanty.

Only the other day, for instance, the writer, having been fortunate enough to propitiate the Iviza Boniface, found himself one of a motley throng of malcontents whom Fate had brought together in this one little inn. Among the crowd was the President of the High Court of Justice, and a trio of assistant judges, reluctantly holding their periodical assize. Iviza contains not a few famous old families dating from the Spanish conquest, more than six hundred years ago. These live in the great palatial old buildings reared on the castle rock scores of feet above the common smells of the lower town; and the stately escutcheons over their portals still proclaim their importance. The proprietors of these engaging abodes left their lordships the judges to themselves and the tender mercies of the inn. And it did one's heart good to hear, night after night at the common table of this inn, these venerable and learned dispensers of Spanish justice unite in a chorus of maledictions upon all things pertaining to Iviza—from the greasy soup with which the dinner began, to the illiterate prisoners of the place, who felt no shame in the avowal that they did not know their age to a decade or two.

Iviza is the third of the Balearics in size. It is only twenty-one miles long by about ten broad, but with a circumference of about ninety-two miles. The climate is said to be more temperate than that of Majorca, the chief of the group, from which it is distant about forty-five

miles in a south-westerly direction. Statistics also help to show that it is more healthy, the annual death-rate for a term of five years being in Iviza 22.9 per thousand inhabitants; in Majorca, 27.7; and Minorca, 21.3. These figures compare well with the average for Spain itself, 31.3; but they are all beaten by the record of the fourth island of the Balearic group, Formentera, with a mortality of but 13.6 per thousand. Formentera, indeed, seems to be a rock upon which it is difficult to die. An Iviza doctor with whom the writer talked upon the subject was unbounded in praise of it for its salubrity, especially for its remedial properties in chest affections. Unfortunately, it is not conveniently accessible. A periodical snack, and, nothing better, keeps it in communication with Iviza, from which it is only five or six miles distant; but, as may be supposed, its two thousand inhabitants retain their old customs and traditions even more strenuously than Iviza herself.

In none of the Balearics is education in a very satisfactory state. It is certainly odd, however, that whereas in the rest of the world the number of illiterate people has a tendency to diminish, here, of late years, it has increased. In 1860, in Iviza and Formentera, there were 21,973 inhabitants who could not read. At the same time, Minorca numbered 27,611, and Majorca 179,075 in the same condition. The statistics in 1877 were 22,303, 24,135, and 187,194 respectively. We may if we please take credit to ourselves that the establishment of Anglo-Saxon traditions and energy in Minorca during our half-century of occupation in some measure explains the great intellectual superiority of this island over its neighbours. The state of things in the lovely island of Majorca is certainly lamentable, and reflects but little praise upon the local administrators. Iviza, as being less in touch with the Continent, has more excuse. Nevertheless, 22,303 illiterates out of a population of 26,312 is certainly large, and justifies the Ivicenes in their somewhat inordinate respect for a man who can write—'un home que sap fer lleitre.'

It is no doubt due to their personal distaste for education that the Iviza islanders are in such bad repute, judicially and socially. 'Until quite recently,' says the Archduke Luis Salvador of Austria, whose studies about the Balearics have already become monumental, 'the Mallorquins, and even the sailors and fishermen of Iviza, refused to have intercourse with the peasants of Iviza, even going so far as to compare them with the Moors of Barbary.' The man who drove the present writer to and fro about his native island confirmed this prejudice in an odd manner. After capitulating the various villages of Iviza—S. Eulalia, S. Antonio, S. Juan, S. Nicolo, &c., he observed: 'The villages all saints, and the people all devils.' The casual traveller has, of course, no very adequate opportunity to test the truth of such a charge as this. Certainly, however, the faces of the peasants do not prepossess. They have a heavy sullen look, often an ill-controlled fierceness, which argues them much at the mercy of their passions. The records of the district courts of justice seem to bear this out. It is interesting to note, however, that the increase of crime in Iviza is coincident with the falling-off in education. Further, it is difficult to

get the islanders to bear witness against each other in the courts of justice. It is hard to say whether this reluctance is due to a jealousy of the interference of others in quarrels and feuds they consider personal or domestic, or whether it may be accounted for by fear of the consequences of testifying against others. Probably, both causes operate. The Ivicenes have not the reputation of being so stern in vendetta as the Corsicans and Sardes; but neither are they a people to overlook or forgive an injury.

Of course they are superstitious. An island like theirs is sure to be the home of habits and beliefs long discarded by the bulk of the world. The parish priest is the person upon whom they depend for all the culture and enlightenment they can obtain, and the parish priests of Iviza are notorious for their own lack of culture. The good man is one of themselves, with just enough book-learning to procure his ordination. Being appointed to a parish, he ceases all further cultivation of his mind, and rapidly falls to the level of his parishioners, with whom thenceforward he eats and drinks, sorrows and rejoices, and feasts and fasts upon a footing of equality.

Some of the current superstitions are singular enough to be mentioned. Tuesday is reckoned an unlucky day here, as in Italy, where the saying, 'On Tuesday and on Friday one must neither wed nor travel,' still holds. The harvesting of the almonds and figs which abound in the rich plains of the island must be begun on a Friday; otherwise, insects are sure to take toll of the store. On the other hand, a burial must by no means occur on a Friday, else, ere the year is out, another inhabitant of the village or of the street in the capital where the house of the deceased is built, will be called upon to die. The death of the head of a family, though distressing to the household, is supposed to be not without its advantages. An excellent harvest is confidently expected in the autumn following his demise. 'Why?' it may be asked. Because the deceased will make a point of petitioning the Creator upon His throne to this effect. One sees more cats in the dirty streets of the capital than occasion seems to demand. The reason is that the cat is esteemed a quasi-sacred animal, the slaying of which is sure to be requited by a death, a bad harvest, a love disappointment, or a bankruptcy.

After this, one is surprised to discover so much good sense in the proverbs of the Iviza people. The following would not discredit such wise islanders as the Faroese, a community among whom crime is as rare as in Iviza it abounds: The world teaches more than father and mother. Will works more than power. Who sows in a foreign land reaps no harvest. Better to sweat than groan. God can help more than the devil can hinder. Who sups on wine breakfasts on water.

Besides being remarkable for its criminality, its proverbs, and its superstitions, Iviza may also take credit to itself for a national dance, a weekly newspaper, and national costumes. The last are perhaps the least striking of these several characteristics. Ordinarily, upon six days of the week, there is little to distinguish the inhabitants of Iviza from the Mallorquin

or the Catalan. A 'festa' dress does but clap a broad-brimmed black felt hat upon the head of the man, and attire him in a short black jacket and trousers; while, further, it hangs necklets of gold round the swarthy necks of the ladies, and attires their well-greased locks in silk handkerchiefs of very bright colours. Thus dressed, the sexes meet upon any convenient open space, and rejoice to exercise themselves in the 'larga' or the 'curta,' as they call their dance, in accordance with the greater or less energy of the movements of the female participant in it. A drum, a flute, and castanets comprise the full orchestral accompaniment, and in default of the other instruments, the castanets may suffice. The weekly paper, a copy of which is before the writer, is out of humour with the national dance and all other relics of insular life in Iviza. It represents the party of progress. The open drains of the capital, the tardiness of the mayor in good works ('Magnifico Señor Alcalde' he is satirically termed), the dust caused by the dancers, and the throng around them at one end of the 'alameda' or public promenade Sunday after Sunday—these and other long-hallowed incidents of life in Iviza all come under its condemnation. Who knows? Perhaps the press will soon be as potent a reformer in this little island as it aspires to be. Lest this should happen, the traveller who does not mind a few hardships may be recommended to visit Iviza with as little delay as possible. The experience is one by no means to be regretted.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAPTER II.—1866.—A HUNTING-CAMP— AN AFRICAN DIANA.

READER, come with me across the smooth South Atlantic; past green Madeira, rising gem-like from her ocean setting; past towering Tenerife, springing above the clouds; or where the flying-fish leap from glassy waters, that lie idle and listless beneath a too ardent sun; southward past the feverish Niger delta and festering Gold Coast swamps; past the mighty Congo, where it pours its waters to the ocean. Southward, yet a little farther. Eastward now across the dreary sand-dunes of great Namaqualand; northward through Damaraland, with its fierce and treacherous natives; yet farther north, through the fertile country of the Ovampos, rich in grass and grain and millet; past the ancient copper mines of Ondonga, famed for centuries among the tribes. Farther yet, a hundred miles and more, over tall mountains, whose steep sides and broken kloofs, clothed with dense bush and many flowering shrubs, would surely give pause to the most enduring and pertinacious traveller. It is a hard 'trek,' and yet the end of it will amply repay even a year of African toil. Onward still through a grassy terrain, bushy and well timbered, and we find ourselves ascending, and presently emerge upon a mighty tableland of plain, some eighty miles square, and three thousand feet above sea-level. It is the year 1866. The place is in

South Central Africa, situated, if you have a mind to be precise, and will glance at the map of South-west Africa, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Orampoland.

It is a warm morning—warm, and most still; and yet with the warmth is mingled a 'vigour' (a crisp sparkle in the atmosphere, peculiar to spring-time in the high lands of Southern Africa). Through the calm warm air come occasionally the bark of a wildebeest, the whistling neigh of a zebra, the soft coo of the turtle-dove, the restless cry of some gaudy bird fluttering about the bush. Just upon the extreme southern verge of the mighty plateau is a grassy open glade, girt round about by thick bush. There is a great baobab tree in the centre; and near it rests an object strangely unfamiliar to the surroundings, which, indeed, have never witnessed its like before. There stands a great Cape trek-wagon, and near it are feeding its span of oxen, tended by a native servant.

Near the camp, feeding steadily at the sweet grass, are three horses, all knee-haltered in proper Cape fashion. Beneath the wagon recline half-a-dozen dogs, of various shapes and sizes, ranging from a couple of English foxhounds to a purely unadulterated Kaffir cur. Most of these animals carry seams and scars, evidences of encounter with lion, leopard, and wild-boar, by whom many of their fellows have been slain.

It is a glorious morning. Nature herself seems rejuvenated in these regions. Quantities of flowers spangle the grass, gilding the dark-green bush-veldt. But what is that yellow-tawny mass lying out there in the long grass, just beyond the farthest and now extinct camp-fire? Look closer: it is a dead lion, shot in midnight foray, luckily before it had had time to work mischief among the oxen, which, be sure, were in such a place all securely tied. But having noticed thus much, the eye still wanders in search of the owner of all this hunting-gear. He must be a white man; where is he? The question is soon answered. The wagon-curtain is thrust aside; a handsome, sun-burnt, bearded face appears, and a strong active form, lightly clad in 'pyjamas' and a pair of soft field-shoes, leaps lightly to earth. 'Andries and Inyami, here, take a gun and shove in a cartridge, and come with me to the river. I want you to keep the crocodiles away.—You, Aramap, stay and mind the cattle; I'm going to have a bathe.'

The speaker takes two stout poles from the side of the wagon, and giving one to Inyami, a tall Kaffir, and followed by Andries with the loaded rifle, steps briskly, towel on shoulder, down to the river, sixty yards away. Here there is a clear open space, and a flat piece of rock to dive from.

'How about crocodiles, think you?' says the Englishman.

'Ja, sieur,' replies Andries, a puny, stunted-looking, little Hottentot; 'I think there are some about here; take care.'

'We'll soon frighten them away,' says the master.

The two servants fall to with the poles and splash vigorously. Then the white man strips, and with that absence of splash indicative of a practised swimmer, dives neatly into the deep water. He is in not more than ten seconds, and

emerges safe and refreshed. He is quickly dried and back at the wagon.

Farquhar Murray is a broad-shouldered well-set-up young fellow of five-and-twenty. Standing five feet eleven inches in his shoes, his figure gives you the idea at once of strength and activity. His black-brown hair; handsome brown-gray eyes, whose dark sweeping lashes impart a certain air of tenderness to features otherwise strong and determined; and a short crisp beard and moustache of a rich brown colour, complete the portrait. But there is, further, about the man a certain careless air of well-bred superiority that marks him out a gentleman. Take him all round, Farquhar Murray is an excellent good fellow, cheery, unassuming, brave as the lions he hunts, and determined as a black rhinoceros. Wherever he goes he makes friends, and the wonder is that so popular a man is now to be seen thus solitary and far from civilisation. But the fact is he is so enthusiastic a hunter, and had set his mind so much and so long upon his present trek, and was, when he started, in so desperate a hurry to get under weigh, that he could find at the moment no one to share his wanderings.

Farquhar is the only son of a Scottish officer—Captain James Murray—who, after the Crimean war, sold out, gathered together his small possessions, and emigrated to the Cape. A shrewd business man and a wonderful judge of stock, the Captain, after twelve years in the Eastern Province, found himself, by dint of luck and good judgment, worth fifteen thousand pounds, besides his farm of twenty thousand acres and a quantity of stock. His wife had died soon after Farquhar's birth, some years before the Crimean campaign; and after giving his son a good English education, by sending him for five years to Rugby, he had allowed the lad, at the age of nineteen, to go on an elephant-hunting expedition to the Zambesi. Always from his earliest youth a keen sportsman Farquhar had positively revelled in the life, and from that time became a confirmed interior hunter. With intervals of rest with his father, he had made trip after trip to the Bechuana and Matabele countries; and load after load of ivory, amassed with infinite toil and trek, had he brought into Grahamstown market. But one day in 1864, arriving in Grahamstown after ten months' absence, the young man had learned with real grief of the death of his father. Sorely bereaved—for he had loved the old man dearly—after attending to various matters of business connected with the winding-up of the estate, Farquhar had retired to his farm to rest and think over the future. Besides his will, under which he had left all his property—worth some twenty-one thousand pounds—to his son, the Captain had left behind a letter, in which he begged him, after his own rapidly-approaching death, to visit England and renew acquaintance with his family connections, and, if possible, take to himself a wife before settling down for life. His means and education would enable him to pass at all events with credit among his richer kith and kin.

After a week's reflection, Farquhar made up his mind to start; and leaving the farm in charge of a trusted friend, he went down to Port Elizabeth, and thence sailed for England.

The young colonist, with plenty of ready-money

in his pocket, and, despite his hunter's life, the manners of a well-bred gentleman, received on his arrival a hearty welcome from his father's connections. During a seven months' stay in England and Scotland, he had managed to enjoy life heartily, and in many ways things had been made exceedingly pleasant for him. But amid a round of gaiety in town and country, Farquhar had frequently asked himself whether this was the life he would care to adopt. His inner consciousness had as often told him that it was not. After the great free solitudes of the African wilderness, he seemed cramped and confined in the cities, and almost as much in the narrow fields and pastures of the old country. The game, too, seemed so small, so over-much preserved and protected. And for the people? Well! Many of the men he had met were real good fellows, many of the women very charming. But on the whole he had found society and its pleasures very empty, very unsatisfying, often very irksome. He sighed for the old life—the lonely trek, the noble game, the glorious scenery, the merry Hottentots, the keen little Bushmen spoorers, the big Kaffirs, the white wagon-tilt, the long span of sturdy oxen, and the cheery camp-fire.

And so, early in 1866, Farquhar Murray had come back to the Cape, and had made arrangements for a big hunting trip of at least a year's duration. First, he had continued the arrangement with the friend who was farming his land for him; then he had to set about getting another friend to accompany him. In this, after more than a month's waiting, he had failed. His retinue was formed thus: First, an old and tried Hottentot driver and hunter, Andries Veddmann by name; second, a Bushman spoorer and after-rider named Aramap. This man had several times accompanied him in previous trips, and was invaluable in the hunting-field; third, Inyami, a tall Kaffir youth, who could act as leader to the oxen, drive on occasion, look after the horses, and do odd work. A fourth servant, a Damara—facetiously christened by the yellow Andries, from his dark skin, 'Witbooi'—was also engaged. This man, recommended by the missionary at Schmelen's Hope, was a strong, active native, and a good hunter; and, moreover, from his knowledge of the country so far as Ondonga, in Ovampoland, was specially useful as a guide. But Witbooi, like many of his race, was of a violent and sullen temper, and for some time all Farquhar's diplomacy had to be exerted to maintain peace among his followers.

At length the trek began; and after undergoing a long trying journey of five months through alternately torrid deserts, broken and difficult mountain country, impenetrable thornveldt, and almost every conceivable hindrance that African natives can place in the way of the traveller, the expedition at length had reached the magnificent plateau on which we find them.

Having finished a hearty breakfast, the Englishman proceeded to light his pipe; and then, arming himself with a binocular glass and some cartridges, and taking up his Snider rifle, he gave directions for the care of the camp. Taking with him Aramap the Bushman, he started for a high 'kopje' that rose from the edge of the plain. A walk of twenty minutes, and a climb

of another twenty, landed the twain on the hill-top. From this eminence a far-reaching view could be obtained. Settling himself on a rock and adjusting his glasses, the white man swept carefully and deliberately every visible square mile of terrain that lay before him. The atmosphere was clear and translucent, and the area of vision proportionately great. Apparently, the search was satisfactory, for, as he shut up his glasses in their case with a smile of pleasure, Farquhar said to the Bushman, speaking in Cape Dutch: 'Aramap, this country swarms with game. I should say there are no native kraals anywhere near, for the veldt looks quite undisturbed. I can see elephants, giraffes, quaggas, and any quantity of blue wilde-beest, elands, and other buck. When we get down below, we'll saddle up and have a hunt.'

The Bushman's Chinese-like face lighted up with keenest pleasure as he replied: 'All right, *sieur*; I am ready for you.—What will you hunt? Oliphant, kameel [*giraffe*], or eland?'

'Well, Aramap, as the elephants are most easily scared from the veldt, and as at present we don't know how far this plain runs, I think we'll have a shy at them first.—Do you see *yon* clump of trees?'—pointing straight to the front—'I saw several elephants feeding round it, and I think probably there is a biggish troop. We'll get to camp. Take the horses and dogs, and ride with Andries, skirting along by the river in the shelter of the trees and bush. The wind will be right, too, for that side.'

The two men uprose and got quickly back to the wagon. Here the horses were saddled up; and each man took a heavy smooth-bore gun, carrying spherical bullets eight to the pound. Then the dogs were unloosed, and the camp left in charge of Inyami and Witbooi. It took the three riders nearly two hours before reaching the vicinity of the mighty game they sought. In a few minutes, great dusky forms could be seen traversing the half-lighted glades. Instantly the hunters call upon their horses with knee and spur and dash forwards. The elephants, fourteen in number, including four magnificent old bulls, carrying long white tusks, even now show scant sign of fear at the unwonted apparition. When within thirty paces, the hunters pull up short and, each singling a bull, fire. A scene of indescribable uproar follows the two thundering reports. Trumpeting loudly, the troop plunges headlong into the forest, all but the two stricken bulls. One of these—Farquhar's—half totters at the smashing shock of the heavy bullet, pulls himself together, and then turning sharply round, bolts to the left. He is closely followed; and, after half-a-mile chase, stands again. This time, Farquhar dismounts behind a big tree; and at forty paces another bullet, planted well behind the shoulder, settles his doom: the great creature sways to and fro, and suddenly crashes to earth, and, deeply ploughing up the soil with his tusks in his descent, lies prone and lifeless.

The main body of the herd being now in full retreat and far distant, a truce is called. All three having reassembled, the master speaks: 'Aramap, do you ride back to the camp, and bring Witbooi and the axes, and get to work at once.—Tell Inyami that I shall probably bring

in an eland in two or three hours' time. I am going to have a canter across the open veldt yonder, to see what lies in front; and if there are any kraals about. It's strange, but I see no signs of natives at all hereabouts; and yet it is a magnificent country this, and full of game.'

As the Bushman cantered off for the wagon, taking with him the dogs, which were no longer required, the Englishman rode off alone.

That evening, after supper, Farquhar says to his men: 'Well, I suppose after such sport, you feel entitled to a "souppie" of grog, eh?'

The eyes of all four natives gleam, and their teeth glisten with delight, and Andries, as spokesman replies: 'Ja, *sieur*; we are ready for a four-finger allowance.'

Then pipes are lighted, a dram of 'square-face' (*hollands*) is served out to each man, and the evening closes with native stories, alternately grotesque and terrible.

The Englishman lies at his own fire, a little apart; but he cannot suppress his smiles as he listens to the chief story-teller, Andries the Hottentot, whose yarns principally run on absurd folklore in which the jackal figures largely. The jackal with the Hottentots, indeed, occupies the same important place as Brer fox amongst the negroes of North America. At nine o'clock Farquhar turns in, leaving his men still yarning and convulsed with laughter.

In the high plateau regions they had attained, next morning rose bright and clear, and the heat came tempered by a sweet fresh breeze. Some time was spent in preparing the camp for an outspan of several days, and it was nine o'clock before Farquhar started away for a stroll. Telling his men that he should take his rifle and explore the country for a mile or two on foot, and see what game was in the neighbourhood, he walked away, keeping still by the river they had so long followed, and which now grew perceptibly smaller.

Having advanced a mile or two into the forest, Farquhar sat down upon a fallen tree and filled his pipe. In front of him was an open space of grass, and beyond it trees again growing thickly. Just for an instant, as he stooped to pick up the tinder-box he had dropped, his eyes fell upon the ground. When he looked up again they lighted upon an apparition so unforeseen, so striking, so utterly unlooked for, that he started to his feet. The thing he saw was this: twenty yards away from him on the right of the glade, just emerging from the shelter of the trees, and, like himself, riveted with amazement, there stood a white girl, very fair to behold, as Farquhar's eyes instantly informed him, armed with bow and arrow, and singularly clad. Now, Farquhar Murray was a polite man, and although it may seem a strange and funny thing to do in a remote forest in the heart of Africa, he advanced and took off his broad-brimmed hat with as grave an air as if he were accosting a fashionable lady in Hyde Park. The girl, however, quite guiltless of the stereotyped smile and nod of fashion, frankly advanced to meet the white man, and as she advanced, her red lips opened, and said in good Cape Dutch: 'Allemagtig! Mynheer, where have you come from?' The Boer language and the familiar exclamation 'Allemagtig!' striking upon his ear in a silvery tone, added yet

more to the Englishman's astonishment. As the girl spoke Dutch, he could not civilly accost her in English, so Farquhar replied: "Good-morning, miss. How do you come to be in these parts? Are your friends elephant-hunting so far up-country?" For the only possible solution of the beautiful problem before him was, that this girl belonged to some Transvaal hunters who had penetrated far beyond their usual veldt.

"No, Mynheer; my home is not far from here, and I came out on my pony Springhaan this morning to shoot a Bush buck; and leaving him behind a little way, came through the wood alone.—But who are you, and whence do you come?"

"I am an Englishman," said Farquhar, "or rather a Scotchman, and I have come up from the Cape Colony hunting."

"But you are surely not one of those English I have read of in my history-book, those men who fought so with us, and used our Van Tromp so ill? And you have really come from that wonderful Cape-land? I have so often heard my father and great-uncle Carel speak of it; and the great town at Table Bay, where hundreds of men live together, and the big ships come in from the sea. Is it all true, and have you seen these wonderful sights?"—Then, clapping her hands: "But oh! this is too beautiful, too wonderful. You must come and see my father at once. My pony is close at hand; come!" She ran lightly as a fawn into the forest thirty yards away, where her pony stood with his reins thrown over his head in front of him, just in the old Cape-hunting way that Farquhar knew so well. Then she advanced again with Springhaan, a shapely little roan, to her new-found friend. The pony stared very hard at the new face; he couldn't quite make it all out.

Farquhar spoke again: "I think, if you don't mind, and will ride with me a mile or so back to my camp, I will get my horse, and then go with you."

"Nay! Of course I will come," returned the girl. "It will be delicious to see your camp. Have you a wagon like great-great-grandfather Hendrik's old wagon, which we still have, though it is too old and rotten now to use?—But, Mynheer, do you know, I have never given you all this while a kiss. I always kiss Cousin Dirk and Cousin Hendrik and Piet and the rest of them, when they have been away for a long hunt or at war; and I am sure I ought to have kissed you too." The girl lifted her soft brown cheeks and her red lips up to Farquhar, put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him on each side of the face. He bore it well and gravely; but he was puzzled, and she saw it.

"Won't you kiss me too?" she said.

"Of course I will," said Farquhar, smiling. His head went down under the girl's sun-bonnet; he felt the soft strands of the straying hair gently brush his face, and kissed the smooth fair cheeks with a curious and yet an intensely pleasurable sensation in his heart. It was the oddest experience the young man had ever had.

This matter over, the girl lightly sprang into her saddle, and at once proceeded with him towards his camp. While this scene was enacting, a black-and-white raven had sat grimly

watching from a tree above. It is quite certain he had never before seen an Englishman and a young Dutch maiden kiss in this part of Africa, and he straightway flew off croaking harshly, to tell his friends and the world generally what awful goings-on there now were in these once decorous regions.

(To be continued.)

PIPE GOSSIP.

It is a curious fact that the use of narcotics should prevail all over the world. Amongst those largely used, tobacco is a prime favourite, and is mostly indulged in through the medium of smoking. Since the days of Raleigh, pipe manufacturers have greatly improved on the curious smoking apparatus still preserved as a relic of Sir Walter. The discovery of some small pipes in the mortar of one of our ancient abbeys seems to indicate that the practice of smoking some native herb was customary prior to the introduction of tobacco from America.

Some of the first pipes used in Elizabeth's time consisted of walnut shells furnished with stems of strong straw. Pipes of iron, silver, clay, and wood, succeeded—till we come to the meerschaum. The white earthen porous pipe ranks first, as the best absorber of nicotine, just as the metallic pipe comes last for opposite reasons. The meerschaum immediately follows the clay pipe, but, when fully seasoned, it is no better than a wooden pipe.

A shoemaker in Hungary, who was ingenious in carving, has the honour of having carved the first pipe from a piece of meerschaum which had been presented to him as a curiosity. Its porous nature struck the shoemaker as being well adapted for absorbing nicotine. That first meerschaum has been preserved in the Museum of Pesth. The ingenious carver found that the shoemaker's wax which in the course of his trade accidentally adhered to the bowl, on being rubbed off, brought out a clear brown polish. He therefore waxed the whole surface, polished the pipe, smoked it, and admired the coloured result. Pipes of this description were at first confined to the richest European noblemen until 1830, when they came more generally into use.

Ruhla, a mountain village in Thuringia, is the centre of the pipe manufacture of Germany, where they turn out over half a million real meerschaums yearly, besides thousands of other pipes of infinite variety, made of wood, lava, clay, porcelain, and vast numbers of imitation meerschaums. The discovery of the art of making false meerschaums from the dust left after carving and boring the real article was a secret for some time. But pipes of this description do not colour so well, for the porous character of the native meerschaum is partly lost in the process. There are five qualities of meerschaum used in making pipes. The best is known by its facile absorption of the nicotine, which gradually develops into a rich brown blush upon the surface. The absorption of the essential oils of tobacco purifies the smoke, and the harmful qualities of tobacco decrease as its flavour improves.

To touch on the subject of pipe-colouring, smokers may be reminded that as so many meerschaums are not genuine, they may often offer up their incense to the goddess Nicotina in vain. As

a rule, a new bowl should not be smoked to the bottom, nor, when it is warm, touched by the hand, nor yet the colouring produced too rapidly. It is said that two clever French chemists have invented a royal road to the colouring of a meerschaum. By the application of ether and alcohol, combined with an essence, such as that of rose, in which ten per cent. of camphor and the same proportion of borate of soda are dissolved, they have succeeded in endowing cigar-holders and pipe-bowls with the property of rapidly assuming that yellowish-brown tint of maturity so dear to the lovers of the weed.

For mouthpieces the Turks were the first to adopt amber. As all pipe-fanciers know, the clear amber is the least valuable, and the clouded the greatest favourite, the best of all being that of the opaque yellow colour. This material was used by the Turks for mouthpieces in the belief that it would convey no infectious disease. This belief could hardly have been shared by the American humorist, when he discovered the 'taste of generations' on the mouthpiece of the Eastern pipe, which is one of the attendant luxuries of the hot bath.

The pipes of a Turkish dignitary are magnificent according to the rank of his visitors. A pasha possessed a collection of pipes said to be worth thirty thousand pounds sterling, many of them being ornamented with diamonds. Some Eastern pipes have tassels of diamonds depending from them, besides rings of the same precious stones round the amber mouthpieces. The pipe which the Shah of Persia smokes in public is encrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds of great value.

Lord Byron in his Eastern travels became a great pipe-fancier; and Disraeli when in Cairo proved himself an accomplished smoker. He possessed a great variety of pipes, from hookahs to dhudeens. He christened some of his pipes in a magniloquent fashion. One he called Bosphorus, and another Sultan. The stems of some of them were many feet long, made of wood covered with fluted silk. It is considered the cherry-tree and jasmine make the best pipe stems; the longer and straighter the stem the greater is the value. The bowls of such pipes are usually of red clay, and ornamented.

The narghilé is said to be a favourite with Syrian ladies, who inhale the smoke through a globular glass vessel filled with scented water. In Egypt, too, these kind of pipes are more in fashion than the chibouque. Splendid pipes with their attendant ceremonies of filling, cleaning, and presenting by special servants, form one of the most ostentatious of oriental extravagance.

The influence of European habits is, we believe, causing the hookah, with all its pomp and display, to disappear in India. The pipes used in Morocco are very fanciful and profusely decorated. The Celestials' pipes have long delicate tubes with tiny bowls. Opium is smoked from pipes having a sort of bowl in the centre, instead of at the end of the stem. A slender bamboo, with a hole bored near the closed end of a joint, forms a handy smoking arrangement for a Chinaman of the poor classes; but his richer neighbours use a handsome little water-pipe made of brass or silver. The bowl is filled with a little pinch of tobacco which only provides one or two

whiffs, so, of course, this pipe has to be refilled again and again. This is scarcely the sort of smoke that could be indulged in during work.

Nor is the German pipe much better in this respect, for its long gaudily-pictured china bowl requires to be supported by the hand like a long clay. As these large bowls hold many ounces of tobacco, they suggested an idea to a coffee-house keeper of Vienna, of attracting customers. He had a china pipe bowl suspended over a large circular table, of such gigantic dimensions as to be capable of containing a pound of tobacco, and supplied with a sufficient number of tubes to accommodate thirty persons at one time. The novelty is said to have succeeded, and the coffee-house was constantly crowded.

In spite of all rivals, clay pipes have held their own. They have been manufactured in great numbers by the Dutch, who were very jealous of rivalry. They once took a curious method to ruin a manufactory of pipes which had been set up in Flanders. As the high duty rendered a large importation too expensive, they loaded a large ship with pipes, and purposely wrecked her near Ostend. The pipes were landed from the wreck, in accordance with the maritime laws of that city, and sold at such low prices as defied competition; consequently, the new manufactory was ruined.

Some Swiss pipes are formed of many pieces, ornamented with carvings, and the bowls protected from rough weather with metal caps.

To turn to a consideration of the pipes of less civilised races, the famous calumet, with its feather and quill ornamentation, first claims our attention. This, as Catlin tells us, was a sacred pipe, differing in appearance and uses from all others. It is public property; and always kept in the possession of the chief, and only used on particular occasions. In the centre of the circle of warriors the Pipe of Peace rests on two little notches, charged with tobacco, when each chief and warrior draws in turn one whiff of smoke through the sacred stem, which is the equivalent to the signing of a treaty.

In the country of the Sioux is the pipe stone quarry from which the Indians take their pipe bowls, under the belief that they themselves were made from this red stone, and it must be used for no other purpose. The Redskin also smokes through his tomahawk handle, and his dusky African brother takes a whiff through pipes of iron. The rough pipes of the Zulus are often lined with this material. The Kaffir is a great lover of the weed, and will improvise a pipe out of almost anything.

It is curious to mark the repeated attempts there have been to invent a pipe that will keep tobacco juice out of the smoker's mouth. Numerous have been the patents all claiming to have attained this end, but all seem more or less failures. They are too numerous to describe, but are usually rather complicated contrivances that come to pieces; but none succeed in superseding the simple old-fashioned pipe.

Thus we see that all over the world from pipes of every description, to say nothing of cigars and cigarettes, do lovers of tobacco offer up—like Byron's sailor—to Æolus a constant sacrifice. We Britons are partial to the briar and clay. Carlyle, Kingsley, and Tennyson preferred the

'churchwarden.' The German likes his huge china bowl, the Celestial his minute one; the Hindu his hubble-bubble, and the Turk his hookah.

'Alas,' said Hood, 'that our language has no sound that can adequately represent the lulling, bubbling voice of a hookah. Perchance in some more soft tongue, in the liquid language of some fair isle far away in the Pacific, that low cooing utterance may be the most beautiful and endearing utterance possible, the very perfection of love whispers. Sad that English can only represent it by Purra wurra—pobble bobbie—bob— Ah! me, my pipe is out—type of Life—vapour, smoke. We have come to the bottom of the bowl—ashes to ashes.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE annual meeting of the British Association is an event which all scientifically-inclined persons look forward to with expectation and interest, for this meeting invariably brings forward new facts, and leaves the world somewhat richer in knowledge than it was before. The papers read before the meeting serve the purpose of an annual summary of what has been done by many active brains in different fields of work, and there are very few who cannot find among them something which will interest them. Among the papers read must be specially noticed that on 'Mimicry,' by Mr Poulton, and that on 'Quartz Fibres,' by Professor Boys. It would be quite impossible, in the space at our command, to give a fair account of these interesting discourses, and we must refer our readers to the papers themselves.

Among the minor reports and papers read, there are also several which at once claim attention, for they give trustworthy information about inventions and discoveries of current interest. As an example, we may point to Professor Lupton's paper on the 'Pneumatic distribution of Power'—which may be otherwise described as the distribution and utilisation of compressed air. The professor had the advantage of being able to speak from the experience gained at Birmingham, where the system has been in use for some little time, and it clearly has a wide future before it. He told his hearers that the power was applicable to the heavy work of a mill-course, or ironworks, and the light work of the tailor, shoemaker, printer, hairdresser, &c.—that it would drive electric lighting machinery, and had hosts of other applications. In Birmingham the compressed air is distributed by pipes from a central station into the houses of the consumers, who pay by meter record, as in the case of gas-supply. The engines belonging to the consumers, which are worked in this way, that is, by air instead of steam, vary in size from one-half horse-power to fifty horse-power. Friction through travelling by pipes is practically nil, although some of the customers are at a distance of nearly two miles from the compressing station, and the indicated horse-power at some of the houses thus served is as much as seventy-three per cent. of the indicated horse-power at that station. Among the contemplated applications of this compressed-air system is the working of tram lines.

'The Effect of Electric Currents on the Human Body,' was the title of another paper read before the Association, which is of peculiar interest, on account of the many cases of sudden death by accidental contact with 'live' wires which have occurred, especially in America, and the terrible details reported of the recent execution by electricity in New York. The authors of this paper endeavour to show that the human body can with impunity, and without discomfort, bear a current of certain strength if it flow—like the current from a battery—in one direction. But if the current be an alternating one, and change its direction many times in a second, although it may be of the same strength, the subject becomes fixed by violent muscular contraction, and suffers great pain. Thus the danger from alternating currents is immensely greater than from continuous currents of equal strength.

Mr Thomson's discourse on the unburned gases which escape from gas-stoves and other burners, was the paper of greatest domestic interest. His experiments showed that most contrivances for using gas are extremely wasteful in only securing partial combustion, and as is often the case, the after discussion elicited much valuable information not contained in the paper itself. The President showed by the account of an accident which nearly proved fatal to himself—how a minute quantity of carbonic oxide in the atmosphere of a room was dangerous to human life. Dr Jacob also showed that the amount of combustion which took place in an ordinary gas flame, greatly depended upon the pressure at which the gas was supplied. On the authority of one of the largest manufacturers of burners, he stated that, 'generally speaking, people who paid ten pound gas bills only got five pounds-worth of light.' He advocated the appointment of a Committee of the Association to deal with the entire question.

Perhaps the palm for originality of subject should be awarded to Mr Green's paper on 'A new Method of Photographic Dyeing and Printing.' This new method involves the employment of a substance called 'Primuline,' which like many another dye is obtained from coal-tar. It has found very extensive employment in cotton dyeing, and the colours produced from it within the fibre are called 'ingrain colours.' This substance is found to be extremely sensitive to light—as sensitive, it is believed, as the chloride of silver, with which ordinary photographic printing on albumenised paper is brought about. The impressions are permanent, and can be varied in colour by after development with different agents. The ultimate value of this discovery remains to be proved; but it is expected that the new method of printing will be much used by architects and engineers for the reproduction of drawings and plans, and that it will perhaps supersede the ferro-prussiate, or blue process, at present employed for those purposes.

There is a widespread belief that the presence of growing plants and cut flowers in rooms is in some way prejudicial to those who sleep therein. This belief is probably due to the fact, learned at school, that plants give off at night carbonic acid, and the knowledge that this gas is irrespirable. A writer in *Amateur Gardening* has recently published the results of some experi-

ments made in a closed greenhouse, showing how fanciful are these fears. In this greenhouse there were six thousand growing plants, and the average of three experiments made early on three different mornings after the place had been closed for more than twelve hours, exhibited only 4.03 parts of carbonic acid per 10,000. We can judge by this experiment that from one or two plants the quantity of gas given off must be far too small for recognition, and certainly many hundred times less than that formed by a burning taper, or given off by one pair of lungs.

The art of pastel-painting—working in coloured crayons—which has been recently revived in this country, seems to have taken firm root. Exhibitions of works produced by this beautiful form of art continue to increase, and many artists are directing their attention to it. It is certainly capable of rendering with great fidelity effects of atmosphere which are difficult of attainment in either water or oil colours, and it has the merit of permanency, if ordinary care be taken in the selection of the colours employed.

A curious revolution in railway management has recently taken place in Hungary, where the railways are under government control. These railways, until recently, were not patronised as they should have been; and instead of each member of the population making fifteen journeys a year, as is the case in Britain, the Hungarians only made one. The authorities thereupon determined to inaugurate a new system by which the people should be tempted to become more constant travellers, and this they brought about by an entire revision of the passenger fares. For this purpose the country is divided into zones, having Buda-Pesth for their centre, each zone, up to the thirteenth, varying between nine and fifteen miles in breadth. The fourteenth zone includes all the rest of the country. The scale of fares is twopence, eightpence, and five-pence per zone for the three classes respectively, so that a fare from one place to another is easily calculated when it is known how many zones must be crossed in the journey. But the most remarkable feature of the system is in the case of long distances beyond the thirteenth zone. Thus, the fourteenth zone begins at a place one hundred and forty-one miles from Buda-Pesth, and the fare to that point is precisely the same as that chargeable for going more than three hundred miles farther to the country's boundary line. This change of system has given satisfaction all round, and has at once caused an immense rise in the receipts from passengers.

Although the great metropolis called London has had many detractors, who are never tired of telling of its smoke, its fogs, and its consequent dirt, no one with an artist's eye can fail to have remarked its many beauties. Many of its streets, although narrow, are most picturesque; and its river views, especially when bathed in the glow of evening sunshine, are remarkably beautiful. Among the most noble aspects in the city is that of St Paul's Cathedral as seen from Fleet Street; but like other views this has been marred of late years by a railway bridge, and by telegraph wires which cross and recross the road at every angle. It has been remarked too, more recently, that a custom is springing up of erecting on the tops of the houses huge aerial advertisements.

One of these recently appeared close by the dome of the Cathedral, but we are glad to record that its owner listened to the many expostulations which the hideous thing evoked, and has had the good sense to remove it. It is quite clear that if these aerial signs once become common, a law will have to be passed to deal with the question. Citizens have no right to advertise their wares at the expense of the appearance of the streets where their business premises are situated.

It is a matter of common knowledge that milk is quickly soured when thunder is about, but hitherto no satisfactory reason has been given why this should be the case. An Italian scientist has been experimenting with an electric machine in order to see whether the change could not be induced artificially, when he found to his surprise that when an electric current was passed directly through the liquid, it actually delayed acidulation for several days. He found, however, on the other hand, that if the terminals from a Holtz machine were discharged above the surface of the milk, it soon became sour, and that if the discharge was a silent one, the souring became still sooner evident. From this observation he surmised that the action is due to the ozone generated by the discharge, which is always more copious in quantity when the discharge is silent. It is possible that the unlooked-for effect of a direct current acting as a preservative may be a useful hint to milk dealers.

Dr Wilder has made an interesting note relative to prairie dogs. They seem to lack any sense of height or distance, owing it is thought to the nature of their ordinary surroundings—a flat level plain, destitute of pitfalls of any kind. Several dogs experimented with, walked over the edges of tables, chairs, and other pieces of furniture, and seemed to be greatly surprised when their adventure ended in a fall to the ground. One dog fell from a window-sill twenty feet above a granite pavement, but happily soon recovered from the effects of its tumble.

There has lately been a dearth of camphor among the Chinese, who were wont to obtain it from the island of Formosa. The Chinese settlers there have exhausted the trees growing round about their own districts, and have done their best to kill the goose that has laid the golden eggs, by neglecting to plant fresh trees as the old ones failed. So that they have been obliged to go farther and farther into the interior of the island in search of the aromatic gum; and this has brought them into constant conflict with the aborigines. The camphor trade has been a government monopoly, but the scarcity of trees has reduced the amount gathered to about one-quarter of its former amount.

A curious observation made by Dr Tere, an Austrian physician, formed the subject of a paper read some time ago at a meeting of the French Entomological Society. He asserts that a person stung by bees is for a time exempt from the effects of further stinging, and is protected in the same sense that vaccination gives immunity with regard to smallpox. This protection lasts for six months, or less, according to the number of stings received. He also records that persons suffering from acute rheumatism require a large number of bee-stings before they feel much inconvenience from the poison received, but that

after that they are not only inoculated for six months against the effects of further bee-stings, but will also remain free for that period from rheumatic attacks! We fancy that if victims to this painful malady can purchase immunity from its pains at the expense of a few bee-stings, they will be very glad to do so.

A report is published by authority of the French colonial office on the cultivation of the castor-oil plant in Senegal. More than two years ago the governor of the French colony there had his attention drawn to the advantages which would accrue from the cultivation of this plant, which is indigenous there; and by direction of the government, seeds were distributed, and experimental cultivation commenced. Contrary to the expectations of many, who prophesied that the extreme dryness of the climate would be prejudicial to the enterprise, the cultivation has been a very great success, and planters in various parts of Senegal are anxious to take part in it. It may not be generally known that castor-oil has many applications other than its use in medicine. It is one of the best lubricants for machinery. It is used in dyeing, in soap-making, in the manufacture of printing-ink. The Chinese, after boiling the oil with alum and sugar to remove its bitter taste, actually use it as a food. It also enters into the food of others, but possibly without their consent, for it is used in some countries as an addition to exported butter, and is also one of the ingredients in some descriptions of cheese!

The attention of our military authorities is still directed towards the use of balloons in warfare; and they are constantly in experimental employment at the camp at Lydd, near Dover. It is found that a captive balloon is a very difficult thing to hit with a projectile until its height and range are known. The balloons constructed by the War Department are of special manufacture, the details of which are kept secret.

In a paper recently read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Orton, of Ohio, states that there is not the slightest doubt that the supply of natural gas in the Indiana and Ohio fields is being gradually exhausted, and will altogether fail in a few years, unless the legislature steps in to prevent the wanton waste which now goes on. The gas, he says, is stored in the rocks, and is not now being generated, so that the supply is not renewed. The pressure in the wells is constantly diminishing, and the decrease in the supply already amounts to thirty or forty per cent.

The old conjuring trick, known as the inexhaustible bottle, in which several glasses of different kinds of liquids are poured from one bottle, is called to mind by a domestic invention which has recently been patented by Mr W. Smith, of Avon. This is a tea and coffee pot which, at the will of the holder, will yield either of those beverages. The pot is divided by a central partition with two compartments, one holding tea and the other coffee, and the lower part of the spout is provided inside with a valve, the opening of which can be turned towards the tea compartment or the coffee compartment by means of a knob which projects above the handle outside the apparatus.

According to the *Colliery Guardian*, a new mining industry is about to be established in the Charleroi district of Belgium, where there are rich deposits of lignite. It is the intention to work up this material into briquettes, like the block fuel made from coal dust which is now such a common article of commerce. The upper seams of lignite are found at about five feet from the surface, so that the expense of mining will be little; but the more important seams, which sometimes reach twenty feet in thickness, are at a much lower level.

Jarrah wood forms the subject of an interesting article in the *Kew Bulletin*. This wood, a native of Western Australia and a species of *Eucalyptus*, has several valuable properties which fit it for special uses; but it is so hard that it cannot be easily worked with ordinary tools. Were it not for the fact that ships are now mostly built of steel, Jarrah wood would form a valuable material for their construction, for vessels built of it have, after twenty-five years' service, been found as sound as when launched, although they have not been sheathed with copper. The Kew authorities have been in communication with some of the London vestries, and as a result Jarrah wood is being tried in the London streets for paving purposes.

OUR LILY'S FORGETFULNESS.

'Our Lily's gown, sir; and I've got a new maid with a excellent character, which I do 'ope, sir, she will give more satisfaction.' Thus Mrs Waggit, my landlady, when she brought up my breakfast this morning.

The dismissal of 'our Lily' has inspired a train of thought which owes its source to that maid-of-much-work's peculiarities. Until I was privileged to enjoy her ministrations, I never knew how much and how quickly a human being could forget. When Lily gave her mind to it, as she generally did, the feats of forgetfulness she achieved were nothing short of phenomenal, and yet she was as modest about them as if any other Irish servant-girl could have done the same. When I expressed astonishment at her performances, she would stand and listen open-mouthed, with an air of unassuming vacancy that was quite piquant. I am really almost sorry she has gone.

The things that girl used to leave undone! One morning she would call me and forget the hot water; next morning she would put the jug down on the mat and forget to call me; on the third she would remember both these details, but forget the breakfast; and on her best days she would also omit to light the fire and 'do' my sitting-room. Usually she would clean one boot and bring its fellow up dirty; and I never knew her clean both sides of the table-knives by any accident. Twice a week, on the average, she 'disremembered' my dinner. There was simply no knowing where Lily was going to have you next. It was useless to remind her of a thing; the discharge of her duties depended on the action of a defective mental main-spring, the working of which no extraneous aid could improve.

According to Mrs Waggit, too, she accomplished deeds of neglect down-stairs even more amazing;

and these—added to a regrettable disregard for personal cleanliness with which we have nothing to do—worked our Lily's undoing. I had suffered long; but Mrs Waggit was able to endure with patience discomforts not her own, and until Lily began to work havoc in the sacred precincts of the kitchen, she was allowed to pursue the uneven tenor of her way comparatively free. But when she had forgotten to light the fire down there once or twice; and had omitted to fill the best kettle before putting it on to boil, whereby dire disaster overtook that kettle; and had neglected to 'take in the wash' one night, whereby Mrs Waggit lost three pair of stockings—Mrs Waggit could not stand it any longer and our Lily had to go.

And now that she has left us—forgetting, by the way, to refund the sum of one shilling I requested her to invest in postage stamps—I am tempted to inquire, What compensating advantages do persons like Lily derive from possession of the talent which has cost that young woman her place? There must be some. Nature is too kind a mother to endow any child of hers with a quality wholly afflictive, and methinks Forgetfulness carries its own shield.

Business-like people will shake their heads and say that the gift of forgetting is an unqualified misfortune inimical to success in life. From one point of view they may be right. If success in life mean success in business, and consequent accumulation of wealth, I won't dispute it. But wealth does not absolutely ensure happiness, which, I take it, is the chief object to be attained in this struggling world.

Take Lily's case, for instance. I don't think she could have been very happy here; Mrs Waggit has vituperative gifts of ten London-lady power; and the other lodgers, who did not see in Lily the interesting psychological study I did, poured out the overflowing vials of their wrath with relentless liberality. She was always in some scrape or other, and more than once Mrs Waggit docked her wages for domestic crimes. She lived in a state of chronic woe and melancholy anticipation. No; I am sure she couldn't have enjoyed it. She went away last night, and took the train to her own home, somewhere in the country: that was twenty-four hours ago. Now, if I have rightly gauged this handmaiden's character, the excitement and bustle attendant on a railway journey have acted upon her elementary memory just as a wet sponge does on a slate. If her present surroundings are comfortable, her enjoyment of them is unmarred by thoughts of her troubles here. Her mind is blank regarding the details of her term of service with Mrs Waggit. Clean wiped out are all the scoldings and abuse; gone, as though fines were not, is the fact that those stockings and that kettle have cost her seventeen and sixpence. Forgotten, too, is her indebtedness to me, for I will stake any reasonable sum that she will spend that shilling without a prick of conscience, honestly believing it to be her own.

This being so, don't tell me that Forgetfulness has nothing to recommend it. No one who knew our Lily would be rash enough to suppose that her dismissal for 'outrijus carelissniss' (I quote Mrs Waggit) will be a warning to her; if it were remotely possible, her present condition of un-

scolded bliss would certainly be regrettable for her own sake. But since I know very well that her sad experiences can teach her nothing, common charity bids me rejoice that they should now be as though they had never been. I do not want this talent of Forgetfulness in such completeness for myself; that, to say the least of it, would be inconvenient; but I wish I could command oblivion as a dog commands sleep. I should be so much happier in every-day life. There's that bill I owe my tailor, for instance; if it were the result of foolish extravagance, I shouldn't mention it here; but it isn't; it was absolutely necessary that I should get that new suit, for I could not have lived through the winter without it. I can't pay the bill when it comes in, small as it is. I hate nothing so much as being in debt, and the thought of owing money hangs over me every hour of the day and haunts my dreams at night. When it does come in, I shall stick it up on the mantel-piece, so as to get used to the sight of it, and it will make my life a burden to me; I know it will. The tailor will be unhappy about it, too, I daresay; but I don't sympathise much with him, because I suspect he is used to waiting; besides, he knows quite well that I shall pay him some day, so he will send it in cheerfully once a quarter without failing to charge interest. Oh, I don't mind *his* feelings a bit. It's my own that worry me. If I had Lily's talent for forgetting, now, I should put that account away as soon as I get it, and never think of it again until one of those high spring-tides, so rare in my stream of literary effort, occurs. Then I should recollect it: 'Why, bless my heart! there's So-and-so's bill. I'll walk up to New Burlington Street and pay it this morning.' And then I should go out with the bill in one pocket and the cash in another, able to hold up my head like an honest man. I should stride past the crossing-sweepers, and chuck them the pennies I can't afford now, without thinking that every man of them says to himself as I pass: 'Yah! there goes a feller who can't pay his tailor,' as they seem to do at present. Yes, I should like to forget at will.

And worse than that are the hundred-and-one—I don't know why one should speak of an indefinite quantity with such misleading pretence of exactness; but it's customary—the hundred-and-one applications I have made for employment in the last few years. All unsuccessful. I can tell them all off on my fingers—going over both hands several times—without missing out one, I remember the details of each so well. Why must I be able to do this? Each one gives me a pang when I think of it, and in the magnitude of their collective strength they only dishearten me when I make another bid. How much better and pleasanter it would be could I 'sink them in Lethe's tide,' and begin afresh. Why, when I 'venture to tender the offer of my services in answer to your advertisement,' should all those previous 'tenders' roll up in a crushing heap to remind me that in all fatal likelihood this one will only add another atom to its size, like a snowball? It does me no good, nor anybody else. The memory of these innumerable failures only makes me bitter and cynical, as you see, and I used to be rather a nice fellow, I believe.

And surely it were better that we should forget

misfortunes for which ourselves may have been to blame, but from which our stubborn human nature will learn no lesson. For how many of us profit by our mistakes? I have made blunders enough, yet I make new ones every day. I look back and see them dotting the track behind me, tossing and glinting upon the waters, that will not, cannot swallow them up; and something whispers: 'Their buoyancy is given them that they may guide.' I wish they could; but since they cannot, I would that they might sink beyond my sight.

A CHINESE ALLIGATOR.

THE Zoological Gardens recently acquired two specimens of an Alligator from the Yang-tse-Kiang, which are the first living specimens that have ever reached this country. Most people know that alligators are characteristically American animals; indeed, the very name alligator, which is a corruption of the Spanish word signifying 'a lizard,' suggests their natural habitat. It was only in the year 1879 that the existence of an alligator in China was definitely made known. Western zoologists were in this matter far behind their Chinese brethren, for some of the earliest native works contained records of the presence of these animals; and there are even illustrations which, although decidedly imaginative in detail, portray with considerable accuracy an animal evidently of the crocodile kind. It is variously termed 'a dragon,' a 'fish,' and even a 'tortoise,' and is credited with some remarkable peculiarities. One of these peculiarities will, it is to be hoped, turn out to have been correctly noticed. The *N'yo* or *To* is said to reach an extremely green old age, and it has furnished an expression in common use comparable to 'Methuselah' with us. The Zoological Society so often expends considerable sums of money upon an animal which dies as soon as it has arrived, that the chance of a rarity surviving for a moderately long period in captivity is gratifying. The longevity of this reptile, however, is due, according to the Chinese authorities, to its capacity for existing when deprived of its head and other organs which we are inclined to regard as essential, so that we must not indulge in too sanguine expectations.

The chief use of the *N'yo* among the Chinese, not only in olden times, but to-day, is in medicine. But, as you must first catch your alligator before converting him into drugs, elaborate methods of chase are given in some of these old books. A work entitled the 'Pen Tsao,' ignoring the question of how to catch the alligator, suggests a quaint recipe for killing it: 'Pour boiling water down its throat; after a certain time it will die; then you can peel off the skin.' The Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, wrote about these alligators; but his information was apparently set down from hearsay only. He, too, recommends the use of the body in medicine: the gall, he says, is an excellent remedy for the bite of a mad dog. But its use is not confined to this disease, for there is hardly a complaint to which Chinese flesh is heir that it will not cure. This reminds us of certain pills and draughts whose names will occur to every one, which are said to perform a like

function in the nineteenth century. Not only is this alligator useful when dead, but it has its uses when alive: its bellowing foretells rain; and perhaps there is some truth in that statement.

Another old traveller, Martini, relates a curious use to which these reptiles were put. In a certain part of China was a lake in which were kept herds of alligators. When his crime could not be definitely brought home to a supposed criminal, the unfortunate individual was thrown into the lake, in order that the reptiles might decide his guilt or innocence. If innocent, he was let alone; but if guilty, devoured. This test savours somewhat of the ordeal by water for witchcraft; in both cases the results must have been somewhat uniform.

It is surprising that the discovery of a true alligator in China was made so recently, considering the laborious researches into the natural history of that country carried out by the late Consul Swinhoe and by Père David and his associates. But it is not really so surprising as might at first appear that the reptile occurs there. Alligators and crocodiles have great powers of swimming, and can exist for a long period without food. Within the last few days, a crocodile, which must have swum for some hundreds of miles, was recorded as having been seen at the Cocos Islands.

A somewhat longer swim would land an adventurous alligator at the mouth of the Yang-tse river within a reasonably short period after leaving his ancestral home in America. But there is no need to postulate even this feat of endurance, for there is a natural bridge, now incomplete, which once must have connected the American and Asiatic continents. By this route, in earlier times, when the climate was warmer, alligators may have migrated and permanently settled in North China, where they are now met with, though nowhere else in the Old World.

THULE.

BELOVED Thule, I am thine!

Thy home is on the northern deep,
Embosomed there, thou art so fair,

The summer day is robbed of sleep,
And love-lorn night, a lonely star,
Can but behold thee from afar.

Can but behold thee from afar,
And whisper: 'Heart, oh heart, be still,'
For jealous day will not away,
But lingers on from hill to hill,
And oh, the light on land and sea,
A dream, a deathless memory.

A dream, a deathless memory,
That gathers glory more and more,
Where headlands rise to cloudless skies,
With ceaseless song of sea and shore;
Beloved Thule, I am thine!
And thou, first love, and last, art mine.

L. J. NICOLSON.

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ROUND ABOUT THE BAHAMAS.

WHILST London fashionables crowd one gaiety on another through the winter season, dwellers in remote and quiet colonies have to make amusement for themselves of equally pleasant if less exciting kind; and the winter is also our 'season' in the Bahamas. On pleasure bent, we—that is, three ladies, two children and nurse—proposed to ourselves a trip to Harbour Island, one of the nearest and prettiest of the 'out islands,' such being the lofty way in which New Providence talks of its neighbours, although, as a rule, larger and more fertile than itself. But then Nassau is our metropolis. The sea was our highway, a schooner our train. We think no more of stepping on board a ship than do our English sisters of getting into the Metropolitan Railway. Monday was mail-day. Once a fortnight in winter, once a month in summer, each of the larger islands sends a mail schooner to convey their letters to the Post-office at Nassau, announcing their arrival and marking their distinction by firing a gun. On Tuesday they disperse again for their various bourns, carrying with them the English mail, and usually stores of all sorts for island use. Our letters secured, we boarded the *Dart* of Harbour Island, a clean, trim, little vessel of thirty-five tons; the swiftest, steadiest little ship in the service, manned almost entirely by a white crew of kindly, steady, church-goers. Long may she run!

The sea was not altogether amiable. It had worked itself up into a sudden gale on Sunday; the glass had sunk to sixty degrees, and had not yet recovered itself; moreover, the Bishop's yacht had stolen a march on us, and it always carries bad weather. These were all factors against us. Still, at 4 P.M. we started, up the harbour, a significant fact; as, in smooth weather, boats generally prefer to cross the bar and catch the full breeze of the ocean. At five o'clock, coffee—without milk—and excellent bread and butter were served to us. We needed all our wraps as we sat long on deck watching the brilliant

stars. The Great Bear in these latitudes stands on its tail, like a huge mark of interrogation. Our interest in astronomy was great; in vain the captain suggested the cabin might be warmer. Who that has once slept in the cabin of an island schooner is ever in haste to repeat the experience! Nevertheless, at nine o'clock we withdrew. Over the miseries of night we draw a veil; yet, in justice to the *Dart*, be it said her berths are large, clean, and as comfortable as can be expected.

The sea is a good school for early rising. We were on deck betimes; the breakfast of fried ham, coffee, and bread and butter, was excellent for the happy ones who could eat. In a few hours we were off Spanish Wells, a pretty little settlement, where we lay-to, to land the mails, and where, alas, we also ran aground on a sand-bank in the white water (that is, shallow sea). Here we were hailed by a New Yorker, who having passed the former winter in Norway, conceived the idea of spending the present one amidst the equally beautiful, if in temperature somewhat different, waters of the Bahamas. He looked—saving only his complexion—somewhat like one of the aborigines, paddling his own canoe, and darting swiftly here and there.

Being anxious to proceed, the captain had the anchor put on the ship's boat, and conveyed to a neighbouring rock, trying by means of the hawsers to move ourselves off. The change of tide came to our aid, and we were once more afloat. So numerous are the 'cays' or islets scattered about the Bahamas, that in sailing to Harbour Island one scarcely loses sight of land. As we passed from Spanish Wells, the large island of Eleuthera was already on our right. We were soon passing 'Ridley's Face,' a jutting headland, which, as you recede from it, gradually takes the form of a man's profile; hence its name. Leaving the white water, we came to a rough piece of deep sea; the wind being too strong to allow us to coast along and shelter ourselves by the land. At last we round a corner, making our last tack, and find ourselves in the spacious harbour from which the island takes its name,

and which would hold a fleet with ease. Harbour Island is a small island, almost encircled by Eleuthera, a long, narrow, semicircular strip of land, and a few other 'cays' to the west. A good gathering of the inhabitants was of course on the little pier for the great event of the arrival of the *Dart*. A rose cockatoo, an unmentioned passenger, which had already visited Harbour Island, was received as an old friend, and we were not sorry to find ourselves on *terra firma* and in our hired house.

We have often been amused at the business-like way in which our American visitors sally forth on shopping expeditions; no doubt, the stores of Nassau appear as quaint to them as do the out-island shops to us. Of course we had taken a box of stores; but who can reckon for the countless minutiae of cooking? Our modest wants cost us many steps and much time. We sought for mustard, and found it in 'the doctor's shop.' (Croup does sometimes visit these latitudes.) Table salt was nowhere; but salt of island manufacture did equally well; a tin of roast beef—all honour to the inventor; a bottle of pickles, 'soda crackers,' fresh eggs—what could we want more? We returned home, only to retrace our steps to our farthest limit for cheese and lard. Finally, we had dinner, and did justice to it. But water—that, too, we had to buy at a halfpenny a bucket. Every tank was dry, and the happy possessors of wells made fortunes. Bathing-machines have not yet established a footing in the Bahamas. An enterprising P. Secretary once planted two on the beach of Port Montagu, Nassau; but they stuck high and dry on the sand, and finally fell to pieces from sheer neglect. Our bathing costumes were threatened with the same fate; and our daily ablutions had to be performed in a thimbleful of water.

It is a pretty sight in the early morning to see all the little boats hoist sail and skim over the harbour to the neighbouring mainland of Eleuthera. The soil of Harbour Island is simple sand; nothing but cocoa-nuts can grow in it. All cultivation of vegetables and fruit is carried on at Eleuthera, where, by old legislation, a grant of land was made to the inhabitants of Harbour Island. Three thousand acres of this land they are now desirous of selling to some English capitalist for growing manila. I said only cocoa-nuts thrived on Harbour Island; I withdraw those words. We never saw finer or more healthy-looking sisal than here, where the sandy soil exactly suits it; and where, after being abused, ill-treated, cut and burnt, young plants are now sold at sixpence, ninepence, and a shilling a dozen.*

Harbour Island looks a large place from the sea; its gray wooden houses are clustered along the southern shore, raised on posts two feet from the ground, the vacant space a shelter for fowls and goats. The church shows well on a rising ground with its pretty bell tower pointing upwards. The tasteful carving, painting, and arrangement of the sanctuary are entirely the handiwork of the rector of St John's Church.

Above the church three casuarina trees shelter the rectory; a long narrow wooden building alongside is the S. School; and two smaller ones at a little distance are day schools for boys and girls. We have now reached the middle of the island—just a quarter of a mile—and hear the booming of the ocean on the northern beach. We dip down a manila-lined path, filling our shoes with sand, toil up a short ascent, and are on some hummocks covered with sea-bent; before us, a vast stretch of firm dry sands, the racecourse of the island, with the loveliest of seas and the most refreshing of breezes.

At this season of the year (March) the beach is generally covered with masses of gulf-weed, unpleasant for walking; but there is compensation in all things; so at least thought a man who had the luck to light on a piece of ambergris entangled therein—a *find* of some thirty pounds value.

But though only half a mile wide, Harbour Island extends from east to west three miles. Its chief feature is the abundance of cocoa-nut groves, cool shady retreats, the sunlight glinting on the rich coloured, glossy, drooping leaves; tempting one to lounge book in hand many a sultry hour. We took a pleasant walk to one westward along the hummocks, the hollows of which were carpeted with the wild white ribbon lily. Two ends of a rainbow were visible over the sea; by degrees the perfect arch disclosed itself, and behind it an advancing shower. The rainbow had the appearance of quickly walking over the water, and as it touched the shore, down came the rain. Fortunately, we were not far from shelter; a little shed, to which distance had lent the appearance of a chalet, was our goal. To this we hastened; and though raised at least three feet from the ground, and guiltless of steps, we vaulted into it with an agility which surprised ourselves. The rain over, we descended into the cocoa-nut grove, at the foot of a steep sandbank. Had we possessed a sledge we might have done some tobogganing. As it was, we looked about for Alpenstocks. It was almost too cold and damp to enjoy the cocoa-nut water with which our guide supplied us, robbing our host with his own tools, for we had brought down his macheté (bush-knife) from our shelter. A cocoa-nut grove dripping with rain is not so captivating as the same grove on a hot sunny day, the long leaves swaying with each breath of wind, and a soft subdued green light, making it look like the fairy tales of childhood. To sit in the cocoa-nut groves on a fallen trunk or on the soft dry grass is enjoyment indeed.

This is only one of many pleasant walks which this small but pretty island affords. Barrack Hill, with its winding walks and clumps of bush, like an English common; Spit Sands, with its white, sandy, cliff-like banks, a miniature Dover; and the Tract, with groves of sappadillo, laden with fruit for passing hand to pluck. Life might be spent in worse places than Harbour Island by those who can recognise in their neighbour 'a man and a brother.' The library, an excellent one for so remote a place, can help on many a leisure hour; and of excursions there are plenty by sea, for which the kindly inhabitants are always ready to lend a boat.

Three Islands is the popular spot for picnics,

* For an account of the Sisal plant, see 'The Bahama Fibre Industry,' in *Chambers's Journal*, December 21, 1889.

an easy distance for a hot country. Just twenty minutes' sail over the harbour to another coconut grove and shell-strewn shore, with the bluest of water and greenest of islets, surrounded with depths of mangrove. Coming back 'c'est autre chose.' It took two hours to tack back—the sea like glass, the wind in puffs, and the wrong way. Still we slipped along. What did it signify? Life glides easily in the Bahamas, and no one is in a hurry except some newly-arrived Englishman.

The Glass Window is the great sight of Eleuthera. One of the clergy was going to the Cove hard by, and kindly combined duty and pleasure by taking us in tow. The sail is the quickest part of the expedition, followed on landing by a two-mile walk over honeycomb rock which defies every effort of the road-maker. But the sight repays the labour. The Glass Window is a large rectangular span worn by the action of the sea through a mass of honeycomb rock, giving the effect of a large window. There is some amount of danger at the place, as a sudden wave sometimes surges up, boiling and rushing through the Window from the chasms below. But as you look at the dark-blue waters of the outer sea, and the light blue of the inner basin, you forget that the sea is treacherous, and associations come to you of Oxford and Cambridge boat-races, of English crowds and eager shouts and eager faces. But no. This hot sun cannot belong to an English March, nor was ever English footpath at its roughest guilty of such wear and tear to shoe-leather as left one of our party almost soleless on her return home.

Eleuthera boasts also extensive caves, which are said to rival those of Matanzas, with stalactites and stalagmites for curious eyes, and guano for avaricious ones; but the writer's only view of them was from the stern of the homeward-bound schooner *City of Nassau*. With no wind and a chopping tide, scenery and blue waters soon lost their charm. On and on we glided, scarcely moving, with sails full set, 'a painted ship on a painted ocean,' till, at four o'clock A.M.—twelve hours later than our reckoning—the schooner crossed the bar, and in the stillness of early dawn dropped anchor once more in Nassau harbour.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

A NOVELETTE IN NINE CHAPTERS.

By P. L. McDERMOTT, Author of 'Julius Vernon.'

CHAP. I.—A FAMILY DISASTER.

PROBABLY in all the kingdom a family could not be found whose history was so full of strange events as that of the Kings of Yewle, in Southshire. The Kings were an ancient house, not very wealthy; but from the singular strain of blood which had flowed through them for generations, the family was regarded with a degree of popular awe such as greater houses rarely inspire.

In the month of March 1870, Geoffrey King died, leaving two sons. The elder, Rowan King, was of course the heir, and was then twenty-eight years of age; the younger, Charles, was three years his junior, and having taken orders, had

been appointed to the family living of Yewle, of which he was now vicar. Their mother had died many years before. No two men could have been more dissimilar in appearance and character, yet the brothers were united by a mutual affection singularly strong, but at the same time so suppressed from observation, that even their nearest friends had no suspicion of its existence. The elder brother was dark-featured, reserved, of strong will, and unsettled mind—a King to the backbone. The younger was fair, rather less reserved than his brother, but gentle in his manner and looks and words, like his mother.

After settling affairs with their family lawyer subsequent to their father's death, the younger brother retired to his vicarage and his quiet parochial life, and the elder went abroad. For some months letters came from him frequently, until his travels took him up the Nile; after which, for a period of nearly two years, nothing was heard of him. He was wandering somewhere in Central Africa. But during his absence, the vicar found an opportunity of falling in love. A neighbouring parish had fallen vacant, and a clergyman from the north country, a widower, with an only child, was presented to the living. The Rev. Charles King found favour in the eyes of this lovely girl, and in that quiet country place acquaintance soon ripened into affection. If I have to pass briefly over this early history, it is because subsequent events will reflect sufficient light upon it.

The gentle vicar of Yewle had but one strong passion next to his love for Florence Walton—this was to visit the Holy Land. The absence of his brother had hitherto prevented him from the gratification of this desire, and now the tie that held him to Florence Walton was a superadded obstacle. But as the maiden, as soon as she discovered the vicar's longing, insisted on his making that visit to the holy places before settling down in his vicarage—as she, in fact, seconded his craving with an ardour that arose entirely from her love for him—he resolved to devote his next autumn holiday to the gratification of his strong desire. On his return, they should be married. This was all satisfactorily arranged; but it still depended on Rowan King turning up in England, as the vicar had to look after the house and estate during the wandering brother's absence.

One morning in the end of June, Rowan King walked into the vicarage, smoking a cigar, looking darker than ever, and as composed in his demeanour as if he had only been up to London. The brothers had many things to talk about, and they went over to the Hall together. There was an old study in a remote part of the house, dark even in the brightest noonday, and filled with a miscellaneous collection of medical and scientific works. The younger brother, like his mother before him—like, in fact, every wife and mother that had ever lived in Yewle—had a strong

shrinking from this room, which had for generations been the favourite retreat of most of the masters of Yewle. Rowan King inherited the tastes of his fathers, and this was his chosen place in the house. Into this room he brought his brother, and here he talked of his travels and other topics mutually interesting until luncheon.

There was a great iron safe in a corner of the room near the fireplace—a receptacle of historical interest in that strange family, as shall be seen—and as they rose to proceed to the dining-room, Rowan remarked: 'When I was in the States, I saw a most ingenious lock—a combination lock, they call it—and I have brought one home to have it fixed in the door of that safe. Unless you know the figures of the combination—and you can arrange these as you like—it is impossible to open it.—As soon as the lock has been fixed on, Charlie,' he added, 'I will give you the secret of the combination, so that no one except you and me will ever be able to open the safe.'

The vicar made no reply, and they went to the dining-room. During luncheon, the former made known his intention of spending his holiday in a visit to Palestine; and Rowan, who had been there, gave him a store of information that would be useful to him, and promised not to leave Yewle until his return.

In two days the Rev. Charles King had started on his long-desired trip. He had introduced his brother to Florence Walton and her father; but, in the hurry of his preparations, he had forgotten to inform Rowan of the relations which existed between the young lady and himself—or perhaps was under some vague impression that Rowan must be aware of what was so familiar to his own thoughts. It was a fatal omission. During the younger brother's absence, Rowan King, with no other society within daily reach, fell in love with Florence Walton with that deep passion which men of such character are subject to when they love at all. The poor girl made the discovery with pain and grief, and for a little while complained against her lover for his negligence. But when Rowan King became aware of the situation, he acted as few men could have done: he told her calmly how sorry he was to be too late, but that she had made the better choice—that his brother would make her happier than ever he could have done. He continued to visit as before, and entered with zest into the arrangements requisite at the vicarage to make it fit for her reception. He had the whole house turned inside out, newly papered, decorated, furnished, strictly according to Florence Walton's own taste;—and so Charles found it, to his astonishment, on his return from Palestine.

Nothing was said to him of what had happened while he was away; Florence was silent because she saw it was all over, and Rowan King loved his brother too well to cast a cloud upon his happiness. A day or two before the marriage, the young lady and the two brothers were at the vicarage, having a last inspection of the metamorphosis accomplished by Rowan King.

'Was there ever so fine a fellow?' said the vicar in a tone of suppressed emotion to his bride-elect. The two were standing within the French casement of the dining-room, and Rowan King was on the lawn a few yards off nailing up a rose-tree to the wall.

Florence looked up with glistening eyes and changing colour. 'Charlie,' she whispered, 'I wonder if he would care—if you would mind—if I—is he not now my brother too?'

'Do, darling,' said the vicar, understanding what she meant, and touching her forehead with his lips.

The girl, after a minute's hesitation, timidly approached to where Rowan King was employed. She attracted his attention by lightly touching his arm with her finger. He turned, and looked down with a smile on her upturned face. What did she mean? Half a pace he drew back, and then, with a flush deepening the darkness of his face, he bent forward and kissed her. 'God bless you, Florence, and make you very happy,' he said, and turned away.

They were married two days afterwards, and never knew how deeply the iron had entered the strong man's soul. When they returned to Yewle from their wedding trip, Rowan King was gone. Five years passed before he came back. By this time his hair was gray. He could not rest at Yewle, and more years of wandering followed. It was not until the vicar's only child, a daughter, was fifteen years old that Rowan King finally settled down at Yewle.

After coming home, Rowan King dined once at the vicarage, and might be said to have shut himself up in Yewle after that. He was a very changed man, reserved and silent, as he had been in his earlier days. He had brought back with him a secretary, Francis Gray, a lad of sixteen or seventeen, with whom he was shut up in the study for several hours every day. He told his brother he was making memoirs of his travels. After luncheon, he did not work, but wandered about the house, or the gardens, or the woods, the society of his kind—even that of his brother—never being sought by him. The only visitor he liked to see was the vicar's daughter, Agnes—named after their own mother—who, as has been said, was fifteen at the date of his return to England. In his silent and undemonstrative way he conceived a deep love for this girl, although neither the girl herself nor her parents were in the least aware of it.

'I am afraid Agnes annoys him by going over to Yewle so much,' said Mrs King to her husband. 'The child seems to like it.'

'No; she doesn't annoy Rowan,' said her husband. 'He has taken a fancy to Agnes, and it pleases him to have her there, poor fellow.—Don't interfere, Florence; if the child's company is any pleasure to him, it is probably the only pleasure he has.'

The vicar was not far wrong in his opinion. Every fine day the girl made her way across the park; and if her uncle was occupied, she had the company of Francis Gray, the young secretary. Rowan King often stood at a window for an hour at a time watching them at tennis, with a wistfulness in his dark face that was almost pathetic. They reminded him, perhaps, of what might have been. As it was, they brightened his

gloomy life a little; and a day on which his niece failed to come to Yewle was, wet or fine, a day in the woods for Rowan King.

After some two years of this life, the most terrible event took place which had ever happened in the family of Yewle: a police officer came down from London and arrested the vicar on a charge of forgery.

It had come about in this way. The Rev. Charles King had, several years before, become security in the sum of two thousand pounds for an old college friend who was being appointed to a position of trust in London. As years passed, the vicar forgot all about this matter; his friend continued in the position, and rose to such estimation that there was hardly any occasion to remember the liability. But one morning the news came to him like a thunderclap that his friend had absconded, leaving heavy defalcations, which the amount of his sureties would fall far short of covering. The other surety was a Guarantee Society, and both were called upon to pay two thousand pounds each. Now the vicar, though enjoying a comfortable income, had saved no money. He had some investments, indeed, which he had made before his marriage; but when realised, they fell considerably short of the sum required. Accordingly, he went to his brother, who at once handed him a cheque-book, and told him to draw as much as he required. The vicar filled in a cheque for five hundred pounds, which Rowan King signed without so much as glancing at the amount. The cheque was drawn, not on the local bank at Southeaster, but on a bank in London; and the vicar at once went to town, realised his little investments, and paid the proceeds along with his brother's cheque into his own bank. He was thus in a position to relieve himself of his liability, and having done so, he returned to Yewle with a comparatively easy mind.

But it appeared, from the evidence in possession of the police, that he had paid into his bank not one cheque for five hundred pounds, but two. When presented in due course at Rowan King's bank, one of the cheques was duly honoured, and the other repudiated as a forgery. Both drafts were made payable to the order of 'Rev. Charles King,' and both were endorsed by him and paid in to the credit of his account. When the matter was put into the hands of the police, there was no stopping it, or Rowan King would have stopped it.

'Whatever the explanation of this thing may be,' Rowan said to his brother, 'you never did it, Charlie!'

Rowan, however, was obliged to admit that the signature to the second or spurious cheque was not his. The cheque-book showed that two cheques had been torn out instead of one—that is, when the vicar was tearing off the cheque which his brother had signed, he must also have torn out the blank form next to it. The books of the London bank proved that both cheques were paid in on the same day by the Rev. Charles King to his own account. The secretary had to swear to the fact that the vicar himself had filled in the cheque signed by his brother, and then torn it from the book. Richard King, a near relative, who held a high position in the county bank, and happened then

to be at Yewle on business, testified to the same effect. The theory set up by the prosecution, and which there was no evidence to invalidate, was, that the vicar, in tearing out the signed cheque, had taken the opportunity to secure a second one—blank.

Although Rowan King in the witness-box declared that his brother had no occasion to forge a cheque when all the resources which he (Rowan) possessed were at his command—although it was made clear that the sum due on his surety was made up without that money—although the sympathy of every person in the court was with the prisoner, and it was the conviction of most that he was innocent—still, on the evidence, there was but one verdict possible, and the unfortunate clergyman was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

The blow nearly killed his wife. There was only one man who seemed unmoved, and this was Rowan King. A muscle of his dark stern face never stirred when the judge pronounced the sentence. Without a word, he took his brother's wife on his arm and led her from the courthouse. Outside, the Mr Richard King already mentioned, who lived in the county town, came to him and proposed that Mrs King and her daughter should come and stay with his mother for a while, instead of going back to the vicarage.

'Mrs King will return to her own home,' said Rowan sternly, 'and remain there until her husband rejoins her.'

So Rowan took her back to the vicarage, not speaking a single word during the twelve miles' drive. She was grateful for his silence, as her tearful eyes told him when he led her into the husbandless home.

'Be of good cheer, Florence,' he merely said. 'Charlie is as innocent as Agnes is. Sooner than we expect, it will all come to light. I am not going to let it rest where it is.'

'He will die in that dreadful prison—he will die!' she sobbed, falling on a couch.

Rowan King employed the services of the ablest detective that money could procure, and for months this man was engaged in investigating the mystery of the forged cheque. At length he came down to Yewle and finally announced his failure. That the detective was convinced of the clergyman's guilt was plain, but under the stern eye of Rowan King he was afraid to put it in words.

Mrs King and her daughter continued to live at the vicarage, a curate having been appointed to perform the duties of the parish. But they saw no one, except now and then Rowan King, and much oftener his secretary. This young man, it came to be known, was the son of a distant cousin of the Kings, of whom Rowan had been very fond when they were children. She had emigrated to Canada with her husband, and had been left a widow there; in his wanderings, Rowan King discovered her, and promised to befriend the lad. She died, and he took young Francis Gray home with him, according to his promise; and now, without a word or sign of approval or disapproval, he saw the young fellow in love with his niece. Under the peculiar circumstances this was a very natural result of their daily intimacy; if poor Mrs King had been less engrossed with her sorrow, she would have seen it too.

'Frank,' said Rowan King one day to his secretary, 'have you ever thought over that matter of the forged cheque?'

'I have, sir—often.'

'Well?'

'I have not yet succeeded in throwing light upon it.'

'That means, you intend to continue? I'm afraid it won't come to anything. In another year or so my brother will be out, and then, of course, he will emigrate. That will be the end.'

'I hope not, Mr King. It would be sad if the stigma of guilt were to cling to him for life.'

'And to his wife and child after him. Poor Agnes!' said Rowan King with a sigh.

The blood mounted to the young man's face. 'Even if her father were really guilty, sir, it could in no way affect his daughter.'

'Ay, in a hundred ways,' said Rowan King with a curl of his lip. 'The world would point to her as a felon's child. This is why they must emigrate, and take a new name in a new country. The curate, I suppose, has his eye on the vicarage.'

'I hope he will never get it, Mr King,' said the young man warmly. 'I don't like him. He is too intimate with Mr Richard King.'

'That's just it. Mr Richard is the rising sun. My brother would be my natural heir; but as it is out of the question—for the reason I have just mentioned—Richard King comes next.'

'Then I trust he will have a long time to wait.'

'He may, perhaps,' said Rowan King musingly; and then they went on with their work. But in a quarter of an hour Mr King rose and took a few turns up and down the room. 'I want to say a word to you about yourself, Frank. I promised your mother to take care of you. Up to the time of this misfortune to my brother it was my intention to leave you all the ready money I might have saved or invested. Matters are altered now. My brother can never live at Yewle, and so it must go to Richard King. I have about twenty thousand pounds saved—and I must do something for my brother and his wife and child when they are leaving the country; so that your share will be much less than I had hoped.'

'Nay, Mr King,' said the young man earnestly; 'never give a thought to me. I shall do very well without money. Give it all—every penny!—to them.'

Rowan King stopped and scrutinised Gray's face for the space of half a minute. 'After all,' he said coldly, 'I think you are right, Frank. They will want it more than you. I wish,' he added—'I wish you to go over to the vicarage this evening and tell Mrs King of my intentions—it is best that she should know.'

'I will do so, sir.'

It was dusk when Francis Gray left the Hall to cross the park to the vicarage. The young man's thoughts were none of the most buoyant, and the only comfort he found was in a resolution to follow the vicar and his family wherever they went. Agnes was his by right of true love, and her father's misfortune cast no shadow on her whiteness. He resolved to ask her this very evening to give him the right to follow wherever she went.

Had the night been less dark, and his thoughts

less occupied, Gray would have seen a shadowy figure glide into the vicarage garden as he approached, and hide behind a bush. It was fortunate, for the crouching object was no other than the vicar himself.

SEA-WAVES.

THE friction of the wind upon the sea-surface, the convulsions of deep-seated earthquakes, and the attraction of the heavenly bodies, give rise to three different kinds of sea-waves. It may at first seem strange that so soft an agent as air in motion should be capable of producing such sublime undulations as are frequently observed by mariners on the deep sea, and by the dwellers on sea-coasts when the wind is blowing with gale-force. We must remember, however, that the atmosphere exerts a pressure, speaking roughly, of about two thousand pounds on every square foot; and that the air is impelled over the surface of land and sea at the rate of forty miles an hour when a moderate gale is blowing, and one hundred miles an hour when a hurricane is raging which no sail can withstand. Half-way between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, the Liverpool clipper ship *James Baines* ran four hundred and twenty miles before the wind in twenty-four hours. At one instant she was running twenty-one knots an hour with her main skysail set, a feat that is hardly credible were it not well substantiated. Two years later, in 1856, the *Red Jacket* averaged three hundred and thirty-four knots daily during eight consecutive days in about the same latitude; and the American clipper *Sovereign of the Seas* had a westerly gale when rounding Cape Horn which drove her four thousand five hundred and five nautical miles in sixteen days, on one of which she made four hundred and eleven miles. These unparalleled runs of sailing-ships afford some faint idea of the velocity with which the wind travels in high latitudes.

If the wind blow directly parallel to the sea-surface, the friction may cause an ocean current without wave-disturbance. As a rule the direction of the wind is inclined to the sea-surface, and its immediate effect is to produce a depression, which relieves itself by means of a wave to leeward and another to windward. This latter elevation is opposed by the wind, and gradually dies away, while the leeward wave is correspondingly accelerated. Each undulation shelters the water under its lee from the wind, which consequently impinges upon the sea a little in advance of the newly-formed wave; and thus we get a series of parallel ridges and hollows, provided the wind remain steady in direction and intensity. There is no necessary connection between the advance of a wave and the forward movement of the water composing it; as may be seen by running the fingers along the keys of a piano. An inverted wave travels along, but the keys merely move up and down. Similarly, a wave may often be observed running along the ripe ears of golden grain while the stalks are firmly rooted in the soil. The onward progress of a sea-wave is easily perceptible; and by watching some light substance floating on the surface, the fact is revealed that the water is not moving with the same

velocity as the advancing wave. When running before a heavy gale of wind near Cape Horn, and also on the Agulhas Bank, where the heaviest waves are experienced, we have often dropped a piece of wood on to the crest of a huge wave as it passed by the after-part of the ship, with the invariable result that the wave was soon seen shooting far ahead of our vessel, but the wood remained almost in the place where it fell. Waves in deep water move onward; but the water of which they are composed is continually changing. Shipmasters may measure the speed of waves when running before them by veering a cork fender, or other suitable float, astern. Note the time when the float is on the crest of an on-coming wave, and also when the same crest reaches the ship's stern. Having given the known distance of the float, the rate of sailing, and the time occupied by the wave in passing from the float to the ship, the problem is easily solved. The wave-surface assumes what is known as the trochoidal form. Every point in a cart-wheel rolling along a smooth street describes a trochoidal curve, or, as it is more generally termed, a cycloid. The form of the cycloid will vary with the position of the point chosen on the wheel to trace the curve, according as it is on a spoke extended beyond the tire, on the circumference itself, or between it and the centre of the wheel. All these forms are observed in deep sea-waves.

Should the wind-direction suddenly change, a new series of waves will be generated, and cross seas soon confront the mariner. Hence it is that in a cyclone, or revolving storm, where the wind is frequently changing, there are high waves rolling along from various directions, each as distinct as the ripples in a river, which cross one another without swerving from their course. Waves become short and abrupt in shallow water, and are far more dangerous to shipping than the long regular billows of the ocean. It seems probable that the greatest slope of a wave in open waters does not exceed thirty degrees, and frequently not more than fifteen degrees.

Waves raised by the friction of the wind upon the water are relatively superficial, as the water beneath remains unaffected even at a depth of six hundred feet. In heavy gales, however, lower depths become troubled and the undulations more and more imposing. Occasionally an exceptionally large solitary wave is met with advancing in awe-inspiring grandeur, its white crest towering high above all its fellows. Such ocean giants may be due to the fact that the elevations of series of waves having different lengths happen to coincide; or may be caused by the squalls of wind, which are sometimes as terrible in intensity as they are sudden in formation.

Reliable information concerning the height, length, and velocity of waves at sea is very scarce. When a heavy gale is blowing and an angry sea sweeping all before it, the learned landsman is probably prostrated with sea-sickness; or if free from qualms, he finds great difficulty in keeping himself erect on the slippery decks in order to take measurements with scientific precision. As the boatswain in Shakespeare's *Tempest* expresses it: 'What care these roarers for the name of king?' A seaman accepts this phenomenon as a matter of course, and does not trouble himself about it, even if he be not too much pre-

occupied in providing for the safety of his ocean home. The golden mean has too often been ignored when describing the height of sea-waves, and poets especially have dealt hardly with the sea. Ovid experienced bad weather when bound to a land of exile, and vividly described his misfortune. Shakespeare has availed himself of the utmost poetic license in this respect. He speaks of 'those surges which wash both heaven and hell;' and fair Miranda tells Prospero that

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out.

Falconer is not quite so extravagant in the following lines:

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels
Engulfed between two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between.

The Psalmist affirms that 'they mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths.' Ossian likens a conflict to 'troubled seas when some dark ghost in wintry heaves the billows over an isle.' He does not, however, furnish us with the height of the isle above sea-level. Thomson in the *Seasons* has:

Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar.

Young apostrophises the sea as 'dreadful and tumultuous home of dangers, at eternal war with man;' and Byron writes:

Thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

The great American, Maury, describes the waves between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia as 'looking like the green hills of a rolling prairie capped with snow and chasing each other in sport.'

It is not uncommon in prose works to read of mountainous waves. Exact measurements seldom confirm first impressions. Scoresby found that forty feet was the height from trough to crest of the largest waves measured by him in the North Atlantic and in a cyclonic storm, when bound for Australia in the *Royal Charter*. This has long been accepted as the extreme limit of wave-height. Captain Kiddle, a well-known and experienced navigator, has, however, encountered waves at sea which were seventy feet high. The late Admiral Fitzroy had previously observed waves as high; and some observations made at Ascension in 1836 support these authorities. In 1844, H.M.S. *Inconstant* was scudding with her stern upon the crest and her bow in the depression between two successive waves, and the wave ahead was observed exactly level with her foretopsail yard, just seventy-seven feet above the water-line. On the 27th of July 1888, the Comander *Umbria* was struck by a wave not less than fifty feet high, which did much damage. Two days before, the Wilson liner *Martello* had a similar experience; an enormous solitary wave struck her, completely submerging the decks. The *Martello* was much smaller and more deeply laden than the queenly *Umbria*. No connection could be traced between these waves, which were referred to in the dailies as tidal waves, although of altogether different origin. We have explained the formation of these

exceptional waves. In October 1881, the Italian barque *Rosina* had all hands, except one man who was ill in his bunk, swept off her decks by a wave which broke on board as they were shortening sail during a heavy squall in mid-Atlantic. The British barque *Undine* had one watch washed overboard and her captain killed under similar circumstances. It is said that the massive bell of the Bishop Rock was wrenched from its fastenings by the momentum of driving seas in a gale of wind, and the gallery containing it thickly strewn with sand, although one hundred feet above high-water mark. Scoresby gave six hundred feet as the maximum length of sea-waves; but there are many longer. Mr Douglas, when building lighthouses on the coast of Cornwall, noticed waves thirteen hundred feet long from crest to crest.

Awful rollers lash themselves into foam on the exposed west coast of Ireland; and in some measured by the Earl of Dunraven, the silvery spray rose one hundred and fifty feet. Two life-saving boats put out to sea from Dingle Bay to test their qualities in November 1864, when waves were breaking over the headlands and surmounting a cliff more than one hundred feet high. One remained under the lee of the land; the other, steered by Mr Kearney, pulled into the seething waters. A tremendous wave swept in from seaward, extending right across the bay, and increasing its height as it reached the shallow water where the boat was. The coxswain headed his boat to meet the wave, the men steadily strained at the oars, and she flew into the roaring cataract, whose overhanging crest was twenty-five feet above her. Down came the mass of water upon their devoted heads, washing out two of the crew. Crushing the boat bodily under water, the wave bore her astern at an awful speed. Each of her crew was bowed down on to the thwart before him. One was stunned, but the others were conscious; their eyes wide open, but in total darkness. They could not determine whether they were still attached to the boat, but felt as though whirled through a railway tunnel. The boat emerged with each man sitting in his place; and the first object which met their view was a buoy close alongside, which was nearly a quarter of a mile from the place where the wave had overwhelmed them. She had retained the vertical position during her submersion.

The Bell Rock lighthouse is enveloped to its summit in blinding spray during a heavy groundswell, even when there is but little or no wind.

Waves are sometimes felt in regions far remote from the direct action of the wind that caused them. Such waves in calm weather are indications of the quarter from which an approaching storm may be expected. Captain Henry Toynbee, in his discussion of the equatorial Atlantic, has pointed out that the very heavy long sea-waves frequently recorded by ships passing through the district were not caused by winds prevailing in the neighbourhood. The waves that hurl themselves against 'Lot's Wife,' one of the Mariana Islands, drench it to its topmost pinnacle, about three hundred and fifty feet above sea-level. A tremendous surf sometimes runs at Baker Island, even without any strong wind, or perhaps the wind blowing from a contrary direction. An unbroken wall of water twenty-five feet high and one quarter of a mile long rolls in, threatening to deluge the

island, and affording one of the grandest sights imaginable. These waves are said to be due to the south-west monsoon blowing strongly in the China seas, many miles away.

Here it will be well to add a few words illustrative of the force of sea-waves. One course of masonry of the Wolf Rock lighthouse was unavoidably left incomplete. It was swept away in a winter gale, although each stone had been securely fastened by cement and bolts, as usual. The late Mr Stevenson, at Skerryvore, in 1845, found that the wave-pressure was six thousand and eighty-three pounds on the square foot. Now, as the statical pressure of a wave twenty feet high is only about half a ton on the square foot, it is very clear how much the destructiveness of waves is due to their velocity.

A great storm-wave is peculiar to cyclones. At the centre of the disturbance the mercury in a good barometer may be lower by three inches than that in a similar instrument on the verge of the cyclone. This is owing to the diminution of atmospheric pressure consequent on the rotation of the air-whirl; and as nature abhors a vacuum, the sea in the vortex rises above its usual level until equilibrium is restored. This storm-wave advances with the hurricane, and rolls in upon the low land like a solid wall. In the Backergunge cyclone of 1876 the storm-wave covered the land at the eastern end of the Ganges delta at heights varying from ten to forty-five feet, as measured by marks on the trees. One hundred thousand lives were lost on this occasion. In 1864 a revolving storm passed over Calcutta; the accompanying wave rose ten feet above the highest spring tides, and drowned forty-five thousand persons. Coringa was destroyed by a storm-wave in 1789, and twenty thousand people perished. A great hurricane blew at Raratonga in 1846, and a vessel from Tahiti was driven by the storm-wave over the palm-trees inland. Her captain informed a missionary that he felt the tree-tops grating against his vessel's bottom as she sped along with the wave. During an autumn storm in 1643 the sea overwhelmed the island of Nordstrand, causing the loss of thirteen hundred houses, fifty thousand head of cattle, and six thousand inhabitants.

Sea-waves caused by earthquakes have their magnitude determined by the suddenness and extent of the outbreak, and upon the depth of water at the seat of disturbance. Such waves may be imperceptible in mid-ocean, but become steeper as they approach the shore. Ships of large tonnage have been carried far inland by seismic sea-waves; while at other times the sudden going out of the sea has left ships aground which a minute before were quietly riding at anchor in several fathoms of water. A vessel anchored off Arica, Peru, was carried on the crest of a great wave right above the spire of a church and deposited unharmed a mile inland. In 1820 the sea at Acapulco ran off from the coast, leaving the roadstead dry for two hours; and then rolled in fourteen feet above its ordinary level and destroyed part of the city. In 1755 a wave sixty feet high drowned sixty thousand people at Lisbon; and in Scotland a boat on Loch Lomond was carried forty yards inland by a wave which was suddenly formed on the surface of the loch by the same cause. Recently, in the West Indies, an American man-of-war was borne on one of these

waves well into the heart of the town, where the water covered the streets to a depth of twenty-four feet.

To enter into a disquisition on the theory of the tides would be impracticable in the space at our disposal; so we will close with a description of the rise of the tide at full moon in April, as observed on the banks of Sittang River. At low-water all was dry sand for five miles from the river's mouth except a narrow rivulet here and there. A distant haze and a rumbling noise to seaward were the first indications of the coming flood. The haze thickened, and as it came nearer, a dash of foam burst into view, and presently the wave was evident, standing erect like a wall. This huge wave was followed by others of lesser magnitude; and when they had rushed past, the river-bed, which a few minutes before was almost dry, was full from bank to bank.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

CHAPTER III.—A STRANGE SETTLEMENT.

FARQUHAR led the way back to his camp at a brisk pace, for his new and surprising discovery had thoroughly aroused him, and he was keenly desirous of knowing more about this white family settled in the heart of the interior. Moreover, although in the Colony and at home in the old country he had never been much of a lady-killer, it must be said that a meeting so strange and a friendship so singularly inaugurated had already made a strong impression on him. As he strode along by the side of the pony, now walking at its fastest pace to keep up with him, the young man in the course of a sentence or two of conversation found opportunity to take in the charms of this Diana of the wilderness.

A tall, well-formed figure; frank brown eyes, shaded by long dark lashes; wavy golden-brown hair, that rippled in abundance beneath the broad sun-bonnet, which, made of some soft buff-coloured grass-like material, framed and enshaded the sweet face; a straight short nose, delicate nostrils; cheeks of a rich warm colouring, slightly embrowned by the sun; a well-shaped but not over-small mouth, ever ready to display laughingly and without effort the array of even white teeth lying within its ruddy portals; and shapely hands and feet: all these features were, as Farquhar inwardly noted, strangely different from those of the usual slab-sided, stolid, pasty-complexioned 'meisjes' of the old Colony. The girl was attired in a garb unique, but rarely useful. For an upper garment she wore a loose yellowish-buff tunic, fashioned from the skins of some delicate antelope, tanned to a marvellous softness; this tunic, belted at the waist, fell nearly to the knees. The collar folded plainly back and open at the throat, displayed a soft under-shirt, deep-blue in colour, made from some soft flax-like material, evidently homespun. Knee-breeches of the softest and most delicately tanned skin, gaiters of the same material, and little field-shoes, home-tanned, and beautifully made, completed the costume. Anything more workmanlike and, it must be added, more graceful for a huntress of the African interior could not well be imagined.

All these particulars the Englishman's approving eye took in at a glance.

'And so you can hit a buck with that bow and arrow of yours, can you?' queried Farquhar. 'See, now; stop. Yonder stands a "steinbok" staring at us. Supposing you have a shot?'

The little red antelope stood in some thin covert about twenty-five paces distant, gazing at the intruders, as these foolish creatures will do, as if rooted to the spot. In a moment the girl was off her pony, had fitted an arrow to her bow, and with instantaneous aim let fly the shaft. True and ruthless as fate the missile flew right to the heart of the dainty steinbok—a spasmodic bound, a short but frantic struggle, and the poor little antelope lay in its death-agony.

Farquhar soon ended its sufferings; and then, having fastened it in proper hunting fashion behind his Diana's saddle, the march was resumed. In Dutch, the young man complimented the girl on her prowess. 'Well, you are a wonderful shot, and so quick too; you had hit the buck almost before I could have put up my rifle.'

'Oh, that is nothing wonderful. When one is galloping a hartebeest and using a heavier bow and arrow, then there is something like sport. I will show you that I can really shoot when we have a hunt, some day.'

'But, meisje; by-the-bye, I haven't introduced myself, and I don't even know your name yet. As you have no chaperon, and I no introducer, I may tell you that my name is Murray, Farquhar Murray, of Wolfefontein, near Grahamstown, Cape Colony, Groot Vee Boer [cattle-farmer] and hunter.'

'Allemagtig!' and the girl laughed merrily as she spoke, throwing her head back and showing a most beautiful chin and fair white throat. 'You are very droll, Mynheer. My name is Jacobina Hendrika Swanepoel, daughter of Gert Hendrik Swanepoel of Swanepoel's Rust [Rest], Blyde Rivier—for that is what we call our river—Africa. My grandfather, Schalk Jacobus Swanepoel, was the eldest son of Adrian Johannes Swanepoel, who was the son of Jan Hendrik, eldest son of Hendrik Swanepoel who first trekked up here and settled; many many years ago.—I am eighteen years old, and they all call me Bina, so you must even call me Bina too.—But make haste and come with me to the Rust, and you shall see us all and hear our story.'

All this was quickly said, with an arch playful look. 'By Jove! the girl knows her pedigree,' thought Farquhar; 'and is sharp and quick-witted for a Dutch girl, anyhow. I can't make her out; she can't be an ordinary Boer's daughter, surely?'

The camp was now reached; and the open-mouthed astonishment of the Englishman's servants on seeing a white 'meisje' thus appearing as it were from space, was a thing to be seen and not written down. Jacobina for her part had a good look at the wagon, admired the sleeping 'kartel,' and the neat order and method displayed in the internal fittings; admired, too, the horses, dogs, and oxen; criticised the natives, who were, she remarked, quite different from their servants at home; and then, again, with a true Dutch girl's instinct, returned to gaze admiringly at the wagon. 'How I should love a trek in

that wagon,' said she. 'But we never trek now, since great-grandfather Hendrik's time, more's the pity of it. We haven't a sound wagon to trek with.'

Farquhar, having saddled up his best horse, Hartebeest, and telling his men to inspan and follow on his spoor as speedily as possible, the two left the camp, and set out for the girl's home, about six miles distant. They were not long in reaching the woodlands in which they had met one another. For two miles and a little more they moved quietly through the open forest-land, Farquhar choosing a track as free from impediment as possible, for the better progress of the wagon that was to follow; and at length they emerged upon the neck of a rolling plateau, just beyond which a lofty range of mountains tossed skywards with peaked and serrated crests. This plateau stretched flatly to the right-hand far as the eye could reach. On the left, beyond the river and its fringe of trees and darker vegetation, it trended more unevenly to a thick forest belt. Two miles more by the river-side brought them to a narrow rocky gateway by which the river passed into the mountain chain beyond. The land-entry by this 'poort' was a singular one. For fifty yards by the river-side they followed a narrowing track, and then turning suddenly round a sharp corner, found themselves between high and sheering rock-walls, that reared themselves upwards a hundred feet and more, leaving but a few feet of path between. There was now a sharp and sudden ascent of two hundred yards, and then once more turning an angle of the rock-wall, a wonderful view met the astonished gaze of the Englishman.

Before him lay one of the fairest bits of scenery that ever African traveller set eyes upon. The great chain of mountains girdled in a broad and open valley, some six miles square. Everywhere the mountains rose from the valley in sheer precipice, so that apparently the only outlet lay through the pass by which they had just entered. Through the valley, flowing from a narrow gorge in the mountain quite inaccessible to human beings, ran the river, severing it almost perfectly in two. Here and there stood mighty timber trees, and tall feathery palms; here and there, undergrowth and bush. On either side of the stream, fed by irrigation dikes that led out from it, were large patches of cultivated ground, now green with the springing grain, some actually yellow and ripe for harvest.

On the right side—on which they now stood—was the most astonishing thing of all. About half a mile in front was a large old-fashioned-looking Dutch house, just such a one as Farquhar had so often seen in the Cape Colony. There were the whitewashed walls, the brown thatch, the step-gabbling, the green door, and window-panes and sun-shutters, the raised terrace with its shady veranda; and there upon the terrace sat one or two forms, evidently—as he could see with his glass—enjoying that leisure so dear to the soul of every well-regulated Cape Dutch farmer. A thin blue column of smoke, scarce stirred by the light breath of the ambient air, ascended from the chimney. The house was evidently surrounded by a spacious garden, and girt in by a high stockaded fence. Round about this great house, dotted here and there in various

parts of the valley, were smaller habitations much of the same pattern; and on the left side of the river were yet more. Each house was surrounded by an ample garden, and each protected by a strong and high stockade. Midway between the two portions of the little settlement, a rude bridge of timber spanned the river, which, contracting as it approached its mountain source, was hereabouts not more than some thirty paces in width. Stone kraals for sheep and oxen, built near the houses, completed the air of semi-civilisation. From the vantage-ground upon which Farquhar and his companion stood, the whole of this fair prospect lay marshalled before the eye, and a survey of a minute enabled him to grasp almost every detail.

'There!' exclaimed Jacobina, pointing in front of her, 'there is Swanepoel's Rust; and that'—indicating the great white building—'is my father's house.—Now, let us go down and gallop home.' Giving her pony a slack rein, and allowing him to pick his own way down the steep and uneasy declivity, and followed by Farquhar, the flat was soon reached. Then urging her active little steed to a quick canter, and glancing round merrily at her new-found cavalier, as if to challenge him to a race, the pair swept along over the mile of smooth track that led up to the house. Faster flew the girl's pony, and fast at her girths galloped Farquhar. In the space of three or four minutes they drew rein at the entrance to the high stockade. Now they entered, and as they did so, Farquhar's searching glance fell upon the forms of the three men sitting on the stoep. As they rode up the pathway between a mass of flowers and fruit-trees, the gaze of the three men was directed with utter astonishment towards them, and the eldest ejaculated: 'Allemagtig! whatever has that madcap Bina found now?'

But Bina, having arrived within a few paces, now spoke: 'Father, see you I have found an Englishman from the Capeland. His name is Mynheer Farquhar Murray, and he is elephant-hunting near here. His wagon and servants are following after him.' So speaking, the girl quickly dismounted, and—first removing the steinbok—dismissed the pony with a pat, telling him to go to the stable; a command at once obeyed.

Farquhar dismounted also, and advancing to the house, was met at the terrace steps by a stout handsome man of forty-five or thereabouts, clad, as were his two sons, in old-fashioned costumes of home-tanned leather, knee-breeches and gaiters and field-shoes, and high-crowned broad-brimmed hats, plaited of some fine grass. The father spoke: 'Mynheer, welcome, indeed, are you to Swanepoel's Rust, as the first white man not of our own blood who hath ever set foot here. Here have we lived, we Swanepoels, these hundred years, ever since my great-grandfather, Hendrik Swanepoel—the Lord God rest him—after long years of trekking, first came hither. And again I say, as a white man and from the old Capeland, you are welcome a thousand times.'

'Mynheer Swanepoel,' replied Farquhar, heartily returning the Dutchman's shake of the hand, 'I am as pleased to see you as you are to see me. It is probably even more extraordinary for me to find a civilised settlement here in the heart of unknown Africa, than it is for you to

welcome a white man from the outer world. But perhaps, when you have time, you will tell me your history, and how you came to be settled here.'

'Ja, Mynheer; I will tell you our story later in the day.—But see now; you must be famished, and we are but now about to have our mid-day meal.—Bina, you wild girl, you never told where you were going; and even now I have sent Klaas to look for you. You deserve naught but scolding; but as for once you have done service in bringing this gentleman to us, I forgive you.—But now, Mynheer, enter, and welcome to Hendrik Swanepoel's old roof-tree.' Then stepping inside the threshold: 'See; here are the vrow and the kinderen.—Vrouw, great news! This is Mynheer Murray, from the old Capeland.'

A big comely woman of forty stepped forward and shook hands heartily, if with some degree of amazement. Besides Jacobina's elder brothers, Hendrik and Jan, who had before shaken hands with the Englishman, three younger children, introduced respectively as Hendrika, Hans, and Lucas, came forward respectfully to greet the stranger.

Farquhar looked around him, and beheld a large and lofty room, having a wooden ceiling, and the usual Boer flooring of hard clay. Rude furniture of wood and the skins of antelopes, as well as an ancient chest or two, stood about. The great table in the centre was now laden with a mighty stew of venison. The walls, lined with a wooden framework or wainscoting, were decorated with the horns of antelopes, prominent among which stood forth specimens of the koodoo, sable and roan antelope, waterbuck, eland, wildebeest, and hartebeest, of extraordinary length and size. The skins of lions, leopards, and antelopes littered the floor. On either side of this great room were two doors, which, as Farquhar afterwards found, led to the three bedrooms and the kitchen. Hanging upon the middle of the wall, and facing the open window by which they had entered, just under a pair of huge koodoo horns, hung in a kind of rack six immensely long flint smooth-bore guns, of strangely antique shape. These were some of the original weapons brought in by Hendrik Swanepoel a hundred years before. They were kept always clean and bright, and only used on rare and momentous occasions. The family gathered round the board, and after singing a long grace, fell to with hearty appetites. While dinner proceeded, Farquhar had time to observe his new acquaintances and their surroundings. In the first place he was absolutely struck dumb with amazement to find that the cups, plates, and dishes upon the table were apparently of beaten gold, somewhat rudely fashioned, it is true, yet solid and bright. On asking his host if he were really dining off gold, he was told that it was so.

'When Hendrik Swanepoel first came here,' said the Boer, 'he found a tribe of natives occupying this country. By these natives he was attacked; but thanks to the Lord, and to his own firearms and a systematic defence, he repelled these assailants, and finally made peace with them. The natives now working for us are their descendants. Hendrik Swanepoel found these Bakotwas, as they called themselves, in possession

of numerous gold ornaments; and after a time, as peace and amity grew between them, and the blacks found that the white men could be useful to them in innumerable ways, they showed Hendrik how they got their gold up in the mountains yonder, where the river springs. Now, when Hendrik came to the end of most of his eating and drinking utensils on his long trek hither—he was five years in all in reaching here from the Capeland—he got the Bakotwas, who were skilled in metal-work, and had rude bellows of their own, to fashion for him mugs and plates and dishes such as you see before you.—But you are not eating. Let me give you some more of the game-stew; it is good eland beef, and won't hurt you, I'll vow.'

BOSCOBEL.

THERE are places associated with the history of England that are dear to the hearts of Britons. One of these places is Boscobel, whose name of soft Italian, meaning 'Fair Woods,' speaks of its situation. Here it was that Charles II., the hunted king of England, sought refuge after the memorable battle of Worcester, Cromwell's 'crowning mercy.'

Boscobel House, in whose cunning hiding-places Charles was safely concealed, still stands in the woody solitudes of Chillington, of which Boscobel is a part. Surrounded by a dense mass of verdure, it is retired from the world, on the borders of Shropshire and the extreme west of South Staffordshire. As one approaches it, there is little difficulty in realising how well fitted it was for the purpose it served. Boscobel House was erected some three centuries ago, probably about 1580, by John Giffard of Chillington. It is possible it may have served as a hunting lodge, for, externally and internally, it has all the appearance of being constructed for that object, like so many similar edifices connected with the Elizabethan mansions. There is, however, another theory advanced regarding it, a theory which, to say the least, is quite feasible. The reign of Elizabeth did not pass without religious persecution. The Catholics suffered extreme penalties, owing to their religion. To remedy this, the Catholic gentry of that period constructed places of concealment in their dwelling-houses, with the object of affording shelter to those priests who wandered from house to house administering the consolation of religion, or who wished to hide themselves. The architect and builder of Boscobel have left no records behind them to prove whose work it was, but a conjecture is rife that the owner was his own architect.

At its erection it was half-timbered, this being the distinctive feature of the houses of that time. Within the last hundred years it has undergone considerable change, such a change that it has been robbed of its picturesque appearance—which can be seen in the prints and paintings of the unique collection in the Salt Library, Stafford. To-day it is dreary in the extreme, being in

many portions plastered in so clumsy a manner that its chief characteristics have been destroyed.

The entrance to the lodge, from the roadway which passes beneath the walls from Brewood, in Staffordshire, to Albrighton, in Shropshire, is through a garden, from its appearance very little changed from the time Charles Stuart rested in its precincts. Outside the hall door one sees a large slab of stone, part of a table that stood in the summer arbour where Charles spent that memorable Sunday in September reading. The other portion of the table is placed at the gate leading from the garden into the meadow in which stands the Royal Oak, or rather its off-spring.

Passing through the entrance door, the visitor to this interesting spot finds on his right the dining-hall, a large wainscoted room, with oaken panels and a polished oaken floor. A portrait, in oils, of Charles hangs over the mantelpiece. This work is supposed to be a copy of Sir P. Lely's likeness. Below the portrait is a unique and interesting fireplace of black marble from the Derbyshire quarries. Some highly appropriate sketches, illustrating the principal events of the fugitive king's visit to Boscobel and his journey to Moseley Court, are pictured thereon. The first represents Charles and Richard Penderel arriving at Boscobel House from White Ladies—a priory, now in ruins, but formerly inhabited by some white or Cistercian nuns, about one mile distant from Boscobel; the second, the king concealed in the oak, with the Parliamentary troopers in search of him; and the third, Charles's departure with the brothers Penderel from Boscobel to Moseley Court.

At the southern end of this dining-room is a smaller room, which in the sixteenth century was the oratory or private chapel, the altar belonging to which was hidden in a recess. On the wall of this room is a portrait of Oliver Cromwell. Before leaving these rooms, one is tempted to take a closer scrutiny of the sketches. The third is the most remarkable, for it is copied from an old print in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and is in itself sufficient evidence to set at rest the long controversy which has been raging between antiquaries regarding whether the Penderels were ever granted armorial bearings. This print bears the arms and crests that the Penderels have used since the time of the Restoration.

Another disputed point about the protectors of Charles is that referring to their birth. It has been written that they were illiterate farmers. On the contrary there is abundant evidence to prove that they were substantial yeomen, descended from an old Catholic family of Lincolnshire, and through them related to the Giffards to whom Boscobel belonged.

Leaving the dining-room and ascending the stairs, you stand in the 'Squire's bedroom.' In the chimney-piece is a secret closet, which has in its floor a trap-door, the means of descent to the bottom of the chimney-stack into the garden.

At the time of the king's visit, in the place of the door leading into the secret recess, was a sliding panel.

An apartment on the third floor is reached by a narrow flight of stairs. This room is called the Cheese Room. A masked trap-door is to be seen in its floor, the entrance to the 'secret hole' in which Charles hid himself whilst the troopers were actually walking above his head. A gallery on the landing in front of this room has a window from which one has an extensive view over seven counties. It is surmised that 'Old Rowley' from this place watched the approach of the Parliamentarians sent to apprehend him.

The chief object of interest at Boscobel, however, is the Royal Oak. For a great length of time it has been pointed out as the original tree in which Charles took refuge; but a mass of overwhelming evidence proves otherwise. Evelyn says the famous oak-tree was during the next sixty years cut away by zealous royalists. Another point regarding the present tree is that it has never been polled. One of Charles's officers, Colonel Carlos, or Careless, was in hiding in the tree when the king reached it; and Charles in his own narrative has written, 'We (Carlos and I) went and carried off with us some victuals for the whole day—namely, bread, cheese, small-beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak that had been lopped some three or four years before, and being grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we stayed all day.' A third point, and one of great importance, is that the alleged Royal Oak is not more than two hundred and fifty years old, and is still growing. In the Bodleian Library there is shown a fragment of the old tree, used as a stand for a tankard. The Royal Oak has palisades of iron round it. These are in place of the wall which was blown down some years previously.

HOW THE WEST CENTRE SCHOOL WAS 'HOED OUT.'

COLONEL HOPPER, lawyer and chief magnate of a small town in Vermont, was at work in his office, when the door was thrown open, and the ubiquitous office-boy called shrilly: 'Squire Barton to see you, Colonel.'

Then the Colonel, a long-suffering man, suppressed a groan. The family quarrel about the ten-acre lot, so much enjoyed by the Squire and his seven brothers, outstripped the limitations of his patience.

A tall lean man entered with an abstracted air, sat down with no pretence at courtesy, and stared at the magnate. 'Hello!' he said presently.

'Hello!' returned the lawyer, seeing some response was necessary. 'Come in on business, eh?'

The Squire nodded. 'Wall, not business exactly, Colonel, but jest as important. I s'pose you don't know as I'm Committee-man for West Centre School?'

The lawyer confessed to ignorance on this important point, silently wondering how the information could possibly affect him one way or another.

The Squire bent forward, his usual attitude

when disposed to be confidential. 'Wall, Colonel, them boys up to West Centre be a lively lot. Pretty lively they be. They've jest run their teacher right out, kind of scared him to death—I heerd.' (This with a chuckle of inward amusement.)

'I've heard they were a rough lot up to West Centre,' said the Colonel.

'Wall, they be boys of sperrit, that's what they be, but— Tell you, Colonel, they want some one as can "hoe" 'em into shape.'

'There's no doubt of that,' assented the Colonel.

'Wall, now, bein' Committee-man, it's kinder laid on me to find the match of them wild-cats up to West Centre, an' I come in to-day on purpose to see you. Can't you pint out the man as 'ull do the business right smart?'

The Colonel put on his considering cap. 'Well,' he said, 'I do know a young fellow; but I doubt if he'd go. He's half engaged to come in my office as clerk—Geof. Robins.'

'Geof. Robins! Seems to me I heard somethin' 'bout him lately.'

'Perhaps you did. He was very prominent in a fire we had here. Saved a woman and two children under circumstances calling for muscle and nerve both. He's a daisy, is Geof.—Here, Joe!'

The tow head of the office boy was moved from the keyhole to the open door.

'Tell Geof. Robins to step this way.'

In a few minutes a young man entered with a brisk, light step. He was a fair-haired, slight fellow under six feet in height. The Committee-man's first glance at him resulted in disappointment. He wanted a giant; size and weight formed his ideal of power. He did not notice the quality of the young man's gray eyes, hard as flint, and capable of flashing fire on provocation.

'Lordy!' said he, rising with a clouded brow, 'our Bob could whip him an' toss him out of winder before you could say George Washington.'

'Geof.!' said the lawyer quietly, 'show the Squire your muscle. Take a grip of his hand. That's the ticket.—Now, Squire, you're a powerful man yourself; toss that boy out of window as quick as you please.'

The Squire made manful efforts, while the youth, whose trained muscles were steel at his will, laughed as he held his antagonist easily at arm's-length. The Colonel beamed; but the Squire, as he cried for quarter, grinned from ear to ear. Irrepressible elation danced in his oddly-lined visage as he shook the lawyer's hand over and over again.

'He's the boy to hoe 'em out,' he cried, with a chuckle.

Geof. looked on, wondering if the two old fellows were temporarily insane.

'Perhaps he won't want the job,' suggested the Colonel.

The Committee-man returned from flights into the future of 'them wild-cats' to the present. He put the case to the young man.

'But,' said Geof., laughing, 'I'm no teacher, and what's more, I don't know anything to teach.'

'You can read, I s'pose?' said the Squire,

wondering what under the sun he should do if the answer was in the negative, for, having found his man, he meant to hold on to him, teacher or no teacher.

Geof. signified that he could read.

'Wall, now,' said the Squire, 'the last teacher he held on some to jography. 'Tain't no pint with me, jography ain't. Them boys has got to be "hoed out." That's you: You "hoe" them boys, an' I won't make no pint of jography.'

Geof. signified that 'jography' was also within his limitations.

Terms were next discussed. Geof. had just views as to his own value; but though the sum demanded was far beyond the usual rate, the Committee-man smiled as he agreed to pay it.

The Squire went home, chuckling.

'Did you engage a new teacher, father?' asked his hopeful sons.

'Oh yes; I found one.'

'What's he like?'

'Oh, a slip of a chap. Looks slimmer than our Bob, I should say.'

The boys grinned. So did the Squire.

The following Monday brought a large attendance to the West Centre School. All the boys and girls were present with the exception of Tom Batts, the bully of the school. Tom said 'he wur tired of turnin' boys out of the teacher's chair. 'Twur time they had a man to teach 'em. He should take a vacation.'

The door opened, a little late, and in walked the new teacher. 'I'm late,' he said easily, as he took his seat at the desk. 'I started later than I intended, and it's a pretty steep road.'

Had he walked the fourteen miles and come in spry as a cricket?

The boys measured him. Yes, he was slim. Many a Bob and Tom present, perhaps some of the girls, could outweigh him. There wouldn't be much trouble in ousting him, anyway, and meantime they could do just as 'they'd a mind to.'

They began to have a good time. Chewing gum and spitting went on with careless unconcern, as the buzz of talk and unruly laughter gained ground. In five minutes' time the school was not much better than a bear-garden.

The new teacher sat at his desk, whistling cheerily, while his calm blue eyes passed from face to face of his scholars. He said not a word. There was plenty of time before him, and he rather enjoyed this opportunity for maturing his plans as to the subjection of the enemy; so he sat in his place whistling *Yankee Doodle* with variations, and looked on.

Now, had he been the weak creature they supposed, this close scrutiny would not have been felt by the class; but ere ten minutes were over, the boldest began to feel uncomfortable. Perfectly undisciplined minds are often to be held by a strong will; Geof. was aware of this, and ere long drew the attention of every scholar to himself, boys and girls wishing as they nudged one another that the new teacher wouldn't look at them so 'kinder keen.' They began to wriggle, in self-conscious discomfort. Geof.'s comprehensive gaze had become painful.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said presently, pointing to the floor, 'we begin our session by

thorough cleansing of the school-room floor. Follow me to the well.'

The whole school swarmed into the yard.

'Bring out the benches, lads.'

Somehow, the tone was one that demanded, nay, exacted obedience. The benches were brought out.

The girls were set to clean the windows; while the boys, headed by the master, gave floor, benches, and desk a thorough cleansing. When the work was finished, Geof. addressed the school. 'After this,' said he briefly, 'the first pig that brings tobacco or gum to school will be made to cleanse the floor, and then return home to his pigsty.'

The boys weren't a bit afraid of the new teacher, 'of course;' but by some accident, after this, gum and tobacco were left at home.

Said Squire Bartlett to Squire Barton: 'I don't think nothin' of that new teacher you've bin and engaged for our school. He set 'em to wash floors and winders to-day, didn't larn 'em nothin'!'

A grin of inward enjoyment expressed itself in the widening of the wrinkles on Squire Barton's odd countenance. 'Wall,' he replied, 'I'd like to see the match of the man as made my Bob stand round and clean floors and haul benches.'

This was as unanswerable as the best of logic.

A week went by harmoniously. Geof. kept his weather eye open for squalls. Why did not the boys concert some plan to 'run him out,' as they had done with all previous teachers?

They had not wit enough to explain their lack of 'sperrit' even to one of themselves.

Said Tom Batts, overcome with impatient curiosity: 'I'm comin' to school, an' I'm goin' to chew my terbaccer an' spet all I've got a mind to.'

'You better,' came as a caution from Bob.

'I seen him t'other day,' said Tom. 'Lordy! he ain't more'n up to my knee!' Here he guffawed at his own exquisite wit.

'An' I seen him in the ten-acre pasture,' said Bob confidentially, 'playing with our bull-calf, as even father can't go nigh without a stick, an' sure as you're alive, he threw him.'

'Threw the bull-calf!'

'Right over on to his back.'

'Threw the bull-calf!' Tom's mouth fell open with clownish surprise.

'Ay, an' the calf, he come movin' after him as gentle as a sheep. Says I: "What you go to wrastlin' with that calf for?" Says he: "Practice for my muscles. Come along, and I'll show you the trick."'

'Did you try it?' said Tom, snapping his heavy jaws together.

'Wall, no; I guess not,' replied Bob. 'That calf chased me forty miles an hour cross lots last week.'

'Bob Barton, you're makin' it up; no livin' chap could throw that calf.'

'Wall, a livin' man done it, an' I seen him,' replied Bob, doggedly adhering to his point.

Tom's curiosity was quickened by this encounter with Bob; but he held off a little longer ere beginning his half-yearly joke of 'running out the teacher.'

Meantime, Geof. was discovering to his own immense astonishment that his work was a very interesting one, and he threw all his energy into his efforts to civilise these 'wild-cats.' In recess, he encouraged them to feats of strength; he, an accomplished gymnast, put them through a variety of exercises. They were clumsy, and needed to be taught to use their strength to better purpose. They could not understand why the feats, which looked so easy when so gracefully performed by their teacher, should be so impossible to their own clumsy limbs. Quietly, almost imperceptibly, Geof. was master of the situation, indoors or out. Did he issue a command which was not instantly obeyed—a gleam from his eyes was apt to enforce obedience. He never spoke twice; disobedience was followed by punishment. The Squire's Bob was the recipient one day of six cuts that marked him for a week.

'Why didn't yer give him as good as yer got?' asked Tom Batts, when the rumour of Bob's disgrace reached his curious ears.

Bob could not reply. He was lost in wonder that he had not done so, not knowing enough to be aware that the athlete had gripped him so that he could not have struck a blow in self-defence even had he wished to do so.

After this, the 'larnin' went on right steady,' according to Squire Barton, who often sauntered in to see after the success of his experiment. The sight of his own Bob head of the class, 'toeing the mark like a Christian,' was nuts for him to crack, as he told Melindy his wife. But the teacher taught 'jography' in a way that made the Squire's hair stand on end. He had a story for every country, something to impress the scholars with the habits of the people, or animals native to the place. It is to be apprehended that when his knowledge, which was not profound, failed him, he made his information to order.

'There's a lot of things you mention,' said the Squire, 'as I don't recollect to have heerd on nowheres before.'

Geof. laughed. 'I told you I was no teacher,' said he. 'I don't know much, and I'm no reader.'

'Wall, you go ahead,' said the Squire approvingly; 'but I'd keep as close to the mark as I could if I was you. Hipperpatamuses ain't a wallerin' round South America, I know for dead certain. But you go ahead—that's you.'

Geof. did not take this frank criticism of his 'jography' amiss, and he went 'ahead' in his own original way, aiming to improve the manners, even if he could not do much for the brains of his class. The boys were obliged to drop their cavalier mode of asserting themselves as lords of creation when the girls of the class were in question. Nor was his own dainty cleanliness of person without its effect upon both sexes. Geof.'s eyes were apt to show a spark of disgust at dirty hands and tousled hair, bringing such a feeling of discomfort to the owner as generally tended to superinduce more thorough ablutions.

When Geof.'s success in 'hoeing' out the school became an established fact, the parents grew enthusiastic in his praise. Naturally, this was distasteful to the bully Tom, who smiled to himself as he listened. 'You better shet up,' he

remarked. 'I be going to school come Monday.' Of this, Geof. was forewarned by no less a man than the Squire's Bob.

'Ah,' said Geof., with a sparkle of interest in his blue eyes. 'Give him my compliments, and tell him I have been expecting him some time.'

When Tom received this message, he nodded his head knowingly. 'He's beginning to knuckle down, poor little chap,' said he, surveying his own giant frame with appreciation of its merits.

Geof. walking in the ten-acre pasture, met and had another tussle with the belligerent calf. Bob, who haunted his footsteps like a faithful dog, saw the conclusion with a broad grin of satisfaction.

'So Tom Batts is going to school Monday, eh,' said the Squire with a sly look at Geof. 'Going to run you out, I s'pose, as he done the rest of 'em.'

Bob, who was present, joined in his father's grin, as he pictured to himself the calf sprawling in the ten-acre pasture. He had never looked forward to a circus as he did to the coming encounter between the country bully and the athlete.

Monday came. The school was in full working order, when the door was noisily thrown open and in swaggered Tom Batts. He sat himself down opposite to Geof., and whistled aloud as he began cutting a roll of tobacco into quids. Meantime, he was audibly chewing, his huge jaws working back and forth, while the floor around him was speedily covered with stains. All eyes were on Geof., who calmly went on ruling a copy-book.

Presently he looked up. 'Now, Mr Batts, I am ready for you,' he said pleasantly. 'Please to walk this way.'

Mr Batts! The wonder of this term as applied to his own personality caused his heavy mouth to fall open. In this moment of surprise he rose to his feet and slouched forward.

'I suppose you can read, eh?' said Geof. smiling. 'Pity you joined us so late in the season, for a man of your age has no time to lose.'

'Oh, I don't want to learn nothin',' muttered Tom, turning to kick a youngster who inadvertently giggled. 'I come for fun,' he said, with sudden assertion. His sidelong glance at the boys was disappointed of its meed of admiration, for all eyes were bent on the teacher, who for his part was taking Tom's measure with great accuracy. There was a steely gleam in his eyes, before which the boys who knew him trembled. Tom, secure in his brute-force, had not a qualm as to the result of the coming encounter. His measurement of the 'slip of a chap' before him had been readily taken. He meant to throw him out of 'winder, as he done the last.'

There was a silence, in which the scholars held their breath with suppressed excitement. As for the teacher, he rose in his usual quiet way and proceeded to mark up a sum upon the black-board, taking no notice of the intrusive figure between him and his scholars.

'First class to the black-board,' was his order; then, as the boys advanced: 'You are in my way here,' he said, calmly to Tom, 'and as you do not wish to study, I am going to put you out.'

How did it all happen? Not a boy was quick enough to see. There had been a swift move-

ment on the part of the teacher; those huge arms of Tom's were held pinioned, despite his furious efforts to release himself.

'Will you go out, or shall I put you out?' Geof. asked, politely. He looked calm enough, but the spirit of fight was boiling in his veins, and his eyes fairly blazed at the bully as he backed him to the door. On the threshold he set him free, and quietly pointed to the yard. 'Go out!' he said, as he would have done to a surly dog.

To his dying day Tom never could understand why—he went out.

Squire Barton and a fellow-Committee-man had followed close on Tom's heels, and, in fact, had seen all through the window, themselves unnoticed. They would not have missed what they termed 'the circus' for a great deal. They grinned at one another as Tom came slouching out.

'Hello, Tom!' cried Squire Barton.

'Hello, Tom!' from Squire Bartlett.

Then followed a guffaw of extreme enjoyment, under whose lash Tom turned his back and ran.

Then, assuming an official air, these worthy Committee-men entered the school-house, and surveyed the school from the vantage-ground of the platform. They could not repress an inclination to compliment Geof. on his provess ere they descended to humdrum every-day life again, after which they did not forget to point the moral, which, however, required no further illustration at their hands.

'What I says, I stands to,' said the Squire, casting a severe glance at the tow-heads before him; 'when a school's got to be "hoed out," go right ahead and hoe.'

SLAVONIC CUSTOMS.

MARRIAGE FORECASTS.

WHETHER the cause is to be found in the peculiar tenacity of the Slavonic nations for the traditions of their forefathers, or in their hitherto greater isolation from the quicker current of Western life, it is certain that to-day survive amongst the unlettered and imaginative Slavonian peasantry more numerous and more ancient ceremonials and observances than in any other European country. And marriage being the most interesting and important incident in a quiet rural life, it is natural that customs appertaining thereto should survive the longest. These customs appeal more particularly to the female peasants, and as such become the mothers of the land, they hand down the usages and traditions to their children.

Many of the marriage forecastings centre around the time-honoured Christmas Eve. In Poland, Bulgaria, and Servia it is usual for curious maidens to throw rings, or melted lead and wax, into a vessel filled with water, and while fishing these out to sing old songs, the verses of which foretell as they catch each object the peculiarities of their future husbands. In some districts of Poland, bread and money are

mixed with the hay which on Christmas Eve underlies the table-cloth; the girl that—in the dark—draws out money is promised a wealthy spouse; but she who draws bread only must expect poverty as her life-dowry. Peasant maidens at nightfall on Christmas Eves go solitary and in silence to the woodhouse, there gather an armful of chips, which they carry, yet alone and silently, into the kitchen and carefully count. If the number be even, they will marry; but if the number be odd, single-blessedness threatens them.

It is customary in Polish villages to strew straw over the Christmas Eve supper-tables, and for the young people blindfold, or in the dark, to pick out each a straw therefrom. Should the straw be green, the lucky maiden expects to wear a bridal wreath, or the youth to lead a blushing bride to the altar, during the approaching year; but a dried straw foretells to either long waiting, possibly even until death.

In other rural Polish districts, on the 'Christ's Eve,' wine, beer, and water are placed by a girl between two candles on a table. She then retires into a corner or an adjoining room to watch the result reflected in a mirror hung for this purpose. If, as the clock strikes midnight, a man enters and drinks the wine, she is happy, for her wooer will be rich. Should he drink the beer, she may be content, for the wooer will be 'well-to-do.' If the water be chosen, her husband will be very poor. But if as the clock strikes no man comes to her table, the anxious maiden shivers with more than midnight terror, believing that she is doomed to be early the bride of Death.

Poland is peculiarly rich in these observances, spreading themselves throughout the year, both sexes being equally superstitious in this respect.

On New-year's Eve the young unmarried men place themselves before a fire and, bending down, look beneath their legs. Should a woman appear in the background, it is the one they will marry; but if they see a shape as of a coffin, it forebodes for them death during the year close at hand.

Midsummer Eve is also a favourite epoch for looking into the future. Polish maidens at this time throw wreaths of flowers and bouquets into rivers and brooks. If the flowers float undamaged out of their sight, the omen is good; but should the wreaths break, or flowers sink before their eyes, they go home with dark visions of the future.

Slavonic maidens will also go into the gardens in the Midsummer Eve twilight and shake the fences heartily. Should a dog bark westward, they look to the west for a lover. If the dog barks in the east, they look expectantly eastward for a spouse. If no dog barks, the silence is anything but good; and the poor girl returns heavy-hearted to rejoin the merry groups gathered to celebrate the midsummer festival, in ancient times considered the most important of the year.

In some Prussian villages it is customary for the maiden to drop flowers into a glass of water, chanting somewhat thus:

I am athirst;
Give me to drink, my beloved!

with the hope that the water will reflect the image of a favourite swain. Another custom is

to throw wreaths of flowers over their heads backwards against a tree. If the wreath catches and hangs upon a branch at the first throw, the girl throwing it will become a bride within the first succeeding year. If it catches at the second throw, then her bridal will be the second year. And so on. They also, singing softly appropriate and old-time love-songs, lay flowers beneath their pillows to dream a midsummer night's dream of their destined husbands.

In other districts the girls sow hemp-seeds in a garden, or flower-pot, on St Anthony's Eve, and confidently expect to dream that night of their true lovers. Should the sowing be hallowed by as many Paternosters as she has years, the sower implicitly believes in the result; and if then she dreams not, it is to her credulous mind certain that no bridal wreath will deck her head or any true-hearted lover lead her home.

Many similar customs might be told; but all such are rapidly dying out. As the lightning flits noiselessly through the Slavonic lands, with its messages of good or ill, calm or storm, peace or war, as noiselessly flit with it from the minds of the people old cherished superstitions, leaving them clearer and less susceptible to the dreamy imaginings and childish ceremonies of the olden time. There, as elsewhere, maidens begin to look within themselves, and to study what and who are the men who may become their life-long companions; and if in one sense marriage must yet remain for them a lottery, it becomes at least a lottery in which they feel that no simple or superstitious observances can possibly show them the 'winning numbers.'

THE BLIND POET.

GIVE me thy hand, and when the songsters wake
The woodland world to melody of love—
When the faint ripples of gray-silver break,
And leaping light enfolds the deep above—
Lead me where sedges murmur and the lush
Flag-lances quiver o'er the foamy rush.

Moss at my feet, and overhead the green—
The deepening green of beeches; while below,
The river-reach, through willows dimly seen,
Laves leaf and lily with its murmurous flow.
O fair, fair earth! O breadth of summer skies!—
The gladdest memory of my darkened eyes!

You bring me flowers, the pale and fragrant bells,
That when the meek-eyed violets are fled,
Fold in blue mist the bracken-bowered dells,
And float sweet music o'er the flower-dead;
While from some leafy arbour, clear and strong,
A brown-winged lover lifts serenely song.

The beetle booming through the breezy air,
The labouring bee, the feathered butterfly,
Life lowly-lived, but life exceeding fair—
With myriad eyes are yet more poor than I,
For darkness breaks in death, and purer sight
Waits on the dawning of eternal light.

C. A. DAWSON.

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BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

ROBERT BURTON, in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, alludes to the social life of the Turks in their coffee-houses, which, he says, 'much resemble our taverns.' This was written in 1621, some thirty years before the opening of the first coffee-house in London. From the date of the latter event the use of the berry became increasingly popular, and coffee-houses were multiplied to an astonishing degree. The taverns were superseded to some extent as social resorts by the new establishments, and the features of Turkish life alluded to by Burton were reproduced in a modified form in the London coffee-houses. In many respects these popular institutions resembled the modern clubs. People of similar occupations and of like tastes naturally gravitated in their hours of leisure and recreation to common social centres.

Coffee-houses were literary, professional, commercial, or merely fashionable, according to the character of the bulk of their regular customers. But in one important respect they differed for many years from the clubs of the present day. Until the early years of the eighteenth century, none of the coffee-houses were political, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that none were devoted to the interests of, or used chiefly by, the adherents of any political party. Button's was the first to be started chiefly from political motives, and to be regarded and supported as the headquarters and social meeting-place of the members of a party.

In the later years of Queen Anne's reign, Button's was looked upon as the centre of Whiggism; but to us its literary associations are of more interest than its politics. In virtue of these associations it may fairly be regarded as the legitimate successor of the famous Will's. This celebrated coffee-house, which was situated on the north side of Russell Street, Covent Garden, had for many years, under Dryden's presidency, been the daily resort of wits and authors of all kinds and degrees. After Dryden's death in 1700, its reputation began to decline. It was still used

by Congreve, Addison, Wycherley, the young but precocious Pope, and many other literary men of lesser note; but the tone of the conversation and the character of many of its frequenters showed signs of deterioration, and gambling to a large extent took the place of literature and the drama as the leading attraction of the house. This alteration in the character of Will's, as well as the growing acerbity of political discussion and the increasing bitterness of party feeling, led Addison to feel the desirability of establishing a coffee-house where he and his fellow-Whigs could discuss not only literary topics but political matters in a friendly and harmonious way.

With these objects in view, in 1712 he set up an old servant of his own, Daniel Button, in a house in Russell Street, nearly opposite Will's, but nearer Covent Garden, and there established himself as the recognised head not only of the Whig essayists and men of letters, but of the literary world at large. Addison's supremacy, at Button's was as undoubted as Dryden's had formerly been at Will's. Pope in the bitter portrait of Atticus that he drew some years after this date, in revenge for fancied injuries received from Addison, alludes to the circle at the coffee-house, and, parodying a line of his own Prologue to *Cato*, says that should a man—

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

The chief members of the 'little senate' were Steele, Budgell, Tickell, Rowe, Ambrose Philips, and Henry Carey. Pope, who had been introduced to Addison by Steele shortly before the establishment of Button's, was also for a considerable period a regular frequenter of the new house, and was on friendly terms with most of the members of this senate that afterwards he so severely satirised. Addison was very constant in his attendance. He and his friends were inseparable. His daily habit was to have one of them

to breakfast with him in St James's Place, to dine out with others, then to visit Button's for some hours, and finally to wind up the day by supping at a tavern or at the coffee-house in the same society. Another very regular member of the company was the industrious playwright Charles Johnson. It was said of him that he was for many years famed for writing a play every season, and for being at Button's every day. His plays brought him in considerable gains, not so much from their merit as from the rage of the town for novelty in dramatic enterprise. Johnson would now be but the shadow of a name were it not for the unenviable distinction that he enjoys, with so many of the smaller literary fry of that period, of figuring in the *Dunciad*.

Steele was a constant attendant at the afternoon meetings of the club. Early in 1713, in one of those innumerable little notes that he was so fond of sending to his wife at every possible opportunity, he asks her to call exactly at five o'clock at Button's for him, and he will go with her to the Park or wherever she may prefer. Towards the end of the same year we have a glimpse of his light-hearted way of meeting all personal attacks on himself. He was then in the thick of political dispute and struggle, and such attacks were plentiful. One December afternoon he hobbled into the coffee-room, supported on crutches and assisted by Mr Button—Steele was a martyr to gout—and was at once condoled with by his assembled friends on account of the calumnious stories that had been circulated about him during his illness. Steele put the subject by, and told them how on his way in a chair to the coffee-house, the people who were jostled by his chairman, seeing his ample figure reposing within, cried out; 'Lazy looby, marry come up; carrying would become him better than being carried!' A word from Steele explaining that he was lame stopped the clamour; so, he added, it would be as easy to answer the other reproaches against him as that of laziness on his journey through the streets.

One of the minor lights of Button's was Ambrose Philips, whose Christian name, manipulated by another member of the 'little senate,' Henry Carey, added the term 'namby-pamby' to our vocabulary. Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, says of him:

When Philips came forth as starch as a Quaker,
Whose simple profession's a pastoral maker,
Apollo advised him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to naught else but his dog and his sheep.

Thackeray tersely calls him 'a serious and dreary idyllic Cockney.' His *Pastorals* and those by Pope appeared simultaneously. Philips's eclogues were received with great applause by the circle at Button's, for their author was a strong Whig, and political feeling only too often largely influenced literary judgment. Pope, always sensitive, feeling himself slighted and unfairly treated by the attention paid to his rival, took a singular revenge. He wrote an elaborate criticism on the rival sets of *Pastorals*, in which, while professing and appearing to point out and applaud the merits of Philips, he was yet praising his own poems at his opponent's expense. This criticism he sent anonymously to Steele as the editor of the *Guardian*, which was then appearing in succession to the *Spectator*. Steele was completely imposed upon;

he took the criticism seriously, and it was duly published on April 27, 1713, as No. 40 of his paper.

Addison saw through the joke at once, although the other members of the club were inclined, like Steele, to take the satire as sober earnest. The satirised poet, however, felt the sting of Pope's remarks. Philips was a vain man, a loud talker, and foppish in his dress, with a particular weakness, we are told, for red stockings. Touched in his self-esteem, his tenderest and most vulnerable part, his rage was ungovernable. He is said to have hung up a birch rod at Button's, and to have threatened to chastise the poet of Twickenham therewith should he again appear in the coffee-house. It has been said by biographers of Pope that whether he feared Philips or not, he seems to have discontinued his attendance at Button's about this time, and to have returned to Will's. But this could hardly have been the case, for in June of the following year, 1714, we find Pope writing familiarly to Swift of the gossip concerning him at Button's. The whole story of the birch rod rests upon somewhat slender evidence, and may not improbably be a myth.

Steele, while conducting the *Guardian*, was so constant a visitor at Button's that he made the coffee-house his editorial office. In No. 98 of the paper he announced his intention to erect in Button's a Lion's Head, 'in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass.' Correspondents were requested to deposit their communications in the lion's voracious mouth, and the writer promised that whatever the animal swallowed, he, Steele, would digest for the use of the public. About three weeks later readers of the *Guardian* were informed that the Lion's Head had been duly set up, and its appearance is described as being 'in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains everything that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws.'

The Lion's Head remained an ornament of Button's for some time after the *Guardian* had ceased to appear. Below the head was cut a couplet from Martial, which a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, many years later, thus translated:

Bring here nice moreceans; be it understood
The lion vindicates his choicest food.

With the closing of Button's the famous head started on its travels. It was first removed to the Shakespeare's Head Tavern in Covent Garden Piazza, and thence to the Bedford Coffee-house, a literary successor to Button's, where it was put to its original use in connection with the *Inspector*, a periodical paper published by the famous Dr Hill. In 1769 it returned to the Shakespeare's Head, where it remained till 1804, when it was sold by auction, and became the property, for the sum of seventeen pounds ten shillings, of Charles Richardson of Richardson's Hotel, who was a great collector of everything relating to the history

of his own parish of St Paul, Covent Garden. After Richardson's death it was sold by his son to the Duke of Bedford, who deposited it at Woburn Abbey, where it still remains.

In 1714, as the reign of Queen Anne drew towards its close, party feeling became increasingly warm, and the country was given up to political ferment and agitation. It was early in this disturbed year that the first breach occurred between Pope and Addison, but it was soon healed, to outward appearance, for in October they met again at Button's, and Pope asked Addison to look over the first two books of the translation of the *Iliad* which he then had in hand. The first volume of this great work was published in June of the following year, 1715, when George I. had been nearly a year on the throne, and the political tumult had to a great extent subsided. Two days after Pope's volume appeared, there was published a translation of the first *Iliad* by Tickell. It came at an inopportune moment, and its publication gave great offence to Pope. Tickell's version was naturally warmly welcomed by his fellow-senators at Button's, and Pope's anger was not lessened by the coffee-house rumour that attributed some of Tickell's work to the hand of Addison. Lintot, Pope's bookseller, wrote to him that the malice and juggle at Button's was the conversation of those who had spare moments from politics. Pope's resentment against the coffee-house circle, and especially against Addison, was further inflamed by a letter that he received a few days later from Gay. The latter reported that everybody was pleased with Pope's work except a few at Button's, and that, according to Steele, Addison had declared Tickell's translation to be the best that ever was in any language. 'I am informed,' continued Gay, 'that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, &c.; and Mr Addison says that your translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.'

After this, the breach between these two great men was complete and final, and Pope ceased to appear in the coffee-house. There was no open quarrel—the famous character of 'Atticus' was not published till some years after this date—and Pope gave various reasons for ceasing to frequent Mr Button's house. He declared his health to be impaired by the late hours and prolonged sittings to which the members of the 'little senate' were addicted. Writing to James Craggs a day or two after the receipt of Gay's letter, he dwelt upon the increase of party feeling, and the consequent decay of agreeable conversation and the growth of dissension—'nor is it a wonder,' he proceeds, 'that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good-humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit.' Thus the poet of Twickenham covered his retreat. In some verses published anonymously the next year, 1716, addressed to 'Mr John Moore, author of the celebrated Worm Powder,' he had a thrust at his whilom friends:

Our fate then only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Even Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

Pope was right when he said that Button's was

no longer Button's. The society that had for so many months held high debate within its walls was breaking up. The Whigs were in power, and their enemies discomfited; Oxford was in the Tower, Bolingbroke had fled to France, and Swift was eating his heart out in his Irish retirement. Addison had joined the government, and necessarily ceased to be so regular as formerly in his attendance at the old meeting-place, Pope had withdrawn, Steele was busy in politics and in the pursuit of various schemes. With the break-up of the club that had so long been the chief attraction of the coffee-house, its importance and fame departed, and for some years little is known of its history. Its once prosperous proprietor, Daniel Button, died about 1730 in poverty, so great, that his funeral was conducted at the expense of the parish. He was buried in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden.

A few years before this event, we find one more well-known name associated with the coffee-house. In 1727 Aaron Hill published in the *Plain Dealer* a pathetic account of the unfortunate Savage's history, with some lines written by the latter on the unnatural treatment that he had received from his alleged mother. The result of the compassion excited by the sad story was a subscription for Savage's benefit. The various amounts subscribed were sent to Button's Coffee-house; and when Savage, a few days after the publication of his story, called there, he had the pleasant surprise of finding the sum of seventy guineas waiting for him. This is the last we hear of the once famous coffee-house; it was probably closed soon afterwards.

The literary reputation that Button's had enjoyed in succession to Will's was inherited by the Bedford Coffee-house, which was situated under the Piazza in Covent Garden. This house had a prolonged existence, and was frequented by several generations of famous men. Fielding, Foote, Hogarth, Churchill, Garrick, Sheridan, and many others of lesser note, were at home within its walls. The Bedford continued to be a haunt of literary and theatrical people until the early years of the present century, and thus formed a link between the coffee-houses of past times and the clubs of the present day.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER II.—AT THE VICARAGE.

It was the unfortunate vicar of Yewle who was hiding like a thief in his own garden that night; and it was well that Gray did not see or recognise him.

When Gray had opened the gate and entered the little lawn in front of the vicarage, he was arrested by something he saw immediately before him. The blinds were not down in the window of the drawing-room in front of him, and he could see the occupants of the room. Mrs King half reclined on a couch, in conversation with a gentleman, who sat facing the window; Agnes sat on a footstool near her mother, with her head bent over some needlework, listening, but not looking up. It was neither the mother nor the daughter who arrested the attention of Francis Gray, and kept him standing on the lawn for fully a quarter of an hour; it was their visitor.

This was a man of about thirty-five, but so fair that he might have passed for ten years less. He had very fine auburn hair, a neatly-trimmed moustache and beard of the same colour—the latter pointed—and gentle blue eyes like a woman's. He was in every way a handsome, but by no means an effeminate-looking man, and his voice was low and soft, in keeping with his looks.

Francis Gray knew well who the visitor was, and the long gaze which he fixed on the man's face expressed no resentment of his presence there. Gray was absorbed in quite another line of thought, awakened by his thus suddenly coming on Richard King's face with the lamp-light falling full upon it. Nobody could help being struck by Richard King's resemblance to his unfortunate cousin, the vicar of Yewle; and if he were only attired in clerical costume as he sat at that table, even Rowan King, suddenly coming upon the scene, as Gray did that night, might have taken the man to be his brother.

Latterly, Richard King had become a frequent visitor at the vicarage—frequent, that is, for a man who resided twelve miles off and had his business to attend to during the day. At first he came to beg Mrs King and Agnes to visit his mother, who, from bodily infirmity, was unable to make the invitation in person. But Rowan King's wish was law at the vicarage, and Rowan King wished his brother's wife and daughter to remain there. Otherwise, it is probable Mrs King would have gone to Soucheater, for Richard King exercised over her a very persuasive influence. He was so like her poor husband—in looks, in voice, even in his manner of saying or doing the most trifling things—that she was always unfeignedly glad when he came to Yewle.

Poor Mrs King was blind to one thing, which her daughter, without disclosing her knowledge, saw as clearly as daylight. Richard King admired Agnes; whether he loved her, or was on the way to it, even Agnes herself could not discover. But he came to Yewle to see Agnes rather than her mother, though he might have another reason as well for riding those twelve miles so frequently. Once a week at least he came to the vicarage. Agnes, however, possessed enough of the characteristic reserve of her father's race to be able to retain perfect control of her sentiments, and not even her mother suspected the nature of her attitude towards Richard King. It is scarcely necessary to add that he did not know it himself.

One circumstance aided Agnes King in thus disguising her sentiments. The shadow of her father's shame had taken all the colour out of the girl's life, and wrapt her in a silent and subdued existence, into the secret emotions of which not even her mother's eye was able to penetrate. Francis Gray loved her with all his heart, and for some years had been almost her daily companion; but if he paused to ask himself seriously the question, he had not the faintest sign to guide him towards a discovery of the state of her feeling towards him. Had it not been for her father's misfortune, no doubt it would have been otherwise.

Richard King suddenly rose to go, and Gray stepped back among the shrubs to let him pass

out. Once, the young man turned quickly, with a slight start, fancying he had heard a heavy breathing a few feet behind him. Listening, he heard nothing now except the rustle of the leaves in the night-air. Richard King passed out into the road; and after a few minutes' interval, Gray went up to the door and rang the bell. Gray was a privileged visitor at the vicarage, and walked into the drawing-room without any formality. He was always welcome, and was not prone to criticise his reception. On the present occasion Mrs King extended her hand to him as usual; but Agnes merely raised her eyes as high as his waistcoat, and slightly inclining her head, went on with her work as before.

'Mr Richard has just left us,' said Mrs King. 'I wish he lived nearer; and it is so good of him to ride this long way as often as he does. But I do wish he lived nearer; he reminds me so much, in a number of ways, of my husband.'

'Mr Richard's resemblance to Mr King is very remarkable indeed,' said Gray, somewhat dryly.

'We like him so much, Agnes and I,' Mrs King was continuing, when her daughter stood up, kissed her, and said: 'Good-night, mamma; I have a headache.—Good-night, Frank.'

'Off already?' said the young man, a little blankly. What he had in his mind to say could not be said to-night. She merely answered 'Yes' without turning her face towards him, and left the room.

'It is not a headache,' observed Mrs King softly. 'I know how much we can trust you, Frank—just as though you were my son and her brother'—he moved uneasily at this—'and I will tell you what has taken place this evening. Mr Richard has asked my consent to his making Agnes his wife, notwithstanding what has happened!'

Gray's speech was taken away for a minute, and then, rather at random than from deliberation, he put the question: 'Has he asked Agnes?'

'No; but I think she is aware of it. Girls always know when such things are coming. If it were nothing else, Agnes could not help feeling grateful to him. It is not about Agnes I am doubtful; I am afraid Mr Rowan will be opposed to it.'

'He certainly will,' replied Gray, with the emphasis of conviction. 'He will never consent to it. And he has sent me to you with a message to-night, Mrs King.'

'A message?'

'Just to tell you the nature of the arrangements which he has in view when—when Mr King comes out, in a year or so. He thinks you ought to know. Mr Rowan says it will be impossible for his brother to remain in this country—that he must emigrate, and take a new name—and he has a sum of twenty thousand pounds to give you before you go. That's all.'

Poor Mrs King, in looking forward to her husband's release, had never given a thought to any circumstance associated with the termination of his punishment beyond his restoration to herself. She had not even reflected on the probable necessity of vacating the house she

lived in. This practical arrangement of Rowan King, generous as it was, brought the approaching situation in full force upon her—brought her face to face for the first time with the cruel fact that the stain was upon them for life, and could only be hidden by a disguise and amongst strangers. After staring at the young man for the space of a minute, the poor woman turned her face down on the back of the couch and burst into bitter tears—bitter tears of shame and grief.

Gray was deeply distressed, and knew not what to do. In his embarrassment he did the best thing—that is, he did nothing, and allowed the lady to have her cry out. After this, she was more composed and, as her train of thought showed, more hopeful.

'No one who knows or ever knew my husband,' she urged, 'believes that he did that wicked and shameful thing. Would it not be an acknowledgment of his guilt, then, if he were to flee the country? Surely, surely, Heaven is too just to allow an innocent servant to lie under the shame of such a charge!'

'Alas, Mrs King, all that could be done has been done. Mr Rowan spared no expense to establish your husband's innocence. Of course we all know he is innocent; but the world is very hard in its judgments.'

She was silent for a while, rocking to and fro with her hands clasped. At length she said: 'Rowan King is the best of men, Mr Gray. Give him my grateful thanks. But oh, tell him that I pray and hope and believe that, in the mercy of God, before another year is over my husband's innocence will be proved to all the world!'

'I pray Heaven it may, Mrs King,' answered the young man reverently.

Just then the conversation was interrupted by the sudden reappearance of Agnes at the door in a state of deep agitation. 'Mother, mother, mother!' she cried, in a voice of suppressed pain and excitement, 'come with me at once!'

'Agnes! what is wrong?' exclaimed Gray, approaching her. She raised both hands before her face and almost angrily repelled him. 'Go away, go away!' she said. 'Go home from here, at once!'

'Very well, Agnes—good-night,' he said, amazed rather than offended.

She made no reply, and seemed not to notice him further; but taking her mother by the hand led her from the room, leaving him alone. He took his hat and left the house, wondering what it all meant, and doubtful whether he was doing right in obeying the girl's commands. But there had been that in her voice and look which compelled him to obey.

Breathing quickly, apparently unable to speak, Agnes led her mother from the room by the hand, and down the passage to the door of her father's study—a room which, even to a half-finished sermon on the table, had been religiously kept as he left it the last time he was there. She stopped at the door and looked in her mother's face. 'He bade me not to tell you, mamma, but I must,' Agnes said in a low voice. 'Papa is in the study. He wants you; but I am not to come in now. Dear mamma, you are not afraid of him?'

Truly Mrs King looked like one in great fear: her face had turned white, and she shrank back from the door. It was not fear of her husband, but fear of some vague danger associated with his presence in the house, which she had no power to analyse. Her first terrifying thought was that he had escaped from prison. His appearance when she entered the study did not remove this apprehension. He was not dressed like a clergyman, but more like a groom. The short-cut hair, the stubbly growth of beard, the worn face, and an unsettled gleam in his eyes, caused the lady to stop short, in doubt and astonishment. It was not until he spoke that she flew to his breast and hid her face with sobs and tears.

'Oh Charlie, Charlie, Charlie!' she murmured; and then there was a long silence.

He led her to a chair—his own chair in the old happy days—and made her sit in it.

'Is it over, Charlie?—I mean your'—

'Imprisonment? Yes, it is over now, I suppose. I don't clearly know why I came here. I have walked all the way from Portland; and to avoid the shame of being recognised, I must be gone again before midnight.'

She only caught that part of his speech which referred to the journey from Portland, and rose at once, with a woman's first solicitude, to bring him food and refreshment. Whilst doing this she thought of what he said about going away before midnight. 'Now, Charlie,' she said, placing the things on the table, 'sit in your own chair while you eat and drink.'

'No, Florence; I shall never sit there again,' he said sadly.

'Why must you go, Charlie? As you are free now, will you not stay at home with us the same as before? Ah, darling, we have missed you so sorely; and all will be so glad to see you again—your brother Rowan most of all, next to Agnes and me. And God, who is just and merciful,' she went on, speaking rapidly, 'will not suffer the cloud to rest upon you for long. Every day that dawns may bring to us the proof of your innocence. Some day it will come'—

'Florence,' said her husband in a hard voice she had never heard from him before, 'you know not what you say. I cannot stay here; I can no longer perform the functions of the ministry. What do these clothes mean? That I am an unfrocked priest. What does my presence here to-night mean? Simply that I am a ticket-of-leave convict, bound to report myself, like other released felons, to the police, so that they may keep a constant eye upon me. I have no right in this house, for which reason I have to creep in under cover of darkness.'

'But the house is Rowan's; he will give it to nobody else,' she said, the tears hanging in her eyes. 'Oh Charlie, do not go away; or if you do, let us come with you.'

'No, Florence; that cannot be. The best I can do for you and Agnes now is to leave you. My presence would only blight both your lives, especially hers. I must go, and go alone.'

Then she eagerly, but not without a good deal of hidden grief and shame, told him of the arrangement which generous Rowan King had in view—that of giving his unfortunate brother twenty thousand pounds to leave the country

with, and take an assumed name in another land.

'To whatever land I went, my shame would find me out. No; I will not accept his offer. Rowan shall be rid of me on easier terms. I shall go alone.'

While his wife silently wept, he strode up and down the room with his arms folded tightly across his chest, and a darkness settling down on his face that indicated the accession of a fiercer mood—a mood such as never had been seen upon him in the old days. But four dire years of unmerited punishment and disgrace are a terrible test, and the unfortunate vicar did not come out of it unscathed.

'Could a greater wrong be done to any man than that which has been done to me? I had not deserved it at any man's hands. I never knowingly injured a fellow-creature even in thought. Why was I selected for such misfortune? Florence, the man that wronged me I will never forgive, not even on my deathbed—the man that wronged us I will never cease to follow until I have overtaken and punished him.—I only wish,' he added, raising both his hands above his head, 'that I had the power to punish him as he has punished me! There needs to be a place of sorrow beyond the grave, to balance the evils that men do in this life!'

'Oh Charlie! do not talk in that way,' she pleaded.

'At my solitary work in the quarries,' he went on, 'not heeding the interruption, perhaps not hearing it, 'in the solitude of my midnight cell, I have thought over all that matter, as I had not been able to think before I was convicted. A light fell upon me that will bring me to the face of the wrongdoer. If there is justice under heaven, that man shall pay the debt that he owes me, yea, to the uttermost farthing! He thinks, perhaps, that the mild parson is not an enemy to be afraid of—but that has been born in me since which will cause his face to blanch and his heart to quail when he meets me again.'

'Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord,' the poor terrified wife ventured to say.

'It is not vengeance that I claim, but justice,' he replied. 'Justice that smites with a sword—that is my right, and that I will have.—But enough of this,' he added, in an altered voice; 'it draws near midnight and I must go.'

At his request his daughter was brought in. Placing his hands upon their heads, he gazed into their faces for the space of a minute without speaking. Then, after a convulsive movement in his throat, he turned his face upwards and said, scarcely loud enough to be heard by them: 'The Lord bless and keep you, and preserve you from all harm.'

While their eyes were blinded by their tears, he moved quickly to the door and passed out.

* Perhaps the first night they spent alone in that house, now four years back, had not been so laden with grief to the mother and daughter as the present one. There is no need to analyse the cause of their piteous tears and heavy hearts, while the thought of the husband and father, a wandering and homeless outcast, was ever present to them.

Early next morning, Mrs. King was startled

from her first troubled slumber by a knocking at the back door below. Quickly throwing on a dressing-gown, and full of the thought of her husband, she ran down and opened the door. It was one of the gardeners from the Hall, white and scared, with the horrible news that Rowan King had been murdered during the night.

A FAMOUS TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

FEW Englishmen, we suspect, in thinking of the great educational centres of the world, would turn their minds to the Swiss city of Zurich. Yet a most excellent authority, the late Sir Francis O. Adams, our envoy at Berne, calls it 'one of the greatest scholastic centres, not only of Europe, but of the whole world.' Zurich is indeed an educational marvel. Her primary schools are amongst the best of their kind, and her secondary and higher schools are not less excellent, whilst her medical, physical, physiological, chemical, agricultural, and other colleges are not only of the highest order of excellence, but are in almost bewildering numbers. The Zurich University on its present footing dates from 1832. Above all, the splendid federal institutions for the study of chemistry, physical science, agriculture; the Observatory and so forth, which cluster round the great central Polytechnicum, make the beautiful heights above the city a veritable Acropolis of learning. The *tout ensemble* indeed forms an intellectual High City, and is the pride and glory of the town. All this in a place of only ninety thousand souls.

Leaving the other educational institutions, however, we desire in the present paper to give some little account of the great Polytechnicum and its satellites, which together form, beyond all doubt, one of the most important technical colleges in the world. In these days, everybody is agreed as to the necessity of good technical training if we are to maintain at all our industrial eminence among nations, and we see technical institutions of more or less completeness and efficiency springing up here and there in our own country. To show, however inadequately, what has been done in this direction by the little Swiss nation is the object of the present paper.

Before commencing a description of the different buildings, it is perhaps well to remind English readers that in Switzerland each canton is left to provide as it pleases for its own educational wants, and that, consequently, the public schools are cantonal, and not national. There is, however, one great exception, that of the Polytechnicum of Zurich, which is a national institution, organised and maintained by the Swiss Confederation. There has been much talk, too, of founding also a great national University; but that project has not yet been carried out, whatever may be done in the future.

In 1860 was commenced the erection of the chief or central building, which alone bears the name of Polytechnicum. The canton of Zurich provided a fine site on the heights overlooking the town and lake, and also bore the cost of erecting the building itself. Then the State stepped in, and provided all the internal fittings, apparatus, &c.; and now makes liberal grants, to whatever amount may be necessary, for the maintenance of the institution. The edifice is a conspicuous and imposing quadrangular block, some four hundred

and twenty-five feet by three hundred and fifteen feet. It is built of stone, in the lower portions rough-cut, in the upper portions dressed. The middle part of the principal front, facing west, is a grand projection of some ninety-five feet frontage, in the rich Renaissance style. The building is approached by a fine flight of steps, as it rests on a natural terrace, the view from which is exceedingly beautiful, and calls forth the admiration of every visitor. The edifice itself presents a singularly massive and imposing appearance.

Nor does the interior belie the expectations formed from a view of the exterior. On entering, the visitor finds himself in a grand vaulted entrance-hall, from which two noble staircases lead in opposite directions to the upper rooms. At the back of the great hall lies the Museum of Antiquities, where is stored a rich collection of Classical and Renaissance art. This collection belongs mainly to the University, which, we must not forget to say, is housed in the Polytechnicum as divided into two halves or wings, one, the southern, devoted to the purposes of the University; the other to those of the Technical College proper. Another striking room is the Aula, or grand reception room, where take place the solemn ceremonies and functions, as well as the festivities. It occupies the whole front of the central or second floor is concerned. The ceiling is adorned with beautiful paintings, the subjects being of a mythological or allegorical character. At each end of this elegant hall is a graceful *estrade*, one for the professors presiding at the public functions, the other for the students singing or declaiming, on these occasions. The *staircase*, illustrating general Art and Science, more especially Architecture, which adorn the front of the north wing, are very fine, and well worthy of notice. But it would be simply impossible, as it would be tiresome to the general reader, to give a detailed description of each room in this grand edifice; suffice it to say that it is in every way a splendid testimony to the talents of its designer, the famous architect Semper, who was for many years Professor of Architecture at the University.

We have said that the University occupies a portion of the Polytechnicum. The remainder of the building—the Polytechnicum proper—accommodates the following Schools or Faculties: Architecture, Civil Engineering, Theoretical and Technical Mechanics, Mathematics, &c., and General Science. In the central portions of the building are the offices of the management, curators, and so forth; whilst the basement contains the laboratories, workshops, and machinery; the lecture-rooms, libraries, and museums being chiefly on the upper floor.

Hardly inferior to the Polytechnicum is the great *Chimiegebäude*, or College of Chemistry. It is in the vicinity of the former building, and, like it, looks also to the west. Of this structure the lower story is in freestone, the upper stories partly of brick. A fine porch and ornamental gardens give the front a most pleasing appearance. The central portion of the building is of three stories, and has a frontage of about two hundred and eighty feet. From this runs on each side a one-storied wing one hundred and eighteen feet long. The wings projecting rearwards have galleries,

open at the sides, but roofed in above, so that students may, if desirable, experiment in the open air. The Chemistry School naturally divides itself into two great sections, the chemico-industrial or technical section, and the theoretical or analytical division. Entering the vestibule, we find the former occupying the right-hand portions of the building, whilst the latter section occupies the left-hand. The series of laboratories is very complete, being designed to meet the wants of several subsections—for example, the Industrial, the Pharmaceutical, the Photographic, the Analytical, the Assay, and what not. In this building, too, is housed the Station for the chemico-agricultural investigations carried on by the State; but this is not strictly a portion of the great technical institution of which we are treating.

Leaving till somewhat later a description of the laboratories, we will pass on to the third of the great buildings forming the Technical College. This is the College of Physical Science, lying at some distance from the two former. Great care was taken in selecting a site for this institution, and it is perched aloft on a declivity of Zurichberg. In lofty isolation it towers above its sister colleges, standing free on all sides, accessible to the light, sun, and air. It is thus aloof from the din of the city, from the reverberations caused by carts or machinery, and from the smoke and tainted air which might interfere with the delicate experiments to be carried on in the building. The cost of such an edifice in such a place was enormous, the front having to be supported by a large substructure. Advantage was taken of the formation of the ground to provide underground laboratories, which are connected with the main building by a passage and winding staircase.

The main portion of the building, which, by the way, is only just completed, has the form in ground-plan of a horizontal capital E (Ш) with a frontage of about two hundred and twenty feet; and, with its two-storied centre and three-storied wings, with its splendid terrace and handsome approaches, is perhaps the most striking of all the buildings connected with the Polytechnicum, whilst its position is unrivalled.

Time would fail to describe the minor but still admirable institutions which go to make up the great Technical College of Zurich. Suffice it to say that there are the College of Agriculture and Forestry, the Observatory, and the Botanical Gardens, besides plantations on the Zurich heights, and stations where practical and experimental horticulture and vine-culture are carried on, the whole being available for educational purposes, in connection with the Polytechnicum, the College of Chemistry, and the College of Physical Science, described above. Truly, a grand and almost unique collection of institutions for the furtherance of technical and industrial studies.

It is now time to turn away from the buildings themselves and inquire what is being done in them. The difficulty of giving an adequate idea of the work done in the Zurich Polytechnic institutions will at once appear when it is stated that the staff of professors and teachers numbers no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two, and that the astonishing number of two hundred and forty to two hundred and eighty distinct courses

of lectures are given each six months. So many are the subjects taught, and so various the practical courses taken, that it is only by consulting, and indeed carefully studying, the official prospectuses of the institutions that one can get any clear notion of the vast and complex educational machinery at work. A general view is all that can be attempted to be given here.

The Polytechnicum—using this term to denote the whole of the institutions together—is divided into seven distinct sections or colleges, the courses of study varying from two and a half to four years. They are: (1) The School of Architecture, with a course of three and a half years. (2) Civil Engineering, (3) Mechanical Engineering, with a course of similar duration. (4) Chemistry. This splits into two sections: (a) Chemico-industrial, with a three years' course. (b) Pharmaceutical, in which the course of study extends over two and a half years. (5) Agriculture and Forestry. Here there are the divisions of Agriculture, Forest-culture, and Agricultural Engineering, the attendance required varying from two and a half to three and a half years. (6) Professional, or rather Professorial, School for the training of teachers, professors, and scientists generally. This School has two divisions: (a) Mathematics (four years' course). (b) Natural Science (three years' course). (7) Last, and most characteristic of all, the Division des Cours Libres (Freifächer), or School of Philosophical, Political, and General Science, as we may call it. The studies pursued are very various, but they may be grouped under three heads: (a) Mathematics and Natural Science. (b) Philosophy, History, and Literature. (c) Political Science, Political Economy, National Law, with an additional section for Military Science.

This Division des Cours Libres counts by far the largest number of students of any, and is a peculiar feature of the Zurich Polytechnicum. It was called into being to meet a distinct and much-felt want. Man cannot live by bread alone, neither can he live on mathematics, or chemistry, or physics alone; and even the most earnest technical student will crave for some knowledge of his own and other tongues and literatures, of the history of bygone times, of the laws under which he and others live, of the sciences of political economy and political philosophy. The Swiss authorities early discovered this, hence the Division des Cours Libres. As its name implies, attendance in the classes comprised in this division is optional, whereas in the other divisions it is compulsory on all who wish to gain diplomas or licenses to follow different professions and callings. As a matter of fact, considerable numbers of occasional students, as they may be termed, attend these optional courses. It is worthy of note, however, that as a general rule the regular student in one of the compulsory divisions is expected to attend also one or other of the optional classes, though it is left to himself to make the selection.

The teaching staff, as has been said already, numbers some one hundred and twenty-two. Of these, forty-nine are regular professors, with salaries ranging from two hundred pounds to four hundred and eighty pounds per annum. They are elected for ten years, but are eligible for re-election at the end of that period. There

are six honorary Professors, with only nominal salaries or none at all. The auxiliary or assistant Professors number twenty-five, all salaried. Lastly, there are forty-two 'Privat-docenten,' usually young men of promise who have taken high honours in their own university courses. The institution of Privat-docent is one well known to all who have any acquaintance with the German university system. From the Privat-docenten the Professor class is recruited. Candidates for admission into the classes of the Polytechnicum must have completed their eighteenth year, must produce satisfactory certificates of good conduct, and must pass an entrance examination. The courses are open to foreigners on similar conditions.

Perhaps the most striking thing about this institution is its low scale of fees. It will hardly be credited by the English reader that the yearly fees of a regular student are only four pounds. There are, it is true, certain extras, but they are very moderate in amount. The chief of these extras are a half-yearly charge of fifteen to sixty francs for laboratory, and five francs for use of library. There is also an annual charge of five francs for sick fund, the student in case of illness being nursed at the hospital free of all further charge—a really admirable arrangement. To the Privat-docent or Professor-extraordinary who teaches him the student pays five francs per week. It will surprise no one to hear that the fees of the students make up only one-sixth of the cost of the Polytechnicum, and, as the institution is quite unendowed, the charge on the public taxes is heavy. Including everything, the total cost is about a million francs per annum. With a liberality that does it the highest honour, the Swiss Confederation admits foreign students at the same rate as natives.

In the Schools, the course of instruction includes lectures, laboratory, and other practical work, compulsory repetition, and annual examinations. From the day of a student's entrance to the day of his leaving, a register is kept—a sort of log-book, or rather doomsday-book—in which are recorded his attendance, conduct, progress, efficiency in practical work, and what not. This register, in fact, furnishes a complete history of his performances during his stay, and on it to a large extent depends his promotion, natural ability being of course taken into account. Both native and foreign students may compete for the gold or silver medals, money prizes, and what not, which are awarded. A special feature is the system of prizes for the best solutions of scientific problems which are proposed for competition, a period of eighteen months being allowed for them.

The Zurich Polytechnicum cannot confer degrees; these can be, and in a very large number of cases are, obtained from the sister institution, the Zurich University. But the diplomas of the Polytechnic are greatly valued, not only in Switzerland but beyond its borders; and justly so, for they mark a high standard technically and professionally. About fifty-four per cent. of the students compete for the diploma, and of these sometimes not more than forty-five per cent. are successful in obtaining them, though as high a percentage of passes as seventy-five has been reached. On the whole, therefore, only from one

fourth to two-fifths of the whole number of students succeed in gaining the coveted diploma, a fact which speaks volumes for the standard required.

In a technical institute, practical work naturally is of extreme importance, and at Zurich everything is done to make this as effective as possible. Accordingly, workshops, laboratories, and modelling rooms abound; whilst there are plantations, experimental grounds, vineyards, and so forth; and planting, experimenting, testing, building, modelling, go on continually. To agriculture in all its branches great attention is given in the separate Schools devoted to those branches, and in the farms, forests, and vineyards attached thereto. With regard to the laboratories, it must suffice to say generally that everything in the way of fittings and apparatus is the best that modern science can devise. This is especially the case in the great Chemistry and Physical Science colleges. The marvellous strides made in these two branches, amounting almost to scientific revolutions, necessitate constant additions to, and readaptations of the apparatus, and to these calls the authorities respond most liberally. These colleges are a source of pride and pleasure to the federal authorities; but it would be a mistake to suppose that the other sections are less thoroughly attended to. On the contrary, the mathematical teaching in the sixth division, for instance, is of the highest kind, and can compete with that given in any university.

A few words of description of one of the laboratories must close this short sketch. The visitor finds himself in a large, airy, and lofty hall, lighted by high windows on each side. The windows each contain the fittings and apparatus required for one student, and there are altogether places for sixty-four students in the room. Each place contains gas jet, water-supply, sink, slab, distilled water, apparatus of various kinds, reagents, &c., whilst the best arrangements are made for drainage and ventilation. Compressed air, air-pumps, oxygen, and so forth, are plentifully supplied. For the more dangerous experiments there are special cells of iron in the basement. In short, nothing of use or advantage that can be devised or procured is wanting in this admirable institution.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAPTER IV.—SWANEPOEL'S REST.

DINNER proceeded; and the meal was followed by a great peach-pie and a plentiful supply of rich cream.

'Vrouw Swanepoel,' said Farquhar, addressing his hostess, 'you fare better up here than your countrymen in Cape Colony; and your cooking is better too. I must compliment you, voer-trekkers of civilisation though you are, on being so much ahead of us in the old Colony. But there is one thing to be said: you have some wonderful grass-veldt up here for your cows and oxen; and at the Cape we haven't always the pasture except for sheep and goats.'

The repast—which was accompanied by a light wine, home-made from the cultivated descendants of the indigenous wild-grape of the country—and

grace were at length finished; and pipes and tobacco being produced, they adjourned to the terrace on the shady side of the house.

'This tobacco,' said Swanepoel, 'which I think you will find passably good, is made from leaf-plants actually sprung from a few tobacco-plants carried and greatly cherished by our ancestor in all his wanderings. He was a great smoker, and he tended the plants he took with him from the Capeland as carefully as his own children. Even in the droughts and the thirst-lands he passed through, he ever spared water for his beloved tobacco-plants; and at last, when he reached this valley, he found his reward. These lands by the river grow fine crops of tobacco, and you may even judge for yourself whether it is good or not.'

Farquhar took hold of a great roll of tobacco, and cut off a plug or two; he noticed that it appeared of a lighter and more golden colour than the Boer tobacco of the Cape, and that it smelt, too, far better. Rubbing the plugs between his palms till they were unshredded, he filled his pipe and lit up. Swanepoel was right; the tobacco was delicious; equal, indeed, to the choicest American, and incomparably better than the Cape stuff he had been so long smoking.

'Well; but, Mynheer Swanepoel,' said he, 'how is it you cure your tobacco so much better than the Cape farmers, besides growing evidently a much better leaf?'

'Allemagtig!' laughed the hearty Dutchman, smacking his great thigh with a resounding clap, 'you amuse me vastly, Mynheer Murray. It seems, then, that we poor voer-trekkers can teach you Colonists something, after all. But all this—our coffee and wine and houses, and every good thing in this our settlement—we owe to Hendrik Swanepoel. He was indeed a man, full of knowledge, learned in books for his times, and far-seeing. We build our houses from his plans and instructions; and we grow and prepare our tobacco and wine and coffee from his own methods, laid down in his Book of the Settlement.—But see here; you would know more about us.—Piet, fetch me the great Bible and Hendrik Swanepoel's Book of the Settlement.'

Piet quickly brought the books from a wagon-chest in the corner. Opening an old, strongly-bound book, Swanepoel placed it before his visitor. Farquhar looked carefully through the stained and ancient pages. He found first, in a quaint old-fashioned handwriting, and in old-world Cape Dutch, such as his host and his family still used, a short diary of Hendrik Swanepoel's journey, beginning in 1760, when the Cape settlements were quitted. It was all deeply interesting; and the peculiar phraseology, the quaintly-shrewd remarks scattered here and there, the stubborn determination to press northwards, and the devout faith in God, greatly struck the young Englishman, and convinced him that this pioneer of the last century had been a man head and shoulders above his fellows, whether in knowledge, determination, or fertility of resource. This was a man evidently far removed from the mould of the ordinary frontier Boer; and from what Farquhar could see, his impress had been transmitted to the flourishing settlement he had founded in this remote wilderness.

A perusal of the Journal gave Farquhar some clue as to the long and weary wanderings of the voer-trekkers. The names of tribes passed through showed that, after quitting Bushmanland and crossing the Orange River, the expedition had moved slowly through the Griquas and various Bechuana tribes. Then a detour seemed to have been made, and a great lake discovered to the westward—evidently, Lake N'Gami. In the swamp-country hereabouts, it seemed that fever had taken hold of the trekkers: two of the children, the youngest girl and boy, had died; the oxen had almost all perished; and a delay of nearly a year had taken place. Then retracing their steps, the party had wandered by a long circuitous route north-eastward, and round again in a half-circle, until the valley where this champion of trekkers had finally pitched his life-tent, had been attained.

As Farquhar turned over the faded yellow pages of the book, he realised to himself those five long years of burning toil, of daily and nightly dangers from wild beasts and wild men, of fever-swamps and thirst-lands; he realised, too, with what ineffable contentment the hardy voer-trekker had first fastened his gaze upon this beautiful valley. 'Span after span of oxen had gone down in the struggle—lost, killed, or worn out—and, with infinite trouble and delay, fresh teams had been collected and broken, and the trek renewed. It was a wonderful record, as Farquhar acknowledged to himself.

The rest of the Book of the Settlement, as it was called, was filled with notes and written instructions upon house-building, cropping, the cultivation and curing of tobacco, fruits, &c.; the treatment of horses and oxen, and many other matters. Finally, the book was for the present closed. Then the great clasped Bible, bearing on its title-page the date 1670, printed at Amsterdam, was produced and opened. Upon the first fly-leaf was contained the pedigree of the Swanepoels; upon the second, written in the antique hand of Hendrik, a self-devised table of the laws of his newly-formed Settlement. Translated into English, it ran thus:

A Table of the Laws of the Settlement of Swanepoel's Rest, founded by Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel in the year of our Lord 1765.

(1) No male descendant of Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel, except such of his sons as for the purposes of polity and for the better creation of the Settlement have been so allowed to marry, shall marry with black women. (2) No daughter or female descendant of the said Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel shall marry with a black man. (3) The Settlement is ever subject to the Ten Commandments of Moses and the Protestant faith as taught in the Dutch Church. (4) The Sabbath shall be held sacred and undisturbed save in time of war. (5) Questions of law, of policy, and of punishment shall be decided by Council of males over the age of twenty-one years, and the decision of the majority shall prevail and be binding. (6) The ceremonies of baptism, marriage, burial, and Nachtnaal [communion], the services of the Church and the teaching of the young, shall be performed by the Predikant [Pastor] for the time being of the Settlement, such Predikant being

chosen and dedicated to his office by solemn council of the Settlement. The said Hendrik Jacobus Swanepoel for the present bearing the office until such time as a new Predikant shall be appointed. (7) All children shall be educated by the Predikant, who is to teach them to read and write well in the Dutch language, to know thoroughly the Bible, as also arithmetic, geography, and history from the Books of the Settlement, until the age of sixteen years be attained.

There were twenty-one of these rules in all; the seven above quoted being fair samples of the whole. At the foot of all stood the signature—

HENDRIK JACOBUS SWANEPOEL.

'Now you may judge what sort of man our ancestor was,' said Mynheer Swanepoel as he closed the Bible. Then walking out to the stoep, they surveyed the valley. 'There is our church, and beside it our schoolroom, where all our children are taught; there lie our vineyards, tobacco-fields, our orchards, and our cornfields; and there, too, part of our pastures; for these extend far beyond the mountains; and our cattle and flocks are herded by our servants among the Bakotwas. When we go forth, I will lead you to our various houses, that you may know us all.'

For two hours longer the conversation went on, and Farquhar was busily employed in recounting the history of the world for the last hundred years. The Swanepoels heard with amazement, and, it must be added, with pain—for although severed by a century of years and many thousand miles from their ancient rulers, they had retained a warm loyalty—that the Batavian government no longer held the Cape, but their ancient foes, the British. This delicate matter was dexterously softened by the explanation of Farquhar that the Prince of Orange had originally, on flying, in 1795, a refugee to England, from the armies of Napoleon, handed over the Cape to George III.'s government; and the matter was thus smoothed over.

At length a native brought tidings that the Englishman's wagon was now at the entrance; and by Farquhar's orders it was directed to be there outspanned, as it was impossible to get it through the narrow pass. Gert Swanepoel and his guest now ordered their horses to be brought round. Jacobina, or Bina, as we must call her, elevating her eyebrows, as if surprised that her company was not requested, added to the black servant: 'Klaas, ye may bring round Springhaan also.' Then looking archly at her father: 'Ah now, father dear, I have had no long ride this month past; you must even take me too.' Gert looked with an easy helpless smile and a shrug of his broad shoulders from Bina to the Englishman, and then, as the latter added, 'Oh yes, indeed, Mynheer Swanepoel, I don't think we can do without Miss Bina's company,' he said: 'Allemagtig, Bina; you always get your way with me, hussy; and as I can't deny our new and most welcome friend here, why, I suppose we must take you.' Bina for answer dropped a demurely roguish curtsy to both, and took down her little riding-whip from its nail.

The trio mounted, and rode gaily away till they came upon the wagon and Farquhar's belongings. By his host's advice, a camp was

formed in a clear open space, and a stout kraal of thorns built round, as a protection against lions, which haunted the vicinity, although now seldom venturing into the valley. The oxen and horses were directed to be driven up to Gert's kraals for safety; and it was arranged that three of Farquhar's servants should for the present stop with the wagon. Then the party, led by the father, turned back upon a tour of calls, and by dint of some diplomacy, managed to score to their credit some fifteen of the thirty odd establishments in the valley. Gert explained that these thirty-three households by no means represented all the descendants of Hendrik Swanepoel. Within the hundred years of the little colony's existence, some had met their death by accidents in hunting and encounters with wild beasts; some few had died of fever and other diseases. Three complete families had by permission of the Council trekked away still farther into the interior, only to return years after, reduced by privation and disease to the miserable and enfeebled remnant of three souls.

By all the settlers Farquhar was received with the heartiest welcome and the greatest wonderment. He was looked upon, indeed, by many as a kind of materialised angel, descended amongst them to bring tidings of the old days, well nigh forgotten, of the dim outer life that Hendrik Swanepoel had quitted. Their eyes told plainly of the inward working of minds fogged and bewildered by the mist and silence of a century of peaceful stagnation, of utter isolation. After they had shaken him by the hand, they extracted from him a not unwilling promise to stay some time with them. Amongst these good and kindly souls, the Englishman noted the same old-fashioned politeness that he had found in Gert's family. He noticed, too, that the strain of black blood, introduced a hundred years back, yet lingered amongst them. There was nothing unpleasant about it; Farquhar had remarked the taint far more in England in one or two families he had met with. A touch of crispness or curliness in the hair, magnificent teeth, here and there a clear olive or more swarthy complexion, a quicker eye, a more active form than are usually seen amongst the Cape Dutch—these were the sole traces of the forced admixture of blood. On the whole, as Gert Swanepoel assured him, and as he himself could see, the race was improved and not degenerated, to all outward appearance.

On their way home, Gert told his visitor that of his ancestor's four surviving sons, the eldest—his own great-grandfather—had married his cousin, the young Dutch orphan girl. The other three sons had been mated with three of the finest and handsomest girls of the brave and warlike race of the Bakotwas, with whom the trekkers had first fought, and afterwards entered into friendship. Hendrik's only other surviving child—the daughter—had died unmarried. In Gert's own family there was but the faintest tinge of coloured blood. Gert's grandfather had married, of course, a cousin, a daughter—herself almost pure white—of the union between Hendrik's second son and a native girl; and in his own generation the tinge was almost, and in his children's entirely, imperceptible. Amongst the rest of the settlers, owing to the

Bakotwa blood on the sides of both father and mother, the dark strain was rather more perceptible.

At length, nearly wearied out, just as the red sun was sinking behind the mountain-chain, Farquhar was fain to cry 'Enough;' and the party, crossing the rude bridge, made their way back to the great homestead. It was a glorious, warm, mellow evening; the valley was now bathed in a ruddy flush of colour; the mountains stood as they had stood for sons, silent and solemn, yet inexpressibly beautiful; those that fronted the dying light, clad in a spreading mantle of softest rose; others, from which the splendour of day had well-nigh passed, arrayed in a deep purple, wonderful and most glorious to look upon. Beneath the flushing splendour might be seen the herds of oxen and cows, and the flocks of sheep and goats returning in charge of their native herd-boys to their respective kraals, their lowings and bleatings pleasantly resonant through the warm air. The white homesteads now gleamed ruddily here and there. Never, thought Farquhar, had he set eyes on so fair a scene, not even amid the shaggy uplands and the dark-green bush-veldts of well-loved Albany.

After a cheery supper and a smoke, and a cup of peach brandy and water, bedtime arrived. The day had been one of new sensations and infinite surprises to the young Englishman, and he was not sorry to retire to the great room where the sons slept, and where a comfortable bed had been prepared for him. Bina and her little sister advanced to bid good-night artlessly, but evidently expecting as they shook hands some warmer greeting. As he kissed Bina's soft cheek, a thrill of pleasure ran through Farquhar's veins and fibres. Then the soft brown eyes met his, seemingly with a keen pleasure, and with 'Good-night' they parted.

BOYHOOD.

A SKETCH.

How pleasant it is to be recalled to the days of youth and the times that have all too quickly fled by a catch from the old harmony sounding clear through the din of life's busy turmoil. It comes upon us so suddenly, and withal so pleasantly, like the first breath of pure country air after a sultry summer in the Reading Room of the British Museum, that it invigorates the whole system with a rejuvenescence peculiarly its own. It makes life purer and holier for a time, by carrying our thoughts away from the fierce struggle for existence back into the dreamy thought-land of our first spontaneity and love.

Such a refreshing glimpse of the old life came back to us the other day when we picked up a little book called *Tales and Rhymes in the Lindsey Folk-speech*. It is a mere trifle—a few sketches, riddles, and songs, thrown together with a slight introduction. But it has a freshness and originality truly delightful; and one which gives a native of Lincolnshire a thrill of keen pleasure by its perfect delineation and

poetic sympathy with the customs and speech of the still untutored 'Yellowbelly.'

We cannot be boys for ever, and would not if we could, for manhood's pleasures and occupations are more engrossing, if less satisfying than those of youth; but still, on looking back, those years of superabundant energy and perfect health shine like a fair picture set in a bright frame, illuminated with a ruddier, warmer light than we find in the world of to-day.

The old tree-shaded farmstead rises up before the mind as we write, with its covered feeding-yards and vast granaries, built when wheat was still worth growing, and the country was engaged in endless wars. The orchards had a heavy fruitage in a fair season, though lichens, canker, and slow decay had done their worst, unchecked by the kindly hand of man for a generation. The large fishpond at the side of the paddock was full of beds of the white water-lilies, where perch and pike and carp basked and sported as they listed in the sun's full blaze. No coarse-billed goose was allowed to defile its bosom; and the ducks were so constantly crossed with the far-flying mallard, that in the evening they would call their cousins from the sky to join their midnight revelry. Perhaps if you approached the bank quietly through the orchard, as the gloaming was settling silently into night, dim shadows would steal away, like the ghosts of restless sinners. A sinner, indeed, is Jack Hern, or the Heron-Sew as he is locally called, and a robber of unlimited capacity, as every pisciculturist knows to his cost. The same bird that moves so silently away in the dusk would have taken flight with a scream of fear in the broad daylight if suddenly surprised.

A huge willow overshadowed the water from bank to bank, and gave a secure retreat to a boy feeding the fish with an eye to future sport, or watching the quick movements of the timid water-hens; or the mud-fetching, fly-catching swallows and martins that skimmed over the water from light to dark. The cobwebs and dust of a hundred years could not keep one from the high roof-trees of the barn and sheds; or the other from attaching its tiny house to the insecure surface of the whitewashed bricks beneath the eaves. In the woods which surround the house, and shade it from the north and westerly winds, the rooks caw out their evening prayer in the afterlight, as of old, with a final deep-throated intonation like the last Amen of a cathedral choir after the parting benediction, from some dry-faced patriarch not quite sure of his footing on the overlaiden branch. But the sons of the place stand no longer in reverent awe listening to their pious lullaby, as the fretted tracery of the canopy of ash has ceased to seem the floor of heaven long ago. The men have grown too knowing for any folklore or old wives' tales, however cunningly told by village word-painters with master-minds for Gothic detail. They would not think of getting up before dawn now, as they once did, to see whether the birds prayed together before flying away to feed. Parson rook, as we used to call him, is the farmer's plague nowadays, a May-day sport for half-a-dozen guns.

Marble and peg-top in the pebble-strewn schoolyard were our sports then, with an occa-

sional game of hockey in the narrow green lane down by the beck, none the less enjoyed because it was forbidden ground. What a craning of necks and stretching out of sticks there was when the ball flew over the parapet of the bridge at the bottom of the incline, till some one less fortunate than his fellows 'caved in' with a hollow bang, or shot from his footing on the slippery stones into the deeper water. He was the 'cat's-paw' and the hero of the hour at once, and the game began again with increased glee, a heavy push from the sodden 'water-rat' being almost as good as a ducking. The powers that were had to be appeased in the person of the Squire, by standing aside with much touchings of caps as he passed to market or the magistrates' bench; or when Tommy took up all the road with Beauty, Bright, Diamond, and Blackbird drawing one of their weekly wagons of potatoes or corn to the nearest canal, for we had a wholesome dread of the carter's whip from past experience.

After the age of school-days and playthings came the time of youthful sporting weapons. The long-bow with mallet-headed arrows for little birds of delicate plumage; and the cross-bow with leaded iron bolt for all strong-winged fowl. A steel bow, with gun-like butt and wooden barrel, with a slit on either side for the catgut to play through, was a formidable weapon even in the hand of a boy. Never shall we forget the first wood-pigeon that fell by our hand.

It was late one brilliant August afternoon when we set out prepared for slaughter. The sorrel amongst the grass was just beginning to redden here and there, and the dewberries were already blackening the hedges above the pink leaves of the wild geranium and still brighter arum berries, as we crept down the shady side of the home-wood. A rabbit started up from the grass on the line of the old Preceptory wall where the Knights Templars had once flourished in all their splendour; but he did not hold a moment to take a second look at the advancing foe, and ran at once to earth on the bank-side without giving a fair chance for a shot. We climbed the fence and entered the lower side of the wood with as little noise as possible, but not before two young blackbirds had flown off with a startled cry sufficient to warn everything within hearing distance. Nothing abashed, we faced the north-wester which was rippling the leaves of the poplars and beeches into one uniform direction and hiding any sound we made. The sigh of the wind and the constant movement of the underwood was our only chance of approach with such a wily bird as the ringdove, which on a quiet day would notice a movement on the ground or the breaking of a twig at a hundred yards' distance. On we stole with the field-mice playing in and out of the grass and brambles, and the startled squirrels rushing up the trunks of the nearest trees to their leafy home. The pigeon's favourite rest was a sycamore which overtopped the rest of the wood by some feet. Plaintive cooing came from its upper branches, showing us our game was at hand, if we could only reach it unobserved. The moments flew, our hearts beat high; the sound ceased; we stopped on the

instant, fixed like a statue, leaning face downwards on the crossbow. It began again, and we moved on, till at last we glided under the outer branches of the sycamore itself. Now the real difficulty lay before us. How were we to find the position of the birds without exposing ourselves to the quick eyes hidden among the upper foliage?

Any one who has not tried to peer into the matted top of a large tree in full leaf unseen by a shy and wary bird, can have no idea of the difficulty of the undertaking. The form of a dove outlined against a varying thickness of green leaves lit up by sunlight is a most difficult thing to recognise even when in full view. Over and over again, when waiting for them under a tree in a pea-field, we have seen a bird alight at the end of a branch and disappear from view as it closed its wings. But when you do not know in what part of the tree the birds are, while a single false step will bring you into full view and flush the game, the difficulty is infinitely increased, and, as a general rule, becomes an almost impossible feat.

Luck favoured us in our first attempt of the kind, as it has never done since, excepting in the pairing season. After a little twisting of the body and steady gazing into the mass of leaves on the opposite side of the tree, a fine cock-bird discovered itself by cooing loudly to its mate. The branch trembled on which it sat, its sheeny neck and breast shone out in the sunlight, and the whole bird became visible excepting the head, which was hidden by a fluttering leaf. The gut of the bow had been strung before we entered the wood, and nothing was required but to slip a bolt into the wooden barrel and to raise it to the shoulder.

To hit a bird at ten yards swaying to and fro at the end of a branch with a modern breech-loader is no great feat; but to do the same with the single bolt of a crossbow requires the nicest art. Over and over again the bird was waved into the field of sight by the swaying branch, but pulse or nerve failed at the critical moment. At last in a hopeless flurry we pulled the trigger just before the wing-joint came into view. The twang of the released gut sent five unseen birds flying away from their afternoon siesta, and down with a plump—which sounds so sweet in the ears of a sportsman—came the lovely cock.

The clubhead—a light thin oak stick with a large clubbed root, made more heavy with lead—for throwing at rabbits or anything that practical ingenuity could steal upon, was another weapon of this same period. The idea was borrowed from a book of travels, but by whom and amongst what people we are unable to say at this distance of time. This was the age also of the three-brick trap, the horse-hair noose, and birdlime; of ceaseless wandering by wood and stream, over meadow and fallow, riding their varied treasure of skin and feathers, eggs and flower, in season and out of season, whenever we were permitted.

Then there was the fishing! What famous fun it was! We have been at it from light to dark, and have gone to bed too weary to eat, to rise to it again on the morrow as fresh as ever. Men may still keep to it in after-life, but for our part

we have given it up. Where is the sense of freedom and reckless happiness now with which we 'trawled' in the preserved drains under the nose of the watchers, or 'snickled' the twelve-pound pike under the old willow by the lake before the Hall windows in the early morning light? Gone, all gone; our plenteous waistcoats and slow gait forbid any idea of the kind.

Surely it was not right that the ponds of one lordship should be overstocked with fish, and in the next—ours, of course—the old clay-pits quite empty? Especially, too, when the Squire, 'like a canny man,' as the Scotch gardener said, was not over-particular in asking questions.

The fresh-water mussels in the home fishpond at the Hall had a great attraction for us, though the pearls we found were of the very smallest size and never free in the shell. It was so ridiculously full of them, that 'the old gentleman' himself could not have cooled his soles for a moment without having a pendant to every toe. Three boys were always told off on the occasion of a visit to watch the gate and doors of the old walled garden, to whistle a warning in case of need; while another followed the deaf old gardener—who was so near-sighted that he several times fell over his own basket, and once into the pond itself—and all was well. We crept noiselessly out of the rhododendron bushes, and were soon flat on the grass by the pond, peering into the mud through two feet of crystal water. There the bivalves rested in an upright position from a foot to eighteen inches apart as far as the eye could see, with just the tips of their open shells, fringed with delicate tendrils, peeping out of the mud. Our mode of taking them was simplicity itself: we inserted a piece of fine iron wire into their open ends, which caused them to close with so tenacious a grip that we could draw them slowly from their resting-places and jerk them into the expectant basket. Twenty minutes would suffice to collect over a stone-weight, when a start was made for the clay-pits, but with proper precautions, for our burden would have betrayed us, till we were well off the Master's place.

The great pool by the side of the Gothic bridge that had once spanned the beck was another favourite spot. We have sat motionless, fishing for hours from the broken central pier, under the shade of the great ash, whose sweeping bough had carried us over the eleven feet of eddying water. It was here we found the seventeen perch sailing round and round in the back-water of the hole in the afternoon light.

'Gently now, Mat. Give me the whip, and a six-foot gimp with an unbaited four-pronged hook'—our language was more expressive than piscatory, and savoured of the farmyard more than the stream.

You call it poaching, murder, to take them all, and without a rod too, Mr Would-be Walton? Well, just try to draw seventeen perch out of a hole one by one without frightening the rest by any other means. It is not so easy as it looks to one who knows nothing about the art of tickling fish; and we were hungry village boys, and fish is very good, either cooked fresh from the water or cold with salt and vinegar—especially if you have caught it yourself.

As we grew older and more adept at woodcraft

the range of our sport extended. Baited night-lines set in reedy shallows will catch water-hens and wild-duck as well as eels, and properly concealed spring-traps hold the proudest of England's common wild-fowl, the gray goose. All depends on the skill of the trapper, with local knowledge of the ground and the habits of the bird. This and every other information was to be had at second-hand to begin with on a promise of secrecy from an old hand who knew 'ought that could be learned about rattling;' the ostensible reason for his always being in our company when not less reputably employed. He taught us the use of the trammel and gate-net; and showed by an illustrative example how to take a hare in any field with a snare and a terrier dog.

'You fine gentlemen an' farmers' sons may go where you like, tramocking after nests and bits o' weeds with your fine picture-books o' bods and fleurs, and nobody s'pects you o' anything; while the likes o' me can't walk doon the lane wi' my hands in my pockets, or one of them keepers is after me, frit out o' his mind about summats. As if an honest man didn't know on which leg he halts hissen.'

The keepers did 's'pect' more than they openly acknowledged; but they had private and very good reasons for not seeing what was under their eyes: sometimes, as the poacher more than hinted in this guomic reference to halting.

This ne'er-do-well was a true son of the sod; as cunning as a fox and shy as a woodcock, his hand against every man, and every man's against him excepting in bargain or carouse. He lived on five acres of freehold in the next parish, and never worked off his own land excepting as a mole and rat catcher. It was only after repeated efforts that we gained his confidence and sympathy and learned the full extent of his accomplishments; for he had communed with Nature till he knew her by heart. The woods and commons, sluggish streams, and snipe-covered bogs were his books, and he had not pored over them long nights and days for nothing. Every sound and hum was a living language to his watchful ears, every motion and colour a true indication to his marvellous eye. The chatter of the magpies a little before dawn told him that Mr Velvets had entered the wood close by, though that worthy could not understand, when the dog found his lair later on, how the poacher got wind and stole away unseen. When we followed the hare across the new-fallen snow on the common, he told us beforehand she would bolt from the furze-bush by her changed 'loupings;' though from that day to this we have never been able to predict the same event under similar circumstances. The cry and action and trail of every bird and beast were known to him; sometimes the eyes, sometimes the ear received the required sign, from which the well-stored mind drew a rapid and always accurate conclusion. We do not wish to make a hero of this poacher; but give him his due, he was a man and a brother, and a remarkably clever man too.

Happy times those old Lincolnshire days were, even when the unlicked whelp appeared in all its pristine vigour, as the following anecdote will show. Mat's father was a farmer, and a local preacher for the Wesleyans, though he attended

church when the chapel was closed. He was as upright a man and good-natured a soul as ever stepped. In his earnest desire to do good to his fellow-creatures he had started a prayer-meeting, which was held every Wednesday afternoon in his 'best room,' and followed afterwards by an old-fashioned tea, for 'times were good and things went merrily' in the days we speak of.

On one of these meeting-days three of us ensconced ourselves, for the purpose of watching the company arrive, in a hole we had made early the previous morning on the top of a straw stack, which had been set close to the end of the house, to make room for the incoming crops. The 'meetingers' had hardly assembled when Mat burst into a fit of smothered laughter, and without saying a word, bade us follow him as quickly as we could. Guessing there was something in the wind, we were only too happy. We slid down from the stack and took a 'mouch' round. All was quiet; the men were in the harvest-field, the mistress and maids in the prayer-meeting. By dint of no little exertion we carried a twenty-foot ladder to the top of the stack, from which it was an easy matter to reach the top of the house. By the aid of a little barley from the hay-house, Mat was soon mounting the roof with his mother's largest gray gosling under his arm. He had made an attempt to catch the old gander; but he had proved too powerful and refractory at close-quarters. To drop the short ladder from the stack and carry it back to the spot we had taken it from and to return to our snug hiding-place was the work of a couple of minutes. Mat waited patiently by the gutter till all was ready below, and then slowly climbed on hand and knees to the ridge of the roof; an effort of the most fool-hardy danger, considering how he was burdened. Standing on tiptoe and holding on by an ornamental groin of bricks, he deliberately dropped the gosling, tail foremost, down the old-fashioned open chimney of the drawing-room, the poor bird giving a frantic cry as he let go of its bill. Waiting a moment to listen, he ran down the tiles, landed on the stack with a bold spring, and buried himself beside us in the straw.

What took place within the room we did not learn till late the same evening, *when we came home from fishing*. Mary, the voluble dairy-maid, told us with much laughter that her master had just reached his long-winded petition against the devil—a notable personage in the prayers of our younger days—when an awful black 'summat,' whose identity no one doubted for the moment, with half a ton of soot, came down the chimney and began 'to flusker about.'

What we did hear from our hiding-place were appalling shrieks from frightened women; while a moment after there was a stampede 'sky-wannock,' helter-skelter, of the much besooted congregants through the open French windows, followed by the black cause of all their fear with outstretched neck 'skirling awful.' The poor bird was pursued in turn by the worthy minister, Bible in hand, with objurgations loud and strong.

There was no more prayer-meeting that afternoon; and if the good man, who came into the yard a few minutes after to cool his heated mind, had suspected or discovered our hiding-place, our

skins would have paid dearly for the pleasure we had enjoyed.

Another escapade, in which we did not get off quite so easily, was pelting the bargees, as they passed up and down the river, with the small potatoes which were often to be found lying about the landing-stage. Over and over again, in language more expressive than polite, we were warned at the risk of our skin to desist. But as long as potatoes were plentiful and the boatmen a fair mark, the temptation was too strong to be resisted, especially as there seemed so little risk of retaliation. A day came at last, however, when one of the long-suffering objects of our attention stole a march on us by landing in his boat at a point round the bend of the river and stealing up behind us under cover of the bank while we were busily employed with his mate. He had provided himself with an ash sapling, or, as he called it, 'an ash-plant,' which he used with such promptitude and vigour on legs and sides and backs that sitting or lying was no work of supererogation for a week to come. The man in the barge joined his friend as soon as he could, and took 'a topping-up turn' with each boy when the other had done, and finally half drowned us by holding us down in the river 'to cool the welt fever' which was fast coming to a head. With a potato stuffed into mouths and well plastered into its place with warp or river mud, they left us in a sorrier plight than we had ever been before, but perfectly cured of our mania for cockshying with potatoes.

But why should we scribble away in our garrulous old age about the happy half-forgotten past, when it is the eternal 'now' of the present which demands the attention of old and young alike? Only because the little book we picked up the other day by our fellow county-woman has brought back the past with its timeworn dialect and quaint tales so clearly as to induce a fit of scribbling mania. Men dwell with the longest and greatest pleasure on whatever tickles their fancy and vanity most; and both fancy and vanity were tickled by being asked to criticise a thought and language once as familiar as the cold boiled bacon and small-beer of a Lincolnshire farmhouse.

A PREDICTED REVOLUTION IN GUNNERY.

A GUN which dispenses with gunpowder or other explosive, and which therefore can no longer be correctly described as a firearm, is certainly a somewhat startling novelty in lethal weapons. Such a gun has recently been invented, and put to experimental trial; and the results of these experiments have induced its friends to believe that it represents the small-arm of the future. How far they are justified in these anticipations we shall presently see.

The inventor of the 'Gas Gun,' as it is called, is M. Paul Giffard, who bears a name which has already won confidence among mechanical engineers because of his brother's well-known invention of the Steam-injector, a device by which a boiler under pressure can be supplied with water without the aid of a pump.

In outward appearance the gun does not seem to differ from the usual type of rifle or fowling-piece, as the case may be—for the new principle can be applied to either weapon—except that just beneath the barrel, and forming apparently a part of the stock, there is a metallic cylinder about nine inches long, and about double the diameter of the barrel itself. In this cylinder is contained the motive-power, or ballistic force which is utilised in lieu of ordinary gunpowder, for sending the bullet or charge of shot on its deadly mission. This propulsive power is provided by gas; but this gas, instead of being generated by the combustion of powder, is obtained for every discharge by the release from pressure of a drop of liquid which immediately assumes the gaseous form. This liquid is contained in the cylindrical vessel below the barrel of the gun which has been already mentioned. A pull on the trigger of the weapon causes a hammer to fall, as in the case of old-fashioned muskets; but the blow, instead of acting upon a percussion cap, opens a valve in the cylinder, whereupon a drop of liquid escapes into the barrel above, expands into gas and drives the bullet out, which by a previous operation has been placed in position.

There is no mystery whatever about the liquid which is employed in this novel form of gun. It is simply liquefied carbon dioxide, or, to give it its more common names of choke-damp, or carbonic acid gas. For it is met with all over the world of nature as a gas. It is always found when carbon is burnt in excess of oxygen or air; it occurs free in the air and in many mineral springs, and forms the food of plants, from which they derive their woody structure. It is also found in the craters and fissures of volcanoes, at the bottom of old wells, and in beer-vats. It occurs as the deadly choke-damp known to miners, and has killed many because of its irrespirable nature. Should the fond anticipations of the promoters of the Gas Gun prove to be founded on correct data, the deadly vapour will now commence a new era of destructiveness in another way. It is strange that any one should be found applying the same force which gives effervescence to ginger beer and similar harmless fluids to the destruction of life.

The Gas Gun depends for its efficiency upon the circumstance that carbon dioxide can, like other gases, and far more easily than some, be reduced by pressure to the liquid state. That is to say, supposing that we have an amount of the gas at our disposal—it is easily prepared by adding acid to lime in the form of chalk or marble—a powerful pump and a strong metal receptacle, we can by pumping the gas into that receiver gradually cause the gas to assume the liquid form. The change will begin when the amount of gas compressed amounts to thirty-six times the volume of the receiver. Every stroke of the pump after this has been arrived

at produces fresh condensation, until the receiving vessel is full of liquid. The gas will then be described as being under a pressure of thirty-six atmospheres; and as one atmosphere may be said to represent a pressure of fifteen pounds on the square inch, it follows that the entire pressure exerted by the liquefied gas against the walls of its containing vessel is this amount multiplied thirty-six times, or an aggregate pressure of over five hundred pounds on the square inch.

Those accustomed to steam-pressures may be apt to be misled by these figures, and may look upon a pressure of five hundred pounds as something uncontrollable, for they will reckon that it is about four times the pressure at which a locomotive boiler is commonly worked. They will also be apt to imagine that there must be great difficulty in obtaining a receptacle strong enough to bear such a strain. But they here lose sight of the circumstance that a gas-container is not like a steam-boiler, subjected to fervent heat, and the wear and tear which that constant heat brings with it. A small cylinder of good mild steel not more than a quarter of an inch in thickness will bear a gas-pressure of between two and three thousand pounds on the square inch; and hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are now supplied commercially in such vessels, the pressure being, when such cylinders leave the works, one hundred and twenty atmospheres, or eighteen hundred pounds on the square inch. So that it will be seen that there is no question of danger in using a cylinder which is only charged to five hundred pounds pressure.

We may now come to the advantages claimed for the new weapon. In the first place, it will discharge five hundred shots consecutively at an estimated cost of less than one penny for gas. It makes no report beyond that which is heard when an air-gun is discharged. It does not recoil—or 'kick,' as the common term is—and there is no fouling of the barrel. The absence of report is to our minds a rather doubtful advantage, but one which will be certainly appreciated by the burglar, poacher, and other predatory characters who commonly carry firearms; but the other advantages claimed are certainly valuable ones.

But surely such an advantage cannot be fairly claimed without at once admitting that the weapon is wanting in power. For the noise made by the discharge of a firearm is to some extent a measure of its carrying power, the noise being occasioned by the more or less displacement of the air by the outrush of gas. The absence of recoil may also give rise to a suspicion of want of power, for it is an established law that action and reaction are equal and opposite. If the bullet is projected in one direction, the gun from which it is fired must of necessity move in the opposite direction, and it is only because the weight of the weapon is so much greater than the bullet that the 'kick' is not more apparent than it commonly is. The other advantage claimed would have been a valuable consideration in the days when gunpowder was of the very dirty kind; but the new nitro-compound smokeless powder does not foul the barrels in which it is used any more than carbonic acid would.

Clever as the invention undoubtedly is, we are constrained to believe that it can never represent a serious rival to gunpowder. It is noteworthy that when the Gas Gun was lately tried in London, the apparatus was adapted to small saloon rifles only. The range was only about twenty yards, and the muzzle velocity of the weapon, instead of being indicated by recognised instruments which are made for that purpose, was gauged by the flattening of the bullet on the target. For such weapons, which are mere toys, and for sporting-guns, the gas system may possibly prove to be effective; and if so, the sportsman will greatly value a weapon which will enable him to bring down a bird without frightening away all the other game within earshot. But it is quite clear that the force employed can never be made to do the same work in a rifle barrel which is accomplished by gunpowder. The latter at the moment of combustion exercises a force which we all know to be irresistible, and all this power is required to carry the bullet to the extreme ranges now demanded. It would be easy to prove by figures that the pressure exerted by gunpowder is more than seventy times that obtainable from the liberation of liquefied carbon dioxide. But the inability of the new method to compete with the old can be more readily shown by pointing out that in the former the ballistic power sufficient for hundreds of discharges is easily held in check by a thin steel cylinder. A single charge of gunpowder exploded in such a receptacle would shatter it to pieces, and would at once demonstrate that the old-fashioned explosive need not fear being superseded by liquefied carbonic acid.

TO THOSE WHO FAIL.

Courage, brave heart; nor in thy purpose falter;

Go on, and win the fight at any cost.

Though sick and weary after heavy conflict,

Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits

Who nobly struggle till the strife is done,

Through sun and storm with courage all undaunted,

Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,

The brightest jewels in the darkest mine;

And through the very blackest hour of midnight

The star of Hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! Press on! the path is steep and rugged,

And storm-clouds almost hide Hope's light from view;

But you can pass where other feet have trodden:

A few more steps may bring you safely through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honours;

By patient toil, each difficulty past,

You then may see these days of bitter failure

But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.

NELLIE BAREOW.

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AN HISTORIC AMERICAN ROAD.

WHEN we alight at the station known as 'Munroe's,' on the Lowell System of the Boston and Maine Railroad, we are within a few yards of what must be considered as historically the most interesting Road in the United States. The entire length of it from Boston to Concord is but sixteen miles, and the portion we propose to traverse but half that distance; but no stones ever read a more stirring, and, to an Englishman, perhaps a more humiliating, sermon to man than do the stones of this quiet, old-world American Road, along which Earl Percy marched early in the morning of April 19, 1775, with the object of destroying the 'rebel' magazines and stores at Concord, full of confidence and hope, and along which in less than six hours he scampered—literally scampered—back, baffled, disorganised, beaten, and disgraced.

Let us step out on this fresh, brisk, early winter morning, and read the sermon as we walk; literally, we may read it, for a patriotic Government has plainly labelled every point of interest along the entire route.

The road from the station leads almost directly up to the house from which the station is named, an old-world, single-storied 'shingle'-house, with a weather-beaten tiled roof, and old-fashioned glass-sided doors, standing amidst pleasant gardens on a grassy eminence close to the main-road side. A tablet on the house-front says:

Earl Percy's Headquarters and Hospital, April 18, 1775.
The Munroe Tavern, built 1685.

It is so peaceful now on this deserted country road, the sun shines so benignly, and the fresh sweet air, tossing the yellow curls of a child bowling her hoop, makes such soft music through the great elms and the solemn firs, that one finds it hard to picture the scene presented here on that fateful April morning one hundred and fifteen years ago.

We try to think of the arrival of Earl Percy and his veterans of the 23d, the 'King's Own,'

the 47th Regiments, and the Royal Artillery, after their night-march from Lechmere's Point, Boston—that night-march which had already been discounted by the dashing ride of Paul Revere—by Milk Street, past the old Davenport Tavern, now standing at the corner of North Avenue and Beech Street; past the Black Horse at Arlington; by the old Tufts Tavern—a distance of ten miles. We try to picture the confidence and self-satisfaction with which all looked forward to the issue of the day's proceedings as they quaffed Munroe's ale and looked to their flints and primings, for there was not a man from the Earl himself to the smallest drummer-boy who was not assured that at the first glint of sun-rays on bayonets and red uniforms, and white leggings and shako-plaques, the 'beggarly rebels' would turn and flee to their native woods. We may guess that there was some grumbling at the bother of turning night into day for the sake of dispersing a crowd of farmers and stable-boys, but we may be sure that when the word 'Quick march! Forward!' was given, and the music struck up the old cavalier air of *Lucy Locket*, already known as *Yankee Doodle*, there was not a desponding heart in the assembly.

We pass on, and presently enter Lexington. It was a small village in 1775; it is not very much more now, although Boston business men are beginning to find it a pleasant suburban retreat, and, save when the business men are arriving or departing, is quiet enough.

We pass by pretty villas, interspersed with quaint houses of the old colonial style, by the Court-house, in the garden of which stands a stone fieldpiece, which marks the position taken up by the Royal Artillery, who, at the end of the fatal April day, prevented the disorderly retreat from becoming a regular rout, and we emerge on to sacred Lexington Common. Here it was that the war which created the mighty United States of America commenced, and, Englishmen though we be, it is with feelings of reverence and admiration that we step on to the triangular enclosure with its fringe of ancient

elms, which, although much reduced in size since that morning when Earl Percy's men approached to find their progress actually barred by the presumptuous Provincials, retains many of its original features.

We make straight for an irregularly-shaped mass of granite lying on the green turf. Upon it are carved a musket and a powder-horn—the primitive powder-horn of crow-scarers and sportsmen, not the elaborate contrivance of the regular soldier—with the following inscription :

Line of the Minute Men, April 19, 1775.

Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here.

CAPTAIN PARKER.

How the 'Minute Men'—so called because they held themselves ready for action at a minute's notice—stood their ground—how they scornfully replied to the British summons to surrender—how the pure April sky echoed to the rattle of the murderous reply which stretched the ground with dead and wounded—how the Patriots slowly and sullenly retired—and how with that reply the smouldering embers of liberty burst into a flame which was to illumine the world for many a long year—is written on one of the most glorious pages of the world's history.

Immediately behind the Minute Men's stone, but separated from the Common by the road which forms the base of the triangle, stands a house associated with this dawn of American freedom by a pathetic incident. The tablet on the wooden wall tells it briefly :

House of Jonathan Harrington, who, wounded on the Common, April 19, 1775, dragged himself to the door, and died at his wife's feet.

Close to it is an old church, but not the original of the war-time, although Lexington men declare it to be so. Two roads branch off from this end of the Common. The right-hand one leads to 'Bedford and Billerica' (note how posterity has contemptuously treated the old Essex settler who brought the name of the latter town from his old English home, as other East Anglian settlers brought Cambridge, Attleborough, Framlingham, Thetford, and Braintree, by knocking off the final *y*), the left to Concord. For a few minutes we turn down the former road, as it is most intimately associated with the historical events of that April day in 1775. Down this road, very early in the morning of April 19, clattered Paul Revere; past the old Buckman Tavern, still standing, and bearing the legend :

Built 1690, known as the Buckman Tavern, a rendezvous of the Minute Men, a mark for British bullets, April 19, 1775—

but not, like us, across the railway, and pulled up his foaming, panting steed at the gate of this old house, which stands end on to the street, and is known as the Hancock House. No need is there to paint the picture in feeble prose, when it

can be read in stirring verse as told by the Landlord in Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*; but we cannot help a few moments' lapse into sentimentality, as we stand beneath the leafless trees and read on the tablet affixed to the house-wall :

Built 1698, enlarged 1734. Residence of Rev. John Hancock 55 years, and of his successor, Rev. Jonas Clark, 50 years. Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere, April 19, 1775.

Here, too, it was that Hancock wooed and won the fair 'Dorothy Q,' in that dark-panelled old room on the left hand as you enter, its window looking on the pleasant garden, and perhaps on the two stately elms—since disappeared—known as 'Hancock' and 'Adams.'

We retrace our steps over the railway, and turn to the right, past the church and the Harrington House, past the 'Soldiers' Monument,' and strike again to the right along the road to Concord.

Ah! what a terrible flight that was along this road during the afternoon of April 19, 1775! How our poor redcoats, as we call them—those derved lobster-backs, as an American would call them—exhausted with long marching and fighting under a burning sun, stung with too-well aimed bullets fired by an invisible and ungettable foe, who was secure amidst his native woods and rocks, half-dead with thirst, and—worst of all—thoroughly beaten, came racing along here from Concord town, a disorganised, dispirited, cowed mass of fugitives!

'Yankee Doodle!' said an officer who had been in the affair, and who was asked if he knew the air—'Yankee Doodle! Yes; bless their eyes; they made us dance to it till we were tired!'

On the rocky face of a bluff on our right hand, about three miles from Lexington, an inscription tells us that here Earl Percy made an attempt to rally the fugitives, but was driven off the hill at the point of the bayonet! Cannot we imagine the surprise and indignation with which that piece of news was heard? No body of men, however well disciplined and however brave, can long stand the harassing fire of a lurking enemy, at which it cannot get; but for a band of ploughboys and farmers actually to drive the British regular soldier before them with his own pet weapon! It was impossible, incredible! But they did all the same.

The road mounts and descends through a thickly-wooded country, which probably has not materially altered in appearance during the past century. Gradually the houses increase in number: we pass Fiske's Hill, the site of the Brooks Tavern, the Merriam House and the Teal House—at all of which points there was either actual fighting or exchange of shots, as the door and floor of the last named still testify—and descend into the pleasant but, we should imagine, exceedingly dull old town of Concord.

At a later period than that of which we are particularly writing, Concord became somewhat famous as a favourite retreat of men of letters, prominent amongst whom were Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, and Hoar.

On our left hand is the old Wright's Tavern,

where the Provincials had an alarm-post. It is still a house of public entertainment, but, like all others in this part of Massachusetts, conducted on temperance principles, and the landlord never tires of telling how an English officer sitting here one day with a glass of spirits before him happened accidentally to cut his finger, whereupon he allowed some of the drops of blood to fall into the liquor, and drank it off, giving as his toast, 'May the blood of the rebel rascals so mix with the water of Concord river!' He happened to be one of the first victims of the 'rebel rascals' fire that same day.

Opposite to the Wright's Tavern rises, behind a line of houses, a hill which was considered to be the key to the town. On this hill the early Puritan settlers reared their first chapel, and the hill-side is still covered with their old-world gravestones, inscribed with many a quaint name and with very curious epitaphs. The graves of the Buttrick family are numerous; but the grave of John Buttrick the patriot, whose words, 'Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake, fire!' are engraved on his headstone, is in another old burial-ground in the town.

Instead of turning down the main street, we go straight on, along a thickly-wooded road, which runs through the centre of the battle-field of Concord. A little way down, on the left hand, stands some way back from the road the 'Old Manse' of Hawthorne, the 'Mosses' from which have given delight to thousands of readers on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the most complete realisation of an ideal, so complete, indeed, that the question arises if prosaic forethought ought not to step in and save it from falling to pieces of sheer decrepitude. It is a 'shingle' building, with a battered gambrel roof provided with a dormer window, deserted, falling to decay, its windows shuttered up, the grass growing on its doorsteps, and a wild luxuriance of creeper pushing boldly through the shattered panes of what was once the study of Hawthorne. Seen as we see it under a dark wintry sky, whilst the wind moans through the dark fir-trees, and makes a loose shutter rattle against the loose planks of the house-wall, devoid of any sign of recent human habitation, not a footmark on the path, not a breath of smoke curling from the massive chimneys, we can hardly realise that we are in a young country, of which the history extends back little over a century, and can fancy rather that we are in some quiet nook of Old England.

We pass out through the gate, hanging on one hinge, and pause to look at the old Jones House opposite, from which the British troops were fired at in 1775, and at which they let fly in return, a bullet-hole in the door still bearing witness of the fact. The adjoining field was the muster-ground of the Provincial levies, and was chosen, it is said, from the abundance of flints on the soil, so that the rustics could supply themselves ere they went into action. The next turning to the left beyond the Old Manse brings us by an alley of firs and pines to the base of the famous statue of the Minute Man, erected in commemoration of the event which has immortalised Concord. The figure is admirable, and the site well chosen. Facing the woodland road up which came King George's troops, stands a hand-

some young fellow of heroic size, three-cornered hat on head, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his powder-horn slung over his left shoulder, his right hand grasping his rifle, his left still holding the handle of the plough, over which hangs his coat. The statue tells its own story: the young farmer peacefully ploughing, but ploughing with rifle and powder-horn ready to be snatched up at the first alarm, alert at the sound of the warning bugle, and not even troubling himself to get into his coat. On the pedestal are the following stirring lines by Emerson:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled:
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Behind the statue, the Concord river placidly rolls beneath the modern successor of the historic bridge, over which if the British troops had succeeded in passing, perhaps some of the most ringing pages of modern history would never have been written. Up to this point we had been—well, victorious, if the burning of a few stores and the explosion of a magazine or two in the face of raw levies beside whom the worst trained militia regiment may pose as veteran troops, can be called a victory. But the retreat from Concord Bridge, which gradually became a flight, changed the victory into defeat; and it is to the moral effect produced upon despairing but defiant men by the consciousness thus aroused that they could hold their own with disciplined soldiers that are owing the tremendous events which followed. We are irresistibly rooted to the spot on this wild, weird winter afternoon, which, with almost British eccentricity, has succeeded to the fair bright morning. There is not a sign or sound of human life around this little corner of the old Bay State which is so associated with human passions and human wantonness. Come here during summer-time, and the romance is ruthlessly dispelled by the shrill laughter of Boston girls and the puritanical twang of Boston young men, with whom Concord Bridge is a favourite picnicking resort; whilst the hallowed soil around is littered with sandwich papers and broken bottles. We prefer to see it under its present aspect.

Then, from the survey of monument, bridge, river, and silent winter scenery, we turn to the spot which appeals most directly of all to the feelings of the British visitor. In the wall which divides the road from the Old Manse domain, a rude wall of uncemented stones such as one sees in Northumberland, is one big slab of granite, upon which is inscribed—

Grave of British Soldiers.

Some reverent hand has enclosed the grave, marked now but by two stones, with posts and chain; and within this narrow area are two sturdy straight-stemmed pines, which shed their fragrant fruit on the nameless graves below; and as the wind moans through their branches, we seem to hear the words of Russell Lowell whispered as a kind of dirge:

These men were brave enough, and true
To the hired soldier's bulldog creed;
What brought them here they never knew,
They fought as suits the English breed;

They came three thousand miles, and died,
To keep the Past upon its throne;
Unheard, beyond the Ocean tide
Their English mother made their moan.

And so, with rather saddened thoughts, we
retrace our steps along this famous old Road into
Concord town.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER III.—A PRIVATE INQUEST.

THE natural horror excited in Mrs King by the intelligence of the murder of her brother-in-law, and the shock which it occasioned, were quickly superseded by a dim and terrible fear. Leaving the gardener in the kitchen to discuss his ill tidings with the servants, the lady tottered back to her bedchamber and locked the door. The pallor of her face and the trembling of every fibre in her frame indicated the profound agitation from which she was suffering. Her fears were full of her husband; and a prayerful appeal for mercy, made upon her knees by the bedside, showed how deeply the fear had entered into her soul.

She recalled the scene of the preceding night, and was able to realise, imperfectly, it is true, but sufficiently to inspire acute alarm, how a wrong and a punishment such as her husband had suffered were calculated to change the character and even to unhinge the mind. Brooding over them in that solitude of which he had spoken so bitterly, the softest nature might so harden as to become impenetrable to all influences but one. Could her husband's mental vision have been so perverted during his long and unmerited punishment, as to charge the wrong against his brother? That he definitely charged it against some person was clear, and the unhappy wife recollected now—with perhaps more significance than was fairly attachable to it—the way in which her husband had rejected Rowan King's proposal for his emigration.

It was therefore, with no small thankfulness she learned by-and-by that Francis Gray was below. Hastily dressing, and halting at her daughter's door to assure herself that she still slept, Mrs King went down to the drawing-room.

Gray, who was looking out of a window, turned quickly as she entered, and for a second or two checked what he was about to say. 'I perceive I am not the first bearer of the sad news,' he said, looking in her troubled eyes; and then he added, after a pause: 'Does Agnes know?'

'No; she is still asleep. She did not fall asleep until near dawn. Poor child, she will know it too soon.—Tell me all about it.'

'There is not much to tell. When I went back last night, Mr King was sitting in the study, as usual, reading. He always sat up till an hour or so past midnight. I told him I had given you his message, and gave him, in your own words, the gratitude you expressed. He seemed much pleased, and then I said good-night and retired to my own room. Early this morning, old Stokes, the butler, woke me with the news that his master was dead. I went down with him, and saw Mr King sitting in the chair, as I had left him the

night before, but dead. His fingers still held a half-smoked cigar. That is all.'

Mrs King held her breath for some time, and then drew a deep respiration, with her hand pressed to her side.

'Is that—all?' she said, in a voice scarcely higher than a whisper.

'That is all, at present. The doctors have been sent for, and no doubt they will discover the cause of death.'

'That man—that gardener, who came here this morning—said Mr King had been murdered!'

'There is nothing, as far as I have noticed, to suggest murder.—Who would murder Mr King? The man was excited, I suppose, and did not know what he said. The doctors will discover the cause of Mr King's death.'

Gray could not help being struck with the changing expression of fear, anxiety, hope, which rapidly passed over Mrs King's face. Nor was his surprise lessened when suddenly, overcome by emotion, she clasped her hands and turned her streaming eyes upwards, saying: 'Not murdered? Oh, thank God for that!'

They had been standing all this time, and Mrs King now sank into a low chair and put her hands to her face. Gray saw the tears trickling between her fingers. He was perplexed as to the meaning of this singular emotion; but he forbore to speak, and walked over to the window again.

'Frank,' she said, after some time, 'I know I can trust you as if you were my son. You are my only friend now—you, and Richard King.'

He wished he could ask her not to associate him with Richard King, but it was no time for doing so. He said nothing, but allowed her to proceed.

'You will understand what I felt on hearing that Rowan King was murdered, when I tell you that my husband was here last night.'

Gray gave a start.

'When you were here, he was in the study. I will tell you what passed, and you will then understand the terrible anxiety which I have suffered to-day.'

Mrs King described the interview, and the looks and language of her husband, to her astonished listener; and he could not conceal the fact that her fears made an impression on him.

'You do not know where he went to after leaving here?' he asked.

'No; he passed down through the garden, and must have entered the park over the wall: there is no other way of exit, as you know, in that direction. But he said nothing to show where he was going to; only that he wanted to get away from all chance of recognition.'

'In that case, Mrs King, he must have meant to go a long way. If we only knew upon whom his thoughts are fixed as the wrong-doer, it might guide us in tracing him—that is, if there were any use in doing so.'

Mrs King shook her head sadly. 'It would be no use,' she said—'no use! He would not come back. I fear he will never come back.'

It was very mysterious to Francis Gray. While he walked back to the Hall he tried to understand it. Whom did Charles King accuse, and how was his expressed resolution to punish the wrong-doer to be reconciled with his abandonment of his wife and daughter? It would follow, apparently,

that the man he sought did not reside in that part of the country, a conclusion which only involved deeper mystery.

But Gray's anxious thoughts had reference less to the retributive determination of the late vicar than to his fugitive visit to Yewle the preceding night. It struck him most forcibly—as in a less degree it had appeared to Mrs King—that Charles King's appearance at the vicarage was merely incidental to some other purpose in coming to Yewle. And Rowan King was found dead in his chair next morning. It was impossible not to think of the two things together. There might be—there probably was—no connection between them, but the association was inevitable.

It was nearly midnight when Charles King left the vicarage, and he had gone into the park from the garden. Would it be possible, Gray asked himself, to discover, without awakening dangerous curiosity, whether he had visited the Hall? The French casement, opening from the study into a shaded nook of garden, had not been closed during the night. It was Rowan King's habit to secure it before retiring. Gray walked round there, but could discover no sign of foot-marks on the grass or gravel. He glanced through the casement with a shudder: the dead master of Yewle still occupied the chair, exactly as he had been discovered by the old butler that morning. The room was locked; and Stokes, as the oldest servant of the family, carried the key in his pocket.

Although the news of Rowan King's sudden death was over half the county before evening, there were no callers during the day except two or three privileged persons of the parish of Yewle—and Mr Richard King. Rowan King had passed so much of his life abroad, and at home had been so solitary and unsocial, that he was known in the county rather by name and character than personally. There was no one at Yewle to offer sympathy to; the only remaining member of the family being, as was supposed, a felon still undergoing sentence.

Richard King, when he came, stood six feet off and surveyed the dead man for several minutes in silence. Then, drawing a deep breath, he walked out of the room, which Stokes again locked. He only asked two questions of the butler. 'At what hour did you discover Mr King to be dead?'

'About half-past six, sir.'

'And had he been long dead, do you know?'

'How can I tell, sir? He felt cold, that's all I know, not being a doctor.'

'There will be an inquest, of course,' observed Richard King presently, 'and a post-mortem examination of the body by the doctors. I must return to Souchester now. I will call at the vicarage first, to see Mrs King; but I will be here early to-morrow.'

The old servant's countenance changed at the mention of the 'post-mortem' and the doctors, and after a minute's uneasy hesitation he asked: 'Will they—will the doctors, do you think, sir, open Mr Rowan at the post-mortem?'

'As a matter of course, Stokes. They must find out the cause of death for the coroner's jury.'

Richard King's horse was brought round, and he struck down the avenue in a gallop.

The old servant stood meditatively at the door, looking after him. 'I suppose it will be him,' he soliloquised, 'for I fear poor Mr Charles is out of it. He ain't a King, though; no, there's no Yewle blood in him. However, my days are not many now.' The old man moved slowly along a passage leading to the billiard room, or what had once been such, with his head bent and an expression of deep trouble on his face. 'God help us all!' he muttered, shaking his head—'God help us! The last of them. The end of a fine family: the race is going down in disaster, if you like.—And they mean to open Mr Rowan like a dead sheep? I'd rather let them open me—that I would.—Not,' added Stokes seriously, 'that Mr Rowan would care much, if he knew they were doing it, and they asked his leave; but when he doesn't know, and no leave asked, it makes a great difference—a great difference!'

Having delivered himself of these singular reflections, Stokes opened the door of the billiard room and went in. Francis Gray and a gentleman as aged as Stokes himself were sitting in the recess of a window.

'Mr Richard is gone,' said Stokes, halting in the middle of the room. 'He'll call at the vicarage, and be back here again early to-morrow.—I suppose,' he added regretfully, 'he'll be the master now; but he ain't a King—only in name. There's none of the Yewle blood in him.'

'Mr Richard was greatly shocked, I suppose?' inquired Gray.

'Not as I could see, Mr Gray. If he was, and I don't say he wasn't, he kept it down as well as Mr Rowan himself could have done. But Yewle is a fine place to come to, from a desk in a bank—so there's nature in it. But he said master was to be opened.—Will they do that, Dr Hayle?'

'I suppose they will, Stokes—I suppose they will,' answered the old doctor, slowly moving his head from side to side.

Stokes, as the old parish doctor—now long retired from the exercise of his profession—gave expression to this opinion, seemed to be convinced, for the first time, of the certainty of that which before had been at least open to doubt. The effect on the butler was remarkable, and at first quite an enigma to young Gray. His stout old frame seemed to undergo a convulsion, and the watery eyes gleamed with an angry light.

'You won't have anything to do with it, Dr Hayle?' he asked.

'No, Stokes; I'm not in practice now.'

'And if you was, Dr Hayle, one that knows the history of the family as well as you would have nothing to do with it. Will they be able to swear that he's dead, before they begin with their knives?—because, if they don't, Mr Rowan will soon be dead under their red hands!'

The old doctor moved uneasily in his chair and glanced at Francis Gray. He saw nothing in the young man's countenance but a look of surprise, occasioned by the language of Stokes and the butler's deep agitation.

'Stokes,' said the doctor solemnly, 'I'm afraid there's no doubt about Mr Rowan being dead. What the doctors will have to do will be to find out what he died from.'

'They are a clever sort, the doctors of these times,' replied the old butler derisively. 'Instead

of bleeding and blistering you, as used to be done when people lived longer, they stick their thimomenterers into your mouth and under your arm, and give you little spoonfuls of stuff, as if you was a child. They don't forget to charge just as much as if they done the right thing, neither. I suppose if these smart gentlemen, Dr Hayle, was here in the time of Hubert King, and the second Rowan, and old Mr Geoffrey that's at rest, they'd have straightway opened *them* too, and made an end of them? If they want to open somebody,' he exclaimed, 'let them open me!' The butler, being too excited to say more, turned quickly and left the room.

'The old man seems deranged, I fancy,' remarked Francis Gray to the doctor. 'What on earth does he mean?'

'Don't you know?' replied the doctor uneasily. 'The Kings have been a strange family,' he continued, lowering his voice reverentially—for, having been born under the shadow of Yewle, and lived all his long life in the parish, the old doctor participated to the full in the almost superstitious respect with which the family was regarded—'a strange family,' he repeated. 'If you were acquainted with their history, you would be at no loss to understand old Stokes. He does not believe that his master is dead.'

Gray looked astonished, and not the less so on account of the serious fashion in which Dr Hayle regarded the matter.

'The fact is, Mr Gray,' continued the doctor, 'the problem of life and death has been the pervading interest of the Kings for generations. Have you ever thought why the study should be filled, as it is, with medical works and books of physiology and the kindred sciences? You will find a collection of such books there, from the old black-letter to the latest work published of the kind. These have been the study of successive masters of Yewle.'

'I have noticed the books, of course, and have been much puzzled about them, such a collection is so unlike what a country gentleman would have. I once asked Mr King for the reason of the collection.'

'What did he say?' the doctor asked with much interest.

'He said nothing, but looked at me in such a way that I took care never to allude to the subject again.'

'Well, the explanation is this. The family has, as far back as memory or tradition goes, been subject to a strange condition of physical life—to a sudden cessation of animation, somewhat like that mysterious malady which is now commonly called catalepsy. Whereas, however, catalepsy is mostly confined to the female sex—as being subject in the greatest degree to the effects of mental emotion, its usual cause—no female of the King family has ever been known to fall a victim to the peculiar disease of their race. To be sure, there is in this connection the singular fact that during the last three generations only one female child has been born to the Kings of Yewle.'

'You mean Agnes King?'

'No. I was speaking of the masters of Yewle. The female I refer to is the mother of Richard King.'

'Then, was his father also a King?'

'His father was an attorney named Jones;

but after his marriage, Mr Jones—partly from vanity and partly to please his wife—changed his name to King, much to the wrath of Mr Geoffrey, who never acknowledged him in any way.—But to return to Yewle. You heard Stokes mention Hubert King, and the second Rowan King, and Mr Geoffrey, the father of Rowan and Charles. These were successively attacked by the family malady. It is to the case of the second Rowan King that the most pathetic interest is attached. He died, at a full age, about a hundred years ago; but my father remembered him and Lady Florence well, and often said that even when her glorious hair was white, she was the most beautiful woman in England.' Pausing a minute, the old doctor proceeded: 'The love of Rowan King for his wife was a wonderful thing. It was worship rather than love. When they were young and happy, they used to sit on summer evenings on the terrace beyond the drawing-room, and Rowan would have his wife let her splendid golden hair down, that he might admire it and bury his face in it for minutes at a time.—You have seen Lady Florence's portrait in the gallery? It is said to be only a dim reflection of her beauty—and her hair no man could picture on canvas. Well, one morning she found Rowan beside her, on awaking, stiff and lifeless. The doctors who came and examined the body pronounced it heart disease. When he was lying in the coffin, Lady Florence came down in the night and cut off every lock of her beautiful hair, that he had admired so much, and laid it on his breast.—Rowan King said himself afterwards, and never flinched from the faith till he died, that, conscious of what she was doing, the touch of this act of loving devotion and of her hot tears dropping on his face, awakened the current of life, and sent its thrill through his stiffened frame. Before morning, he was recovered. But every hair of the golden tresses was religiously preserved, and is still the most sacred heirloom of the family.'

'Where is it kept, Dr Hayle?'

'In the great safe in the study, enshrined in a casket that is studded with a fortune in precious stones. No King that has ruled in Yewle since then but has added to the value of that secret treasure. It is said,' added the doctor, with deep conviction, 'that the stones in that casket are worth a hundred thousand pounds.'

'And Mr Geoffrey King, too—was he also visited by the same malady?'

'Twice,' said the doctor. 'I saw him on both occasions myself. There was no sign by which the presence of life could be detected. The disease is an entirely peculiar and abnormal one. It was in Mr Geoffrey's time the new mausoleum was built, and all the coffins removed to it—that could be removed—from the family vault. Each occupies its own shelf. But so deep was his sense of the contact of life and death, that, years ago, he had three suites of coffins put in their places there—one for himself, and one for each of his two sons. Rowan's will be brought up to the Hall when the inquest is over.'

Francis Gray thought over this strange history for several minutes, and—though perhaps less deeply impressed with the history of the Kings of Yewle than the doctor and butler, who had

breathed in that atmosphere from childhood—he was no longer surprised at the scepticism of the latter as to his master being dead. Indeed, he began even to hope that it was possible Stokes might be right.

'Dr Hayle,' he asked at length, 'do you think it possible that—that Rowan King may be really alive?'

The doctor hesitated, but after a minute or so answered: 'If any other person put that question to me, Frank, I would not reply. I know, however, I can trust you; I would not trust old Stokes. Rowan King is dead, and I dread the inquest to-morrow for what it will certainly bring forth.'

'Bring forth—what?' cried Gray, with dim fear of some terrible climax approaching.

'That Rowan King has been murdered. I noticed on his dark waistcoat what Stokes was too short-sighted to see. Heaven help us!—and I am of opinion the old man has some secret on his mind that oppresses him as much as his master's death.'

So had Gray, after these words. He thought of Mrs King, that morning, uttering the fervent exclamation: 'Not murdered? Oh, thank God for that!' His heart fell, and for some time he could not speak.

'Is it possible,' he asked, 'that Stokes really believes that his master may be still living?'

'Who can tell? Do not attempt to contradict or doubt him; it could do no good.'

Dr Hayle left Yewle, and Francis Gray was alone with his thoughts. They were troubled and grievous thoughts. That Rowan King should have been murdered was very terrible to think of; but half the terror of it would have disappeared, had Gray been assured that the unfortunate Charles King—the father of Agnes!—had not been at Yewle the previous night. Richard King, too, must have heard of Charles King's return. The craving in Francis Gray to bring comfort to mother and daughter before the inquest revealed the fatal truth, had the intensity of pain; but he could not face the vicarage again without the assurance that Rowan King's brother had not been seen at Yewle. It was a dangerous inquiry to prosecute; but he made up his mind to discover what Stokes was holding back; and he knew it within half an hour.

HARES, THEIR HAUNTS AND HABITS.

THE Bill for a close time for English hares has again been dropped. His Irish relative has long enjoyed protection during the breeding season; but perhaps his case was made a party question, and therefore attended to. Yet we do not possess a single wild creature that so well deserves protection as the brown hare. He is very beautiful, does little damage, and is of considerable value as an article of food. In spite of the enormous numbers imported from Germany and Russia, he generally fetches from four to five shillings in the market; while live hares, for which there is a considerable demand, will command double that price.

When the Ground Game Act of 1880 was passed, a long close time ought to have been

fixed, for every one who knows anything of the habits of the creature is well aware that they rapidly diminish in number if not protected. The first requisite for them is quiet, and this they are sure not to get when every tenant has a right to kill them. In March, and even April, the small holder constantly goes out with a gun to drive birds from the young corn, and any hare he sees is almost invariably fired at. On the whole, the Bill was a useful one; but in allowing no close time it overlooked that short-sighted selfishness from which not even the farmer is free. Hares are great travellers, and though they have, if undisturbed, regular beats, they often spend the day on a strange field. The farmer, a hard-working and frugal man, is, as he says, 'wonderful fond of an owd heer,' and quietly pots her in her seat. He knows well that he ought not to kill one after the beginning of March, but reflects that if he did not shoot her, his neighbour would do so.

It would be interesting to gather some rough estimate of the decrease in the number of hares in England during the last ten years. We will instance a parish in Suffolk in which in 1880 there were a fair number. Not a really large head, for not an acre in that or in any of the adjoining parishes was really preserved, but enough to give coursers a few pleasant days' sport and to provide plenty for the harriers, while at the same time the few people who shot never hesitated to kill one. Yet all these hares were killed in the legitimate season, and no man tried to get more than his fair share. Last year, the most enthusiastic coursers in the parish told us there was hardly a hare left, and that all round there was the same complaint.

In dry hilly districts the number used formerly to be immense. Old Cobbett in his *Rural Rides* gives an account of an 'acre of hares' which he saw on Salisbury Plain. The farmer and his son rode round a large field in different directions, and the hares ran like a flock of sheep to the centre. The Lincolnshire wolds and Berkshire downs carried nearly as many. On carefully-preserved land and in large woods immense numbers can be easily collected; but it requires a general forbearance over a wide area for any large head to be kept on open hill-country. Seven years ago two hundred were shot in two days on a farm in Berkshire. At the present time, though that particular spot has always been well preserved, it would be impossible to get half that number. If this has happened on preserved land, it is easy to imagine what is the state of unpreserved country, especially when let in small farms.

Not long ago several Cheshire landowners applied for the reduction of their game-rating on the ground of deterioration in the value of it. 'You might as well try a churchyard for a hare as any part of my estate,' said one. It should not be forgotten that a hare is both an easy and a profitable thing to poach. Few countrymen would wire a hare in the early summer on their own account, partly from a dislike to killing an animal in the breeding season, partly because they know it is really not fit for food; but if they can sell it to a game-dealer, all these considerations give way. The introduction of the

close season would impose a check on this sale of poached game.

If the winter has been mild and February is warm, hares breed very early. We have often known of leverets at least a fortnight old during the first week of March, and this in an exposed down country. No doubt, coursing tends to preserve hares; but we think that managers of coursing meetings set a very bad example in holding them often late in the spring. One meeting last season was advertised for the 1st of April, a full month later than ought to be permitted in the interests either of humanity or sport.

The number of leverets is generally two or three, though as many as five have been found. Sometimes the doe-hare chooses the stump of a clover rick or heap of waste straw to hide her young ones in, but generally they are dropped in the open. Even when quite young they are lovely little things; not blind, naked, and shapeless, like young rabbits, but bright-eyed furry animals, soon able to take pretty good care of themselves. For about a month they remain with the mother, who is a devoted parent. She has been known to defend them successfully against large hawks, springing up and striking the bird with her fore-paws. Some years ago there was a melancholy story in the *Field* of the way in which a raven was seen to outwit a hare. The bird pounced at a leveret; but the hare was too quick, and drove the raven off. As it slowly retreated, the hare followed, and whenever it came near the ground, sprang at it. The bird decoyed her to a considerable distance, then rose in the air and flew swiftly back. Before the hare could return, he had seized the screaming leveret and carried it off.

Hares are far more pugnacious animals than is generally imagined. Jack-hares in the pairing season will often fight till one is in a dying condition. Waterton once saw the end of a combat in which the conquered hare was so much injured that he died in a short time. A rabbit generally fights by springing over his adversary and giving a vicious stroke with his hind-feet as he does so. We have never seen a hare use this method. They stand on their hind-legs and spar with their fore-paws like boxers; and if they come to close quarters, bite severely. They are very powerful animals, and far more than a match for a cat. Cowper the poet once saw his cat—probably the famous pussy that interviewed the viper—scratch one of his tame hares which had annoyed it. The hare instantly rushed at her and hammered on her back with its fore-paws 'like drumsticks.' Had not her master quickly interfered, the cat might have been killed.

Probably no man has had so much experience with hares as Cowper, for one of his three pets lived to be nearly twelve, and another nearly ten years old. They were his constant companions, and he thus gained a remarkable insight into their characters. The only trait that the three had in common was their love of play. Even when quite old, Puss and Tiney used to gambol every evening in the parlour. Kingsley was right when he wrote of 'the merry brown hares.' In other respects they differed much: Bess was tame and fearless by nature, Puss was tamed by kindness; but old Tiney was never anything but a wild surly animal, hating to be touched, and

ready to bite if any liberty was taken with him.

Naturalists must always regret that the poet did not try the effect of matrimony on old Tiney's temper. All his hares were males, so that his notes, excellent though they are, do not add to our knowledge of the number of broods that a doe-hare has, or whether the male and female pair for the whole year. The general opinion on this latter point is in the negative; but where hares are scarce, we think they often stay long together. Certainly for nearly three months last year we used to see two hares, and only two, on a piece of uncultivated land on the hill-side. On another day we watched two hares and a couple of leverets, about the size of half-grown rabbits, feeding together. It was at the bottom of a deep valley in the downs, and from our post under an elder bush by the big fox earth on the north side we could command more than five hundred acres of open country, yet we could only see one hare beside our family party.

The animals always thrive best on poor dry soil. Wet land is not so fatal to them as to rabbits; and some marshes, especially those near the sea-coast, will carry a great number; but rich herbage is not suitable for them. In the sand-hills of Holland the hares are larger and in better condition than those in the meadow-land. Any person who has hunted them with beagles will know the difference in the run that a grass-fed hare in a valley and one that has lived on the poor but varied herbage of the wildest hill-country will give.

Cowper's hares were in the habit of eating considerable quantities of fine sand, probably to counteract the richness of their food. Like rabbits and sheep, those that live on low-lying land sometimes suffer from 'fluke,' that deadly disease, arising from eating the fresh-water snail. In the wet summer of 1879 almost every hare and rabbit on one farm in the Vale of White Horse died from this cause. Hares are scrupulously clean animals, and spend a considerable time in combing and brushing their coats. Their feet, so often used in putting on rouge for the stage, are admirably adapted for this. Rabbits are frequently infested with fleas; but it is rare to see one on a hare if the animal is in good health.

The doe goes with young about fifty days, and generally has two broods in the year, the last litter being born about the middle or end of July. Occasionally, quite young leverets are found in September, and we once trod on and killed a tiny little fellow in November; but these are exceptional cases. Unlike the rabbit, none of the young ones breed till the following year, so that there is no danger of their multiplying too rapidly; though, before the passing of the Ground Game Act, it was always possible that a shooting-tenant might increase the head of hares to such an extent that crops were seriously damaged. Even if the tenant farmer had leave to kill rabbits, the hares in the covers might damage the neighbouring turnip and wheat fields. Hares in a turnip field do more harm than a corresponding number of rabbits, as they nibble first one turnip and then tear a bite from another; while the bunny sits steadily down at one and makes a complete meal from it. Now the farmer is master of the situation, and the shooting-tenant at his

mercy. It speaks well for the former that it is very rare to hear of a case in which he has abused his right by disturbing winged game or waiting to shoot hares as they emerge from the covers; and in most of these cases his action is generally due to want of tact or generosity on the part of the shooter.

During the summer months, hares live largely in the standing corn. When this is cut in August, they seem at first much alarmed at the loss of their accustomed cover. In parts of Suffolk where woods were scarce they used generally, when harvest was ended, to pass the day in hedgerows; sleeping under the stumps of thick thorn-bushes, where hollows are formed by the dry earth gradually dropping into the ditch. If alarmed they sprang across the ditch, not like a rabbit, who almost invariably doubles up the bank and bolts out through the hedge. After a few weeks, they abandoned the hedges for the turnips and rough ploughs. Woods always hold them unless the winds are high, when they move to the sheltered side of a hill. The rustling of the trees prevents their hearing the approach of an enemy, and this danger outweighs the security they find in the copses.

If snow falls heavily, they will often lie till completely buried, and spend two or three days in a semi-torpid state. Their warm breath keeps a tiny hole open. In fact, they make what the Eskimos call an 'igloo,' like the female polar bear. If only a few inches fall, they are exceedingly wide awake, knowing how clearly they show on the white surface. Then one can see what long distances they travel at night, and also how close they come to villages. Even when not pressed by hunger, they will frequently visit the labourers' cabbages; and if snow is deep, they come regularly if not disturbed, and sometimes pay the penalty by being snared in their passage through the hedge.

From their tracks in the snow one can judge their pace. They have three ordinary rates of speed, which differ as much as those of a man walking, running a long-distance race, and sprinting over a short course. The first is the ordinary leisurely hop, with the back always more or less arched, when the different times at which the feet are placed on the ground can easily be seen; the second is a fast gallop with the ears pricked up, the hind-legs coming well under the body. When chased by dogs they use their full speed, but rarely at other times. The ears are then laid flat back, and the length of the stride is increased so much that the hind-feet can be seen nearly straight out behind the body.

They are exceedingly inquisitive animals, and their tracks in the snow show how closely they examine every strange object. A few days ago we were looking at a new galloping-ground which had just been prepared on the downs for the benefit of the Derby favourite 'Surefoot.' The clumps of coarse tussock grass had been mown, and many heaps of it had been placed along the sides of the track. To almost all of these, hares had paid visits. They had made comfortable seats in at least half of them, though it was most unlikely that they would stay there during the day, on account of the men still working close by, and the constant passing of the racers.

They vary considerably in colour, and also in

length of coat, the young hares having longer and rougher fur than the old ones. The winter coat is warmer than the summer one; but though albino hares are occasionally found, the common English variety does not change to white in winter, like the Scotch hare. In Holland we once saw one that was piebald. It had a large patch of white on its back. A friend of the Prince of Orange, to whom he had given the shooting, told us that he had often seen this animal, and carefully refrained from firing at it. These sand-hills were excellent ground for game, and in them and the meadows adjoining we used often to watch hares and rabbits. In the meadows we learned two things: first, that cows detest hares almost as much as they do dogs; and second, that hares can leap an immense distance. We have seen them clear a ditch twelve feet wide without an effort; and can well believe a story of a fen coursing-match where a hare was said to have cleared a drain twenty-two feet wide. Occasionally, a hare-drive used to be organised in North Holland. The guns were posted on the side of a dike while the beaters drove a great stretch of meadow-land towards them. The first sign of hares being afoot was given by the cows, who cocked their tails and began to charge viciously at the frightened animals. Between the cows and beaters, the attention of the hares was pretty fully occupied. Their eyes, too, are set so much at the side of their head that they do not see clearly objects exactly in front of them, and thus frequently come straight towards one of the guns, thinking only of avoiding those to the right and left. Sometimes, however, they were not too much alarmed to stop and reconnoitre. Then they always sat up with their heads on one side, caught sight of their enemy, and made off in another direction.

Like the English hares, they were very ready to take to water, and often swam wide ditches when the covers were beaten.

Swift and wary though hares are, many are killed by foxes. They never trouble to run a hare down, but hide near some well-beaten track from a copse to a turnip-field, and spring on a hare as she passes. But by far the most deadly enemy that they have is the stout. Numbers of leverets, and even full-grown hares, fall victims to these bloodthirsty little animals. Sometimes a pack will unite to hunt one down; more frequently they work single-handed. As they are fond of hunting in hedgerows, more hares are killed by them in enclosed than in open country.

When buzzards, harriers, and the larger hawks were more numerous in the British Isles, hares and their young had still worse foes. The chief prey of the golden eagle was the mountain hare. This species differs considerably from the English one in size, shape, colour, and habits. It is considerably smaller; the hind-legs are not so long in proportion, and above all, in winter it turns white. This never occurs in the case of the brown hare, the winter coat being generally darker than the summer one.

To give an account of the methods in which men capture hares would be to write a history of poaching. Wires, gins, nets, lurchers, guns, all are brought into play. Yet, in spite of the number of its enemies and the defencelessness of

the animal, it is not even allowed to rear its young in peace.

It seems as if the ancient dislike to hares, which is so marked in old superstitions, still existed. The belief in witches taking this shape has indeed died out with the belief in witchcraft; but the ill-luck attending a hare that crosses one's path is constantly deprecated. In Germany the same superstition holds ground. One day when driving near Wittenberg we saw a hare crossing a field towards the road. A buzzard made a swoop at it, and the hare took refuge in some bushes. 'Ah,' said a lady in the carriage, 'that is good; it did not cross the road, so we can go on in safety!' Another belief is that the appearance of a hare in a village, unless driven there by pursuit, is a sign of a fire. 'It is as true as the gospel,' said a Berkshire man to us one day. 'Twice I have known it happen at my home, and in the next parish. A hare was seen coming down the street in the morning, and each time there was a bad fire before night.'

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAPTER V.—A HUNTER'S IDYLL—LIFE AT SWANEPOEL'S RUST.

THE next morning Farquhar was awakened pretty early by a light sweet voice from the garden. Listening, he heard Bina singing a quaint and rather absurd old Dutch song, running thus:

Alh, my dear Alie Brand, the darling of my heart,
Let us our fleecy flocks no longer run apart;
Say me but the word, my darling Alie Brand,
And to-morrow to the town I'll ride and at the
Pastor's stand.

My father and my mother are growing gray and old,
And when the time comes that they die, will fall to
me much gold;
A farm then I shall buy and store of cattle fair,
Wherefore, my darling Alie, I pray thee hear my
prayer.

Rising and dressing quickly, he was soon out in the sweet morning air. If he had thought the surroundings fair yesterday, it looked ten-fold fairer this morning, before the heat of early summer lay full upon it. A little way from the house stood a mighty baobab, a veritable giant, even amongst these giant trees of Africa. Up and down the mighty bole two varieties of gaudily-plumaged woodpeckers roved clingly, tapping here and there in search of food. One brilliant in scarlet, gray, green, glossy black, brown, and yellow; the other, yellow spotted with ruddy brown, black-tailed, black-backed, and black-banded as to his yellow chest, and crested as to his black head. In the branches, finches and small birds of various kinds cheeped and chattered, and the delicately beautiful *Damara* doves cooed softly. All around this side of the house, a well-kept wilderness of the lovely flowers blossomed in bewildering colour and

profusion. Upon the other side of the house, fruits of many kinds, peaches, apricots, bananas, oranges, grapes, quinces, nectarines, melons, and others already flourished or gave promise of abundant harvest.

As he stood for a moment by the round pool, admiring its pellucid depths and the lilies lying upon its cool bosom, a brilliant vley-lory, disturbed from its repast in some thicket near at hand, flew across him, flashing its plumage of shining green and steely blue and its wonderful carmine wings to the sunlight; and the next instant, its disturber, Bina Swanepoel, came quickly round the path and straight up to the Englishman. She was followed by a tiny mountain antelope, that leaped and gambolled as it ran. Fresher than the dawn, a smile of unmistakable pleasure lighting up her handsome face, she came round the fountain, and was met half-way by Farquhar. There was about this fair daughter of the wilderness a fresh and piquant charm, that had for the young hunter an irresistible attraction. What wonder, then, that the morning kiss should have gained a trifle in tenderness since yesterday!

'Good-morning, Mistress Bina. You are up very early. What have you been doing besides airing your voice? I hope employing your time profitably?'

'Indeed, yes, Mynheer Farquhar. I have fed all my ducks and chickens and the tame bucks. You know we have quite a number—two young koodoos, a rooibok, and three elands, besides Bergman, my little "klipbökkie" here.' At the sound of his name the little antelope cocked his large ears, and with his great melting brown eyes turned upon his mistress, looked up inquiringly. 'Isn't he a darling? He is so good, and follows me everywhere. Presently he shall have his breakfast with us—shan't you, Bergman?'

Bergman, at the mention of the word breakfast—in Dutch of course—gave a leap from his short sturdy legs and frisked madly round. It was a charming scene, the young man thought to himself, as he looked upon the glorious vegetation, the beautiful little antelope, and the fair girl—quite an idyll. For, like most hunters, Farquhar had, half unknown to himself, a keen eye for beauty, an ardent love of nature.

'Do you know,' he broke forth, 'this is a most charming place of yours? I don't wonder at Hendrik Swanepoel outspanning for life in such a spot. I almost feel tempted to end my days here myself.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the girl quickly, 'I wish, I wish you would! How delightful it would be! I could then have you always to talk to and go about with. You are so different from all our young men here. But then in time you would want a wife, and that would be a difficult thing to find for you. I don't see how it could be managed. There is Katrina, certainly, and Jacie and Sabina; but I don't think they would quite do for you, somehow.' Then suddenly, some vague half-defined hope passing through her brain warned her that she was upon ground dangerous and unknown; she paused, flushed slightly, and turned the conversation.—'Yes, Hendrik Swanepoel when he found this valley declared he had reached his Promised Land. But you must not think that everything then was as

it is now. A hundred years has made some difference, I warrant you. Our garden has been vastly improved and added to; and I myself have brought many of these flowers and ferns from the country round, and planted and tended them. I planted and trained, too, the passion-flower and the jasmines that you see climbing up the house and upon the terrace. Ours is quite the best garden in the valley, and we are proud of it.—Do you know, Mynheer Farquhar, I cannot tell you how glad I am to have found you. There is so much I want to know. I have read over and over again almost all our books; and I have learned just a little English from two old books we have; and I want to know so many many things that you can tell me.—But come now!—taking his hand in hers—'breakfast must be ready, and we will go in.'

A cheery greeting was Farquhar's from all within the house. Every face beamed with delight as he entered. His presence must have seemed to them like manna in the wilderness, water from the desert fountain. New interests, new ideas surged in upon them, and hour after hour passed swiftly by in the imparting of news and history from the lost world. It was a strange experience. Imagine a well-informed Egyptian, a 'friendly' of course, suddenly casting up among the Israelites towards the end of their long trek in the wilderness, and bringing to their eager ears forty years' news of the Pharaohs and their ancient land, and of the outer world generally, and you may have some inkling of Farquhar's position among these voer-trekkers in their promised land.

The day was quickly spent in introducing the Englishman to the rest of the Settlement, in inspecting the crops and vineyards, the horses, all sprung from the original 'salted' stock of the first Swanepool. (A salted horse is one that has safely undergone the horse sickness, so fatal in South Africa. The value of such a horse is greatly enhanced, especially in the interior.) The oxen and cows, goats and sheep, all or nearly all indigenous to the district, were also examined. The sheep were of the hairy fat-tailed species; the oxen and cows were small, having immensely long horns, and seemed to have thriven famously.

A week passed rapidly. Each day Farquhar rode out through the poort into the country around, accompanied sometimes by Gert and others of the male settlers, sometimes only by Bina. Some great hunts were got up among the numerous antelopes that swarmed everywhere, and many a head of gallant game was laid low. In these expeditions the settlers used only bows and arrows and assegais. Farquhar learned that under one of the old Rules of the Settlement the ten or twelve old-fashioned flint pieces brought with him by Hendrik Swanepool, were, in order to preserve them for the most momentous occasions, such as the defence of the Settlement, hardly ever used, although always kept clean and in order. Hendrik had, with keen foresight, brought with him from the Cape the recipe for preparing gunpowder; and after several years' fruitless search, had discovered at some distance deposits of sulphur near some hot natural baths. This discovery, with the saltpetre, found without much difficulty, and the careful manufacture of certain

wood-ashes, had enabled him to renew the gunpowder supply whenever required. Occasionally, if an expedition of war had to be undertaken against outlying Bushmen and other troublemakers of their flocks, the firearms were taken out and used, as being more formidable engines of terror among the barbarians. Seventy years back, the tribe of Bushmen through which the settlers had fought a passage, had been punished; and since then, they had kept to their own mountains and the plains beyond, where they were never disturbed.

The Boers displayed extraordinary skill with their bows and arrows and in throwing the assegai. Originally, they had been taught by some tamed Bushmen in their service; but they had discarded the tiny poisoned weapons of these people for stout bows and strong arrows, and being almost without exception very strong muscular men, their shooting was something wonderful. An eland would be ridden into and despatched with a single arrow through the heart. Even the tall giraffe, tough though his hide and enormous his vitality, succumbed when galloped to a stand-still, before the sharp heavy arrows of these Dutch archers. The favourite plan of campaign was a drive of game past some of the shooters in ambush. Then, as the antelopes came flying by, bows twanged, Farquhar's rifles would rattle out; and at short ranges the bowmen scored almost equally as well as the gunners, for the Englishman lent his spare weapons to his delighted allies.

Riding hither and thither day after day over a magnificent and diversified country, ever beholding fresh scenes in an altogether unexplored and most interesting part of Africa, nearly always accompanied by Bina, who knew usually far more of plants, animals, and places even than the mankind accompanying them, Farquhar never enjoyed life more. The terrain was elevated and healthy, game was extraordinarily abundant, elephants and rhinoceroses especially so. These owed their immunity to their tough hides and the rare use of firearms by the Swanepoels, and were often seen, elephants in hundreds, and rhinoceroses in scores. Indeed, the settlers begged Farquhar to employ his rifles as much as possible against the truculent black rhinoceroses, which were not seldom, from their fierce habits, a source of danger. Lending his spare rifles to three or four of the settlers, who shot wonderfully well, considering their want of practice, some forty or fifty of these huge creatures were easily slain in a few weeks, and many of the remainder then moved off for a less dangerous vicinity. A few elephants carrying magnificent teeth were also shot; but Farquhar by this time had as much ivory as he could carry, and desisted from useless slaughter.

Various kraals of the Bakotwas were visited. The Englishman was surprised to find so fine a race of natives in this region, where the true negro type was more to be looked for. These people were of a handsome bronze-brown colour, tall and well formed, and having features slightly aquiline. Like the Bechuanas, they buried their dead with their feet pointing to the north-east; and from this fact and other noticeable peculiarities, Farquhar judged that, like the Kaffirs, Zulus, Bechuanas, and others of the Bantu race,

they came originally from north-east Africa, and were probably of Egyptian or Arab origin in the remote past. Like the Bechuanas, they called one of their antelopes the T'sesseby; and Farquhar wondered if there were not some connection between this name and the T'zebi of the Hebrews, translated into our Bible as the roe. Possibly he was right in his surmise; possibly the thing was nothing more than a strange coincidence. As he looked upon the tall, well-set-up males, and the proud handsome-looking females of these tribesmen, he was not astonished that Hendrik Swanepoel had mated his sons with young and christianised women picked from the Bakotwas. Certainly the strain had done no harm, but rather, as it seemed, good to the youthful settlement, by imparting a touch of fire and impetuosity to the sluggish Batavian blood. From the kind treatment of the first Swanepoel, continued by his successors, and from the still remembered alliance of blood, a firm friendship, useful on either side, existed between the settlers and the Bakotwas.

In their excursions, Farquhar Murray and the Dutch maiden saw much of one another. He on his part was astonished to find how much of knowledge, considering the scant opportunity she had had and the scarcity of books, the girl had acquired. True, her learning was almost absurdly antique. She spoke of Fontenoy and Dettingen, and even of Marlborough's wars in Flanders, and of those of William III. of England, as of events of yesterday. Her generation thus isolated in savage Africa knew not of Frederick the Great, or the French Revolution, or Napoleon the devastator, or of the conquest of Holland and its Bonaparte king. But of all these things and a thousand more, Bina thirsted to hear; and Farquhar, utterly surprised to find a Boer girl thus eager for knowledge, and even well informed according to her dim lights, did his best, although it taxed his memory somewhat, to impart the much required instruction. In truth, it was a delightful course of free-and-easy perambulatory lectures. Each day the girl acquired a further knowledge of English; each day, on his part, the young man learned some new and interesting fact in natural history, for Bina was an acute observer, and knew the mysterious ways of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air almost as if by intuition.

And so the pleasant days rolled on. Over many a rude and rugged mountain, through many a mile of fair forest-land, across many a league of rolling grassy plain, the two wandered, hunting, teaching, learning. Shut up in the dim recesses of her African home, the one, after long searching with blindfold yet eager mind, brought at last suddenly face to face with the bright and flashing pages of history, and knowledge from the outer world now first laid bare to her; the other watching with a keen delight and ever-increasing interest the progress of so apt and charming a pupil. And as Bina gradually came to appreciate—however dimly at first—the immense interests, the ages upon ages of learning stored up within that outer world, the ever-increasing thirst for discovery, the age of steam and electricity and other marvels, almost to her, and quite to her family, impossible for the present to be comprehended, she, hitherto walking proudly alone in the dark and narrow

paths of knowledge open to the Settlement, now seemed to lose something of the old independent spirit, and day by day to lean more and more upon her new friend and instructor. And almost imperceptibly, too, there rose presently within her breast, erected by some inward monitor of the soul feminine, a subtle barrier of maidenly reserve, which, at first dormant and unneeded, now steadily sprang up, putting rein upon the outspoken boy-like spirit that had erstwhile so laughingly met the greeting of the handsome Englishman. Farquhar felt the change, but, man-like, could for the present but dimly fathom it.

In the afternoons, when the work or the hunt was over, while the men smoked and chatted on the terrace, Vrouw Swanepoel and Bina steadily worked with deft fingers at the spinning-wheels, and fashioned fabrics of flax, of cotton, and of wool. The evenings, after the hot African day, were in these high uplands singularly cool and refreshing. Sometimes Bina's clear fresh voice would trill forth some quaint Volkslied of the old Netherlands or ballad of Van Tromp and Ruyter and their battles; sometimes Farquhar, who had a good baritone voice, would sing for them; sometimes others of the settlers would be asked up; and Andries, who, like many Hottentots, could fiddle a little, would be sent for, and would draw from his griny old violin a merry strain for the dancers. These dances were, however, not things of unmixed joy for the Englishman. He found the rest of the little Settlement, although no whit behind the Cape Boers in intelligence—indeed, on the whole much more educated and refined—very uninteresting, very different from Jacobina, herself apparently, by some freak of fancy, a paragon amid a mass of mediocrity.

IN A GARRISON INSTRUCTOR'S OFFICE.

AMONG the staff officers attached to each of the more important British military centres, at home or abroad, is one officially known as the Garrison Instructor. The actual army rank of this officer may vary a little according to circumstances, but his function is in every instance practically the same: it consists in the 'instruction' of young officers in such professional matters, for example, as military law, tactics, and fortification. He is assisted, in what may be described as the out-of-door department of the course of instruction, by a sergeant of the Royal Engineers, who, among other things, requires to be an adept in regard to surveying, the construction of hastily-put-together bridges, the tying of an extraordinary variety of knots, and the like. The sergeant, again, has a subordinate in the form of an orderly, who is 'struck off duty' for this post by one of the regiments in garrison, at whatever station.

At some places there is still a dearth of suitable accommodation for the Garrison Instructor, his class, and their appliances; but in the great 'standing' camps of the south of England buildings have been established for this special purpose. These structures and their internal fittings present many well-marked features in common, so much so, indeed, that a brief account

of any one of them and its surroundings is virtually applicable to all.

On approaching such an 'office,' which is a one-story edifice, and of little architectural pretension, a stranger's attention might be arrested by noticing an enclosure in line with it, or at least on obtaining a glimpse of the contents of this space. These include a number of curious basket-like objects and a great store of osiers; yet the wicker-ware is of a design unknown in every-day life. Here, too, are piles of what at a distance look somewhat like cigars of Brobdingnagian proportions. There are also numerous bags or sacks, just like those we have often seen being conveyed away from flour-mills, together with quite a forest of stakes driven into the ground, some in circles, others in parallel lines. These last have a peculiar, perhaps a slightly absurd aspect; and later on we shall more closely inspect them, as well as the other mysteries of the enclosure. Before entering the office, however, there is another feature of the vicinity that is remarkable—a small but formidable-looking redoubt, which stands in a piece of vacant land. Though this earthwork seems to bear no traces of having been attacked, there may be observed near it approaches, or 'parallels,' obviously made with the eventual intention of an assault; and in these trenches some of the cigar-like objects already noted are lying about. There is evidence, too, of wicker-work here and there on the parapets of the fortification itself.

Stepping into the office, in the morning and previous to the arrival of the officers, we find the orderly-man engaged in what at first sight appears to be a rather puerile occupation. In a corner of the spacious apartment is a strong-legged table, bearing a box or trough some eight feet square by two feet deep. This is full of sand, which the soldier is alternately watering from a large watering-pan, and turning over with one of a number of gardeners' trowels lying near by. Finally, he reduces the sand to a nice level surface. At a subsequent hour of the day, however, a surprising change has passed over the surface of the sand—an elaborate series of fortifications has risen, as if by magic, in the trough; and it is now plain that the matutinal operations of the orderly are chiefly those that we see carried out, in the case of less scientifically built forts, by the tide when flowing on the sea-beach.

In another part of the room stands a model, larger in area than a billiard table, of a tract of country. Here are villages, ranges of hills, plantations, rivers with bridges crossing them, and so on. This contrivance, of course, is used for the 'War Game;' and on various parts of it may be seen the (metal) bodies of troops that shared in the great conflict of the preceding day. Some of these battalions are coloured red, others blue. The orderly, with a particular kind of cue, gathers the late opposing forces to the margin of the table, afterwards subjecting the district of country, rivers and all, to a careful dusting. In addition to the above appliance, there is here a form of map which is also employed for the War Game. It comprises a far greater portion of the earth's surface than the model, and is pasted on blocks of wood about

an inch thick, and eighteen inches or so square, which can be placed in juxtaposition as required, much in the same way as in the instance of the puzzle-maps for children sometimes seen. Like the model, the map has its quota of red and blue combatants, who, when not actively engaged, are kept in a box along with the disjoined sections of their scene of operations.

The Instructor illustrates his prelections by means of diagrams on a blackboard placed at the end of the room; and the clearness of these delineations is much enhanced by the sponging of the board with ink in the morning by the orderly. At long tables, one or two at each, sit the officers. Here, besides listening to the Instructor, they have to elaborate the sketches made when surveying the neighbouring country with the assistance of the sergeant of Engineers, who is usually a proficient in this branch of his calling. They also make plans of fortifications, as well as drawings of other kinds; and after their departure, it is occasionally observed that a few of the drawings are not strictly of a professional nature—landscapes and other 'studies' in Indian ink lie on one or two tables. Now and then, during the progress of the course, the Instructor calls upon the sergeant, who sits writing at a table in a somewhat isolated position, to 'bring the ropes.' Accordingly, he produces from a press a number of pieces of rope, each about a yard and a half in length. He also brings another quantity of ropes; but these are tied in a great variety of knots, some quite simple, others considerably complicated. The sergeant distributes the knots about the room, and the young officers proceed to make copies of them upon the first-mentioned lengths of rope.

As has already been hinted, a good deal of the officers' time is passed in the open air. At the commencement of their course, for instance, the redoubt we noticed standing in the neighbourhood was non-existent, and has since been thrown up partly by the actual manual labour of the officers, who thus acquire a really practical knowledge of the erection of earthworks. This redoubt has been built in no haphazard fashion. Before it was begun, plans of its parapets, escarp, and so on, might have been seen lying on the tables within the office; while the orderly-man no doubt remembers having demolished a precisely similar though miniature stronghold in the sand-trough. At no great distance, again, from the above fortification is a natural ravine, which would present an obstacle to the advance of an army. But this has been bridged over with wooden beams; and it is noticeable that the woodwork is for the most part fastened together not with nails or bolts, but by lengths of rope, tied in ingenious ways. Though not of a permanent character, the bridge has required some care in its building; it might possibly be capable of bearing the passage of field artillery.

At the beginning of the present paper we alluded to an enclosure adjacent to the Garrison Instructor's office. On arriving at the entrance to this quarter, one may see painted over the doorway the words 'Gabion Yard.' Within the yard, among other things, are the circles of stakes previously remarked. These are embryo

gabions, which, after being properly wattled with osiers or young hazel branches and uprooted from the ground, are ready to be placed on parapets and filled with earth; or, if stuffed with brushwood, they may be rolled along and set up as a temporary protection to the men of a storming-party. Here are also shorter stakes set in the earth in parallel rows. Between the rows, which may be two feet or farther apart, branches are forced, and afterwards bound together with withes of osiers, the result being fascines—the elongated, cigar-shaped objects we observed from a distance. Fascines measure about twelve feet in length. They are easily carried, so that the ditch of a fort can be quickly filled up with them, and a passage made for the assault; they are also useful in the construction of such works, for example, as the ‘parallels’ near the redoubt. In the yard, too, are heaps of sandbags of various sizes. With these, when they are at hand, a parapet can be made much more rapidly than with earth.

At length the conclusion of the course of instruction arrives. The long tables are cleared by the officers of their books, instruments, and drawings—any Indian ink landscapes left behind being consigned to the waste-paper basket by the sergeant, who also covers up with a cloth the model, and locks away the other War Game apparatus in a box. Under his superintendence one strong fatigue-party razes the redoubt to the ground; while another takes to pieces the wooden bridge, depositing its materials in the Gabion Yard. Then the Garrison Instructor, before ‘going on leave,’ removes from the office his private belongings; and the orderly levels the sand in the trough for the last time, dispensing, however, on this occasion with his watering-pan. Finally, the sergeant of Engineers pulls down the blinds, locks the door, and hands over the key to the officials of the Barrack Department.

HUMOUR AT SCHOOL.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

By H. J. BARKER.

THE annual examination of girls' schools, and even the ordinary class-questioning of the mistresses, are often productive of diverting specimens of girlish naïveté and humour. As a rule, the children's written composition exercises or essays afford a larger quota of humour than the oral class answers. Nevertheless, the transparent ingenuousness which frequently characterises the latter imparts an equally attractive feature.

A London schoolmistress once obtained an answer of so curious a nature, that it is questionable whether it should be referred to the category of mere ingenuousness or of positive juvenile wit. The lady had been taking her first-class girls in that pathetic portion of the closing chapters of Genesis which deals with the reconciliation of Joseph to his conscience-stricken brethren. After the lesson she gave a recapitulatory oral examination. By means of ‘question and answer’ she elicited from the girls how Joseph ‘could not refrain himself’ in the presence of his brethren, but wept aloud before them;

how he cried, ‘I am Joseph—doth my father yet live?’ how he told them that they must return to Canaan, and straightway bring back the aged patriarch; and finally, how the great wagons were brought out for the journey.

‘And now,’ continued the mistress, ‘what did kind Joseph give to his brothers before they started?’

Of course she expected the reply, ‘Provisions and changes of raiment.’ However, this was *not* the answer she received.

‘Yes, *you* may tell me,’ she said, pointing to one of the girls in front.

‘Some good advice!’ responded the pupil.

‘Whatever do you mean?’ inquired the puzzled lady.

‘Why, madam,’ replied the girl, ‘Joseph, knowing that his brothers were not accustomed to the use of wagons, thoughtfully said to them, “See that ye fall not out by the way!”’

During an etymology lesson, a mistress obtained an answer from a girl which may be characterised both as ingenuous and ingenious. The lady was dealing with the common nouns and their cognate *abstract* forms. In order to ensure that the class should thoroughly apprehend the subject of her discourse, she took care to put before them the very plainest examples; such as (common noun) judge; (abstract noun) justice: (common) coward; (abstract) cowardice; &c.

She then surmised that she might safely venture to elicit from the girls themselves a few examples of such cognate forms. Accordingly, towards the close of the lesson she made the request.

After some time, one child timidly raised her hand.

‘There’s a good girl,’ said the teacher; ‘now, what is your example of these common and abstract forms?’

‘Please, ma’am,’ answered the girl, ‘(common) body; (abstract) bodice!’

I need scarcely remark that the governess decided that her class required at least one additional lesson, before being subjected to a searching examination.

The first essay which I present is the effusion of a girl in attendance at a poor school at the East end. The subject for composition was ‘Dreams.’

‘Dreams are those queer short tales which come into your head when you are asleep. The boys have them as well as girls and women. They are not true. If you have had a good supper, they are rather longer, and not quite so true. Meat or fried fish makes them very long. When you have no supper at all, you either do not dream, or else you can’t remember them. We genelly dream some dreams over and over again.

‘I have two short dreams which I have had a many times, but my brother has more which he can remember, and my mother has one nightmare, she says. I do not know why my father never says he has any dreams, except it is because they are so long he hasnt the time to remember them.

‘I oftens dream that I am a baby, and my mother is tyetying me up and down in her arms, and singing chickachick chuck to me. Then I always say, “Why, mother, hark! that’s the

school bell ringing!" and she always says, "So it is; chuck off to school with you, quick! I forgot as you wasn't a baby." That is all I dream about that dream.

'The other is about dreaming I am one of Mr Mason's pretty pigeons. I sing chickachick, and then I fly up on to Mr Mason's pigeon house slates. As soon as I am nicely up there, and looking down over, I turn into a girl again. Then my mother always gets Mr Mason's ladder, and fetches me down, and smacks me on the arms for climbing up. Them slaps always seem to stop my dreaming, else to wake me up.

'My brother says he is always on at dreaming that the policeman is taking him to the station, and he never can wake till they are just marching him up the steps to the inside. He says he wakes up directly he gets to the top step; and he can always hear hisself just shouting out something after he's waked. He can never find out, he says, what he's shouting out; but he can remember that it always looks very dark inside the station passage, and a lot of policemen's eyes shining at the end.

'Another dream he has only dreamed a few times, and he tells it us over his breakfast, when he says that mother breaks his dream by only giving him the tail end of our breakfast herrin. His dream is that he sees a big thing running about just shaped like a pig, only the colour and smell of a bloater. Then he tries to catch it, thinking what a lot of bloater he's going to have for his share; but the pig always gets away and leaves nothin but its tail in his hand. He says it makes him feel wild every time as he dreams that dream.

'My mother only has one nightmare dream which I have herd her tell. She looks through our parlor window, and there she sees the old Jew rag and bone man standing on the other side of the street. He is larking and looking at her, and he holds five gold sovrins up in his fingers, and cries out, "What do you think, missis? Your grandmother has died, and left you these five sovrins; but you have to come out and get them in one minute, else they have to go to that cuzin of yours." Then she rushes to the door, and opens it to run across to him. But just as she jumps off the step on to the pavement, the wind always bangs the door to behind her, and catches her dress. Then she turns round savage, and pulls and tares at her dress till she has got herself freed; but when she looks across the road again, the old rag and bone man has gone, and she can only just hear him shouting out round the corner, "Too late, missis! it has to go to that cuzin of yours." And mother says that she then wakes up screaming ever so, and finds herself taring and scratting at the bedclothes, else at father's back.'

The next selection is taken from a girl's Scriptural exercise on 'Hagar and Ishmael.' There is a display of genuine sympathy in the child's essay, which is as refreshing as it is typical. After an opening paragraph, in which she gives a graphic description of the domestic arrangements of the patriarch Abraham's household (but which, from certain considerations, I am constrained to omit), the little essayist proceeds:

'And behold, those two wives, Sarah and Hagar, were always quareling about things,

Hagar telling Sarah as she laughed in God's face when he told her as she was going to have a baby, and Sarah telling poor Hagar as she was not a regular real wife, so she needn't talk. Wives which were not regular were called Jewish bondwomen. One extrer one was allowed by God, so that it was not a sin.

'Also it came to pass that Sarah told nasty tales to Abraham, and asked him to turn poor Hagar and her little boy Ishmael out of doors. And behold, Abraham believed her. But before turning them out, Abraham kindly gave them a good loaf of bread and a bottle of water. So they walked out into a wilderness, eating the loaf and drinking out of the big bottle. They slept on the ground all night, and the next day poor Ishmael and his mother did nothing else but cry for want of vickuals. Then Hagar saw that her dear boy was drawing his breath quick as if he was dying, and she kneeled down on the grass and prayed to God as loud as she could, and looking at her little boy drawing his breath quick.

'And behold, while Hagar was praying like that, God heard her, and sent His angel with another loaf and bottle, and told Hagar to cheer up, because her darling boy Ishmael should not die, but should grow up to be a great man called Arabien of the Desert, and should possess herds of camels and goats.'

The next essay is upon the subject of 'Home,' and is from the pen of a girl in the second class of a National School. The reader will at once gather that the child's own 'home' is located in one of the blind alleys not far from the 'silver-flowing Thames.'

'We call that place Home where our father and mother lives. Number 2, — Court, is my home. There is a girl called Milly Pearson lives a few doors from us whose father is just now working in a town called Bedford forty miles away she says. And he sends his wages to her mother every week. Her brother Ben lives with him. But Ben's home is not that house at Bedford where he lives with his father; but his home is same as Milly's home, where Mrs Pearson lives, number 5 of our Court.

'I wish our home was as niced as theirs. But O it never will be, so long as my dear silly father drinks so. My mother besides has half a pint of beer to her dinner, and to her supper, and rather more on Sundays, and a bottle in the cuboard which she never lets me go with. So we havnt a carpit in our room. Only oilcloth. Mr Pearson never gets drunk, Milly says, and Mrs Pearson is a teetoteller, and Milly is a Band of Hope. And they have a niced carpit in their room. The oilcloth in their back room is better than the one in our front. I am only waiting for mother to buy me a fresh frock and things, and then I shall go with Milly Pearson to the Band of Hope room. I spend a deal of time with Milly, although she is older than me. She sometimes makes me cry with the niced storeys she tells me, and the things she gives me.

'There is a song which we sing at school, which makes me sometimes tremble while we are singing it. The lines which makes me feel the queerist are, "Mid pleasures and palices though we may rome, be it ever so humble, theres no place like Home." It makes me think

of our Court, and my father, and what a happy home ours would be if it wasnt for all them pennys going in beer. Will our home ever be more like Home than it is, I wonder.

'I always do my home-lessons at Milly Pearson's, because their house is so quiet inside, and Milly can do money subtractions and dividings so easy, even when its thousands of pounds and plenty of borrring and carry one. My mother says she cant aford burning a lamp for me to do home-lessons; and that the gas-lamp in the Court is good enough for her. I am very sorry for mother that oil is so dear. She says as it isnt wurth buying, because it isnt no better than water about our place. I always add up my mother's shoppin book for her when it gets to the bottom of the page, and she makes me go up and down it several times to see if I cant make it come no less. She says the colour man never went to the School Board, and makes all sortser mistakes. I think my mother is right, because he doesnt shape his figures same as Third or Fourth Standard. He leaves out all his dits, and doesnt rule his lines. Also his ds are Capitle ones, and he doesnt count his farthings right in his answer at the end.

'I remember a very true storey which the Mistress has told us, showing how dearer our home and our country seems to be when we have left them never to return. There is a bird called a lark which everybody has seen fluttering against the wires in them little cages with turf inside of them in the bird shops. But the Teacher says that in the country this bird is to be seen and heard for nothing in every English field. I do so wish as one of the dear little things would come and sing above our Court. Well that was just how some great strong miners felt out in Austrailia. They wished to hear the sweet voice of the lark again, which they knew was singing up above the fields thousands of miles away. And at last one morning as they was going to work they actually did hear it. Then they follered the sound till they came to a poor old woman's cottage, and there they saw the lark singing in a wicker cage just outside the door. Then those men stood und looked and listened, and listened, and they thought of their English homes, and the fields, and the sky, and the Teacher said as they stood there before that little bird till the tears rolled down their cheeks. What does she mean by saying that the lark looks like a speck in the clear blue sky. She always says that. I should so like to see what she means.'

During an examination in New Testament history a north-country Diocesan Inspector received a very practical reply from one of the girls in a church school. In the course of his examination he put certain questions to the class on the twenty-second chapter of St Luke's gospel. In this chapter there is an accoutnt of the manner in which Christ and his disciples kept the pass-over.

Presently, he asked: 'What *was* this unleavened bread which Christ so frequently mentions?'

The question appeared to puzzle the class considerably. Probably, not a single one of the children had ever seen or tasted the article.

The Inspector waited patiently, and at the same time he assured the class how very pleased he would be with any child who answered the

question. At length, one plump little girl in the body of the class eyed the Inspector courageously, and elevated her hand.

'Well,' said the Inspector, 'what do you say unleavened bread is, my little girl?'

'Please, sir,' she replied, without shifting her eyes from his face for one moment, 'it'll mean home-made!'

'Home-made?' the gentleman ejaculated. 'Well, yes, my child, I suppose it would be home-made. But explain to me your answer more fully.'

'Why, sir,' the little dame glibly responded, 'Jesus was always a saying, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees;" and he knew that if he could only get his follerers to make their own bread, the wicked Pharisees would never have a hand in it, but would have to throw their nasty old leaven away!'

One of Her Majesty's Inspectors was once examining a class in reading, when he put the following question to a child who had just read a paragraph to him: 'Now concerning these Red Indians, my child, which are mentioned in the first portion of your paragraph—where do they live?'

The little examinee was evidently determined not to lose her 'excellent' mark for general knowledge and intelligence; so, after a few moments' hesitation, she answered: 'In wigwams, sir!'

'Yes, just so,' reluctantly assented the Inspector; 'but I wish you to tell me in what country they live?'

The girl felt that she was 'cornered;' but with praiseworthy resolution, she endeavoured to rise equal to the occasion. So—although her lips were trembling with nervous excitement—she looked up into the Inspector's face and replied: 'Please, sir, in Red India!'

VIA UMBRE.

With sunset glory glowing
Were hill and sky and sea;
The night-wind soft was blowing,
It whispered low to me.

And old hopes almost blighted
By Sorrow's trembling tears,
Once more with glory lighted
The Pathway of the years.

They came, 'mid evening splendour,
That shone across the sea;
And Love, with look so tender,
Again did beckon me:

And far the stretching ocean
Of sunset, trembling gold,
Reflected my emotion—
The soul-deep thoughts of old.

It passed, and glory faded
From hill and sky and sea;
The Pathway, deeply shaded,
Was all it left to me.

W. A. S. BURGESS.

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ATLANTIC ICE.

Of all the incidental difficulties and dangers that beset the navigation of the North Atlantic, there is none that causes so much anxiety to the mariner as detached ice, whether existent in the form of floes or bergs. The season of 1890 will long be remembered in the nautical and scientific world as being quite phenomenal in regard to the quantity of ice reported, and the geographical limits within which it has been encountered. But it is by no means easy to obtain definite information on the subject. It is true that the regular Atlantic liners carefully note and report the position of the ice encountered by them; yet, until the laws that govern the magnitude and the range of the Atlantic drift-ice are more accurately known, such reports do little else than sound a note of alarm to the navigator, apprising him of the existence of a danger, but leaving him quite in ignorance as to the locality where it may next be encountered. In ordinary seasons, it is assumed that the detachment of the bergs from the parent glaciers in Greenland does not take place until May is well advanced; that when free from the ice that has covered land and sea alike during the Polar winter, they set out on a southerly journey into the warmer waters of the Atlantic, slowly urged on their voyage by the chill waters of a cold drift-current that ever flows through the depths of the Atlantic from Pole to equator. It is strange that the language of agriculture should be requisitioned to describe phenomena so distinctly antagonistic as that presented by Arctic ice. An expanse of ice resting upon and covering the sea with a coating of uniform thickness is spoken of as an *ice-field*; while the process of severance whereby a berg is detached from the glacier is alluded to as *calving*. The calving process, however, would seem to have occurred at a much earlier date this year than in previous seasons, for as early as April 22, the steamer *La Gascoigne*, while on a voyage from New York to Havre, reported passing three icebergs, all of great size, in latitude 42° 51' north. For icebergs

to have reached so far south at such a date is most remarkable, and as far as our present knowledge of the climatic conditions of the Arctic ice regions is concerned, quite unexplainable. During the months of May and June hardly a voyage was made across the North Atlantic without ice being reported, many steamers having to make most lengthy detours to avoid it; and several firms, with a praiseworthy prudence, mapped out a much more southerly course for the vessels of their fleets, wisely choosing a longer passage, than run the risks of collision with field or berg ice.

The progress of a berg from its home in a Greenland fiord, down through Davis Strait and along the desolate shores of Labrador, is necessarily a very tardy one. Passing Labrador, they glide slowly over the Banks, losing no inconsiderable portion of their bulk whenever they strand in the shallows of that region. Even when an iceberg has its base deeply embedded in the sea-bed, the check to its voyage is often but of short duration. The restlessness of the sea, the influence of the tides, and the ever-constant propelling influence of the Labrador current, soon effect its release, and onward it glides in ghostly majesty, its base hidden in the depths of the ocean, and its pinnacled summit shrouded in an impenetrable mist. The detached fragments, the broken snouts of the berg, severed by friction with the ocean floor, freeze again to the sides of the berg as it pursues its southerly course, like a monster ship of ice surrounded by a flotilla of attendant shore-boats. From Newfoundland the moving ice follows the trend of the North American shore, gradually decreasing in mass, until, reduced to a liquid, it is lost in the waters of the surrounding ocean. The dissolution, however, takes a considerable time to accomplish. The two melting forces, the warm air and warm water, into whose influence the berg advances, receive a very material check by reason of the air and water which are in immediate contact with the berg. As the ice slowly melts, *fresh* water will result, and this, by virtue of its lesser specific gravity,

floats upon the surface of the ocean. The temperature of this surrounding area of fresh water will be very little if anything above the freezing-point. The air above this zone of fresh water will naturally take the same temperature, while that contiguous to the berg itself takes the temperature of the berg; so that the iceberg is surrounded with an aerial and water blanket many degrees below the normal temperature of the region through which the berg passes. Aided by these hindrances to a speedy dissolution, icebergs have been known to float as far south as the latitude of Gibraltar before they have wasted away. The envelope of fog that surrounds that part of the iceberg above the sea-level, chilling as is its effect upon the ocean voyager, is not an unmixed evil, for its presence often serves to notify the proximity of ice. The condensation of the aqueous matter present in the atmosphere is not the only warning that the navigator receives of his approach to ice. Many shipmasters aver that the human body is peculiarly sensitive in this respect, and the damp, penetrating chilliness, which once experienced is never forgotten, affords an infallible index of the vicinity of berg or field ice. In the language of the *Ancient Mariner*:

And it grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast high came floating by
As green as emerald.

Unfortunately, however, in these days of keen competition and rapid passages, navigators cannot regard such vague premonitions with the importance they deserve; they serve, however, to advise a careful man that danger may lurk in the dense fog that surrounds him, and he prepares to meet it accordingly. Some idea of the extent of these fog-areas may be gathered from the fact that vessels steaming from twelve to fifteen knots have taken from one to three days to sail through them, and that without making any appreciable reduction in their speed. It must not be lost sight of that ships have undoubtedly traversed these fog-patches without encountering ice or any trace of it, and that, too, when the very centre of the fog-zone has been pierced. The explanation, however, no doubt is, that the process of liquefaction, whereby the berg has been transformed from ice to water, has just been consummated, and that the resultant icy waters have chilled the warmer superincumbent atmosphere, rendering its vapour visible as a dense mist or fog.

The season of 1889 was one of comparative immunity from Atlantic ice-dangers. Why the succeeding year should be so prolific of both berg and field ice is as yet unexplainable. It is suggested, however, that the prevalence of severe northerly gales during the whole of December and part of January 1889-90 contributed not a little to set the ice free in larger quantities and at an earlier date than usual. Another peculiarity of the 1890 season is the remarkable fact that the ice has penetrated farther eastwards than it has been known to do before. The master of the sealing-vessel *Terra Nova*, while on a voyage from Newfoundland to Dundee, encountered many large bergs, one of the largest being found in 50° north and 41° west. Subsequent reports show that both field and berg ice have been met with even two degrees farther eastwards than the

position cited above. This eastward extension of the ice during 1890 may have been caused by some abnormal influence of the Labrador current, or by the supposition that bergs may have entered upon the drift of the Gulf Stream before they had been melted, and were in consequence slowly carried to the northward and eastward. The locality in which the ice has been thickest is that where the Labrador current impinges upon the waters of the Gulf Stream. Here both currents become considerably enfeebled, and the bergs accumulate in consequence. In spite of such an abundance of ice, maritime disasters therefrom have been most rare. No higher tribute can be paid to the prudence and skill of North Atlantic navigators than to state that no serious calamity by ice collision has occurred, and except in one or two instances, the regularity and punctuality of Atlantic voyages have not been interfered with. Perhaps the nearest approach to a disastrous collision with a berg was that experienced by the *Normannia*. Between latitudes 46° 29' and 45° 20' north, and longitudes 42° 22' and 48° west, no fewer than twenty-five icebergs were descried, and with one of these the ship collided.

Fortunately, the damage was trivial, and all above the water-line. It was during a dense fog that the iceberg was suddenly sighted, and before the reversal of the engines had time to take the way off the ship, she struck it broadside on. The passengers scarcely felt the shock, for the vessel immediately glanced off the berg into clear water. A little less vigilance and a little less promptness on the part of the captain and crew of the *Normannia*, and she had no doubt gone to swell the ranks of the missing. A similar accident, the disastrous consequences of which were averted in a similar manner, befell the *Thingvalla*. In the case of the *Beacon-Light*, an Atlantic liner provided with a powerful search-light, the collision was of a somewhat more serious nature. Her log reports: 'During a heavy fog at midnight an immense iceberg was discovered towering above the ship not seventy-five feet away. Orders were given to alter the helm and reverse the engines, but not altogether in time to clear the berg, which was struck by the starboard bow of the steamer. A large quantity of ice was dislodged, and the ship was considerably damaged, but brought safely into port.' Collision with the berg is not the only danger to be feared from a too close propinquity with an iceberg. Exposure to an atmosphere many degrees warmer than itself causes the ice to assume a spongy character, highly favourable to the severance of fragments of all sizes upon the least disturbing influence being brought to bear upon it. The vibration of the air caused by the sounding of a steamer's whistle has been known, in the case of 'porous ice,' to detach large masses from the berg; while a gun fired in the neighbourhood of a similar berg produced atmospheric concussion sufficient to bring down enough ice to destroy any vessel upon which it fell. It must be borne in mind, however, that the severance above alluded to was only effected with bergs the ice of which was 'spongy and rotten.' Below the water-line the changes in the ice-mass are much to be feared by a vessel that happens to be near when they occur. The detachment of huge blocks often shifts the

position of a berg's centre of gravity, with the result that the iceberg immediately capsizes, crushing everything in its immediate neighbourhood.

As far back as 1875, the adoption of steam lanes a considerable distance to the southward of the usual course of Atlantic liners was advocated; and it is satisfactory to observe that common prudence impels mariners to cross the 50th meridian during the months of March, April, May, and June, at a point much farther to the south than their point of intersection during the other months of the year. Many firms, however, do not rely too much upon the discretion of their commanders, but carefully procuring all the available information relative to the quantity and drift of the ice, they map out a course for them accordingly.

The pilot chart issued in June by the United States Hydrographical Department indicated that the prudent course for vessels proceeding eastwardly was to cross longitude forty-seven degrees at latitude forty degrees north. The westerly course is to cross the same longitude at latitude thirty-nine degrees. The adoption of such precautionary measures has no doubt done much to minimise the risks of ocean voyaging during the ice-season; but the question naturally arises, cannot anything be devised which shall give the mariner sufficient warning of the proximity of ice? Up to the present, nothing of a reliable nature has yet been invented. The most powerful electric search-lights were inefficient in the case of the *Beacon-Light* to reveal danger until it was but some seventy-five feet away. It has been suggested, however, that by means of a thermopile and a galvanometer, and an ordinary mercurial thermometer for recording the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, a very effective ice-indicator can be made. A movable contact-breaker should be fitted to the galvanometer, and this should be set at a point considerably below the temperature recorded by the thermometer. When the mercury in the thermometer falls to the point at which the movable contact-breaker of the galvanometer is placed, the thermopile by means of an electric alarm-bell notifies this fact, and this sudden fall in the temperature suggests that the fog-bank conceals an iceberg. In the case of a sudden fall in the temperature, the warning of the thermopile would prove invaluable; but it is by no means satisfactorily established that the envelope of cold air surrounding an iceberg is separated from the normal air of the region outside the area of the berg's influence by so definite a line of demarcation as a sudden diminution of temperature of ten degrees. It is more probable that the transition from the normal temperature to the cold air in juxtaposition to the berg is an extremely gradual one; and in that case ordinary observation would prove almost as efficacious as the somewhat elaborate plan alluded to above. Such dangers as field and berg ice entail upon the navigator can hardly have failed to call into existence a host of suggestions as to the best way of removing them. That which has occurred to many is that a vessel of war should be employed to patrol the Atlantic and destroy by firing upon or other means any berg it may encounter. The idea of enlisting the forces of

war to facilitate the commerce of the nation is not without its attractiveness. Unfortunately, however, such a scheme meets with no favour from practical men. It must not be forgotten that the specific gravity of ice as compared with water is as .9 to 1, so that something like nine-tenths of the mass of the berg is below the sea-level. The destruction of the pinnacled summits of the berg would simply mean the reduction of the berg to a more compact form, and the consequent lessening of the visible area of the iceberg.

An iceberg with a summit rising some ninety or a hundred feet above the sea is undoubtedly a great danger to safe navigation; but except when obscured by fog, it is a danger that reveals itself for a considerable distance. A mass of ice, however, over which the sea washes, or which is elevated above the waves but to the height of ten or fifteen feet, is a danger much more to be feared. The difficulty is clearly one in which prevention is the best cure. A fleet of ocean patrols could easily determine the quantity of ice, and the rate of its drift, that was likely to intersect the trade routes across the North Atlantic. Such knowledge rapidly and widely disseminated by means of despatch-boats and the electric telegraph, would do much to reduce ice-dangers to a minimum. There is one other phase of Atlantic ice-phenomena that stands in need of elucidation. It has been proved beyond doubt that of the bergs carried southwards by the Labrador current, some find their way back to what has aptly been termed the 'Palaeocrystic Sea.' The direction that such bergs take, and the course they must drift to avoid the continuance of the southerly direction that must sooner or later result in the liquefaction of the largest bergs, are at present shrouded in mystery. It is matter for discussion whether the surface-drift of the Gulf Stream is sufficient to deflect a berg to the northward and eastward. The solving of these problems is calculated to benefit in the highest degree possible the North Atlantic trade, for it is a phase of marine exploration that will go far to develop the truth of the aphorism, 'The seas but join the nations they divide,' and so knit closer together the great English-speaking peoples separated by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER IV.—A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

THE secret which the doctor suspected was weighing on the old butler's mind so oppressively that Francis Gray found little difficulty in inducing him to relieve himself by revealing it. It was a blow to the young man, the nature of which Stokes did not comprehend.

'I was fastening up last night, Mr Gray,' he said, 'a little after the clock struck twelve, and I opened the Hall door to have a look at the night before going to bed. I no sooner stepped out than I saw a man cross quickly—though it was pretty dark and my eyesight is none of the best—from the holly clump to the shrubbery on the left. As the thing didn't look honest, it was my duty to see into it, and I knew the master, with his

casement open, was close at hand if help was wanted. So I walked along on the grass border, and came upon him unawares. You may imagine my amazement, Mr Gray, when I discovered it was Mr Charles.'

Gray, with his elbows resting on his knees and his head bent, made no reply.

Stokes, at considerable length, continued the account of the meeting. As soon as he recognised Stokes, the vicar's fears were allayed, for he knew the loyalty of the old servant. He explained that he had only stolen there in the night to take a last farewell of his wife and child and his brother, before fleeing the country for ever.

'Another year of it would have killed me, Stokes,' he had said; 'ay, half a year. I have just come from the vicarage, and I know I can go in to Rowan through the casement—I see by the light he is still there.'

Pressing some money into the butler's hand—ten pounds it proved to be, a new Bank of England note—the vicar bade him farewell, imploring him with his last words to be silent, or his chances of escape would be lost.

'I know the secret is as safe with you, Mr Gray, as with the dead; and with God's help, Mr Charles will soon be out of their reach!'

'He did not tell you where he was going?'

'No; he'd have told master that. Woe is me, Mr Gray, but it would be a double misfortune to the house if he was caught!'

'You did not see him leave, I suppose?'

'I went straight to bed, after seeing the place secure.'

'I am glad you have told me this, Stokes. We must be most careful in keeping the secret, for several reasons. I should not wish even Dr Hayle to know it, though he is as loyal as you or I. But the fewer persons that have a secret, you know, the safer it is.'

'That's true, Mr Gray.—But I'm sorry I took the money from Mr Charles. I didn't know what I was doing; and likely enough—unless Mr Rowan supplied him—he'll want it more than me.—I am thinking,' he added in an earnest whisper, 'that the suddenness of Mr Charles's visit, and the way matters was with him, may have been the cause of—yon know,' he said, pointing in the direction of the study.

To this view of the cause of Rowan King's fatality, Gray made no objection; but he suggested to the butler the danger of retaining that bank-note, as bank-notes were things that could be traced.

'Then I'll burn it!' exclaimed Stokes, taking forth the note from his pocket.

'That would be waste of money, Stokes. Give it to me, and I shall know how to dispose of it safely.'

Stokes did so; and notwithstanding his compunction for having accepted the money, was by no means displeased to receive ten sovereigns from Gray in exchange for it.

It was now late in the afternoon; and Gray, walking presently up and down the portrait-gallery, and now and then halting to contemplate the picture of Lady Florence, was harassed with the thought of the two ladies at the vicarage. It was cruel to leave them alone; but how could he comfort them? He could indeed, and

would, conceal from them the knowledge that Charles King had been at the Hall after leaving them, and had entered his brother's study from the grounds. But the consciousness of this dire secret, and that the examination next day would disclose the dreadful truth about Rowan King's tragic death, would unfit him as a comforter.

How far the secret of the vicar's visit would be kept—five persons already knew it, and there was no knowing whether others had seen or recognised him in the neighbourhood—was the keenest anxiety of all. Would the police be able to trace his steps from Portland to Yewle? If they suspected that he had been at Yewle, there was little doubt they would succeed in this.

As to any motive Charles King could have for taking his brother's life, the question seemed to Gray to be beyond the scope of human reason. Who could read and follow the dark workings of a mind unhinged by terrible wrong and punishment? And what might have passed last night between the brothers—if, indeed, anything at all passed—would never be known.

He wished above all to warn Mrs King and Agnes of the danger of speaking of that visit; but how was he to do so without at the same time revealing his own horrible fear? The same fear had blanched Mrs King's face that morning, and he recoiled from reviving it—shrank most of all from awakening even a suspicion in the mind of Agnes.

While turning over these thoughts, Gray walked out into the grounds, and quite unconsciously proceeded slowly in the direction of the vicarage. When he discovered himself there, separated from the garden by a wall five feet high, he paused to think what he should do. For the first time he felt the sharp pang of jealousy. The pain was made all the sharper by the situation in which he now found himself. Richard King had come there that morning to comfort them, and he was free from that burden which Francis Gray had to carry locked in his breast, and which so unfitted the young man for the office of a comforter. He could not act a false part, and he dared not disclose what he knew. Nor was he unmindful of the fact that his residence at Yewle was nearly at an end—that with the consignment of Rowan King's body to the coffin which had lain for years in the house of the dead awaiting it, his presence would be no longer required in Yewle. Mr Richard King would be master.

With a sad heart, Gray was glad now that he had not had an opportunity the previous night of saying to Agnes King the rash words he had meditated. There would be no going away now, except for him; they would remain at Yewle; and by-and-by, when time should have softened their troubles, Richard King would win his suit, and Agnes would be mistress of Yewle. But at this point the blood rose in his face and he clenched his fingers angrily. 'Better she were dead,' he muttered through his teeth; 'yet, oh, how powerless and unfortunate I am!'

He was standing on the trunk of a fallen tree—which had many and many a time been his stepping-stone in crossing the garden wall of the vicarage—and with his arms resting on the wall and his chin on his hands, he was staring straight before him, seeing nothing. In

this situation he was presently startled by hearing voices approaching through the garden. The shrubs and bushes concealed the speakers from his view; but before the thought of moving came into his mind, he saw them, and was held to the spot by a spell which he was without the power to resist. The speakers were Agnes King and Richard King. They were walking slowly, close together; the girl's head was hanging forward on her bosom, and King leaned over her, speaking earnestly in a low voice. When they were a few yards from the end of the garden, the girl looked up in her companion's face and halted. Gray could see the working of some powerful emotion in her bosom, by its quick rising and falling; but her face was absolutely colourless, and not in her most radiant hours did he ever remember to have seen her look so beautiful. She spoke, notwithstanding her agitation, in low, clear, and firm tones, that showed how strongly her will was concentrated in them.

'Yes,' she said, 'yes—if you do that. For ever and for ever, if you clear my father's name. I shall be but a poor reward for so precious a deed!' As she spoke, she raised her clasped hands as high as her face, and then dropped them before her; and Richard King lifted them to his lips, and gazing cravingly in her upturned face for a moment, turned and went away.

The spell was broken now, and Francis Gray felt that his heart was broken too, as he dropped down on the soft turf, and went back, dazed with sorrow, to the gloomy and silent Hall. The only clear idea in his mind was to obtain the key of the study from old Stokes, and pass the night in darkness with his dead friend. For the dead was more to him now than the living; outside that dark room where Rowan King's body still sat in the deep chair, Gray had no friend in the world. In a day or two he should have passed the confines of that tremendous solitude, there to be quickly lost, and as soon forgotten by the few who had known him at Yewle.

These were the gloomy and morbid thoughts which filled him, when, on reaching the door, a note was handed to him by a messenger who had arrived there just before him. It was from Mrs King, asking him to come over to the vicarage and stay with them for an hour or two, as they were alone. There was a pathetic appeal in the simply-worded request which touched him, in spite of the bitterness in his heart.

'Tell Mrs King that I am coming,' he said to the messenger; and then, without further thought, yielded to the nobler instincts of his nature and slowly followed the man.

'It is no time for these griefs,' he said, half aloud. 'God help them! Their trouble is greater than mine, and they are unconscious of the terrible blow that is suspended over their poor heads, and may fall even to-morrow! No; I will comfort them, if I can, and conquer my own sorrow, at least till this thing is over and I may go away.'

Mrs King was standing at the vicarage door, looking out for him; and as he approached, he noticed more composure in her features than had been the case in the morning. With a grateful smile she gave him her hand, and they went in.

Agnes was sitting in the recess of a window, with the unheeded work lying in her lap.

'It is so good of you to come to us, Frank,' said Mrs King.

Agnes turned her head, and Gray could not help looking in her face with a melancholy interest. She smiled to him; and his heart was struck by the expression of wistful sorrow with which the girl's eyes met his for a moment. After this, she bent over her work and kept on sewing.

'Richard King has been here,' said Mrs King when they sat down; 'and he has taken a weight off our minds, though it is still very dreadful. Richard, you know, was partly trained for the medical profession before he went into the bank; and he says that, from a close examination, he is convinced that Rowan died of heart disease.'

Gray remembered that the 'close examination' was made from a distance of six feet, according to the account of Stokes; but he made allowance for a natural desire on the part of Richard King to give comfort to the poor ladies, even by a fiction.

'Perhaps he is right,' replied Gray; 'to-morrow will settle the point. Not,' he added with a sigh, 'that it matters much now; Mr Rowan is dead. There will be another King in Yewle in a few days.'

'You mean Richard?'

'Yes. Of course, if matters had been happily otherwise'—

'No,' she gently interrupted; 'if the happy day ever comes—as in God's mercy and justice I trust it will—that removes the stain from my poor husband's name, this house will be his home. He would not be happy elsewhere. Yewle would be nothing to him; it is far better as it is, or as it will be. Rowan had regarded Richard King as his heir for a long time.'

'I am aware of that; he was speaking of it to me only yesterday. No doubt it will be best.'

There was a pause of a few minutes, and Mrs King was the first to speak. Fixing her eyes anxiously on the young man, she said, with some hesitation: 'And you, Frank—how will it be with you?'

'Why, Mrs King,' he at once replied, 'I have lost my friend, and of course I must leave Yewle. I suppose I may stay until I have seen the last of him; then I shall go.'

'We shall miss you greatly, Frank,' said Mrs King, with tears standing in her eyes. Then she suddenly rose and left the room, saying something about tea.

As soon as he was alone with Agnes, Francis Gray felt his tongue tied. He could not find a word to say, and in his embarrassment walked over to a window and stared out on the little lawn. He did not know that as he did so the girl looked up and followed him sorrowfully with her eyes; he was unconscious that she was still looking at him, with the same touching expression, all the time he stood there.

The sound of her voice made him turn quickly. 'Frank,' she said—she was again bent over her work—'where are you going to?'

'To London, I suppose, Agnes—where everybody goes who has nowhere else to turn to.'

'What will you do in London?'

'Whatever I find to do. I daresay I shall find

something; most persons do who are in earnest about it?

'And shall we really never see you again?' she asked, looking up with eyes of earnest interest.

'Never is a long time, Agnes. Who can tell? But—but I shall hardly come to Yewle again.—I have been too happy at Yewle,' he added, after a pause, with his eyes on the carpet, 'to give myself the pain of revisiting it. And I shall have work to do, I suppose.'

She was silent now, thinking. What were the girl's thoughts? They were not to be read in her pale impassive face, and in spite of the knowledge that all hope was lost to him now, he sighed when he looked at her.

'Will you not write to us?' she asked, in a low voice, without raising her eyes.

'Yes; I will write to your mother, Agnes; it is the least return I can make for the happy days I have spent in the vicarage.'

There was a change now, in the deep conscious colour that sprang to the girl's face and temples. Fortunately, Mrs King returned at that moment, with the maid bringing tea; and no further embarrassments occurred during the evening. How it was, Gray could not clearly remember afterwards; but with that heavy secret in his breast, which he feared every minute some chance word might touch, there was not another reference made to the subject of Rowan King's death. Richard King's assurance seemed to have laid all apprehensions.

It was night when Gray returned to the Hall, and there was just a faint gray shimmer in the sky sufficient to reveal the dim outlines of objects near. He felt reluctant to enter the cheerless mansion, but paeing to and fro for a few minutes in the grounds, he felt it quite as cheerless outside. Before going in, however, he went round to where the study was, and laid his face against the glass. There was no light within; but after a while he was able to discern the dark object reclining in the chair, and, overcome for the first time by his emotions, he moved away, shedding tears like a girl. He never knew, so keenly as now, how deeply he had loved his dead friend, and how many reasons he had had for loving him.

Sleeping none till close on dawn, Francis Gray was roused at ten o'clock by a knocking at his door. It was Stokes, in a state of suppressed agitation, the cause of which Gray knew quite well. The coroner and the jurymen and all the rest were in the house, and the post-mortem, so deeply dreaded by old Stokes, was now imminent. For another reason, it was dreaded still more by Francis Gray.

Hastily dressing, the young man went down, and found that the coroner had already opened his court in the dining-room. The jury were being sworn. Mr Richard King was there, and the family solicitor; but Dr Hayle was absent; the others, Gray did not know.

Presently two medical men arrived. One was the local doctor, who had succeeded Dr Hayle on his retirement from practice; the other was a surgeon from Southeaster. They took their seats apart; and even in the tense anxiety of the moment, Gray could scarcely repress a smile when he observed the look with which Stokes was regarding them from the doorway.

The coroner informed the jury that their first duty would be to view the body which was to be the subject of their inquiry; then, after taking some formal evidence, the court would have to adjourn, pending the result of the post-mortem examination.

'The body of the deceased gentleman,' added the coroner, 'is still in the same place and position in which it was first discovered, and has in no way been disturbed, which is quite proper. The room has been kept locked, and the key retained in the custody of the butler, an old and faithful servant of the family.'

Stokes made a singular and doubtless involuntary grimace in response to this compliment; and, followed by coroner and jury, led the way to the study. Once, the old man glanced over his shoulder, and seemed to gain strength from the discovery that the doctors were not in the crowd. Opening the door, he flung it wide; but before any person could discover the cause, Stokes trembled violently, and throwing up his hands with a cry, exclaimed: 'Lord 'a mercy! master's gone!'

The astounded crowd crushed to the door and looked. The chair was empty and the casement open.

CROWN SALMON-FISHINGS IN SCOTLAND.

THE official returns of the quantity of salmon which reached Billingsgate market in 1889 from the British Isles furnish striking evidence of the superiority of the Scotch fishings over those in England, Wales, and Ireland. Out of a total of thirty-one thousand boxes, more than two-thirds were supplied by Scotland, where, it is perhaps not generally known, there is no such thing as a public right of salmon-fishing, the conditions of the law on the subject in that country being entirely different from those in force in other parts of the United Kingdom. Save in Scotland, all salmon-fishings in rivers and estuaries which are both tidal and navigable, and in the territorial seas, except those fishings which belong to private persons and corporations, and are held by express grant from the Crown or by prescription, are vested in the Crown as trustee on behalf of the public, who, subject to statutory regulations, have a common-law right to fish for salmon in such waters. In inland waters which are neither tidal nor navigable the Crown seems to have no rights, the riparian owners being *primâ facie* owners of the fishings opposite or within their lands. It is otherwise in Scotland, where the Crown is held to be vested in all salmon-fishings in the sea, estuaries, and inland waters, as a patrimonial or beneficial right, forming part of its hereditary revenues, so far as such rights have not been expressly granted by the Crown. They extend on the open coast to at least three miles seaward, which, by international law, belongs to the coast of the country, as capable of being kept in perpetual possession. This was established by a decision of the House of Lords in

1859; prior to which date the revenue was merely nominal, for the fishings in rivers then and still belonging to the Crown are probably of little value.

From a very early time, salmon-fishings have been granted by the Crown; and from the Union to the year 1832—during which period they were under the management of the Scotch Barons of Exchequer—it was the practice to grant the proprietors of lands adjoining the seashore the right of fishing in front of their property for a small sum. The grants, however, were not so numerous as those of fishings in rivers, and there is still a large extent of coast where salmon-fishings belong to the Crown, notably in the counties of Ayr, Wigtown, Kirkcudbright, Berwick, Haddington, Midlothian, Fife, Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Ross, and Caithness, and the island of Mull. There is little doubt that, in addition to those fishings derived by subjects by express grant, there have been very many acquired by prescription, following on an imperfect written title. The Crown has been at a disadvantage in having no local authority to watch its interests. Titles, more especially in remote districts, have been completed by acts of possession of a character attracting little attention, but which would have been interrupted had there been any one on the spot to guard against them.

In the reign of William IV., the Crown fishings were vested in the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and for some time past there have been complaints in parliament and elsewhere against their management, the main allegations being interference with the industry of local fishermen, undue favouritism of proprietors of adjacent lands to the detriment of the public, and permitting methods of fishing likely to lessen the supply of fish. In consequence of these complaints, the Secretary of State for Scotland recently appointed a Committee to inquire into the Crown's rights to the fishings, who took evidence from numerous witnesses, among whom were landowners, Crown tenants, fishermen, and officials of local Fishery Boards and Societies.

So far as the fishermen are concerned, it is apparent that their complaints are in the main directed as much against the Scotch fishery laws as the action of the Crown authorities. For instance, the Berwickshire fishermen are precluded by the Tweed Fishery Commissioners from using their old hang and bob nets; and they allege that, owing to their inability to successfully manage bag-nets, the fishings have passed out of their hands into those of tenants from a distance. The Committee are of opinion that the prohibition of hang-nets should be repealed within the Tweed estuary, and recommend that local fishermen be allowed to fish on certain parts of the coast on payment of a license, subject, however, to the regulations of the Fishery Boards, who should issue the licenses and collect the payments, to be utilised for the benefit of the fisheries. Attention is, however, drawn to the fact that the Crown does not hold these fishings on behalf of the community; and although the present revenue is paid into the public funds, it is only by virtue of an arrangement determinable on the death of the sovereign. The proposed system of licenses would have a serious effect upon the revenue, and there is

a further objection that local fishermen do not probably possess sufficient capital to work the fishings successfully, which capital it is surmised would be provided, and the profits monopolised, by middlemen.

It is obvious that fishing rights are of more value to adjacent owners of lands than to any one else, and these owners are consequently likely to pay a better price. The Crown authorities have no power to replenish fishing-grounds by artificial propagation, nor can they remove obstructions on the soil of private proprietors; and these considerations form an argument in favour of selling the fishings to individuals who are probably able and desirous of making arrangements for improving them. Sales under such circumstances can hardly be deemed prejudicial to the public, more especially if the allegation be true that the Crown policy of development is actuated entirely by motives of revenue, and is tending to diminish the supply.

As regards inland waters the salmon-fishings in which belong to the Crown, the Committee are averse to gratuitously throwing them open to the public, for the reason that salmon-angling is a luxury which can only be had by paying for it. At the same time, they think that the policy of admitting the public to such waters on payment of a license might be advantageously considered.

The complaint that methods of fishing are permitted which are declared to lessen the supply of fish, amounts practically to an objection to the Crown tenants using methods which, while perfectly legitimate, yield a larger catch than was the case when local fishermen fished with more primitive contrivances. It is admitted that the salmon are now obtained in better condition for the market and that the supply is more regular. If fixed engines—that is, stake and bag nets—were abolished on the Crown fishings, it would simply mean that the proprietors of adjacent fishings not belonging to the Crown would reap a greater harvest than at present. In other words, the advantage would not be gained by the community, but rather by these proprietors; and so long as stake and bag nets are allowed on adjoining fishings, it would seem to be an uncalled-for and unnecessary sacrifice on the part of the Crown to prohibit similar methods. To be equitable, the prohibition must be universal in its application to all the salmon-fishings in the sea around Scotland.

It may be observed in conclusion that the Committee are of opinion that energy and skill have been shown in developing this source of Crown revenue, as evidenced by the following figures. In 1849, when it appears the first serious effort was made to establish these Crown rights, there was only one tenant, paying a rent of five pounds; whilst last year the rental was nearly six thousand pounds, paid by some one hundred and fifty tenants. In addition, there have been sales of fishings producing a sum of about thirty thousand pounds. The complaints to which we have referred, when submitted to scrutiny, resolve themselves into the fact that, in establishing the Crown's rights, the supposed rights of some individuals and the hitherto unchallenged practice of others have been interfered with; and it is

pointed out that, had there been remissness in thus watching the Crown's interests, there would have been just grounds for charges of mal-administration or neglect.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAP. VI.—A DECLARATION AND A LION-HUNT.

ONE morning the two friends had wandered after breakfast to the pool near the baobab tree. Out there in the shade were some great easy-chairs; and into one of these Bina had settled herself. Farquhar lay stretched on the short green turf at her feet. Bina sat in cool shadow, and her sun-bonnet lay upon her lap beneath her folded hands.

For the moment she was thinking; her mind sought to grasp some of the wonders of that newly-revealed outer world, and her soft brown eyes gazed dreamily straight in front, seeing nothing. As Farquhar looked upwards at the fair girl and noted the deer-like carriage of the beautiful head, the wealth of golden-brown hair now caught up at the back, and fastened loosely upon the top—whose waving ripples, released from the constraint of the bonnet, strayed in splendour—the soft yet steadfast eyes sheltering beneath the dark and sweeping lashes, the lithe yet rounded form, he marvelled not now that he had been so smitten with amazement that morning when he had first set eyes on this pearl of the wilderness moving with free and springing footsteps through the woodland. That was more than two months ago, and ever since, day by day, hour by hour, the manifold graces of this girl, her sweet and faithful disposition, and acute mind, had grown before his eyes, until he knew now that for the first time love had got him by the heart.

He looked again admiringly at the sweet face. The sunbeams had certainly just touched the beautiful cheeks, but only to add, as with the peach, by the merest shadow of wholesome tan, to the warm but not too vivid colouring. He had half a mind to tell her then and there how he loved her. He was not sure, but he fancied that the answer might be as he wished. But Farquhar, like many another man as strong and resolute as himself, in the ordinary affairs of life, was on a matter like the present timid and mistrustful. And so, like many a million before him, instead of dashing straight for the battery, he turned and retreated, with the intention of bringing up more guns, or of ingloriously attacking the position from shelter or by stratagem.

'Bina, let us stroll round and have a look at the pets; I haven't seen them these last two mornings.'

'Very well, Farquhar;' and the girl rose quickly, carrying in her hand her sun-bonnet, and went with him.

The antelope kraal lay on the other wing of the house; to reach it they had to pass by the burying-ground, which, as with many a South African farm, lay but a little distance from the house. Here the first Swanepoel and two of his successors slept their last sleep. About sixty yards from the house, beneath the shelter of a

great yellow-wood tree, were three blocks of stone, and upon the largest of these was carved, in Dutch, evidently with great care and much toil—

HENDRIK JACOBUS SWANEPOEL, born in Drakensteen, Capeland, 1716, died at Swanepoel's Rest, Pleasant River, Back-country, Africa, 1795. 'My flesh also shall rest in hope.'

The other stones bore the names of Hendrik's eldest son and descendants, with the dates of their respective births and deaths. These graves, fenced with low bushes, and thickly planted with flowers by Bina's hand, and especially Hendrik's, had always a curious interest for Farquhar. He stopped a moment, and then, as they moved away, said: 'I think this Settlement of your great-great-grandfather's one of the strangest things I have seen in this strange land. I have come across some wonderful things up in Mashonaland—the workings of old mines, and remains of stone forts, built, probably, a thousand years ago; and many another strange mystery; but this valley of yours beats everything I ever heard of. I wonder if any of you will ever find your way back to the civilised world again?'

A light flashed in the girl's eyes. 'Oh, if we only could, I would give anything—yes, years of life, to see and know that world! Perhaps, now you have been here, father may one day let some of us go down to the Capeland.'

'And why not?' echoed Farquhar. Then he saw the opening he had desired. He spoke softly, but with intense earnestness. 'But, Bina, why should you not come with me? Why not?'—he hesitated for the final plunge—'why not come as my wife?—There! it is out now! I love you, Bina, my darling, have loved you since first I set eyes on you in the forest.' Then, as his arm stole round her: 'Could you care for me ever so little, do you think?'

The colour had faded a trifle from the girl's cheeks; she looked troubled, overcome with the weight of joy that fell upon her heart. Then taking one of his hands and looking into his face, she said: 'Ah, Farquhar, my heart of hearts, I love you, I fear, too, too much. I cannot help it, although I am not worthy of you.'

He drew her closer to him—their lips met in a long kiss, and then he kissed repeatedly her soft cheeks and white brow and her golden-brown hair.

The girl spoke first again. 'But, Farquhar, I feel so much that, greatly though I love you, your life and mine are so different. I am so ignorant, so rude, that I should almost fear to let you marry me, for your own sake; and yet I would try to make you a good wife, and you could teach me everything I need to know.'

Again Farquhar kissed the girl passionately as he replied: 'My darling, you will be the best wife that man ever had; I know it too surely.'

But suddenly, with half-amused, half- rueful face, exclaimed the girl: 'Whatever will father and mother say? All the love-making here is done by "op-sitting," and here you have never asked them if you may "op-sit" with me and burn a candle.'

Boer courtships are carried on in this wise: The swain rides up to the house of his chosen fair dressed in his best toggery and well mounted;

and having obtained permission from the parents when the family retires to rest—often in the same apartment—sits up (op-sits) with his inamorata. So long as the candle with which he is furnished burns, so long may he his tale of love unfold. When it burns out, they must part and retire also.

Farquhar laughed long and heartily. 'All right, Bina. I will put that matter straight. Fancy my op-sitting!'

At that moment a call sounded from the house: 'Bina, Bina! where are you and Mynheer Murray? Come at once; there is a lion-hunt afoot, and he is wanted.'

At this news all Farquhar's hunter's blood was aflame, and with Bina he hastened to the house. Outside, just by the doorway, squatted on his hams, was a Bakotwa, waiting patiently, having brought in his report. His news was this. At one of Gert Swanepoel's cattle-posts outside the gate, three lions had overnight broken into the thorn-kraal and killed two heifers and a calf. Hearing the hubbub, the Bakotwa headsmen in charge of the post had sallied from his hut, and had almost immediately been struck down by one of the lions and slain. More natives coming forth, had driven off the brutes, not, however, before they had carried away one of the heifers bodily.

When the news reached the Rust, a war of revenge was instantly proclaimed. A native runner had been despatched round the valley to call up some of the fighting 'bloods'; the old flint guns were taken down; the powder-horns and leathern bullet-bags were filled; and meantime Farquhar, bringing out four of his rifles and some ammunition, busily prepared for action.

Within half an hour, six great Swanepoels, all mounted and eager for the fray, were mustered at the house; and with Gert, his eldest son, Farquhar and the Bakotwa set out for the scene of disaster. Bina had begged to be allowed to come too, but had been refused, and had retired to the garden. At a brisk canter, the men moved away, the Bakotwa running easily alongside. The gate was soon reached, and as they passed the Englishman's camp just outside, they drew rein for a moment while Farquhar's dogs were unloosed. The Bushman Aramap was, as a special favour, allowed to come also. Now they pushed on for the cattle-post. As they were approaching it, the sound of hoof-strokes was heard in the rear, and turning their heads, the party saw with astonishment Bina mounted on her pony flying towards them. Gert Swanepoel's brow was stormy, and as the girl rode into their midst he exclaimed: 'Bina, this is too bad! Why have you disobeyed me? I cannot have you running into danger. This is work for men, not for a pack of women.'

'Ah, father dear,' pleaded the girl, riding alongside and putting her whip-hand, with affectionate, precatory gesture, upon his arm, 'I pray you let me come this once, and I swear I will never ask again. You remember the last time a lion was killed, I was there, and no harm befell me. Springhaan is quick as the lightning, and I will keep well out of danger.'

Gert shrugged his broad shoulders and muttered: 'Well, remember, girl, this is the

last time, and I hope no harm may come of it. What would your mother say to me? I warrant she knew not you had come away.'

'No, father; I stole away,' replied the girl, with a blush. Then turning to Farquhar, who had shaken his head in strong disapproval, she continued: 'I will keep near you. See! I have brought your pistol, and now, who knows? I may see if my practice can be of use to me.'

As Farquhar looked, he saw fastened at her saddle-bow his revolver holster. Taking out the weapon, as they rode up to the kraal he loaded each chamber and again replaced it in the holster. 'Bina,' he said in a low tone, 'you have done very wrong to come; this is no work for you, and I hope to heaven we shall not get into a scrape. Whatever happens, I do beg of you to keep well behind; and ride for your life if the lions come for us. Never mind the shooting; we can attend to that.'

On reaching the kraal, they dismounted, and entered the dead Bakotwa's hut where the body lay. A glance showed some frightful wounds on the chest and head. The poor fellow's neck had been bitten clean through, and the spinal column severed. The dead heifers lay inside the kraal.

The marauders' 'spoor' was now fiercely taken up, and was easily followed for two miles into some light bush and scrub, where a halt had evidently been made, and part of the dead calf devoured. Thence the tracks ran down to the river, where the brutes had evidently taken shelter in a broad belt of dense reeds. The plan of attack was now quickly settled. Half the party, including Gert and his son—armed with two of Farquhar's rifles, in the use of which they were now fairly skilled—Farquhar himself, and the irrepressible Bina, rode down to a bend of the river where some rock cropped out from the soil and the reeds ceased for a space. The remainder halted where the lions had first entered.

Before riding down to the rocky open ground, where it was expected the lions would break covert, Farquhar had thrown his dogs into the reed-bed, and with clear voice, that now rang cheerily upon the still warm air, urged them to the attack. Following the usual practice of Dutch hunters, the men of both parties had all, except one of each band, dismounted, and stood ready for shooting; while their horses, with their heads turned away from the supposed quarter of danger where the quarry would issue, were held by their reins by the hunter remaining mounted. Bina sat quietly on her pony, some fifty yards away.

The dogs were not long in finding the vicinity of their dreaded neighbours, and after loud baying for a few moments as the scent grew hot, suddenly, when they had thrust their passage some way down the reeds, emerged, fleeing in hot haste from covert. Following close upon them, the head and shoulders of a young male lion, nearly full grown, but not fully maned, showed from among the green and yellow reeds, then disappeared, evidently driven in by the sight of human and, to him, probably dangerous enemies. Farquhar now ran quickly towards the dogs, and with many a

'Hoick in there, Mungo!—At him again, Nelson!—Hoick to him, good Rufus!' and loud encouragement to the rest of his now somewhat sobered pack, at length persuaded them to enter the reeds again. Then he ran back to the post of danger. Now there is a scuffle, the reeds shake ominously to and fro right in the centre, there is fierce loud barking, then a yell of anguish.

'Ah! that's Towler's voice. Poor old chap; I'm afraid he's done for,' cries Farquhar.

Again the reeds crash and shake. Something is moving quickly towards the bottom corner, and is now out in the open! A yellow form flashes forth from the shelter, and makes for the rising rocky ground. Four out of the half-dozen guns roar as with one voice; and the yellow form the same instant turns over upon its side five-and-twenty paces distant, gives a few frantic struggles, and lies dead. Hurrah! it is the lioness. One murdering thief accounted for! With eyes intently watching the reed-bed and the two yet loaded rifles ready in front of them, the four men quickly reload, and are ready again. Again, by dint of much alternate encouragement and rating, the dogs move to the assault; there is another charge inside, and more yells of canine anguish strike upon the air. At length, after another quarter of an hour, there is a sudden rush up hill, a hurried movement of the Boers stationed there towards the river, vehement shouting, three or four shots apparently into the water, and then presently a native runs down with tidings that the young lion has taken to the river, and although more than once wounded, has made good his retreat to the other side.

Once again, the plucky hounds, now reduced by two slain and with another sorely wounded, are cheered into the covert. But it is a forlorn hope, deadly and dangerous, as the poor faithful brutes well know. Inside there, as all men are aware, there yet lurks the great male lion, known by his mighty spoor, and he by this time must be raised to a pitch of anger and desperation rather awful to contemplate. But the men flinch not from their task; they have all been at the game before, and have long since discounted the risk they run, and the lion's blood they mean having at all hazard.

Twenty long minutes elapse, and although the hounds bay fiercely and angrily and approach as near to their foe as they durst, he moves not. At length, gathering more courage, they charge in a body; and with a roar and a mighty splash of the reeds, the wrathful brute comes forth. For one instant he stands motionless, his dark mane—for he is a black-maned lion—marking him out distinctly against the greenish-yellow background of reeds, and four rifles flame out at him at forty paces. Baring his great teeth and growling horribly with pain and rage, the monster flashes out straight for the little knot of hunters. The Boers, who have emptied their weapons, meanwhile have retreated behind their horses to reload, and Farquhar is left standing alone. He still has his two barrels loaded, and as the lion comes on, fires coolly, straight for his chest, first one barrel then almost instantly the other. It is a dangerous chance, and for the moment it succeeds: the lion rolls over on the sand, but,

quick as thought, is up again, and has launched himself at that solitary figure that thus dares to oppose him. Farquhar swings round to escape. Too late! Before he can avoid the danger, he is flung senseless and bleeding to earth; and the lion now stands over him, one huge paw with its claws unsheathed grasping his shoulder. It was an awful moment, and they who beheld the scene never forgot it. The fierce brute glaring in the most devilish wrath, his gleaming teeth exposed, the blood streaming from his lungs and mouth, and yet erect in ferocious pride and majesty, faced the remainder of his adversaries, hesitating whether to attack them or to finish off the victim lying in his power. All this had happened in the space of thirty seconds.

But while the first shots were fired, Bina had been able no longer to restrain herself from the battle. She had approached the group, and seeing her lover's deadly peril, had leapt from her pony and run, revolver in hand, towards his prostrate form. She was now within fifteen paces of the lion. Seeing her danger, three of the Boers, who had hastily reloaded, shamed into forgetfulness of fear, ran up, and just as the lion turned to spring again, and as Bina levelled her revolver and pulled the trigger, they too fired. The bullets took effect, and with a horrible throaty groan, the great brute sank dead beside the body of his foe. The danger was past; but to make sure, the two other rifles, which had now been brought up, were discharged into the tawny recumbent form. Before the smoke had cleared away Bina had run forward, and half-raising the heavy insensible form of the Englishman, had in her love and fear—utterly forgetful of those around her—tenderly kissed the poor pale cheeks and brow. The men gathered round her with astonished looks, her father with a bent brow, for this conduct seemed not quite maidenly.

An examination proved that Farquhar's heart still beat feebly, and that no very serious flesh-wounds had been inflicted. The weight of the lion, the velocity of his spring, and the fearful shock with which he had struck the Englishman to earth, had stunned and all but killed him. But, as the Dutchmen had seen, Farquhar's last bullet—which it was afterwards found had raked the heart and lungs—had unsteadied the brute and unsettled his aim. Thus Farquhar had been stricken obliquely, and by only a part of the lion's body. If he had received the full shock, he must have been a dead man.

Tenderly and sadly—for the Englishman had won all hearts by his pluck and daring—the rude farmers carried him, still senseless, up to the kraal, and thence through the gateway to Gert's house. It was a tedious procession; and do what they could, although they halted now and again and strove hard to bring back life to the mute form, they carried him into the house at last still unconscious. As for Bina, she directed their movements and nursed the sufferer's head when the halts were made. No tear or sign of weakness escaped her. Brandy was administered, and cold-water fomentation and bandages constantly applied to the head; but still the senses lay dormant. All the remainder of that day and the next, and great part of the following day, Farquhar lay in a death-like trance, the faintest

movement of the pulse and heart alone betraying that life still tarried within him. On the afternoon of the third day, Gert Swanepoel sent down again for Johannes Swanepoel, the Predikant, who, in accordance with the rules of the Settlement, had acquired and practised such rude surgery as tradition had bequeathed to him. Finally, after much discussion, it was resolved to let blood, and a vein was opened. Within an hour, faint symptoms of returning consciousness showed themselves; towards sunset the nerves of the face moved; stronger respirations came and went, and finally the poor eyes, so long dulled as if in death, opened. Then Bina ran to her bedchamber and burst into a flood of tears, which mightily relieved her long-pent emotions; and then, after a fervent prayer to God, she got up with a lighter heart, and returned to the bedside.

For a week Farquhar lay betwixt life and death; fever set in, and only by such simple remedies as the Predikant could devise, and by the tender and incessant nursing of Bina, was the struggle ended in favour of life. But, the crucial danger past, Farquhar's strong constitution stood to him manfully; and in three weeks more he had turned the corner and was recovering.

THE BURNT TOWN OF TOKAY.

THE historic Hungarian town of Tokay, which gives its name to the celebrated wine, was burnt to the ground in the month of August this year, some twenty houses, only remaining from the cruel wreck, which left five thousand people homeless.

Besides being the centre of a busy industry, it is a very interesting district, and has been closely associated with some of the most important events in Hungary's troubled but romantic history. Long before the Magyar was heard of in the chronicle of nations, these sunny slopes were cultivated as vineyards, the vine having been introduced by the Emperor Probus during the Roman occupation of the country. In the ninth century, when the warlike Magyar hosts arrived in Pannonia under the guidance of Alom and his son Arpad, they crossed the Theiss under the shadow of the hill of Tokay, and laid claim to the land as the heirs-general of Attila. Their only title-deeds were some legends about a cup of water from the Danube, and a little grass from the plain; but the scales of justice were weighted with the heavy sword of the conqueror, and henceforth the Slavs, Rumanians, and such of the Bulgarians as remained, became subject to the Magyar race. The Hungarians, as the invaders now called themselves, were not slow in developing the resources of their newly-acquired country: the mountains produced iron, copper, and precious stones; the vast plain afforded the richest pasture; and above all, it was a region where the finest wines could be grown.

The unique quality of the Tokay district for vine-culture is due to the soil. The Hegyalia, as it is locally called, is the southern spur of an extended region of trachyte and other volcanic debris, beginning at Eperies, and terminating

in the conical hill of Tokay, which protrudes like a steep fortress into the great plain. This sentinel rock was in far-off times a bluff headland, knee-deep in the waters of the inland sea which existed in this part of Europe before the Danube had made a way for itself through the Pass of Kasan and the Iron Gates. But that was a very long time ago, counting by centuries, though comparatively modern, geologically considered.

Our interest centres just now in the historic vineyards of Tokay; and we learn that the district suffered from rude vicissitudes in the thirteenth century, when the Mongols from Tartary poured in their savage hordes on a peaceful, well-settled, and now Christian country. The king of Hungary, Bela IV., in the thirteenth century, did all in his power to keep back the barbarians, but in vain; for they carried their devastations through the length and breadth of the land. The memory of those evil days still exists, as one may learn from the sayings of the people. 'What the Tartar are you about!' is a common expletive. Naughty children are threatened with the Tartars. But there is a story often repeated of a Hungarian compassionating his enemy. He saw his handsome wife, who had a very sharp tongue, being carried off by the marauders, and he exclaimed: 'Alas, poor Tartar!'

Fortunately for Hungary, the death of the great Khan recalled the leader of this invasion back to Tartary, where he had his own game to play, and the country was once more at peace. In the restoration of things, Bela IV. was mindful of the Tokay vineyards. He imported from Italy a colony of well-skilled vine-growers; and from this time the wine of the Hegyalia had its distinct and special reputation. To give some idea of the value of these vineyards in the middle ages, it is on record that the title of the wine, which King Stephen had granted to the Bishops of Erlau, was reckoned in 1380 to be worth ten thousand pieces of gold.

Down to the middle of this century, when great territorial changes took place in Hungary, the rich vineyards of Tokay were largely held by the king—that is to say the Emperor of Austria—and by the bishops and magnates of the land. The Church especially took care to have its share. There is a story told that, in 1562, George Dreskorics, Bishop of Fünfkirchen, who had a vine-garden at Tállya, a favoured spot near Tokay, when assisting at the Council of Trent, presented the Pope with some of his wine. His Holiness on tasting it pronounced it to be nectar, surpassing all other wines, exclaiming: 'Summum Pontificem talia vina decent.'

The Tokay vintage begins generally in the third week in October, but sometimes even later, and there is a saying that the wine brought home on sledges is the best. Practically speaking there are three kinds of wine made in the district, all from the same grapes, but varying, according to the conditions of the vintage. The 'Essenz,' or Imperial Tokay, is made of the dried berries that have cracked in September, retaining all their saccharine matter; and then being carefully selected, are placed in tubs with spigot holes, through which the juice is allowed to

run from the weight of the fruit only, no pressure being used. It takes years of careful watching before this luscious liquid becomes drinkable wine, and, as a matter of fact, it rarely or never gets into the hands of the merchant. The Ausbruch, which is really the wine generally received as Tokay, is itself a costly product, even in the district itself. It is made by a certain admixture of dried berries with the wine-must of a good vintage. It is supposed to possess remarkable restorative properties in sickness and old age. Another quality is the 'Dry Tokay' (Szamordui), which has the bouquet and strength of the former wines without their sweetness. In making this kind the grapes are pressed as they come from the vineyard without any separation or addition of dried berries. The proportion of alcohol is from twelve to fifteen per cent.

These Tokay wines can be kept to almost any age. At the death of the late Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, the well-known teetotaler, in 1879, Tokay wine in perfect preservation was found in his cellar, which wine had been brought to England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the first half of last century.

In the play of 'High Life below Stairs,' the butler offers his guest anything from 'humble port to Imperial Tokay.' And from many contemporary allusions, there is reason to believe that the wine was better known in England in the last century than in this. Gouverneur Morris in his Diary, written during the French Revolution, mentions having bought at a cheap grocery shop in Paris a quantity of Imperial Tokay for twenty-five cents a bottle. This had been stolen from one of the royal palaces, and was known to have been a wedding present of Maria Theresa to her daughter, Marie-Antoinette. A footnote adds that Mr Morris had sent this, together with other wines, to America, and that the cork of the last bottle, sealed with the double-headed eagle of Austria, was opened on the occasion of a wedding party in New York in 1848.

This identical year of 1848, the great year of European revolutions, brought many changes to Hungary—permanent changes, which have recast her social condition. Formerly, the magnates had everything their own way; they had been in the habit of coming with their overbearing retinues to make merry at the Tokay vintage; the fruits of the earth were for them, and not for the serf, whose neck was under the heel of the noble. But the dawn of a new day was breaking. At the little town of Monok, Louis Kossuth was born, in the year 1802. He grew up to be a reformer, as we know; and there were many who shared his views, even amongst the privileged classes—good men and true, such as Counts Bethlen, Teleki, Wesselenyi, Baron Eötvös, and the great patriot Széchenyi. The story of those days is well known, with all its lights and shades, its mistakes and failures, and its final issue of conciliation and political success, under the guiding hand of the revered Deák. It is all in the newspapers of yesterday; but what a gulf separates the freedom of to-day from the dark and evil past of only forty years ago!

The material results of 1848 were tremendous in Hungary. The session lands of the serfs, held

on the intolerable condition of forced labour, became henceforth their freehold property, and eight millions of serfs received their freedom!

There is no part of Hungary, perhaps, where such a division of property exists as on the slopes of the Tokay hills. The easy and inexpensive transfer of land and the registration of titles to estates, which obtain in Hungary, has helped to promote this state of things. The peasant greatly affects his acre or two of vineyard; the savings of many a long year have been treasured up to buy this source of income for his old age. But, alas! a scourge has fallen on the land, a scourge far worse than the devastating hordes of Tartars, for it is an unseen insect which destroys root and branch of the precious vine, the mainstay of the peasant's industry. The phylloxera made its decided appearance in this district about four years ago, and has already wrought terrible destruction. Unless the Tokay wine-grower be rich enough and patient enough to replant with American vines, there is nothing short of ruin before him. There is a tradition in the country that twice in the lapse of centuries the vines of the Hegyálya have been destroyed, but no written records exist to prove of what nature was the visitation.

It is curious that the true Magyar race, who speak the purest Hungarian, and are the peasant proprietors in the county of Zemplin, form but a small proportion of the dwellers in the town of Tokay. It is not possible to find a more mixed population. To begin with, there are, or were, seventeen hundred Jews, many of them of the poorest class, late importations from the Marmaros Mountains. There are Armenian merchants and Szeklers; German traders from the Zips; Saxons from Transylvania; Slovaks and Roumanians. The Galician Poles are the servants of the community; and there is to be found the inevitable gypsy, who is the tinker, carrier, and above all, the musician of Hungary.

WARNED BY A MOUSE.

I.

THE old manor-house at Barton-Bridge, although one of the quaintest and most picturesque houses in this side of the county, was not half so well known as it deserved to be. Cut off from the high-road by a clump of ancient and well-wooded wych-elm, the few travellers who passed by the plantation gates plodded or drove wearily on up the steep hill beyond it, reached the top, admired the view away across the valley of the Bar, and little dreamed of what a curious old mansion lay hidden among the trees.

Its master and owner, John Trowbridge, was an old-fashioned bachelor, who prided himself on three good things—old books, old wine, and old friends; and though he had few of the last, and their visits were few and far between, he always boasted that they were 'enough for him, and enough was as good as a feast.' It was a lonely place, too, ten miles from the county town, and six from the station; while the whole hamlet of Barton consisted of about a

score of cottages, all clustered round the tiny church, half a mile down the valley below. The Squire, therefore—as he was everywhere called—when not busy in his library, troubled his head about few things beyond his own domain, lived in a royal sort of cosy comfort on half his income; and gave up most of his time and thoughts to the care of his niece and ward, Miss Grace Rivington, declaring at times she was the plague of his life; and at others, that without her he didn't know what would become of Barton manor. Left an orphan when a mere child, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds on coming of age, she had grown up at last to be as wilful, high-spirited, and charming a young lady as could be found in all the county-side. In short she was the old man's pet, and managed by dint of coaxing, flattery, and scolding to have her own way 'in things little or big,' as John Trowbridge often confessed. His favourite name for her was, 'the little witch;' 'a wee body, but with a mind and a spirit in it big enough and determined enough to manage the most fussy and troublesome horse in the stable, or out of it.'

These were the two who sat chatting together one wintry evening in November, on the day of her coming of age, when, contrary to all custom in such cases, and in defiance of his urgent entreaty, she had insisted on having no dinner-party and no birthday celebration; but a quiet time 'just for us two,' she said; 'and I can have you all to myself.' Dinner was over, the wine and walnuts were on the table, and that was wheeled up to the blazing wood-fire; Graves, the butler, had departed, and at last she could speak freely.

'My dear, dear uncle,' said she, 'there never, never was, and never will be, anything half so beautiful as the necklace you gave me this morning. I had it in my pocket all dinner-time, and was longing to look at it the whole time.—But why did you spend so much money?'

'Why, my dear? Well, because you are such a naughty, ill-tempered, ugly little shrimp; and I determined that people should look at your diamonds to-morrow, if they wouldn't look at you. As to money, child, I only had them reset; they were my mother's fifty years ago, and her mother's before that—a wedding present from that old Jack Trowbridge whose eyes are now looking down at you from the other side of the room. "Gentleman Jack" they used to call him when he came back from India and brought the diamonds with him.'

'Look!' she said, taking them out of the dainty morocco case—'see, how they shine in the light of the fire! I shall be as grand as a queen to-morrow night at the ball; and in that lovely dress from Paris, O uncle! the very happiest girl in Cornwall! What can I say, what can I do, to thank you—the dearest, goodest, wisest of old uncles?'

'Well, if you won't have any more wine, Miss Grace Rivington, say good-night; be off to bed, and lock up your necklace in a safe place, and keep the key in your own pocket. You'll have a thousand things to do to-morrow; so go now

and get your Beauty-sleep, that you may look your best at night. Half the women will go crazy at the sight of your necklace and gay feathers; and all the men about your lovely face.—But mind, the first quadrille is for me.'

They chatted on for a while, and she playfully reminded him that only a month before he had utterly refused to have a dance at the manor-house, or to let the place be turned upside down for any such nonsense. 'And now,' she added, 'here you are decking me out like a queen, and begging for a quadrille!'

'You're a witch, my dear, neither more nor less, and you know it; and I am an old goose, and don't know it; so, good-night.'

In less than an hour from that time the diamonds were safely locked up in an old oak cabinet, and the happy owner, like most of the household, sound asleep, and dreaming of all the joys of the coming morrow.

The morrow came, as most to-morrows do, in good season, heavy with clouds at first, but slowly breaking out into sunshine at last. Miss Grace Rivington, after her Beauty-sleep, came down radiant to breakfast; and that being over, sent off a special messenger to her special friend Florence, at the Grange, with the following brief note:

MY DEAR FLORRIE—Come over at once, if only for half an hour, and you shall see the loveliest necklace to be found in Cornwall. I am to wear it to-night. G. R.

It was but a short walk from the Grange to the manor-house, and in less than an hour after the despatch of the note, the two friends were in full talk by the side of a roaring wood-fire in Grace's own sanctum, a cosy, snug room, with oak panelling and old oak furniture, which opened out upon the lawn. The two girls were in high spirits; the necklace was duly admired, looked at again and again, carefully put away, and locked up; and then came the discussion of dresses, laces, and partners, about which last point there was a considerable difference of opinion, as great almost as the difference in the personal appearance of the ladies themselves. In that difference, in fact, lay the strength of the friendship. Florrie was a tall dark brunette, with an abundance of black hair; a loud, rather masculine voice, and a still more masculine manner, dress, and tastes.

'And now, Grace,' she said at last, 'put away all the fal-lals, and I'll tell you all about yesterday's doings, when you shut yourself up like a hermit, instead of being out in the finest run for the season. There were four of us from the Grange, and about twenty other red-coats, besides Charlie Burton and a couple of militia-men; and we went straight away for Barton Edge, a downright spin of fifty minutes without a check. Then we ran him in, and killed in the open. Coming back, we found again—another forty minutes; lost him, and then home by the harvest-field, where Jack and I and the two militaries went in for a rat-hunt with a couple of terriers.'

'Glad you enjoyed it, my dear; but no rats for me; I hate the very sight of one. The mice behind this old wainscot are bad enough, and terrify me out of my wits sometimes. I am

actually afraid of them, and uncle won't have a single cat in the place, so that we are fairly overrun with them. Ten to one, if I only open the door of the old press, out flies a mouse, and away I go as fast as my legs will carry me.'

'O Grace! what a coward; afraid of a mouse! Never mind, dear; with that necklace on to-night, you'll carry all before you—red coats and black, old stagers and young dandies; they'll all fall in love with that charming little witch of a face of yours. You won't be afraid of *them*, mice or no mice. I shall stand no chance; but it's time for me to be off; so, good-bye, my dear, until eight P.M.—I shall come early. I'll go out by the window and cut across the lawn.'

II.

It was six o'clock P.M., and Grace Rivington, after an early dinner, had gone up to her own room for the important and laborious work of dressing for her first ball. It had been a fine calm day for November; the fire of wood had all but died out, and the window was still ajar as her friend had left it in the morning. But as it grew darker and colder, and the serious business of the night had to be begun, Grace closed and fastened it, and going to the opposite side of the room, sat down in front of a large cheval glass, and, as many a pretty girl has done before, took a calm survey of herself, and determined to wear *the* white dress. As she looked at the glass, into which the flickering fire now and then threw a fitful touch of light, she was suddenly startled by a slight rustling sound behind her, as a mouse dashed out and scampered across the floor; and then, turning her head, she saw, to her utter horror, a pair of eyes watching her from one corner of the room, among the curtains, where the mouse had sprung out!

For a moment she was utterly paralysed with dread; and not daring, or able, to move, was about to cry out for help. Luckily for her, the cry was stifled; and then, with a sort of desperate courage, she turned back to her old position, and again looked into the glass, as if nothing had happened. At the very first glance, the two terrible eyes seemed to be still fixed on her from among the dark folds of the curtain; and she shuddered as she looked. It was clearly some scoundrel who had hidden himself there for some plan of robbery, and her life for the moment was in his hands; and all depended on her success or failure in lulling him into a belief that his presence had not been detected.

After a minute of sharp thought, her usual resolute will prevailed; her courage rose, and her plan was formed. Without rising from her chair, she drew up to her side a small writing-table, calmly lighted a wax candle, and began writing a series of pretended notes, sealing and addressing each, as if for the post. Over the fourth of these notes she seemed to take much trouble, and, as if not satisfied with it, began to read aloud short bits of it as she went on, with an occasional word of comment: 'We depend on your being here, my dear Jennie, in good time to-night, whatever the weather be; and I send this by a special messenger to say that we shall keep you until to-morrow. I have heaps of birthday presents to show you, and the loveliest diamond necklace.' As she

uttered these last words, she suddenly stopped, and said, as if in a whisper to herself: 'Why, what a goose I am! Old Foster the jeweller has never sent back the rings and necklace, though he faithfully promised I should have them in good time this morning. Jane must go for them at once, or I shall not get them in time.'

Then, having sealed up and directed the last of her pretended notes, she walked with trembling steps to the bell-rope, pulled it, waited for a moment, and next unlocked a drawer and took out her jewel-case. As she did so, the door opened, and the servant appeared. 'Jane,' said her mistress, 'tell Richard to take this note to the Grange, and this to Dr Forbes's at once. There are no answers; but as he comes back, call at Foster the watchmaker's with the other note, and ask for my rings and necklace which he had to clean. As it's getting late, he had better take the pony. The necklace he can put into this box; Foster has the key.' And with these words she handed to the servant her precious jewel-case. In another moment the door was shut, and Grace once more alone, with the pair of eyes watching her intently from behind the curtain.

The owner of the eyes had seen and heard all that had happened, and though slightly puzzled, thought it best not to move as yet; especially as he saw that the young lady was calmly going on with her toilet and had lighted two wax candles.

Meanwhile, Jane herself was slightly puzzled, but, being a well-trained servant, obeyed her mistress's orders. 'Here, Richard,' said she; 'Miss Grace says you're to take the pony as sharp as you can and leave these notes at the Grange and at old Forbes's; and as you come back, call at Foster's for some rings and a necklace that's to go into this case.'

In five minutes he was on his way. The three notes he carried with him were duly delivered, and read with amazement by the recipients. The one to Dr Forbes ran thus:

MY DEAR DOCTOR—Don't be alarmed though I beg you to come straight to the manor-house when you have read this. Say nothing to the servants, but make your way quietly up to the Oak Room, where I wait your coming. Uncle is away at the magistrates' meeting. Lose not a moment.

GRACE RIVINGTON.

The second note was this:

MY DEAREST FLORRIE—A mouse has got into the Oak Room, and here I am a prisoner; send your two brothers at once to deliver me—at once. —Ever your affectionate

GRACE.

Foster the watchmaker, utterly and hopelessly puzzled, read as follows:

Mr Foster, take the box which the bearer will give you to Barnet, the parish constable; tell him to bring it here to the manor-house at once.

G. RIVINGTON.

Old Forbes was the first to recover from his amazement and, after a moment's thought, to hurry down from his surgery and rush out of the house—armed with a case of instruments and his biggest stick—without a word to wife or servants, or to himself, but, 'What on earth is

that witch of a girl up to now?' He ran as hard as he could, and in ten minutes, red-hot and breathless, reached the hall door of the manor-house, where he was well known.

'Parker,' said he to the astonished footman, 'Miss Grace says I am to go straight to her room without being announced. I know my way.' Then he walked quietly up-stairs and knocked at the door of the Oak Room, and at once entered.

His patient, with a pale face, and her long hair streaming down over her shoulders, was sitting in a low chair in front of the mirror; the fire had died out into white ashes, and the dim light of the two wax candles left half the room in darkness.

'Grace, what has happened? Are you ill—here, all alone?'

And then came a dead silence, more terrible than any speech. She tried to speak, but for many minutes the effort was vain, and ended in a few broken sobs and still more broken words. While the agony of suspense and fear lasted, she had bravely kept up her courage; but now with safety had come the reaction. Her nerves, after being strung up to the highest pitch, suddenly collapsed; and the doctor was fairly puzzled. But at last, after a sharp effort, came an intelligible sound, and she stammered out: 'Not ill, doctor, not ill; and not alone; he is there behind the curtains!'

Before he could ask 'Who or what is behind the curtains?' out stepped Mr Sikes, to answer for himself, a common roadside tramp of the lowest order, who that very morning had begged for broken victuals at the kitchen door and been rewarded with beer in honour of the day. 'All right, governor,' says Sikes; 'you needn't make no fuss. I ain't done no harm to the young lady; and the winder bein' open, you see, I only come in to get a rest.'

But at this moment there was a sudden and tremendous clatter on the stairs, and in rushed not only the two brothers from the Grange and the parish constable, but the whole troop of terrified servants. In the midst, however, of all the noisy confusion, congratulations, and outcries that followed, Sikes continued his speech, with the same unblushing impudence as he had begun it: 'And to think, now, of being took in by that there young gal, a-knowin' all the time that I was behind the curtains, and she ready to drop at a mouse!'

When Grace had reluctantly swallowed a glass of wine, recovered herself enough to tell her brief story and regain her birthday necklace, then arose a fierce discussion as to what was to be done with Mr Sikes.

'Constable,' said the old doctor, 'tie that fellow's hands behind him and lock him up in the Clink until the Squire comes home; and first give him a good ducking in the horse-pond.'

But then the vagabond altered his tune, and put on such a piteous look, and told such a miserable whining tale of starvation and misery, that Grace's voice prevailed; though he did not escape his taste of the pond.

'Let him go, let him go,' she said; 'and take him away at once, before the Squire comes back, which he may do at any minute.—And now, all my dear good friends, a thousand thanks to you,

every one! But begone, all of you, for the clock has struck seven, and I have to be dressed before eight!'

In spite of all difficulties, however, Miss Grace Rivington, in her white dress and wearing her diamond necklace, was the admiration of all beholders that night at the ball. She danced many dances, and not a few with Charlie Burton, who after his marriage told me this true story.

AN HYDRAULIC RAILWAY.

THE idea of a railway in which the carriages should be propelled by hydraulic power, whilst the resistance due to friction on the rails should be greatly reduced by the substitution of sliding surfaces for wheels, a film of water being at all times interposed between slides and rail, is due to Monsieur Girard, an eminent French hydraulic engineer, and dates some forty years back. Shortly before the outbreak of the Franco-German War, Monsieur Girard commenced the construction of a line on his system between Paris and Argenteuil; but during the hostilities that ensued the works were destroyed and the engineer killed. Owing to Monsieur Girard's death, the invention fell into abeyance, until recently revived by Monsieur Barré, a former colleague. At the Paris Exhibition of 1889, a short line on this system attracted considerable interest; whilst no visitor to the Exhibition held in Edinburgh in 1890 can have failed to notice this novel innovation in the modes of rapid transit.

Before passing to an examination of the special features of the invention, and its advantages and adaptability under general or exceptional conditions of working or surroundings, we will briefly lay before our readers a succinct account of the general principle of the new railway.

Two particular points of novelty claim attention—the sliding surfaces in substitution for wheels, and the means of propulsion. Dealing first with the 'patins' or sliding surfaces, each carriage is fitted with four or six sliding shoes, which glide along a broad flat rail, a thin film of water being continually forced by hydraulic pressure between the shoe and the upper surface of the rail, so that the carriage may be said to float along its rails; the motion closely resembling the pleasant easy passage of a sledge across smooth ice. It may here be noted that Monsieur Girard at the commencement of his experiments proposed to float his carriages on compressed air, but speedily abandoned this medium in favour of water under pressure, as a means of reducing to the lowest practicable limit the friction between the supports of his carriages and the rails bearing them. The quantity of water required to maintain a constant film between the 'patin' and rail-surface is necessarily very considerable, and is supplied by a tender accompanying the train, and charged with pressure at intervals. In the case of trains running considerable distances, a steam-engine is required on the tender to maintain the requisite pressure without stoppage.

Without going into minute technical details as to the shoes, we may state that every precaution

has been taken in their design to minimise the consumption of water; and that arrangements are made all along the line for catching the expended water in troughs, with a view to its subsequent utilisation.

Turning, now, to the means of propulsion. Each carriage is furnished beneath its seats with what may be termed a straight turbine, that is, a stout bar running the greater part of its length, and furnished on either side with a series of cup-like recesses in front of each other, and comparable to a water-wheel whose circumference has been flattened, and to which a second water-wheel similarly treated has been secured back to back. Jets placed at intervals along the line, and under considerable hydraulic pressure, impinge on these series of cups, and impart great impetus to the carriages. Ingenious arrangements are made for opening and closing the jets. A lever placed in front of the train opens the jets as it passes over them, whilst a similar mechanical contrivance placed at the rear of the train closes the jets when the train has duly passed over them.

Into the numerous devices and adjustments requisite to secure the efficient working of this part of the gliding railway, it is foreign to our purpose to enter; sufficient to point out that great mechanical resource has been brought to bear on these details; and the regularity and efficacy with which they have operated in the lines already laid down on this system testify abundantly to the skill and ability of the designers.

A special feature in connection with the vehicles employed on the new class of railway now under consideration—we had almost said 'rolling stock'—is their lightness. Owing to the entire absence of all jar, shock, and vibration, the carriages admit of considerably less solid framing than in the case of their prototypes on ordinary lines. Not only does a considerable saving in first cost result from such economy in construction, but a permanent reduction in dead-weight to be hauled forms a favourable item in the advantages of the invention.

A further feature of economy is the saving of all oil and grease required for lubricating the wheels, an item of cost in the working expenses of railways which would fairly astonish those unacquainted with the heavy sums annually disbursed by our leading lines for such comparatively minor stores.

The excellent and efficient brake-power inherent to the gliding railway deserves some passing notice, as it entirely obviates any necessity for other brakes, being in itself both ample and speedy. Nothing further is requisite beyond stopping the flow of water between the gliding shoe and the rail, the friction between shoe and rails on dispersion of the film of water usually between them being quite sufficient to bring the train to a stand-still in a very short time.

Amongst the special advantages claimed by its introducers for this new competitor as a means of popular locomotion, we have already mentioned the absence of all vibration and jar, together with side rolling motion; to these may be added the pleasant gliding motion, comparable to sleighing over ice, and the absence of

all noise, dust, and smoke. The inventors are sanguine of attaining as high a speed as one hundred and twenty miles per hour, with the greatest facility for bringing the train quickly to a stand-still.

These qualifications would appear to eminently fit the gliding railway for service in cities and tunnels, where noise and smoke form so serious a drawback; and we understand that the new project has been favourably regarded by so great an authority on railway matters as Sir Edward Watkin, whose connection with the underground railways of London and with the proposed Channel Tunnel doubtless indicates that he has recognised the advantages which would accrue to these important undertakings from the adoption of a means of locomotion at once noiseless, smokeless, and expeditious.

It would, in conclusion, be idle to assume that the new railway will not have its difficulties to contend with; the working of so much hydraulic plant in severe frosts must of necessity be faced and overcome; and the question of cost, both as regards maintenance and working expenses, will require careful examination.

The means of locomotion in large cities are many and various, and each year seems to increase their number, from the magnificent overhead railways of New York to what a French writer has described as 'les affreux souterrains du Métropolitain de Londres.' We have, moreover, tramways of every class—drawn by horses, steam, or electric engines; or, again, by cables—all of which closely compete with vehicular traffic and steamboat service for our carrying-trade. Amongst such numerous and powerful rivals, the progress of the new hydraulic gliding railway will be watched with no small interest, and its career will be followed, not merely by engineers, but by the public at large with keen attention.

IN THE NIGHT.

As I enter the shadowy portals of Night,
To stray in her solitudes vast,
Pale Memory whispers a vanished delight,
And summons a shade from the past.

Lo! my Marguerite plays: the sweet passion and skill
That we loved speak again in her art.
How the strains of her violin sound, at her will,
Like the chords of a human heart!

It is only a dream, such as travellers say
Thirst gives in the lands of the sun;
And the sad, sweet face and the form pass away—
The music and glory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate words,
If only one moment, to stay;
But all that I hear is the twitter of birds
That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far-distant Alps seem a cloud-land of snow,
Are a lake, and a valley so fair,
And a sculptured stone, with its record of woe,
To tell she is sleeping there.

W. GOW GREGOR.

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THIS YEAR'S PRAIRIE HARVEST.

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

ANYTHING more beautiful, more inspiring almost, than the prairie-lands at harvest-time—in a year such as this has been—can scarcely be imagined. Far as eye can reach, spread the fields of yellow grain, swaying and rustling as the breeze flits over the full and ripened ears, bringing with it the perfume of a thousand wild-flowers and grasses which bloom on the virgin savannas. I thought that earth had never sent heavenward a sweeter incense than the breathings of Nature rising from those harvest-fields.

Canada North-west is jubilant over the golden grain which she has joyfully gathered into her barns. The rains have been plentiful this season, and have amply compensated for the comparative absence of snow during the winter. A scarcity of snow is a serious calamity to prairie farmers, the irrigation of their lands depending as much upon the winter snows as on the summer rains. Those prairies are a pitiful sight in a dry season—the ground all parched and gaping; the grain stunted and brown; the grass shrivelled to its roots; the fire-fiend triumphing over beneficent water-spirits; stock maddened and lost for lack of water; settlers depressed through the failure of their crops.

Folks who grumble over the dreariness of a white-robed earth through long cold months should remember betimes how much they owe to the kindly snows, which are really blessings in disguise!

The grain ripens very rapidly in the North-west, and is dropping from the ear almost when it is 'hardening'; therefore, harvest operations must be done in haste. The almost universal use of expensive machines for cutting and binding, &c., goes to prove that farming out West 'pays' on the whole; but when a very abundant harvest is to be garnered, there is always need of extra labourers; and farm-hands can always earn enormous wages during the autumn, particularly in Manitoba.

As I passed along, I saw two, or four, or even six oxen (or horses) yoked together, and dragging great machines along fields of standing grain; and as the mighty 'rigs' moved onward, strips of earth were shorn of their beauteous dress, which fell along the track in rows of sheaves, symmetrical in shape, uniform in size, neatly tied up, and laid in rigid order at equal distances from one another.

There was no apprehension this season of prairie fires, which wrought such devastation last year; but I heard a great deal about the frosts, and I saw some of their results—on a small scale. Judging by these, I fear 'a frost' widespread must be as bad as a fire. Fortunately, the frosts have been partial and limited, and though they have withered the hopes of a few individual farmers, as a whole the North-west has suffered very slightly from this cause. In many cases the evil might have been averted on the smaller farms, where the frost has been most felt.

'Canny' farmers, taught by experience, can tell when a frost-wind may be coming their way, and they prepare for it. They lay a row of 'smudges' along the wind-side of their fields of grain (a smudge is a little pile of dry grass, sticks, clods of earth, any rubbish, in fact, that will raise a smoke when lighted). The ice-wind stealing along to blight the field is met by the smoke, and compelled to carry its genial warmth to the grain in place of the deadly breath of 'a frost!' I saw a large field thus guarded. There had been a frost in the previous night, and the men had been alert keeping their smudges going with the most perfect success. Fresh piles of rubbish were lying ready if required; but fortunately the frost did not visit that locality again. Two miles farther on, a neighbouring field, left to itself, had suffered, and its owner was bewailing his hard fate.

No precautions can be taken against hail showers, and these are as destructive as the frost-winds, though more limited in their operations. One day a shower of those cruel crystals passed

over the spot I stood upon. I could hear the swish and rattle they made, could see the fierce sun-rays flash and scintillate among them. We were amazed that no particle of hail fell on us. The edge of a field of wheat half a mile beyond was 'visited' by a few hailstones from that shower—hailstones as large as gooseberries and wicked as bullets. Five miles across the prairie I saw (two days later) what that same shower had done to a crop which had promised glorious things before the visitation. The grain was lying broken and beaten to the sod; the potatoes and turnips were scattered over the earth, shorn of their green tops; some chickens were pelted to death; a garden over which much care had been expended was a dismal wilderness; the wooden walls of the house were marked by the hailstones as if a shower of partly 'spent' shot had been rained upon them. It was a sad scene; but my pity was lost in admiration of the manner in which the strong-souled farmer—a man without means beyond what came to him from the land he was cultivating—bore his loss and spoke of the future. Verily, the true North-wester is a Titan in mind as well as in body; and we are glad to know that for one man who may have suffered there are twenty who are rejoicing over well-stocked barns.

Strange to tell, a large proportion of the best grain this season was 'self-sown.' The crops last year were so bad that in many cases it was not worth while to reap, and the grain was left to drop where it stood. From the seed thus left grew some of the goodly crops of this year; and the North-west farmers have thus made the great discovery that the best crops are those raised from grain sown on stubble. A prairie philosopher explains the matter thus: 'When the ground is not ploughed or harrowed, the moisture of the autumn and winter remains undiminished; also the stubble holds its weight of snow, and this snow is a protection against the wind for the young grain coming up.'

Curiously enough, these self-sown fields were free from the plague of 'pig-weed,' which was spreading itself destructively in the adjacent fields. These fields had been ploughed, and the seed sown after the usual method. The philosopher explains that on ploughed land the weed starts with the same advantages as the grain, and being of faster growth, soon chokes out the legitimate crop. But on the stubble the wheat gets a fair start of its noxious rival, and is in possession of the field before the weed has pierced the surface of the earth. Thus the 'choking-out' is all on the right side when the grain is drilled into stubble or left to sow itself.

This pig-weed (a species of *Chenopodium*, or Goose-foot) is a great nuisance, and does not seem to be 'understood.' It grows very rapidly, and soon smothers up all other plants. There seems no way of getting rid of it except by pulling it up when it is very young. It strikes its roots deep and fast into the soil, and it grows to the height of four and five feet. When pressed and stored, it makes a nourishing 'green feed' for winter use; and the animals eat it greedily in that state. Not a single blade of pig-weed grows

on virgin soil, they told me; but no sooner is the earth turned over, no sooner does the edge of a farm implement furrow the sod, or a wheel break the turf by a 'trail,' than up springs the pig-weed.

Natural hay is abundant and of excellent quality this season; for the 'slews' had been under water for months, and the grass upon them was as soft and green as that of an English lawn. (A 'slew' is a slight depression in the ground where water accumulates, and I fancy the word is a corruption merely of 'slough.') In May, the young farmers were bathing in a slew, where in August they were driving their mower and team of oxen!

On the Indian Reserves the crops were as good as elsewhere. The 'straw' was not so tall; but the wheat and oats had 'headed' beautifully. Indeed, the Red Men's fields could bear comparison with those of the crofters, if not with those of the experienced Canadians.

I brought home from the island of Vancouver a head of oats which looks like a little sheaf, is over six feet tall, and is the product of one ear! I gathered it at random from a field where I saw the tops of men's hats bobbing about, and discovered that men were walking through the corn with those hats on their heads!

The harvest in Eastern Canada, we were told, has not been so good as that of the North-west; therefore, reports from the older provinces must not be understood to include the Dominion as a whole. A significant fact is that emigrants—chiefly of the farming class—from East Canada and from the States are pouring into the Far West-north-west. There is room enough and to spare; but what is better still, there is bread enough and to spare.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER V.—THE NEW MASTER.

For the space of a minute a dead silence fell on all who were present at this startling and unaccountable discovery. Richard King was the first to move. He approached to the chair which had contained the dead master of Yewle, and narrowly scanned it and the immediate surroundings. He noticed that the chair had been turned a few inches towards the casement, and the half-smoked cigar which had been held in the dead man's fingers had been dropped on the floor. The casement next received his attention. It fastened by two bolts within, and could not have been opened from the outside except by breaking the thick plate-glass. It stood wide open now. After examining these things, Richard King, pale and stern, turned to the silent crowd until his eye rested on the butler. 'Who has had the key of this room since I was here yesterday?' he demanded.

'No person has had the key,' was the prompt answer. 'It has not been one second out of my possession.—Moreover, Mr Richard, you yourself were the last that asked to see the master.'

'Are you sure the casement was then fastened?'

'As sure as I am that it is now open, sir.'

'I can bear witness,' observed Francis Gray, 'that it was fastened at nine o'clock last night.'

Richard King turned to him sharply and, as several thought, suspiciously. 'How do you know that, Mr Gray?' he inquired.

'I was walking in front of the house,' answered Gray, dropping his voice, 'and yielded to the impulse to look in at my dead friend. The case-ment was quite secure, and—and the body was where you saw it, in that chair.'

'This is a most extraordinary occurrence,' said the coroner. 'Of course, if the body cannot be found, there can be no inquest.—What is to be done, Mr King?'

'The police must be sent for at once,' Richard King answered in a clear hard voice; 'there has been some foul-play here.—Hand the key of that door to me.'

'I don't know your right to demand it just yet, Mr Richard King,' replied the old butler with hot face.

'I am Mr Rowan King's nearest relative.'

'There's a nearer one than you, Mr Richard, though he is not here to-day. And I firmly believe, moreover, that Mr Rowan is as much alive this morning—wherever he is—as you are. He isn't the first of his family the thing has happened to.'

'Take your rubbishy story to the servants' hall,' said Richard King, losing his temper.

Now, it was the fact that every person present was aware of the peculiar fatality of the King family, and there was no doubt that the butler's declaration made an impression. There was just as little doubt that Richard King's loss of temper inspired an opinion not in his favour—an opinion that the ownership of Yewle was too near his grasp to be surrendered without a contest.

All the same no objection could be made to his resolution to bring the police on the ground. In an hour they were at Yewle and in full possession of all the facts. Stokes found a suitable opportunity of impressing his own view of the case upon the officers, which was, that if Mr Rowan was not discovered among the woods—which had been his favourite haunts—they might conclude he had gone off again on his wanderings, and would return to Yewle—Heaven knew when!

As Richard King instructed the officers according to his own view, a minute and exhaustive search was commenced, first in the house, next in the grounds, and gradually enlarging the circle of search until every inch of the park might be said to have been carefully inspected. The result was a perfect blank. Richard King was not satisfied yet that all that was necessary had been done. Wherever a spadeful of fresh earth appeared in the gardens or grounds, he caused the soil to be dug up; wherever there was a drop of water on the estate, in ditch, or stream, or pond, he had it minutely searched and dragged.

As this ghastly work went on, even the men employed upon it, liberally as they were paid, began to grumble and to give unmistakable signs to their employer that they were losing the 'stomach' for it. On seeing this, he tried another plan, which was nightly discussed in the *King's Arms* at the village with a freedom of rustic comment which Richard King would not have liked to hear. He gave the men spirits, and it began to be noticed that he fortified himself with frequent applications of the same stimulant. Lastly, he promised a liberal reward

to the first finder of the body of Mr Rowan King.

'It ain't o' no use,' said the spokesman of the party on a Saturday evening when they had received their wages. 'I, for one, Mr King, don't intend to go on this job o' Monday any further.'

The other men unanimously announced the same resolution.

'Very well, go,' answered Richard King. 'I can find others.'

They went; and after a preparatory bath and toilet, that improved his appearance, Richard King walked over to the vicarage.

Francis Gray was in London now, having lost no time in leaving Yewle when he found this new master unceremoniously take up his residence there; and King was a daily visitor at the vicarage. He was a little embarrassed in regard to the curate, to whom, on the strength of his expectations, he had some time ago promised the living; but, on the other hand, he saw how the obligation of fulfilling that promise would help him in his suit for Agnes King. Where could they remove to so fitly as to the Hall?

He was in ill humour this evening, on account of the conduct of the men, and it took some effort to clear his countenance before he entered the vicarage. With all his cleverness, and with all his solicitude to make himself acceptable in that house, he did not know how abhorrent to the ladies was the work which he was engaged upon. He was not long there when he referred to it. Mrs King had left the room; and turning to Agnes with a look of concern, he said: 'Another week gone and no result. I begin to be fairly astounded, Agnes. And the boors actually refused this evening to continue the work on Monday.'

A look of sickness came for a moment into the girl's face. She hesitated before she spoke. 'Mr King,' she said, 'has it not gone far enough? It is horrible to be digging and dragging like that day after day. Some day the mystery will be cleared up, and what will it all amount to? Merely the simple melancholy fact that Uncle Rowan is dead; and we know that already!'

'Yes; we know it, we know it,' he quickly answered; 'but you cannot see all that depends on—on finding the body—besides giving it a Christian burial.'

No; thank Heaven! the poor girl did not know, or dream.

'Would you abandon this horrible search—to make me grateful to you?' she pleaded, desperately—for the form of words was one she had much thought over, and shrunk from.

'To make you grateful, Agnes?' he answered softly. 'Ah yes—surely, surely!'

'Then you will abandon it?'

She was crimson to the eyes, but was resolute not to falter till she had his promise. He gave it at once; and Agnes was as conscious as he was that the bond was tightening. He went back to the Hall in good spirits that night, thinking less of the promise he had made than of the distance by which the girl was thereby drawn closer to him.

But that he felt himself bound by the promise only as far as the girl's observation extended was evident from his manner of spending the next

three hours. With a bottle and glass beside him, he sat in Rowan King's chair in the study, facing the casement, and marking out, in his thoughts, every path that could be taken from that spot and every place the paths might lead to. 'If his body is at the bottom of the sea, I will bring it up to the surface!'

He staggered up to his bedroom at two in the morning, and slept till the church bell across the park was ringing for service.

It became necessary now to take some steps with regard to the property, of which for so far Richard King was only presumptive owner. The family solicitor came to Yewle and held a private inquiry into the death of Rowan King. Richard King declared that there could be no doubt of his being dead—but Richard was, of course, an interested party. Dr Hayle, however, was certain Rowan King was dead; he had not examined him, he said, and was not in a position to speak as to the cause of death; but it was a lifeless body he saw in that chair. He had written to Francis Gray, and showed a letter from him bearing the same witness. The opinion of the old butler was disregarded by the man of business, who now declared that, on the evidence he had heard, he would proceed to have the late Mr King's will proved.

'Had he made a will?' asked Richard King, concealing his anxiety by walking across to a window and looking out.

'Yes; strangely enough, too, the will was made and executed on the very day of his death. It was posted to me that evening. The document is brief,' said the lawyer, unfolding a sheet of foolscap paper, 'and written in Mr King's own hand. It is witnessed by the butler Stokes, and a gardener named Wilson.'

Here the solicitor paused for a minute, looking over the document. Richard King did not turn from the window.

'The mansion of Yewle, with its furniture, pictures, plate, and heirlooms, his horses and carriages—and so on; everything, in fact, in and about the place—together with all his freehold estates, he bequeaths to you, Mr King.'

Richard King turned round slowly, looking as composed as though he had known all this before. 'Is there anything more, Mr Rintoul?'

'He bequeaths twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts, which lies to his credit in bank or is invested, to his niece Agnes King. That is all the will contains.'

'I am glad he has not forgotten his brother's wife and child,' said Richard quietly. 'Had he not provided for them, I should have considered it my duty to do so.'

The solicitor bowed, and there the interview terminated.

The necessary legal steps were taken; and, after the delay inevitable in a case so unusual, probate of the will was granted. Richard King was now undisputed master of Yewle; and the first effect of the fact was the giving of notice by Stokes the old butler. Instead of accepting the notice, the new master paid him a month's wages and allowed him to go.

The proverbial 'law's delay' caused some three months to elapse before the affairs of the late master of Yewle were fully wound up, for it was found that he had various sums of money invested

in foreign securities not readily realisable. However, Mr Rintoul, the solicitor, at length completed the 'schedule,' and invited Mr Richard King to call upon him. Before going up to London for this purpose he called on the ladies at the vicarage. 'I am going up to see the lawyer,' he said, 'who informs me that everything is wound up at last. As executor, I shall now have twenty thousand pounds to give to you, Agnes. How shall I place it for you?'

The girl no more knew what to do with so much money than if it had been a veritable white elephant; and her mother was not much wiser. After pointing out the various ways in which the money could be invested, Mr King at last said, with a smile: 'We had better let the matter stand over for the present, and talk it over at our leisure later on.'

But Agnes had a suggestion to make, which cost her a little embarrassment. 'Uncle Rowan always meant to provide for Francis Gray, and I would like him to share this money with me.'

'Your uncle Rowan must have had his reasons for what he has done, Agnes, and we are bound to respect them. He chose to give you the money, and you must take it. As for Francis Gray, whenever he wants a helping hand, I shall myself be ready to give it to him. Will that do?'

She did not urge the point further. Then there was a pause, and Richard King was gathering his forces for the real object of his visit to the vicarage.

'There is a matter,' he said to the ladies, speaking slowly, 'which can hardly be postponed any longer, and it is one which I have great difficulty in mentioning to you. You know that this living has been vacant for a long time, and I am being pressed to fill it.'

Mrs King looked startled now; but he raised his hand deprecatingly.

'Rowan King's sentiments in regard to this house are mine also. It is, and shall be, yours as long as you wish to stay in it. But I have ventured to hope,' he went on, with an appealing look to Agnes, 'that—that you would come to the Hall.'

Mrs King looked at her daughter too; and Agnes showed, by her changing colour and tightly clasped hands, that she was conscious the decision rested solely with her.

'Agnes,' he continued tenderly, 'you placed a condition on your consent, which I gladly accepted. But think, Agnes—should I work less earnestly to fulfil that condition if you were my wife? And it would be so much better and happier for all of us. And—pray do not misunderstand me for saying it, but all this is very near to my heart. When your father returns to us, Agnes, will he not be the happier for knowing that no cloud was permitted to rest on those dearest to him?'

The girl was in tears; but when, emboldened by her emotion—which of course he construed as consent—he moved nearer to take her hand, she quietly rose and stepped back a pace.

'Not now,' she said gently—'not now. Give me some time to think.'

'Assuredly,' he answered. 'I am far from wishing to press you, Agnes. But I may, I hope, take some steps now for filling the living? That will in no way interfere with your freedom

of deliberation ; only I could not do so without reference to you.'

'Oh yes,' she replied, 'you may certainly do that.'

What more could man wish for? So Richard King thought as he walked exultingly away from the vicarage. Agnes was his now ; her last words, giving him liberty to present another occupant to the vicarage, clearly implied her consent.

Why did he seek this girl—this felon's child—so eagerly? She was very beautiful indeed, and worth any man's seeking. Yet one or two persons, who knew Richard King well, would have sought for some other motive. He had two or three times lately been discussing with his steward the subject of repainting and decorating the Hall, and substituting modern carpets and furniture for some of the old things. There had not been a lady in the house for twenty years, and it needed preparation for a new mistress. Accordingly, before starting for London that morning, Richard King announced that a man would be down from town next day to prepare estimates for the renovation of the Hall forthwith, an announcement which it need hardly be said was discussed all over the parish before evening in connection with the master's approaching marriage with Agnes King. The topic was treated with very mixed feelings, which need not be entered into here.

Before starting for the railway station he took time to drop a line to the curate to tell him he might prepare for an early removal to the vicarage.

It was early afternoon when he arrived in London, and driving to an hotel in the neighbourhood of Pall-Mall, he found himself just in time for luncheon. He had made an appointment with the solicitor for three o'clock, and as it wanted an hour of that time he strolled round to a club near St James's Street to which he belonged, and went into the smoking-room. It was a very quiet and decorous-looking club in the daytime ; but it was well known that at night high play went on in it and fortunes were wrecked almost every week. He had not been sitting five minutes when a florid and military-looking man, low of stature and unduly fat, came into the room, looked at King, stopped a moment, and approached him. 'King, how are you?' he said in a loud cheery voice.

'Oh, is that you, Saverley?' said King. 'All right, I hope?'

'Not so well as I would wish, King,' answered the other, taking the next chair and speaking in a lower key. 'That's a confounded affair about "Influenza," isn't it? I see you know about it,' he added, pointing to the evening paper in King's hand. The truth was, however, that Richard King had not yet read a word of the newspaper.

'No ; what's the matter?'

'Matter? The horse didn't even get a place to-day. In all my experience I have never been hit so hard.'

The truth began now to dawn on Richard King, and his face darkened. Ten days before, he had been in London ; and in this very room, after dinner, he had backed that horse heavily—indeed, recklessly, as a man who has been drinking too much will do. He scarcely remembered it next morning, and had given no thought to the matter since.

'I think you booked those bets for me, Saverley?'

'I did ; and if I hadn't stopped when I did, you'd have been let in for double the amount. As it is, King, it is a large item even for a rich man like you. You have lost eleven thousand odd.'

Richard King turned pale. 'I was tipsy,' he said, 'when I made these bets!'

'Sh-h-h!' replied Saverley, raising his hand ; 'don't let anybody hear you use such words. No ; you were not tipsy, King ; I wouldn't have allowed you to back a horse if you were ; but you were bad enough afterwards. You'd have gone to the cards and lost your estate if I hadn't bundled you into a cab and taken you to your hotel.'

A foolish, tipsy vanity to be regarded as a rich man had brought him to this ! It was a terrible blow to begin with ; but when he had some brandy-and-soda with Major Saverley, and heard of the men who were irretrievably ruined over the same horse, it comforted him to reflect that he was in a position at least to 'settle.' He was even able to laugh at the matter with his friend.

Then there was a 'plunger' who had just joined the club, and was a rich treat for the birds of prey. To the accounts of this young man's reckless dissipation of his inheritance King listened with a good deal of interest.

'If you were only less socially inclined after dinner, now,' said the Major confidentially, 'you could, being a comparative stranger from the country, have good fun out of the chap. He always comes early, before the others gather in.'

Richard King knew what this meant, and obtained a sufficient description of the plunger to enable him to identify him.

'I'll try what I can do with him this evening,' he said. 'I must be off to keep an appointment with my lawyer now ; but I shall dine here.—Are you engaged?'

'Unfortunately, I am ; but I will look in about eleven o'clock. You can do a good thing with the plunger if you are careful—perhaps,' he added, 'recoup your loss on Influenza—who knows? Only, my dear fellow, keep your head clear while you are in these premises.'

It was good advice ; but, as Richard King thought, unnecessary ; of course he would keep his head clear. If he were able to pluck this young fool to anything like the extent hinted at by Saverley, he should not be under the necessity of paying his debts with Agnes King's money ; for there was no other way of doing it.

He made the interview with Mr Rintoul as brief as possible ; and calling at his banker's to pay in the cheque for Agnes King's inheritance, he at the same time drew out a sufficient sum for the evening's work.

'I must lose a few hundreds at first, to draw him on,' he reflected. 'Eleven thousand ! I'll never back a horse again while I live.'

After dining at the club, King, with flushed face and somewhat doubtful gait, proceeded up-stairs to the billiard room. There were card tables round the walls, and one in the recess of a bay-window. The room was unoccupied, except by a young man of vacuous expres-

sion and very dissipated look, who wore a good deal of jewellery. King at once recognised him by Saverley's description, and was able to perceive that, like himself, the young man had been drinking. He smiled at the reflection that his own steadier head gave him the advantage.

'Shall we have a bottle of wine?' suggested King, when, after a few minutes' conversation, they sat down in the recess to 'while away an hour' at cards. The other willingly assented; and then commenced the night's work, the full results of which Richard King did not realise till next morning.

(To be continued.)

GOLD IN THE ARTS.

FROM an historical and political point of view, gold is perhaps the most interesting of all the metals. Since the earliest ages, mankind has had an instinctive attraction for it. Some years ago a celebrated Professor admitted three little children, who could only just walk, into a room where there was a gold ball and a silver ball, each exactly of the same size, upon the floor. They all instinctively stretched out their little hands towards the gold ball, and did not appear to take the slightest notice of the other.

'Its peculiar properties and its scarcity have rendered gold more valuable than any other metal,' says Dr Thomas Thomson. But gold is only valuable on account of its comparative rarity and some of its properties, which are exceedingly remarkable, such as its inalterability when kept exposed to the air, its ductility, and its malleability. In other respects it is far less valuable than iron, which, if we except aluminium, is the most common metal of the earth's strata.

The attempts of the alchemists to convert other metals into gold form an interesting and not altogether unimportant period in the history of the development of science. This period extends more or less over twelve centuries, and though modern chemistry has since been established on a firm basis, there still exist here and there in Europe a few persons who propagate the ideas of the alchemists, and believe that it is not only possible to transmute metals, but that as chemical science progresses so will medical knowledge. But the moderns who speculate upon these medieval ideas do so upon the strength of certain curious and hitherto unexplained chemical phenomena, and appear to have totally abandoned the notion of a *lapis philosophorum* endowed with the property of transmuting metals and prolonging life.

It is astonishing how little attention is paid in general to this extremely remarkable metal, and how few persons reflect upon the peculiarities which distinguish gold from all other substances, and render it so valuable in the arts. Let us glance at some of them here.

The colour of gold is a brilliant yellow; when the metal is pure, it is nearly the orange-yellow of the solar spectrum. When it contains a little silver, it is pale yellow, or greenish-yellow; and

when alloyed to a little copper, it takes a reddish hue.

We do not always see objects precisely in their natural colours: the white light which falls upon them is composed of the seven tints of the solar spectrum (or rainbow), and when a body reflects yellow light, for instance, it absorbs all the other colours. But this absorption is never complete in a first reflection; so that the light reflected from a metallic surface is mixed to a certain extent with undecomposed white light. In order to see the precise colour of a metal, the light of the sun must be reflected from it to a second surface of the same metal, and from this second piece to a third, and so on, until we obtain a tint which does not change by further reflections. In this experiment the undecomposed white light is all absorbed, and the true colour of the metal is seen. In this manner gold is seen to be of a brilliant orange colour; copper, nearly carmine red; tin, pale yellow; silver, white; lead, blue, &c.

But gold can be beaten out so thin that it allows light to pass through it, in which case, though it still appears brilliant yellow by reflected light, it is green as viewed by transmission, that is, by the light that passes through it. This curious effect can easily be observed by laying a piece of gold-leaf upon a plate of glass, and holding it between the eye and the light, when the gold will appear semi-transparent, and of a peculiar leek-green colour.

We have not yet done with the colour of gold. When this metal is precipitated from its solutions by means of phosphorus dissolved in ether, or by means of chloride of tin or sulphate of iron, it is obtained in a very fine state of division—that is, as the finest possible of powders; and though it is in every case the identical uncombined or pure metal, yet its colour is different according to the substance employed to precipitate it; thus, we can obtain gold of a bright ruby colour, of a blue colour, of a brown colour, and of that peculiar purple colour which it also takes when volatilised by an electric discharge.

Now these facts are interesting to photographers, for here we have a metal which takes no fewer than six perfectly distinct colours, according to the mechanical state of division in which we produce it. It is known that silver possesses to a certain extent the same properties; and some writers are of opinion that here lies the secret of producing naturally-coloured photographs.

Gold is rather softer than silver; therefore, to make gold coin and jewellery wear as well as silver, a small quantity of some other metal is alloyed with it. What is termed 'sterling' or 'standard' gold consists of pure gold alloyed with one-twelfth of either copper or silver. In English coin, a mixture of copper and silver is used to make up this one-twelfth.

The specific gravity of gold is 19.50; that is, it weighs nineteen and a half times as much as its own bulk of water. The ductility and malleability of this metal are equalled by no other. By ductility is meant the property of allowing itself to be drawn out into a wire; and by malleability, its property of flattening without splitting under the hammer. The latter quality serves to distinguish instantly between a piece

of gold and a piece of iron pyrites, for instance: a blow with a hammer will flatten the gold, but will cause the pyrites to fly into a hundred pieces. Indeed, gold may be beaten out into a leaf of such fineness that one grain of the metal may thus be made to cover fifty-six and three-quarter square inches. These leaves are so thin and homogeneous, that they allow light to pass through them, as we have seen, and their thickness has been calculated to be about $\frac{1}{250,000}$ th of an inch. But we can procure gold much thinner than this. If a thick piece of silver be solidly gilt and drawn out, we obtain, spread over the whole wire, a layer of gold which has only one-twelfth part of the thickness just named. One ounce of pure gold may thus be made to extend to a distance of thirteen hundred miles; that is to say, it would go from London to Mount Hecla, in Iceland, and back again without breaking upon the silver surface. We see, thus, how a little gold may be made to 'go a long way'; and this is turned to excellent account in electro-gilding, the cheapest of all decorations.

Gold can be drawn out into wires which possess considerable tenacity. A wire only one-twelfth of an inch in diameter will bear a weight of about one hundred and fifty pounds. But that is not so strong as iron, copper, silver, or platinum wire. The ductility of gold, however, is so great that one grain-weight of this metal can be drawn out as a wire to a distance of five hundred feet.

We will not occupy ourselves about the exact degree of temperature at which gold melts, but it is said to lie between twelve hundred and ninety-eight and thirteen hundred degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. As soon as it is melted it glows with a beautiful yellowish-green phosphorescence. On cooling it contracts more perhaps than any other metal; this is why it is not fit for casting into moulds, because on cooling it quits the side of the mould and does not reproduce the pattern satisfactorily. In the arts this is obviated by alloying the gold with some metal which contracts less on cooling, such as copper or silver.

It has been proved that the most violent heat of our glass-house furnaces will not cause gold to volatilise, or go off in vapour, though silver and many other metals are vaporised at this high temperature. An ounce of gold was kept for a month in the hottest part of a glass-house furnace, and did not lose weight. However, a still more violent heat will volatilise it: by submitting gold to the heat of a blast-furnace, for instance, the metal may be seen to rise in fumes, which will attach themselves to a plate of silver suspended about five inches above the molten gold, so as to gild it. A moderately strong electric discharge will volatilise gold in the form of a beautiful violet-coloured vapour. In this experiment, if we make use of a gilded silk cord, the electric discharge carries off all the gold, leaving the silk intact. Like all metals, gold is a good conductor of electricity; but there would be no advantage in using it for telegraphic wires or lightning-conductors, as copper is a much better conductor than gold.

One of the most important properties of the latter metal is its inalterability when kept exposed to the air, to water, or to acid emana-

tions. Most metals in these circumstances rust or tarnish, but gold remains brilliant. Some persons having remarked that the gold used by dentists for stopping decayed teeth disappeared, more or less, after a time, were led to suppose that the saliva contained some substance which acted upon it; but though the saliva acts energetically upon many organic substances, and will attack some metals, it has been proved by an eminent chemist that it has no action upon pure gold. The disappearance of gold used for stopping teeth is simply due to wear or friction. In the same manner, rings, chains, and gold coin become thinner by friction. Dishonest people have taken advantage of this property in the process called 'sweating.'

Gold can be united or alloyed to most of the other metals, and some of these alloys have very remarkable properties. The extraordinary ductility and malleability of pure gold, to which we have alluded, are entirely lost when this metal is alloyed with only $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of bismuth; and a similar effect is produced with tin, arsenic, and many other metals. Thus, according to the celebrated chemist Hatchett, if two thousand ounces of gold be melted with one ounce of bismuth, the resulting compound metal, or alloy, instead of hammering out into a thin sheet, will not flatten at all, but breaks to pieces. Mercury combines so readily with the precious metal that, being a liquid metal at ordinary temperatures, it is often used to dissolve gold, and, before electro-gilding superseded it, this liquid alloy or 'amalgam,' as it was called, was extensively used for gilding copper and silver.

Copper unites with gold, renders it harder, and gives it that reddish tinge so remarkable in continental jewellery; it resists wear much longer than pure gold, such as is used by the natives of India, for instance.

When gold is dissolved in nitro-muriatic acid it forms chloride of gold, a beautiful yellow liquid, used by gilders, photographers, and others. When this solution is diluted with water, and chloride of tin is added, metallic gold is precipitated as a beautiful purple powder, which is used for gilding and colouring porcelain and glass. This powder is called 'purple of Cassius,' from the name of its discoverer, Andreas Cassius, of Leyden, who made it for the first time in the year 1685. In gilding porcelain it is spread upon the pattern by means of a paste, and by the action of heat in the oven it takes the ordinary golden hue and brilliancy; but by modifying the composition of the paste, it yields also rose and purple colours. When a small quantity of it is mixed with the materials used in making glass, the glass produced has a magnificent ruby tint, seen to perfection in the well-known Bohemian glass.

The art of electro-gilding was discovered in 1803 by Brugnatelli, a pupil of the illustrious Volta; it not only superseded the old unhealthy method of gilding by mercury, but placed the use of gold within the reach of the poorer classes. The extremely small quantity of gold which can thus be made to cover uniformly a large surface of some other metal to which it adheres firmly, and resists ordinary friction, gives to the gilt object the external appearance and the properties of pure gold.

Gilding on metals and porcelain consumes large amounts of the precious metal. About one thousand ounces of fine gold are used in Birmingham every week; and in the Staffordshire potteries some seven to ten thousand ounces of gold are used per annum. Photographers employ a great deal of this metal in the shape of chloride of gold, or 'sel d'or,' a compound salt used for intensifying or toning the photographic image.

The production of gold-leaf is a very important industry. The product is extensively used for gilding picture-frames, and for other kinds of mechanical gilding, such as that which is applied to the binding of books and the edges of the leaves. Several of the applications to which we have merely alluded would require a special article in order to give an idea of their extent and importance.

It appears from certain passages in the Bible that in remote ages men were well acquainted with the art of purifying gold by heating this metal in contact with the air, much as we do at the present time; but the art of gilding, colouring glass and porcelain, and spinning flattened gold wire, are all appliances of comparatively modern date.

In making what is called gold wire a cylindrical ingot of silver well gilt is drawn successively through a number of small round holes in a steel plate, each hole being less than the other, till the thread is no wider than a hair. This can now be flattened by passing between two small rollers of polished steel, and so fit it to be used in the making of brocades, laces, embroideries, &c. Spun gold is, in fact, flattened gold wire wrapped over a thread of silk by twisting with a wheel and iron bobbins.

Many centuries before coal or iron was known to them, the inhabitants of Scotland were acquainted with gold. They found it in the beds of streams and rivers, and with the aid of stone hammers formed it into rude ornaments for the decoration of their persons. Antiquarian research has brought to light many curious and interesting facts relating to the use of gold in prehistoric times; and numerous ornaments, thus rudely fashioned, are preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh. In the twelfth century, when trade was opened with some of the continental countries, among the first things imported were vessels of gold and silver. In those days the churchmen were the great masters of the useful and ornamental arts, and were so jealous of their skill that they did not wish foreigners to have the sole privilege of supplying plate and jewellery. Accordingly, they turned their attention to working in the precious metals; they became goldsmiths, jewellers, and lapidaries, and after a while they succeeded in making articles that could compete to a certain extent with the artistic work of Italy and Flanders. This is how the art of working in gold and silver began in Scotland, where it afterwards rose to considerable eminence.

Of late years, the manufacture of aluminium bronze, which is copper containing a very small amount of aluminium, has largely taken the place of gold in watchcases, watchchains, pencil-cases, and certain articles of jewellery. But many of the uses to which gold is put cannot be effected by the compound metal just named. There are

other kinds of imitation gold, but they are either far more expensive than aluminium bronze, or not nearly equal to it either in appearance or in quality.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAP. VII.—A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE RATIFIED IN COUNCIL—A GOLDEN DOWRY—THE TREK FOR HOME.

As soon as Farquhar Murray was strong enough, he told Gert Swanepoel and his wife of his love for Bina and of his wish to make her his wife. His proposition was received with unfeigned and almost unmixed pleasure. As Gert said in his bluff way, 'No man could wish for a better-looking or a braver son-in-law; a man shrewdly able to handle a gun, manage a horse, or drive a wagon.' But there were some difficulties. First, there had been no 'op-sitting,' without which solemn form no lover in the Settlement had ever previously been known to win his bride. This objection was overcome by Farquhar's obvious explanation that op-sittings were unknown in England, and quite out of his way. He had approached the girl as any Englishman would have done, and that should surely be held sufficient. But further, much as Gert liked the young man, and would wish to see him united to Bina, no daughter of a Swanepoel had ever married an 'uitlander' (foreigner) or quitted the Settlement to return southward to the old Colony; and, Boer-like, he was unwilling to establish so novel and possibly dangerous a precedent. Why, all the marriageable females of the Rust might be carried off some fine day, and then what would become of the settlement?

Long and protracted discussions were held upon these points. At length Farquhar, after repeatedly pointing out the good that would ensue to the little colony by communication with the outer world, prevailed so far that Gert promised to call a Council of the Settlement, by whom the point should be decided. Accordingly, a meeting was called for the next day, when thirty-one males over the age of twenty-one years assembled in the school-house, which served also as a Council Chamber. It was a curious scene. The thirty-one leathern-coated councillors sat facing the little dais upon which Gert, as standing first in descent from Hendrik Swanepoel, presided. Farquhar was placed in a chair at the side of the dais upon Gert's right hand. When all were seated, Gert rose, and in simple yet effective fashion thus spoke:

'Brethren of Swanepoel's Rust, descendants all of Hendrik Swanepoel the voer-trekker, ye are called here to-day to declare your minds upon a great and solemn question, upon a matter that never yet has been mooted, or so much as thought on since the day when first the weary footsteps of our forefather wandered to this valley. A daughter of the Settlement is sought in marriage by the young Englishman ye now see before you, Mynheer Farquhar Murray. But not this only, Mynheer Murray desires to carry back with him to the old Capeland, whence we are all sprung, his wife that is to be. He has many reasons in his favour; these he will

presently lay before you, and then ye will decide whether for the first time one of our number, a daughter of our family, shall go forth from among us to other lands we know not of, save by the name and tradition handed down to us from our forefathers. And albeit it is no light thing to say, yet pondering as I have deeply over this matter, I would fain confess that, loth though I should be to lose a beloved child, loth to break lightly or at random the laws of our community, I see no harm or evil in this proposal. Rather, as I think, good may from it spring. By its means we may gain access to that outer world from which we have been shut off these hundred years. As ye all know, it hath been discussed in Council ere now whether it were not wise to seek communication once more with our kindred of the Capeland for the bettering of our knowledge, the improvement of our minds, and the strengthening of our Settlement. And I would make an end of this my talk—always, as ye know, an irksome matter with me—by reminding you that Hendrik Swanepoel, in the wise laws and directions by him framed and bequeathed for our guidance, nowhere forbids communion with the outer world; nay, rather he would seem to have had within his mind some such thing, as ye may know by the nineteenth law of the Settlement.—Ye will now hear whatsoever Mynheer Farquhar Murray hath to say upon this grave matter, and then by your majority decide, Ay or Nay, shall the young man be permitted to take from this Settlement for his wife the maiden Jacobina Hendrika Swanepoel, eldest daughter of myself, Gert Hendrik Swanepoel?

Farquhar after a slight pause then rose, and the buzz of deep-toned whispers which had run around at the conclusion of Gert's oration at once ceased. In a clear, straightforward, earnest speech, delivered of course in Dutch, he strove by every art and argument within his power to impress upon his hearers the advantages that would accrue to the settlers by intercommunication with the great world. He suggested that one of their young men should be permitted to accompany Bina and himself to the Cape Colony, thereafter to return laden with the innumerable improvements in wagons, weapons, implements, books, and other worldly gear that a hundred years of civilisation had produced. He pointed out that the immense wealth of gold and ivory possessed by the Settlement would procure inestimable advantages for them. All these things, all the wonders and glories of that unknown outer world, portrayed with the greatest fire and imagination that he could throw into his subject, the young man placed before the wondering minds of the simple people before him. As he admitted in his own soul, these things appealed as much to the selfish as to the noble side of their natures, and no doubt, viewed in the abstract, were not altogether likely to prove unmixed blessings to so primitive, so happy and contented a society. But Farquhar was deeply in love; he played for the highest stake a man may win, and he knew that unless he could fire the imaginations and kindle the enthusiasm of these rude farmers, he would never attain his end. He ceased at length, and noted with inward satisfaction that among the younger men his words had created an unmistakable impression.

A primitive debate of an hour or more followed, first one then another of the settlers stepping up to the dais and speaking. The father of the Settlement, Carel Johannes Swanepoel, a bent white-bearded tottering old man, stood forth, and leaning on his staff feebly protested against the monstrous proposal that was laid before them. Was it for this that a hundred years of toil and pleasure, of storm and sunshine, of battle and danger, had passed over their heads, that the Settlement, now peaceful and happy, was to be invaded by new men and dangerous ideas? For his part, and he spoke as the last remaining member of the community who knew and remembered their forefather Hendrik, he warned them all solemnly and with his dying voice against this proposal. 'Allenagtig!' No good, but evil, would come of it. They wanted no outlanders over-running their country and robbing them of their lands. Finally, the aged conservative sank into his seat exhausted and indignant.

At length all had finished, and the hands were counted. First: For the marriage of Bina Swanepoel with Farquhar, and for her departure from the Settlement! Amid anxious excited looks from all, twenty-three hands went up in favour. Against the proposal eight hands were raised. Second: For permission for one male of the Settlement to proceed to the Cape Colony with Murray and Bina, on condition of returning within two years! The same number of hands in favour, the same number of malcontents. The matter was therefore decided in favour of Farquhar by a majority of fifteen.

After heartily thanking the Council for its consent, and amid much boisterous congratulation and good-humoured laughter, Farquhar quitted the meeting, and hastened up to the house to acquaint Bina with the result. When Gert came in afterwards, it was decided that, as he and his wife were very loth to part from their child, the departure should not take place for fourteen days, and meantime the marriage ceremony should be arranged.

Now, this was a matter of serious difficulty with Farquhar. Looking at the thing in an honest and straightforward light, he had decided in his inmost heart that he could not be lawfully bound to Bina in wedlock except by a marriage in Cape Colony solemnised by a duly-qualified clergyman. It was a delicate matter to explain to Bina, but it must be done. The next day, as Gert sat smoking on the terrace after breakfast, he informed Farquhar that he desired to provide Bina with such a portion as would befit her for the station of her husband and her entry into the civilised world. After Farquhar had left the Council yesterday, he had obtained the unanimous consent of all the members that as much gold as could conveniently be carried in the Englishman's wagon should be placed at the disposal of the departing couple. Gold was to be had in any quantity, and they had no use for it except to convert it into plates and table-gear. Further, Gert had made up his mind, after much consideration, that his second son, Jan, a lad of nineteen, should accompany them to the Cape, provided with sufficient gold to bring back three or four good new wagons and a supply of implements, guns, utensils, entlery, clothing, and books, all of the most modern style and to be approved and chosen

by Farquhar. Provided with these, after a stay of a few months with Farquhar, the young man was to find his way back to the Settlement.

For the magnificent dowry thus proffered the Englishman thanked Gert very heartily, although as he said he was already really sufficiently well off. The second proposition fell in exactly with his own views, and would tend to smooth his marriage difficulty very considerably. The legal validity of any form of marriage celebrated in the Settlement he looked upon with doubt, and he had fully made up his mind that his future wife could not and should not be claimed as his own until they had reached the Cape. The announcement that Jan would travel down with Bina and himself at once removed a mighty load from his mind. Jan would act capably as a chaperon for his sister. Once they had quitted the Rust, Farquhar would explain his scruples to his brother-in-law, and while Bina occupied the wagon, Jan and himself would share the tent at night. All this he now fully explained to Bina, who thoroughly agreed with him. Meanwhile it was arranged that the next day should be devoted to getting as much gold as in Farquhar's opinion could conveniently be taken with them. Bina bargained on accompanying the expedition, laughingly pointing out that it was only fair she should assist in picking up her own dowry.

At daybreak on the following morning, therefore, a large party set out for the mountains about seven miles distant, where the river took its source, and where the main deposits of gold were to be found. It was a merry cavalcade, provided with such spades and picks as the settlement possessed, fashioned for the most part of hardwood. Farquhar had determined if possible to keep the knowledge of the gold region from his own servants, fearing lest, on reaching the Colony, they might induce some avaricious and probably unprincipled speculators to undertake the journey and invade the Settlement. His followers were therefore sent into the valley for the day, and then taking with them a number of Bakotwa as helpers, and Farquhar himself driving the wagon, having inspanned the oxen, they proceeded. A detour of some distance brought them, after skirting the outer base of the mountains that shut in the valley, to the foot of a neighbouring and higher range. Here they entered a kloof through which ran the main stream of the Blyde River, now greatly narrowed. Several minor streamlets flowing from the mountains had to be crossed, and at length, as the torrent became lessened and the ascent more laborious, the wagon was halted, and the oxen outspanned. A search keenly instituted in the shallow sandy stream bed presently brought to light several good-sized lumps of gold, some mingled with quartz, others almost pure pieces of metal, much rounded by the action of storm-torrents, and sometimes coated with reddish-brown rusty-looking earth.

The rapid discovery of these nuggets at once opened Farquhar's eyes to the enormous value of the auriferous deposits contained within this mighty pile of mountain. A careful and regulated hunt was now conducted, not only up the bed of the clear shallow stream itself, but in every part of the bottom of the ravine, which

narrowed as it trended upwards. A glance at the surroundings told the Englishman how this mass of treasure had been laid bare. Apparently some bygone convulsion of Nature in the dim and remote ages had split asunder the mountain at this place. Masses of quartz mingled with gold had then and from time to time, as centuries passed by, fallen from the cliff walls and rolled downwards. The tiny stream of water, at first trickling down the cleft thus formed, afterwards, as its bed became washed deeper and deeper, gathering in volume and rushing headlong to the valley beneath, and the rain-storms washing year by year upon the precipices, had disintegrated and swept down the precious metal, cleansing and rounding it century by century as it rolled. And thus had been prepared for the hand of man these lumps and nuggets to-day so assiduously sought after. It was a curious and striking quest that for the dowry of old Hendrik Swanepoel's great-great-grand-daughter.

As the day wore on, the little cairn of gold formed down at the wagon grew rapidly. Lumps weighing from a few ounces to masses of four and five hundred ounces were discovered, and often with some difficulty carried down. Only pure or almost pure nuggets were selected, many rich pieces imbedded in quartz being rejected. The heaviest nugget, as Farquhar afterwards ascertained upon having it weighed at the bank in Grahamstown, scaled just over six hundred ounces, and was sold for two thousand one hundred pounds. In all, the pile of gold gathered that day scaled out some eight thousand ounces of pure ore, and brought Bina and her husband a fortune in hard sovereigns of thirty-two thousand pounds.

Farquhar was not of an avaricious or exorbitant nature. If he had been otherwise and had chosen to have remained a week or two in this kloof, as he might easily have done, he would most certainly have carried away without difficulty a huge fortune. As it was, only a mile or two of ground was explored, and the fabulous riches of that ravine were scarcely disturbed.

At four o'clock the gold-seekers were re-assembled at the wagon, and then the chests which had been emptied for the purpose were filled, fastened up with strong 'reins' of koodoo hide, and placed at the top end of the wagon. Then quitting the shadow of the towering peak that stood sentinel over one of the richest gold-deposits in the world, just as its tall cone blushed in the hot red glow of African evening, the merry party hied them homewards for their valley. On reaching Farquhar's camp the treasure-boxes were first covered over with skins, and afterwards the finest of the elephant tusks were piled over and around them. Mindful of his future wife's comfort, he had determined to sacrifice the bulk of his ivory, with which the wagon was nearly filled, so that plenty of space was now available for Bina's quarters, on the long journey that lay before them. Having thus carefully concealed the gold from the prying eyes of his men, Farquhar rode back to the Rust, and despatched two of his followers to look after the camp.

At length all preparations were completed, the last fortnight was ended, and Bina's modest trousseau prepared. The girl had provided her-

self from the home-spun materials long since woven by herself and her mother, and now fashioned, under Farquhar's laughing and somewhat bewildered guidance, costumes that should on her entry into civilisation more accord with modern usages than her every-day huntress dress. The preliminary leave-takings were now made, and the day came when the marriage ceremony and their departure were to take place. The wedding—preliminary only in Farquhar's and Bina's eyes—was safely and decorously got through, and then, with tearful parting from Bina's own dearly-loved family, the two rode off amid the cheers and hearty good-wishes of the whole settlement, drawn out in array, accompanied by Jan, and escorted by a number of the male settlers as far as Farquhar's camp.

Before Bina quitted the beautiful valley and issued from the gateway, she drew rein just upon the spot where Farquhar had first set eyes upon Swanepoel's Rust, to look once more upon her old home. For the last time she gazed with swimming eyes over the dear and well-remembered scene. The great wall of environing mountain wherein the peaceful vale lay lapped; the sweet and silvery river flowing peacefully through the vernal pastures; the golden patches of the corn-lands; the white-walled homesteads, the bosky timber, and the flocks and herds dotted here and there about the landscape—all these things were imperishably printed in the memories of herself and her husband. Then the wagon was got under weigh, and the last farewells said to the troop of farmers who had ridden out with them for a few miles from the Settlement. Finally, when the mountains lay like blue clouds upon the horizon as they viewed them just before sunset of the next day, they bade a long and regretful farewell to Swanepoel's Rust. But before this time Bina had dried her tears, and in the society of Farquhar now looked forward to many a thousand happy days to come.

Of the long and adventurous eight months' trek before the three wayfarers and their followers reached Cape Colony time and space forbid to tell. Bina employed the long days and evenings profitably in learning English, and proceeding with other subjects; for Farquhar had a supply of books with him, and by the time Great Namaqualand was passed, she could read and speak the language almost perfectly. At length the Orange River was crossed, and the Colonial boundary reached. Finally, Graaf Reinet was gained, and in that charming old-fashioned Dutch town, well named 'the gem of the desert,' Farquhar and Bina were made one, Jan giving his sister away. After a fortnight's delightful rest in Graaf Reinet, they proceeded to Grahamstown, and at last arrived at Farquhar's own farm, Wolvefontein. Farquhar was greeted by all his numberless friends as one risen from the dead, and his beautiful wife and her origin—which latter, for reasons connected with the Swanepoel settlers, has never been exactly revealed—were long the theme of praise and conversation and criticism in Albany circles.

As for the adventurous expedition of Farquhar, his wife, and Jan back to Swanepoel's Rust, undertaken a year later through Mossamede and the Ambolla countries, the perils they passed through, the battles that they waged with men and beasts before reaching the Settlement; the attack subse-

quently made upon the Rust by a gang of free-booters, who, through Andries the Hottentot, had heard of the store of gold to be found in that region, and of their subsequent and final return to the old Colony, these things are graven in the hearts of Farquhar and his wife and of the Swanepoel settlers.

It is many years ago, but Farquhar Murray has never forgotten the day on which he first set eyes on his wife in the far African wilderness. Nor, on her part, surrounded as she is by a handsome loving family, has Bina abated one whit in the love and admiration for her husband that then sprang within her breast. Untiring diligence, an excellent governess at their home after their second return to Grahamstown, and a year's trip to England, completed Bina's education; and sometimes now Farquhar laughingly laments the peerless Diana, as she appeared when first he happened upon her in the forest, and declares that he never would have married her if he had thought she could have so changed her nature and her attire amid the comparative refinements and amenities of a Colonial existence.

THE END.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SCHEMES for the exploration of the unknown region around the South Pole have been brought forward several times since Sir James Ross, half a century ago, conducted an expedition there in the two wooden ships *Erebus* and *Terror*. This expedition, brought about at the suggestion of the British Association, and backed by a parliamentary grant, was as successful as could have been expected. Two huge volcanoes, rising from what was assumed to be land belonging to a vast Antarctic Continent, were discovered, and had conferred upon them the names of the two ships just cited. The Magnetic Pole was, it was estimated, approached within one hundred and fifty miles, and many observations of a valuable character were noted. It has long been pointed out that, with the aid of steam-power, much grander results may be achieved, and a fresh exploration scheme was brought before the British Association by Admiral Ommaney in 1885. With the energetic co-operation of Baron Nordenskiöld, the Australians are now contemplating an Antarctic expedition which is to start in the autumn of next year; and its fortunes will be followed with intense interest by all those who feel within them that spirit of adventure which seems to be the birthright of English-speaking nations.

A curious and interesting discovery was made in the Crimea last summer during some archaeological explorations there; this consisted in the unearthing of several skeletons, the bones of which had been painted. Professor Grempler, of Breslau, believes that these skeletons are the remains of the original inhabitants of the country, the Cimmerians of Herodotus, whose custom it was, like the Persians in their 'Towers of Silence,' to expose their dead in high places so that birds might consume the flesh. The skeletons, when thus cleaned and bleached by exposure to the air and sun, were then treated with mineral pigments. Similar graves have been found in

Central Asia, but they are of rare occurrence. It is the intention of the Professor named to exhibit these curious relics of a past method of burial at the Anthropological Congress to be held at Paris.

Mr J. L. Cloudsley of Westminster has invented a Gas Valve Indicator, which can be attached to the front of a meter to show the exact cost of the gas consumed. It consists of a cardboard dial with a pointer, round the edge of which are figures representing hundreds of cubic feet of gas. Against each figure is given the equivalent cost at a stated price per thousand, so that if the current price should vary, as it constantly does, the dial would have to be replaced by a new one. Setting aside this disadvantage, the little contrivance will be valued by those who like to see at a glance the state of their account with the gas company, a feat which is only possible to a few under existing conditions. The pointer receives its motion from the ordinary indicator of the meter, and each completed thousand is marked by another pointer on a second dial which rests centrally within the major one.

Those who are acquainted with the chronic state of semi-starvation to which a large residuum of our town populations is unfortunately subject, must have often felt a heart-pang when they have read each month that so many hundred tons of fish had been seized and condemned in our principal markets as unfit for human food. This waste goes on year after year, and no one seems to move a finger to stop it, for what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Mr J. L. Hamilton, M.R.C.S., of Brighton, has more than once pointed out that fresh fish can be made into an almost imperishable food by taking certain simple precautions, and he once more advocates a trial of his system. It consists in bleeding the fish before the blood has clotted, gutting and cleaning it with an abundance of sea-water, and transferring it at once to refrigerating chambers, or dry-air stores, as in the frozen-meat trade. Where a cold chamber is out of the question, peat-moss litter, he says, will preserve the cleaned fish fairly well. Unless some philanthropist is inclined to try this very hopeful method of meeting a crying evil, we fear that nothing will be done, unless indeed it should prove to be advantageous to the interests of those who rule the markets.

We have heard a great deal lately about the abuse of newly-discovered drugs which in America especially, and by means of the hypodermic syringe, are injected under the skin to give an artificial stimulant to the nerves. The habit grows upon its victims, like alcoholism, and the dose has to be constantly increased to attain the desired result. But the latest reported application of the syringe is of a still more degrading character, for it aims only at giving an improved appearance to the complexion. The 'hypodermic blush,' as it is called, is attained by discharging a small amount of colouring matter beneath the skin of the cheeks. The effect is immediate, and the blush, we are told, 'lasts two hours.' We are glad to learn, however, that the patient soon after exhibits a greenish-yellow complexion, which is not beautiful, and that the syringe cannot be used without leaving an ugly little scar upon the flesh.

An American paper lately published an interesting list of small inventions which have brought

large sums of money to the patentees, a result which is not so much due to American ingenuity, perhaps, as to their admirable patent law, which is designed to encourage invention, rather than, as is the case in this country, to tax it to the utmost. Among the inventions cited are mentioned those malleable iron shoe-plates and tips which find an enormous sale, and which have brought their contriver royalties amounting to a quarter of a million sterling. Roller skates have also brought their patentee a goodly sum; while the happy idea of sticking emery powder on cloth has proved most profitable. Toys which have won popularity with the young folks have brought small fortunes to their contrivers, and among them may be specially mentioned the simple device of a wooden ball with an attached elastic thread which causes it to return to the hand. 'Pharaoh's Serpent' was the fanciful name given to a chemical compound which when burnt makes an enormous quantity of ash of a spiral form. This little device had a great run a few years back, and brought money to its originator. The Chameleon Top is also a very profitable toy. It would appear that the simplest devices, provided that they meet the wants of a large number, bring far more money to an inventor than one which may perhaps mark an epoch in the world's industries and cost its originator a life's work.

The *Electrician* tells of a new application of the electric current in glass factories. When a sheet of window-glass is made it is blown into a cylindrical shape in the first instance; and the cylinder, before being cut down longitudinally, and allowed to unbend on a flat surface, so as to form the sheet, has its ends cut off. This was formerly done by wrapping round the part to be cut a piece of white-hot glass fresh from the melting-pot. By the new plan the separation is made far more neatly by placing round the glass a thin wire, and afterwards causing an electric current to traverse that wire. The metal becomes red hot, is removed, and a drop of cold water applied to the heated surface, with the result that it cracks all round where the wire has touched it. A ready plan for cutting off the bottom of bottles has long been in vogue, which consists in tying round the part where the separation is to be made a piece of string soaked in spirit. This is afterwards ignited, and a drop of water applied, as in the case just described.

It seems strange that the Chinese, who have been so forward with many important industrial applications, should be behindhand in the matter of coinage. Hitherto, China has had no silver coinage, but has depended on Mexican and Japanese dollars mainly, as well as upon some which were issued by the old Hong-kong Mint. In the country districts, silver was taken by weight and fineness in lieu of coins, and was carried about in small blocks called 'shoes.' When a purchase was made, a bit of the metal of the required weight was chipped off the block with a hammer and chisel. But at last, by imperial proclamation, a first silver coinage has been issued. This document warns the people that the new coins are to be taken at their standard value, that the price is not to be lowered, and that they are not to be rejected as strange. It also points out that the new coins are like foreign dollars, except

that there is a curling dragon, outside of which characters are embossed. On front, are the words 'Current coin of Kwang-hsu' and 'Minted at Canton.'

Forty years ago, the experiment with a pendulum by which Foucault sought to make the rotation of the earth sensible to the eye, made a great and popular sensation. The experiment, first conducted in the cellar of a house at Paris, was repeated before crowds of onlookers at the Pantheon. A few weeks later, the same experiment was carried out on a far larger scale at the then famous Polytechnic in London, the pendulum consisting of a wire forty-five feet long, furnished with a bob of twenty-eight pounds, while it swung across a divided circle sixteen feet in diameter. Once more, we understand, the old experiment is to be repeated in the city where it originated. The place of experiment will be the Eiffel Tower at Paris, and the pendulum will be suspended from the centre of the second platform. This pendulum will comprise a bronze wire nearly four hundred feet long, with a steel ball attached weighing two hundred pounds. The advantage to be gained by repeating Foucault's experiment upon this immense scale is not apparent. Such a pendulum will undoubtedly keep up its motion for an extended time, but unless air-currents are carefully provided against, the results will be greatly interfered with.

Powdered steel, made by suddenly quenching in cold water steel which has been brought to a very high temperature, and afterwards reducing the metal in a stamping-mill, is said to be better and cheaper for many polishing purposes than emery. The quenching operation renders the metal not only very hard, but exceedingly brittle, so that it is quite possible to pulverise it. It is carefully sifted to different grades of fineness before use.

In Cumberland, north of the Duddon Estuary, there has been worked for the past twenty years a valuable mine of hematite iron, a form of ore which is of particular value for admixture with certain kinds of steel. The mine has been worked as close to the sea as was practicable without running a risk of flooding the workings; and the proprietors were at length induced to seek a fresh concession from the landowner, to enable them to win the ore from underneath the sea-bed. This necessitated the building of a vast wall or barrier to keep the sea at bay, and this difficult undertaking has just been successfully completed. The wall is two-thirds of a mile in length; and is fifty feet high from foundation to parapet. As it is exposed to the full fury of south-westerly gales and Atlantic rollers, the work has had to be carried out in a very solid and substantial manner. It is hoped that its erection will permit the working of the mine for twenty-five years, a matter of great importance to the district, seeing that fifteen hundred men find employment there.

Dr C. W. Jones, of Bowdon, Cheshire, has invented a 'Therapeutic' Smoking Pipe, with which the pleasant weed may be indulged in without any fear of nicotine finding its way to the system. The pipe can also be used for the inhalation of volatile medicaments in certain cases, when such administration is desirable.

The pipe is of somewhat complicated construction, and comprises different chambers, in which the smoke is robbed of its noxious ingredients as well as cooled in its passage towards the mouth. It possesses several advantageous features which should commend it to smokers who are careful of their health.

According to the *Kew Bulletin*, the pine forests of Bavaria are being attacked by a terrible pest known as the *Nonnen*, which is the caterpillar of a certain moth (*Liparis Monarcha*), which at intervals has infested continental forests for a couple of centuries back. The loss which will accrue to the state forest revenue next year is expected to reach the sum of forty thousand pounds. Birds, as well as wasps and other insects, prey upon the creatures; but the most formidable destroyer is in the shape of an 'exhauster' associated with a brilliant electric light. The light attracts the creatures to its proximity, where there is a huge funnel, through which a strong exhaust current of air is forced, sucking them into an aperture below ground, where they remain buried. It is said that a similar pest appeared in 1853 in East Prussia; but a storm drove the moths into the sea, from which they were subsequently thrown up in the form of a huge bank several miles in length.

What promises to be a most important industry has been established at Swansea; this is a new process for the manufacture of seamless tubes from blocks of solid metal, and is named after its inventors, two brothers, the Mannesmann Process. The method will meet with its widest applications in the treatment of steel, and the metal selected must be of the very finest quality. Red-hot bars of the metal are passed between conical rolls of peculiar construction, and they pass out at the other side in the form of seamless tubes. A peculiar feature of the process is that in these tubes the fibre of the metal, instead of being parallel, is twisted round in a spiral, thus giving immense strength to the product. Great power is requisite to produce this result, and this is achieved by the employment of a fly-wheel, which weighs sixty tons, and which stores up about ten thousand horse-power. Tubes of any thickness or diameter can be produced by a change in the position of the conical rolls. The new process will have many applications in different departments of steel manufacture, among which may be noted hollow rails and tubes for bridge construction of large span. The works are in the hands of an English company, and have lately been visited by representatives from the Admiralty, Board of Trade, Lloyd's, and other public bodies.

A new process of etching glass has recently been patented in this country by Messrs Meth and Kreitner of Berlin. It may be briefly described as a stamping process by means of india-rubber dies. These dies or stamps are charged with a specially compounded etching fluid, of which hydrofluoric acid naturally forms a part, and the design is impressed upon the glass by them, the fluid eating its way into the surface of the bottle, lamp shade, or other article so treated.

Mr Ernest Hart has lately delivered an address which is full of melancholy interest in pointing to a new form of intoxication which has gradually become common in Ireland. From this paper it

seems certain that ether-drinking has assumed in the sister island alarming proportions. It would seem that the noxious habit prevails chiefly in the southern part of the county of Londonderry. The liquid is mostly supplied from England, and is smuggled as drugs; for if it were openly sent as ether, an extra carriage-rate would be charged on account of the explosive nature of the fluid. The intoxication produced by this compound differs from that which is produced by alcohol, in that the effects pass off so rapidly that the person affected can get drunk half-a-dozen times in one day. The effects of this intoxicant are violent excitement, pugnacity, and loss of self-control; so that the victim to this new form of vice is exposed to accident as well as great danger from the inflammable nature of the fluid indulged in. The public will echo Mr Ernest Hart's sentiment, 'that it is necessary that the legislature should take some step to put down this pernicious ether habit by restricting the sale of the drug to its legitimate uses.'

The frequent accidents from the use of petroleum or paraffin lamps have caused a number of safety devices to be introduced, some of which we have already noticed in these columns. Messrs S. Smith & Co., of Compton Street, London, E.C., have forwarded to us specimens of a new form of burner which they have just introduced under the name of the 'Postlethwaite Automatic Extinguisher,' which appears to fulfil its purpose admirably. This burner is furnished with the usual dome with a slot across, for the accommodation of the flat wick, common to paraffin lamps. But this dome differs from those in ordinary use in not being a fixture, but in being perfectly loose, and made of cast-iron. Its weight acts upon springs below, which open a pair of shutters just above the wick; but should the lamp be overturned, the dome immediately falls off, releasing the springs below, and the shutters close above the wick and at once extinguish the flame. It will be seen that this form of burner has the merit of simplicity, and that there are no complicated parts to get out of order.

A NEAPOLITAN ISLAND.

MOST people enter Baia by the high-road from Naples. Confessedly, this is the more convenient, as well as the more sentimental method. You are ever by the shore of the Neapolitan sea, treading the very ground the great (but not always good) ancients trod, and passing the ruins of their country-houses. For my part, however, I walked into the village from Cumæ—that bare hill by the western sea, which was once a city. This approach is somewhat eccentric. A ridge of upland runs parallel with the coast along the peninsula, in a corner of which Baia nestles; and the Romans clove the ridge in twain, that their transports might not suffer by the tiresome ascents and descents. The road therefore goes in a defile, the white sides of the tufa on either hand blinding the eyes when the sun is bright. But the bay soon comes as a relief; Pozzuoli is visible on the other side of it; fragments of baths and temples and other buildings of the Augustan age

face one at every step. It is evidently a neighbourhood mightily classical.

But in spite of its strong reputation, Baia is not very genial towards the wayfarer. By the time I had reached it, the sun was near setting, and I longed for the repose of an inn. Baia, however, was not for such as I. The proprietor of one hotel explained that he existed solely to provide luxurious repasts for the Luculli and Heliogabali of the nineteenth century. These aristocratic gourmands were content to eat in his house, with the sea-scape of the bay before their eyes, from as fair a terrace and bower of orange trees as ever distracted a man from his cares. Having dined, they returned to Pozzuoli by moonlight, or even to Naples, if the wind was fair and in the right quarter. And at the second hotel they told a like tale, more curtly. Not even a bribe could make them set up a bed in the house for a single night. They were very emperors of innkeepers, and held their heads serenely high.

Anon I was received in a humble cottage on a cape of land that jutted towards the sea. Something seducingly like a bed was laid athwart six chairs in the corner of a room; and two or three blankets, populous with fleas, completed the necessary arrangements. I should hardly have credited a friend who had bragged of fleas as, on the morrow of this restless night, I felt empowered to discourse upon them. Still, it was Baia. Not every one in this age may sleep in Baia. It was well, therefore, that the experience should write itself up in red letters, even though of irritation. It was a pitchy-dark evening before bedtime, and in my post-prandial gropings outside, with a cigar, I all but walked plump into the sea from an ancient pier. In the shells of the temples and baths which stood up grimly in the gloom, all the traditions of romance rendered it extremely probable that at such a time one might have met innumerable most interesting ghosts.

The dawnlight was of clear gold all over the bay, and upon the mean huts of Baia, and its castle high above it, when I started the next day to walk to the ferry of Miniscola, for the island of Procida. I have never seen a fairer morning. The vines were beaded with dew, which had not yet fled before the sun in the blue heavens. The road was lively with peasants in their national dress, going to and fro with asses and mules, and much song. And there was a glow of colour upon the reddish and purple earth of the gardens and vineyards which would have sent the blood of an artist in ecstatic motion through his veins.

With me went an old fisherman of Baia, whom in desperation I had bidden do just what it pleased him to do. He had worried me for an hour the previous evening to take him and his boat to Procida. I had refused. And lo! when at five o'clock I abandoned my tiresome bed, there stood the graybeard outside, awaiting me, and fully determined not to leave me till some of my silver had passed to him. I told him that I walked fast, hoping thus to deter him. 'Saint Anne and the Madonna,' said he, 'will give me

the needful strength to walk fast also.' The ancient encumbrance was nigh fourscore, yet he never left me—in spite of my periodical protestations that I knew the road as well as himself—until I was behind a door in the hotel of Procida. Even then I heard him declaiming to himself after this style: 'To think that I should have come so far from my home, and all for but three francs—a poor old man like me!' But no sooner did he realise that I was deaf to his self-commissions than he went smartly away, and returned to the mainland, as happy, no doubt, as two days' pay for no work could make him. He was not wholly an unpleasing old creature, though much in the way, and his confidences had even something of unconscious pathos about them. As, for example, when he told me of his domestic vicissitudes: 'Twelve children have I had, of whom eight rest in Paradise, and four find their living among the vines.'

No wonder the old Romans, with a craving for the intenser pleasures of life, built their villas in this radiant neighbourhood. I declare it is impossible to convey an idea of the exhilaration and beauty of the villages between Baia and the Cape. They are all upland, with winding paths leading down to the sea at their base. And from amid their profuse vegetation of beans, peas, and flax, as well as the haggier orange tree and camellia, what indescribable views of Vesuvius to the east, with its light vapour pendent in the air, shaped like a waterspout, and of dim mountain shapes from the isle of Ischia on the other side! Capri, too, lifted its rocky head above the clouds of morning mist which lay in opaque innocence of evil intention from horizon to horizon, out at sea. The fronds of the palms which beautify the villas of the Neapolitan plutocrats who nowadays inhabit this captivating ridge hardly fluttered in the still sweet air.

Thus we come, towards seven o'clock, to the dead sea or lagoon of Minicola. The popping of guns here and there tells of the quail-hunters at work. The shores of the dead sea are marked at intervals with little white houses, in which the sportsman may find accommodation for himself, his dog, and his gun. This seaboard was of old the Champs Elysées of dead Greeks and Romans. The tombs still stand cheek by jowl with the infrequent houses. But of course they are now void of occupants. My old companion recounts with envy and unction of the exhuming of sundry of these long-buried ancients: how the skeletons that were once rich men held a valuable gold piece between their dead teeth, and those of the poor only a copper coin worth three-halfpence, and how these gold coins sell to strangers at an excellent price. Charon has forgotten to anticipate these robbers of his dead: one could almost think it a pity. In truth, however, the Champs-Elysées are a most cheerful place of sepulchre. With the sun on the water of the stagnant sea and on the sails of the fishers' boats in the sparkling Mediterranean beyond, there is a picture to win the hearts of others besides the painters and 'hunters' who love these shores.

The sand by the sea, where a long tongue of a peninsula separates the dead from the living waters, is jet black, significant of its volcanic origin. A few yards seawards there is further a pinnacle of lava which tells its story. But the

subterranean ravager must have been curbed here a long time ago, centuries ere the Champs Elysées were established.

We tarry, and wander awhile by the beach, and under the lee of the steep tufa cliffs to the west, in search of a boat to take us across the channel to Procida, which looks enchanting from our standpoint. Happily, it is too early in the day for the sea to be ruffled. We may thus hope to make a brisk passage. Later, a cross-wind is wont to disturb the water in the strait, and though the distance is but two miles, when this is so one may spend an hour or two, or perhaps half a day, in conflict with the current.

At length the ferry-boat appears from the other side. One by one, expectant passengers drop from points of the adjacent cliffs that seem inaccessible and prolific of nothing but marl and boulders. We soon muster a boatful; and when all is ready, the modern Charon of the Champs Elysées—a swart giant with cunning eyes—seizes his prey, one at a time, in his arms, and carries them through the surf to his boat, poised with difficulty on the crest of each wave which here breaks from the long swell of over the way. He is but a careless Charon, however, for he looses one of his victims leg first into the sea, and the others he casts upon the boards of his barque as if they were mere bales of merchandise.

Gradually the isle of Procida, with its vineyards and white houses, comes within readier vision. It is as pretty and compact a little property as a man could wish to possess. In length it is hardly more than two miles, with an indented shore, and, towards Ischia, an engaging pocket gulf called Chiajolella. Its breadth averages a mile. The one town of the island, also called Procida, straggles vaguely all over its surface. One is never out of sight of houses. They lift their white walls by the side of the paved roadways, which also are multitudinous; and would be quite wearisome to the eyes were their colour and that of the walls unrelieved by the varied green of orange and almond trees, pines, aloes, and fig-trees, which contest with the vineyards the soil of this fertile but all too limited little spot. It is one of the most balmy of islands. No matter in what quarter the wind may be, there is always a perfume. And of course it is in a part of the world where winter is not a word for snow and chill winds; and there is nothing in the nature of a factory here to match odour against odour.

Released from my hoary incubus of Baia, I roamed about Procida for a few hours. The thoroughfares climb from the Marina by dark and unpleasant alleys, which brighten, however, when the upper level of the isle is attained. Then they disperse, like the capillaries of the arterial system. You may go north, south, east, or west, at your pleasure, and be in no fear of straying irrecoverably. For my part, like a timid sheep, I followed the sound of one bell after another—ringing the islanders to mass, for it was a festival—until I had seen a score of churches, and was hopelessly at discord with the compass. It was then necessary only to strike for the shore, when the landmark of Ischia to the west, or Vesuvius to the east, was a sure indication of the direction of the Marina.

There are people who find this placid little

island contenting for a week. They must be of the class who, like the spider, carry their resources within themselves. The ordinary person, unless he come professedly to be nourished on its air, will weary of it in a day. It grows fair wine, of which, however, you cannot drink much without feelings of remorse. It has a clean hotel on the Marina. You ascend to it by a number of steep stone steps, at the top of which the cook and the landlord receive you with a generous welcome, and usher you into a suite of rooms containing a multitude of pictures of the Virgin, and several large statues of saints and waxen biblical groupings under glass cases. The landlord is a mild old man, who prattles about religious services and macaroni with equal interest, and who would be astounded to hear that his birthplace has provided so famous a hero of the world as him we call John of Procida. The inn has balconies full of flowers and a terrace on the roof; and from both, one may look across the blue strait at the Champs Elysées and Vesuvius, and dream day-dreams from morn to eve.

There could be no cheaper place of residence for a housekeeper troubled by the fear of bills than this same little island. House-rent is a trifle. Vegetables of twenty kinds grow almost without encouragement. Fruit is tendered to the stranger as a free gift—something no more fit to be appraised at francs and cents than the hips and haws of our own hedges. A lamb costs but half a crown. Fish may be had for the catching. There is abundance of wine, and an unlimited supply of fresh air.

In contempt of the heat, in the afternoon, I wandered up the rough slope that attaches the town of Procida to the castle rock at its south-western corner. The cobbled road was destitute of people. The wise Procidians were sitting in the cool dark shade of their basement rooms, content to view the glare of the sunshine at a distance. I could see them playing cards among the barrels of wine in these apartments, furnishing many a picture for such artists as love plenty of gloom and romantic detail.

Like so many other of the massive old relics of the kind in Italy, the castle of Procida is now a barrack. It is, however, but half a barrack; the other half is used as a house of detention. There could be no surer prison for the convicts. The seaward walls of the pile are vertical with the cliffs; and from the castle windows one may look down several hundred feet of brown rock, thick with varied grasses and plants, at the eddy of white foam where the blue water chafes against the island base.

Hard by the castle is a decaying monastery, built, like it, on the edge of a precipice. Up and down its damp ruined corridors I walked in solitude, listening to the echo of my own steps. It was sweetly cool here after the white sunlight upon the outer stones. The wooden doors that let upon the corridor were corrugated by the havoc of worms, and the destructive action of the salt sea-breezes. There were names on the doors: Brothers Raphael, Gabriel, Savonarola, and the like. But the cards were antique and grimy, and might have been nailed upon the wood a century ago. There was no sound in the place to-day. I called and stamped my feet, but response there was none. Either the monks

had all gone to their long home, or they were enjoying most profound siesta. And so I left the building, and I know not to this day whether it is an inhabited or a deserted establishment.

From the castle and the monastery I went elsewhere; and so from point to point until I had circumvented the island. Ere the steamer for Ischia was at anchor off the stumpy pier by the white church of the Marina, it seemed to me that I had gossiped in every part of Procida. To be companionable, I had drunk wine with all sorts and conditions of people: old dames and young girls, grandsires and their grandsons; in mean little houses by the roadside; and in spacious overground cellars in the midst of the vineyards of the rich *proprietario*, whence he obtained his wine. Everywhere there was sunlight and a soil teeming with fertility, everywhere bright eyes and a glad-some freedom of speech. Some complained of poverty; yet, while they complained, they stood in the middle of their well-stocked gardens, and confessed they never lacked the common needs of life. But one and all declared their love for their little island home: the seductions of the mainland were as nothing to them; they hoped to die as they had lived, in Procida.

DEATH AT THE END.

Would I were dead and lying in my grave,
At rest from fretting doubts and carking cares.
Be kind, oh Heaven, and listen to my prayers;
Grant me the only favour that I crave—
Six feet by three of earth to hide my dust:
I ask no tombstone or memorial bust;
I ask for death; what is beyond I'll brave.

Little of good or evil have I wrought;
No happiness or pleasure have I known
But it hath been with sorrow intersown;
All hath slipped from my grasp that I most sought.
My life, though short in years, is long in grief;
Night follows day, but brings me no relief,
And passing years have only sorrow brought.

There is one goal to which our courses tend;
The way lies over mountains, torrents, plains,
Through velvet pastures and quiet country lanes:
To some the pleasant scenes enjoyment lend,
While others weary toil up rocky slopes
Dejectedly, and almost void of hopes.
But one fate waits for all—Death at the End.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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OVERPRESSURE IN SCHOOLS.

In this age of competition with foreign nations, education is necessary, yes, even compulsory, in order that our nation may hold her honoured position among the others. But the modern ideal of education, unfortunately, is defective. It is not balanced well: it leans to one side—namely, the perfection of the mental powers, to the disparagement of the physical. Both have a right to be cultured; and this was recognised by the ancient Greeks, who gave to each equal attention. Music and Gymnastics were the two subjects taught in their schools. The former comprised Science, Literature, and Arithmetic—these being mental exercises; while the latter comprehended all physical exercises. We would do well to follow their example in this respect, and educate physically as well as mentally, and thus relieve the overpressure which at the present day exists in almost every school. The alarming extent of this evil is daily becoming more apparent. If we calmly considered what overpressure is, and what it entails, we would start with horror to think that such a system ever obtained a record in the educational annals of this enlightened nineteenth century.

In the first place, what is meant by overpressure? Literally, it means attempting to fill a measure or capacity with more than it can conveniently contain; and this is what we strive to do with the mental capacities of our young people, the pride of our nation, our hope for the future. It is a well-known fact in the medical profession that the bones of a child's head are not completely joined till after the seventh year. Nor is the brain so well developed that it can bear severe mental strain till at least twelve years of life have been reached; so that to force upon the child at an early age, when the brain is in a tender and growing condition, studies that require matured mental effort, is to cause such injury to its delicate tissues, by dint of over-exertion, that they become as it were congested by the surcharge of blood.

It may not be generally known that mental effort causes a flow of blood to the blood-vessels of the brain. But every one will admit that delicate elastic vessels which are often over-filled will in time lose their elasticity. This is decidedly the case when the tender and growing vessels in the head of a child are too frequently gorged with blood. Thus, the precocious child being forced to a point beyond which he cannot go, loses to a certain extent his brain-power, and seldom afterwards exhibits that brightness of intellect which was the unfortunate cause of his forced education. Like a plant taken from a hothouse, he lacks that robustness and vigour which belong to those who have developed their faculties in the open air of natural training. Nay, even worse than that—his mental power may fail, break down, and reason may be impaired. Unfortunately, this result is only too common, and yet the march of forced education proceeds, in spite of disaster to many hapless victims. We find that in our elementary schools the requirements of the 'Code' press heavily, while in the higher-class schools, cramming for the examinations has a deleterious effect.

In the case of dull children, attendance at school is irksome, and of little avail in the way of education, while the efforts of the instructor seem wasted. (This is sometimes due to the largeness of the class; for such children are best taught individually, or in small classes, and the attempt should not be made to urge them to the same standard as their brighter brethren.) Weakly, puny youngsters are by the state of their physical strength unfitted for prolonged or severe mental effort. It is a common thing for the mothers of such children to complain that they chatter of school and lessons in their sleep, and some of them are so nervous that any unexpected sound makes them start and tremble. Is not this sufficient evidence that in such cases the poor little brain has been sadly overtaxed? Then in the case of half-starved children, who will deny that it is sheer cruelty to force them to undergo severe mental strain? Yet these three classes,

with few exceptions, are expected to accomplish work suited for young people of a totally different calibre.

We are not so lavish in the matter of supplying, by legislation, food or fresh air for our youths (it would be of greater advantage to the nation if we were); but at a great amount of national expense, we urge superabundant quantities of mental food on undeveloped brains, which by their imperfect state are unfitted to digest the same.

It is only natural that children should learn; but the matter should be placed before them in such a simple and agreeable form that they would learn in a natural way. It is a strange thing that a child experiences but little difficulty in learning his mother-tongue, and that, too, at a very early age. Why, then, can his studies not be so arranged that in an easy and natural manner he may acquire the knowledge required of him? Thus his life at school would be thoroughly enjoyable, instead of being, as it is in many cases, a 'weariness of the flesh.' In many of our public schools it is quite the custom for children of tender years to remain in school for over two hours at a time, especially in the afternoons, when they cannot fail to feel fatigued with the studies of the morning. It is indeed a pitiable sight to see in our seminaries row upon row of little ones, full of life and vigour, obliged to 'sit still,' during the greater part of five hours every school-day.

Let a visitor pass through almost any of our public schools in the morning after the classes have assembled, and he will notice how fresh and lively the children seem. Then let him pass through the same school before the classes stop working for afternoon dismissal, and he cannot fail to be struck by the listless, restless, or drooping appearance of almost every child there. The reason for this can be explained by the fact that Nature has implanted in all healthy children a desire to exercise their limbs; and when this natural impulse is 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' the health of those concerned must necessarily suffer.

If for every hour of mental work, ten minutes were granted for recreation, that time would not be wasted, for cessation from mental labour for a time gives the powers of the mind greater vigour. The very name 'recreation' suggests that, and it would not be difficult to find recreation which at the same time would amuse and instruct. It is surely time that something were done to relieve this crying evil of overpressure.

One step in the right direction would be to abolish lessons in the afternoons, and substitute physical work or exercises, which in their turn should not be so severe as to overstrain the muscles. The proper education of our youths is one of the most important topics of the day, and in every part of that education strain or overpressure of any kind must be studiously avoided. If lessons, and lessons only, with short intervals of play, occupied the morning hours, when the mental vigour is at its best, the afternoon hours might both pleasantly and profitably be arranged in giving instruction in physical exercises and manual labour. For example, in

boys' schools the pupils might be taught the elements of some trade or profession. In girls' schools, sewing, cookery, laundry-work, household-work, and the elements of such employments as are suited to women, might be taught. In infant schools, Kindergarten with a view to the above might profitably be given; and in all three schools, singing, drill (comprising physical exercises and deportment) and art-work—such as drawing, painting, modelling, and in the upper classes wood-carving—would take up a considerable portion of the time. Thus brain, eye, hand, lungs, and limbs would each have their portion of training.

The benefits of following some such system as this are quite apparent. The morning hours being best suited for brain-work, would be set aside for that special branch; while the change from mental to manual labour would be both pleasant and refreshing. Financially, it would be useful too, for the garments and articles made by the children might be disposed of at a price sufficient at least to defray the cost of the materials.

Even if separate trades were not taught, the children could be instructed in the use of tools and technical terms; and thus, by having the hand as well as the head educated, they would become more apt as workmen and workwomen. Why is it that for every vacancy that occurs in the Civil Service, clerkships, or similar employments, there is such an overwhelming number of candidates, while the supply of thoroughly efficient domestic servants, both male and female, seems at its lowest ebb? Can we not trace in this superabundance on one hand and deficiency on the other the effects of the present system of teaching?

The object of this paper is not in any way to depreciate education—for without that, man's highest powers and qualities lie dormant—but to point out prevalent errors in the general system of organisation as practised at the present day, in the hope that some remedy may be found to eliminate these. Let Britain educate her offspring in hand as well as head, in body as well as mind, and she will produce a race of stalwart sons and well-formed daughters, well developed both mentally and physically, and of whom any nation might be proud.

THE SURGEON OF GASTER FELL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—HOW THE WOMAN CAME TO KIRKBY-MALHOUSE.

BLEAK and windswept is the little Yorkshire town of Kirkby-Malhouse, and harsh and forbidding are the fells upon which it stands. It stretches in a single line of gray stone, slate-roofed houses, dotted down the furze-clad slope of the long rolling moor. To north and to south stretch the swelling curves of the Yorkshire uplands, peeping over each other's backs to the skyland, with a tinge of yellow in the foreground, which shades away to olive in the distance, save where the long gray scars of rock protrude through the scanty and barren soil.

From the little knoll above the church one may see to the westward a fringe of gold upon an arc of silver, where the great Morecambe sands are washed by the Irish Sea. To the east, Ingleborough looms purple in the distance; while Pennigent shoots up the tapering peak, whose great shadow, like Nature's own sun-dial, sweeps slowly round over a vast expanse of savage and sterile country.

In this lonely and secluded village, I, James Upperton, found myself in the summer of '85. Little as the wild hamlet had to offer, it contained that for which I yearned above all things—seclusion and freedom from all which might distract my mind from the high and weighty subjects which engaged it. I was weary of the long turmoil and profitless strivings of life. From early youth my days had been spent in wild adventure and strange experiences, until, at the age of thirty-nine, there were few lands upon which I had not set foot, and scarcely any joy or sorrow of which I had not tasted. Among the first of Europeans, I had penetrated to the desolate shores of Lake Tanganyika; and I had twice made my way to those unvisited and impenetrable jungles which skirt the great table-land of the Roraima. As a soldier of fortune, I had served under many flags. I was with Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley; and I fought with Chanzy in the army of the Loire. It may well seem strange that, after a life so exciting, I could give myself up to the dull routine and trivial interests of the West Riding hamlet.

And yet there are excitements of the mind to which mere bodily peril or the exaltation of travel is mean and commonplace. For years I had devoted myself to the study of the mystic and hermetic philosophies, Egyptian, Indian, Grecian, and mediæval, until out of the vast chaos there had dimly dawned upon me a huge symmetrical design; and I seemed to grasp the key of that symbolism which was used by those learned men to screen their precious knowledge from the vulgar and the wicked. Gnostics and Neo-platonists, Chaldeans, Rosicrucians, and Indian Mystics, I saw and understood in which each played a part. To me the jargon of Paracelsus, the mysteries of the alchemists, and the visions of Swedenborg were all pregnant with meaning. I had deciphered the mysterious inscriptions of El Biram; and I knew the import of those strange characters which have been engraved by an unknown race upon the cliffs of Southern Turkestan. Immersed in these great and engrossing studies, I asked nothing from life save a garret for myself and for my books, where I might pursue my studies without interference or interruption.

But even in the little moorside village I found that it was impossible to shake off the censorship of one's fellow-mortals. When I went forth, the rustics would eye me askance, and mothers would whip up their children as I passed down

the village street. At night, I have glanced out through my diamond-paned lattice to find that a group of foolish staring peasants had been craning their necks in an ecstasy of fear and curiosity to watch me at my solitary task. My landlady, too, became garrulous with a clatter of questions under every small pretext, and a hundred small ruses and wiles by which to tempt me to speak to her of myself and of my plans. All this was ill to bear; but when at last I heard that I was no longer to be sole lodger, and that a lady, a stranger, had engaged the other room, I felt that indeed it was time for one who sought the quiet and the peace of study to seek some more tranquil surrounding.

In my frequent walks I had learnt to know well the wild and desolate region where Yorkshire borders on both Lancashire and Westmorland. From Kirkby-Malhouse I had frequently made my way to this lonesome wilderness, and had traversed it from end to end. In the gloomy majesty of its scenery, and the appalling stillness and loneliness of its rock-strewn melancholy solitudes, it seemed to offer me a secure asylum from espionage and criticism. As it chanced, I had in my rambles come upon an isolated dwelling in the very heart of these lonely moors, which I at once determined should be my own. It was a two-roomed cottage, which had once belonged to some shepherd, but which had long been deserted, and was crumbling rapidly to ruin. In the winter floods, the Gaster Beck, which runs down Gaster Fell, where the little sheiling stood, had overswept its bank and torn away a portion of the wall. The roof, too, was in ill case, and the scattered slates lay thick amongst the grass. Yet the main shell of the house stood firm and true; and it was no great task for me to have all that was amiss set right. Though not rich, I could yet afford to carry out so modest a whim in a lordly way. There came slaters and masons from Kirkby-Malhouse, and soon the lonely cottage upon Gaster Fell was as strong and weather-tight as ever.

The two rooms I laid out in a widely different manner—my own tastes are of a Spartan turn, and the outer chamber was so planned as to accord with them. An oil-stove by Rippingille of Birmingham furnished me with the means of cooking; while two great bags, the one of flour, and the other of potatoes, made me independent of all supplies from without. In diet I had long been a Pythagorean, so that the scraggy long-limbed sheep which browsed upon the wiry grass by the Gaster Beck had little to fear from their new companion. A nine-gallon cask of oil served me as a sideboard; while a square table, a deal chair, and a truckle-bed completed the list of my domestic fittings. At the head of my couch hung two unpainted shelves—the lower for my dishes and cooking utensils, the upper for the few portraits which took me back to the little that was pleasant in the long wearisome toiling for wealth and for pleasure which had marked the life I had left behind.

If this dwelling-room of mine were plain even to squalor, its poverty was more than atoned for by the luxury of the chamber which was destined to serve me as my study. I had ever held that it was best for the mind to be surrounded by

such objects as would be in harmony with the studies which occupied it, and that the loftiest and most ethereal conditions of thought are only possible amid surroundings which please the eye and gratify the senses. The room which I had set apart for my mystic studies was set forth in a style as gloomy and majestic as the thoughts and aspirations with which it was to harmonise. Both walls and ceilings were covered with a paper of the richest and glossiest black, on which was traced a lurid and arabesque pattern of dead gold. A black velvet curtain covered the single diamond-paned window; while a thick yielding carpet of the same material prevented the sound of my own footfall, as I paced backwards and forwards, from breaking the current of my thoughts. Along the cornice ran gold rods, from which depended six pictures, all of the sombre and imaginative caste, which chimed best with my fancy. Two, as I remember, were from the brush of Fuseli; one from Noel Paton; one from Gustave Doré; two from Martin; with a little water-colour by the incomparable Blake. From the centre of the ceiling hung a single gold thread, so thin as to be scarce visible, but of great toughness. From this swung a dove of the same metal, with wings outstretched. The bird was hollow, and contained perfumed oil; while a sylph-like figure, curiously fashioned from pink crystal, hovered over the lamp, and imparted a rich and soft glow to its light. A brazen fireplace backed with malachite, two tiger skins upon the carpet, a lull table, and two reclining chairs in amber plush and ebony, completed the furniture of my bijou study, save only that under the window stretched the long book-shelves, which contained the choicest works of those who have busied themselves with the mystery of life.

Boehme, Swedenborg, Damton, Berto, Lacci, Sinnett, Hawlinge, Britten, Dunlop, Amberley, Winwood Read, Des Mousseux, Alan Kardec, Lepsius, Sepher, Toldo, and the Abbé Du Bois—these were some of those who stood marshalled between my oaken shelves. When the lamp was lit of a night and the lurid flickering light played over the sombre and bizarre surroundings, the effect was all that I could wish. Nor was it lessened by the howling of the wind as it swept over the melancholy waste around me. Here at last, I thought, is a back-eddy in life's hurried stream, where I may lie in peace, forgetting and forgotten.

And yet it was destined that ere ever I reached this quiet harbour I should learn that I was still one of humankind, and that it is an ill thing to strive to break the bond which binds us to our fellows. It was but two nights before the date I had fixed upon for my change of dwelling, when I was conscious of a bustle in the house beneath, with the bearing of heavy burdens up the creaking stair, and the harsh voice of my landlady, loud in welcome and protestations of joy. From time to time, amid her whirl of words, I could hear a gentle and softly modulated voice, which struck pleasantly upon my ear after the long weeks during which I had listened only to the rude dialect of the dalesmen. For an hour I could hear the dialogue beneath—the high voice and the low, with clatter of cup and clink of spoon, until, at last, a light quick

step passed my study door, and I knew that my new fellow-lodger had sought her room. Already my fears had been fulfilled, and my studies the worse for her coming. I vowed in my mind that the second sunset should find me installed, safe from all such petty influences, in my sanctuary at Gaster Fell.

On the morning after this incident I was up betimes, as is my wont; but I was surprised, on glancing from my window, to see that our new inmate was earlier still. She was walking down the narrow pathway which zigzags over the fell—a tall woman, slender, her head sunk upon her breast, her arms filled with a bristle of wild-flowers, which she had gathered in her morning rambles. The white and pink of her dress, and the touch of deep-red ribbon in her broad drooping hat, formed a pleasant dash of colour against the dun-tinted landscape. She was some distance off when I first set eyes upon her, yet I knew that this wandering woman could be none other than our arrival of last night, for there was a grace and refinement in her bearing which marked her from the dwellers of the fells. Even as I watched, she passed swiftly and lightly down the pathway, and turning through the wicket gate, at the farther end of our cottage garden, she seated herself upon the green bank which faced my window, and strewing her flowers in front of her, set herself to arrange them.

As she sat there, with the rising sun at her back, and the glow of morning spreading like an aureole round her stately and well-poised head, I could see that she was a woman of extraordinary personal beauty. Her face was Spanish rather than English in its type—oval, olive, with black sparkling eyes, and a sweetly sensitive mouth. From under the broad straw hat, two thick coils of blue-black hair curved down on either side of her graceful queenly neck. I was surprised, as I watched her, to see that her shoes and skirt bore witness to a journey rather than to a mere morning rumble. Her light dress was stained, wet, and bedraggled; while her boots were thick with the yellow soil of the fells. Her face, too, wore a weary expression, and her young beauty seemed to be clouded over by the shadow of inward trouble. Even as I watched her, she burst suddenly into wild weeping, and throwing down her bundle of flowers, ran swiftly into the house.

Distract as I was, and weary of the ways of the world, I was conscious of a sudden pang of sympathy and grief as I looked upon the spasm of despair which seemed to convulse this strange and beautiful woman. I bent to my books, and yet my thoughts would ever turn to her proud clear-cut face, her weather-stained dress, her drooping head, and the sorrow which lay in each line and feature of her pensive face. Again and again I found myself standing at my casement, and glancing out to see if there were signs of her return. There on the green bank was the litter of golden gorse and purple marsh-mallow where she had left them; but through the whole morning I neither saw nor heard anything from her who had so suddenly aroused my curiosity and stirred my long-slumbering emotions.

Mrs Adams, my landlady, was wont to carry up my frugal breakfast; yet it was very rarely

that I allowed her to break the current of my thoughts, or to draw my mind by her idle chatter from weightier things. This morning, however, for once she found me in a listening mood, and with little prompting, proceeded to pour into my ears all that she knew of our beautiful visitor.

'Miss Eva Cameron be her name, sir,' she said; 'but who she be, or where she come fra, I know little more than yoursel'. Maybe it was the same reason that brought her to Kirkby-Malhouse as fetched you there yoursel', sir.'

'Possibly,' said I, ignoring the covert question; 'but I should hardly have thought that Kirkby-Malhouse was a place which offered any great attractions to a young lady.'

'It's a gay place when the fair is on,' said Mrs Adams; 'yet maybe it's just health and rest as the young lady is seeking.'

'Very likely,' said I, stirring my coffee; 'and no doubt some friend of yours has advised her to seek it in your very comfortable apartments.'

'Heh, sir!' she cried, 'there's the wonder of it. The leddy has just come fra France; and how her folk came to learn of me is just a wonder. A week ago, up comes a man to my door—a fine man, sir, and a gentleman, as one could see with half an eye. "You are Mrs Adams," says he. "I engage your rooms for Miss Cameron," says he. "She will be here in a week," says he; and then off without a word of terms. Last night there comes the young leddy herself—soft-spoken and downcast, with a touch of the French in her speech.—But my sakes, sir! I must away and mak' her some tea, for she'll feel lonesome-like, poor lamb, when she wakes under a strange roof.'

A VERY LARGE KITCHEN.

A FEW years ago I was seated one evening in my hotel in an Algerian town; I was recovering from a fever which had left me great weakness and sleepless nights, for which my friendly French doctor had prescribed a cup of 'bouillon' before going to bed, telling me that I should sleep 'comme une souche.' I had taken my landlady into my confidence, and she had that evening sent me up a bowl of a moderately hot liquid, fair in colour, in which specks of oil floated like satellites round planets of toasted bread. While painfully endeavouring to struggle through this treatment, I was agreeably surprised by a visit from my doctor, a most amiable member of the (almost always) amiable family of 'I Medici.' He congratulated me on my obedience to his orders; and then, giving a look at the compound before me, exclaimed: 'But what have you there! I never told you to follow a course of water-cure.' On my explaining to him the friendly treaty with my hostess, under which she was to give me of her 'pot-au-feu,' he remarked that what I was then feebly attempting to eat had probably once had claims to be so called, but that, from the amount of water that had been added, it had lost all right to the name. He suggested that I should return it to the kitchen with a request

that it be sent up to me hot in half an hour's time. 'In the meantime,' he said, 'you will receive from me a small corked jar, which I will get from the neighbouring grocer; and you will dissolve in your soi-disant "pot-au-feu" a piece of the size of a small bean of what it contains. For several days you will repeat this operation twice a day; and you will always take a cup of it before going to bed.'

On my inquiring the name of the panacea, he told me that it was 'Liebig's Extractum Carnis,' and on my explaining my fancied dislike for all such preparations, he said that I should alter my views, adding that it was one of the few good things which the Germans had given us.

I am bound to say that, in consequence, as I believe, of this regime, I had hours of uninterrupted sleep, which had been for some time unknown to me. I followed the treatment for several days, at the end of which time I felt equal to enter the lists with Sandow, Samson, & Co. Since then, I have always carried with me in my travels one of the small pots of Liebig's 'Extract of Meat,' and in many hotels, which shall be nameless, I have had reason to be most grateful to my acquaintance made in Algeria.

Lately, I found myself at Fray Bentos, a small and picturesque town of South America, in the 'Republica Oriental del Uruguay'—'libre y constituida.' I was anxious to pay a passing visit to this country on my way up the river Uruguay, into the interior, and I had especially some piscatorial projects in view. My curiosity with regard to the country was rewarded, for there is much to be seen in a delightful climate, and my fishing was satisfactorily accomplished. I am bound, however, to add that life in Fray Bentos leaves something to be desired, and I was therefore much pleased to find myself within a mile and a half of one of the most remarkable establishments I have ever visited, Liebig's 'Extract of Meat' Factory, where I was able to renew acquaintance with my friend under circumstances very different from those in which I first knew him in another continent. That little corked jar to which I have expressed my gratitude, and which we see advertised through the known world, passes through some millions of hands; but I doubt if many persons know more of the history of its parentage, birth, and education than I did when I first paid a visit to the factory. I confess to having been astounded when I came to see the magnitude and completeness of the machinery brought to bear on the fabrication of the contents of so small and insignificant an object. It has occurred to me that some of the details which I learned may interest others in these days when everything is called on to explain its 'raison d'être.'

Some fifty years ago, Baron Justus von Liebig was happily inspired to make abstract scientific researches into the nature of meat, of which he gave the world of science in Germany the benefit in 1847; soon after which time, starting with a stock in trade of some five or six oxen, he made his 'Extract of Meat' in the Königliche Hof Apotheke of Munich, from which the king of Bavaria and some members of the royal family alone then derived the benefit. It was looked upon as a medical discovery, treated as an article of the pharmacopœia and sold as such, for medical

purposes, in the chemists' shops of the town. The price was at first prohibitive—forty or fifty shillings per pound. As time passed on, the five or six oxen became some two or three hundred, and the price fell to twenty or twenty-five shillings per pound, though it was still considered a medical luxury.

In 1865 the Liebig Company was formed, an English Company, floated chiefly by English capital, for which a factory and the necessary buildings were erected in 1867-68, on some rising ground on the banks of the Uruguay. These buildings have since steadily grown, and at the time of writing these lines cover from seventeen to eighteen acres of land. The number of cattle slaughtered since the establishment was at first started has been nearly three million, of which the money value may be fairly estimated at some thirty-seven million dollars—or in English money, at over eight million pounds. To carry on so large a service requires the permanent employment of some seven hundred persons, which means, when wives and children are counted, a colony of nearly two thousand. A branch establishment exists at Antwerp for carrying out some of the details of this gigantic business, where a staff of two hundred is employed. The slaughtering season lasts for about seven months of the year, during which one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty thousand animals are killed; and as many as twelve hundred have been slaughtered in a single day. In a country where beef is so abundant, the company have no great price to pay for what they purchase, albeit that they are 'gourmand' in their tastes; and they ask for and get all that is best of the four-year-old cattle in the herds which graze in the district. Still, there is necessarily a great variety in the weights of the animals of which the troops are composed, and so it is that an average price per head is generally paid. I have not the right to speak positively on this question, on which I have only hearsay information; but I am inclined to believe that in estimating the prices paid at thirteen dollars for a bullock and nine dollars for a cow I am not far wide of the mark. Assuming the dollar to be worth 4s. 2d., this would give the cost in English money of the respective animals at £2, 14s. 2d. and £1, 17s. 6d.; and buyers or sellers of such stock in Great Britain would scarcely credit their senses on seeing the excellence of quality which is sometimes to be obtained for these prices. I had the opportunity of seeing very large numbers of animals thus acquired, and venture to say that among them there were many for which I would have nodded as a buyer at Falkirk Tryst.

The company, with the view of not being entirely dependent on the farmers of the surrounding country, are to a small measure their own growers, if I may use the expression, and have acquired, and are acquiring, farms on which their managers rear and fatten their own cattle. These farms, or estancias as they are called, probably represent some thirty leagues of land; but, as the figures which I have given above will show, the count for which the company are dependent on the outside vendors is a large one. Impressed with the importance of reducing this necessity as much as possible, they lose no favourable opportunity of acquiring fresh land; but some four

hundred leagues would be probably required for their wants, and it may be reasonably assumed that the day is far distant when they will be landowners to such an extent.

Furnished with an introduction to the gentleman in charge of the interests of the company, I was enabled in the most satisfactory manner to carry out my wish of visiting the factory, accompanied by one of his relatives, fully competent and amiably willing to give me a lucid explanation of all I saw. There are of course many secrets of the great success which the company have arrived at, secrets which would doubtless be of value to rival inquiring chemists and engineers; but into these I had no idea of investigating, and I can only undertake to tell of what I saw and heard.

I was first taken through the innumerable workshops; and in the first of these into which I was admitted I could have fancied myself in one of the treasure stores of Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp. All was silver, or seemed so to be—silver lit up by furnaces; silver whirling through the air, in constant movement, brain-dished in the hands of an army of workmen; silver waiting, glittering, in dark corners, till wanted for use. I could have believed that I saw before me the riches of the mines of South America, in waiting to provide for the silver currency of Europe, till reflection, and my informant, told me that this was the tinsmith's dépôt, where are manufactured the hundreds of thousands of pots and boxes and jars which are annually required to hold the productions of the company's huge kitchen. The storerooms are equally wonderful. Of monster dimensions, they apparently contain all that would be required by carpenters, masons, ironsmiths, engineers, and painters, for the needs of a fair-sized town; for the company carry on all these trades for themselves, and are independent of all outside aid. Equally marvellous in their extent and completeness are the carpenters' shops, the gas-works, the tin-box bronzing department, the ice-making, and the innumerable industries carried on side by side. Having given a general idea of the magnitude of all this, the outside work of the establishment, I must give my readers as good a notion as I can of the proceedings required to produce 'Liebig's Extract.'

Around the ground on which the buildings above mentioned stand are many enclosures, or 'corrals,' for the animals which arrive from the various estancias, in which they are kept as long as may be required to enable them to rest after their journey, before being called into requisition for the wants of the establishment; when so wanted, they are driven, not as cattle are too frequently driven, but slowly and temperately, down a narrow road, some four hundred yards long, with high walls on either side, and gates at intervals, which are occasionally closed, to prevent any overcrowding, till they arrive at the final enclosure, a boarded pit, into which some thirty animals might be put, but which is never full. This opens into the monster hall in which and its appurtenances all the operations which succeed the killing are carried on. The opening is bridged over by a beam about the height of an ordinary-sized animal's head; and on a level with it, on the side farthest removed from the

enclosure, is a stage on which stands the butcher. Around it is a gallery on which assistants are placed. One of these walks along till above the animals who stand below him, 'unconscious of their doom,' and throws a lasso over the horns of the nearest one. This is immediately put into communication with machinery below, by which the animal is pulled forward the short distance which separates him from his executioner, his head and horns being brought up against the beam above mentioned. The butcher stands with his knife raised above the head thus presented, into the back of which he makes one powerful well-directed thrust, long habit giving him un-failing facility, which cuts the spinal cord, and the animal falls lifeless on the sloping ground below. The carcase is immediately dragged on a trolley into the hall beyond, where it is taken possession of by an army of men, skinned, be-headed, cleaned, and cut up, in almost less time than it takes me to write this page; and the pieces thus cut up are carried off by another set of assistants to be hung up in a Brobding-nagian larder. Other animals are brought to their fate in rapid succession, for some six or seven hundred are daily killed; and this figure has been often increased to twelve hundred.

The sections and joints of the animal which have been placed in the 'larders' are left hanging there a certain time until the operation of cooking begins. Gigantic boilers are then brought into use, and every part of the beast is turned to account; the meat is boiled and reboiled; the juice—extracted from it to the last drop by the hands of powerful machinery—is filtered and re-filtered, until, in the final filter-beds, an endless stream of pure beef-tea flows out, filling the air with an aroma which would excite the envy and admiration of the chef of the 'Café Anglais' or any other gastronomic potentate. Everything here is carried on with elaborate care and cleanliness; and on arriving in the department of the final stages of filtration, I was ruthlessly required to abandon my cigarette, which had been my solace through the first acts of the drama, as 'no smoking allowed' is the law of the Medes and Persians in this branch!

The 'beef-tea' thus produced—I have no better name to give to it—then passes through the operations of evaporation and condensing, from which a rich syrup results, which fills monster troughs, whence it is poured into large tin cans. Here it is allowed to cool, taking the form and consistency of 'Extract.' The cans are then soldered up, packed in wooden cases, and shipped to the company's depôt at Antwerp.

All the stages which the Extract has gone through have been so carefully superintended that there is every certainty of its being uniform in quality; but, to make assurance doubly sure, on its arrival at Antwerp each tin is opened, some Extract is taken out, and submitted to the analysis of M. von Pettenkofer, or one other of the chemists of the establishment, who gives his 'imprimatur' to the tin before the contents are put into the jars of various sizes, of which the annual sale is over eight million.

In order to give an idea of the sustaining qualities of the contents of these little jars, it may be well here to mention that it was shown to me that to produce one pound of Extract,

forty pounds of meat are used, and this fact will explain the large number of cattle required for the company's use.

In another branch of the building the ox tongues, with which so many travellers are acquainted, are preserved, going through bath-rooms of trying temperature. These are put into the bronzed tins to which I have already alluded, and are then sent to the Antwerp depôt, where they are labelled and shipped to all parts of the world.

Elsewhere, the bones and the fat are boiled down, the tallow is collected, and the fat is refined and doubly refined. The former is shipped at the company's wharfs, where two or three ships are always lying, and some nine or ten thousand pipes of it are annually sent away. The latter is not in sufficiently large quantities to make it an article of commerce for Europe; but in the country and in Chili it is in great request for cooking purposes, and many a cook at home would be glad to have the assistance of Liebig's 'refined fat.' In naming this I have named the last of the edible productions of the company so far as mankind is concerned; but there is probably no better food for animals than the meat which is produced in another large branch of the factory from the meat out of which the Extract has been made, which is dried and then ground down; and there are few more efficient fertilisers than the guano mixture of bones and meat. Large quantities of each of these preparations annually leave the company's wharfs; but the greater part is taken into the German market. I think it would be a gain to the British farmer and stock-rearer if he were more alive to their value.

Of the slaughtered animals there now remain but the hides to mention, which are scrupulously cleaned and salted, and of which some one hundred and seventy thousand are annually shipped. In this process no waste is allowed, the cuttings and the sinews from the hoofs and other parts being sold to the manufacturers of glue.

I have thus hastily taken my readers through this monster hive, in which all appear to be working bees—I detected no drones—and of these workers I wish to add a few words, for it would, I believe, be difficult to find a band of workers in a foreign country better deserving of praise. Many nations are there represented, and some of those employed have been for many years in the company's service, and look on the firm's interests as their own. I had a conversation with one whose duties are certainly among the least agreeable of the establishment, and I ventured to suggest that occasionally he might find them so; but his reply was, that each day made them more interesting to him, and that he liked his position and responsibilities better than ever. The theory of crystallisation, propounded by Stendahl (Henri Beyle) in his *L'Amour*, occurred to me, and I left him, reflecting that it was fortunate that he did not see with my eyes. But if the employed deserve to be so well spoken of, it appeared to me that the company are fully sensible of the fact, and that they do all in their power to recognise zealous and loyal services. It is impossible to find a working colony in possession of a larger share of comfort and, in some instances, I may say of luxury.

The Liebig Company are a long way ahead of all similar establishments in South America; therefore I was anxious to see for myself what they do and how they do it. But there are innumerable other 'saladeros' throughout the country, in many of which good work is done; and the field is open to many more, for the demand through the Old World for Extract of Meat and for tinned meats is larger than can be believed; and in no country can the manufacture be carried on so advantageously as in South America.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

By P. L. McDERMOTT.

CHAPTER VI.—CONFIDENCE.

It was ten o'clock when Richard King awoke, with a racking headache and a burning throat, the sure and retributive consequences of a night of excess. The physical misery of the man's condition was not the worst of it; he had no recollection of how he got back to his hotel and to bed; no recollection of the hour of his return or of the hours which preceded it; his memory of last night was, in fact, a harassing blank. It was in vain that he tried to collect his impressions; his head throbbed and his throat burned, and further than the point at which he had sat down in the empty room with the 'plunger,' his memory failed to carry him.

Dragging himself out of bed, he stretched out a shaky hand to the bell and rang. In a minute a knock answered at the door. He opened it, and saw a man-servant standing in the passage.

'Bring up a bottle of brandy and a few sodas,' King said; 'I expect a friend or two presently.'

'Gentleman waiting below, sir,' replied the waiter, covertly surveying the guest with intelligent eye.

'All right,' said King quickly. 'Don't tell him I'm up, just yet. I'll ring again when I'm dressed. Make haste, there's a good fellow.'

The man soon returned, put the tray on the table and retired. Richard King having helped himself to the brandy-and-soda, threw himself on his back in the bed and began to think. Faint gleams came to him now out of the chaos, but they were dim and uncertain. He recollected faces, but knew not whose they were. Presently he thought of his pocket-book as a possible witness, for he remembered clearly enough the sum he had drawn from the bank. Richard King looked blank when he found the pocket-book empty, except for an 'I.O.U.' scrawled in pencil by some party whose signature was illegible to him, and whose indebtedness was only ten pounds. In his bitterness of spirit he tore the paper up and flung the pieces in the fire-place.

The brandy mounting to his muddled brain gradually caused his thoughts to become more confused and wandering, and he had drifted into a condition of pitiful distress when it gave him relief to hear another knock at the door. He had forgotten about the gentleman who was below, and wondered who it was. The familiar voice of Major Saverley, asking if he were up, resolved his doubts.

'No; I haven't turned out yet, Saverley,' he answered, unlocking the door, 'but was just thinking of doing so.'

He envied Saverley his fresh looks and clear eyes, and invited him to have some brandy-and-soda. The major poured a thimbleful of the spirit into a glass, added a bottle of soda water, and seated himself on the foot of the bed.

'It is bad in the morning,' he observed, referring to the brandy. 'A good breakfast is the best preparation. You don't go on like this down in the country?'

'Certainly not, Saverley; 'it's only in London one falls into evil ways.' As he spoke, he filled another tumbler for himself, Saverley silently observing the process with grave curiosity.

'Are you going home to-day?' the visitor asked.

'Yes, I suppose so. I have nothing to keep me in town.'

There was silence for a while. Saverley had plainly come to speak about something connected with the previous night; and Richard King, fearful of what might have happened, shrank from broaching the topic. Few men in his prostrated condition are courageous, though it is often the case that there has been nothing to fear. He tried to fortify himself with more of the drink.

'Don't take any more,' advised Saverley; 'have a cold bath and a good breakfast and it will pull you together.—When are you starting?'

'Oh, any hour; it's only three hours' run.—What are you doing to-day?'

'That was a terrible mistake you made last night, King,' said the major, ignoring the question, 'in taking that insipid-looking Frenchman for the plunger. Why, not a man in the club would sit down single-handed with Duloc; and the worst was, the mischief was done before people began to come in. I heard all about it when I arrived.'

'Then you were not there before I left?' asked King uneasily.

'No; they had taken you away half an hour before I came.—How much did you lose?'

'I haven't the least idea—a thousand or so, I suppose; that was all the money I had with me.'

It was not so bad, after all, was Richard King's reflection. It certainly was not pleasant to lose a thousand pounds at one sitting, but it might have been much more. If it had not been for the money he had lost on that horse, he would have borne it with equanimity. He would have to pay that out of Agnes King's money; but then, he would hurry on the marriage, and she should never know.

Saverley's next words caused him to start up in the bed in a sitting posture: 'I was sorry to hear that you lost a great deal more than a thousand, King. You paid them with cheques.'

Richard King was sobered now, and began to remember something of it. He remembered signing cheques. He asked Saverley to hand him his coat, in the breast-pocket of which was the cheque-book. Examining the counterfoils with fearful eyes, the amount he had lost in these few hours' mad play utterly dismayed him. He had drawn four cheques—two to M. Duloc, one to a Captain Briggs, and one to a Mr J. S.

Lance. He had no recollection of the latter two; but the sum-total of his losings, including the thousand which he had had in cash, was eight thousand three hundred and fifty pounds.

He mentioned the amount to Saverley, who emitted a long low whistle. 'Stillish that, my boy, along with the eleven thou. lost on "Influenza." Well, you can afford it; but it will do you good. Some men I know have paid from three to five times as much for their experience. I'm awfully sorry, all the same.'

Richard King lay back on the pillow for several minutes with his hand on his eyes. Agnes King's money was all gone except a few hundred pounds. He himself had none. Two or three months ago the prospect of a rent-roll of four thousand a year was a prospect of opulence; but how poor it seemed now! With the changes to which he had committed himself at the Hall, and other schemes of self-indulgence which he had been anticipating on the strength of Agnes King's fortune, he felt his need of a large sum of ready-money as something almost desperate. At all events, the estate was free from encumbrance, and he could borrow on mortgage.

'Have you anything particular on your hands at present, Saverley?' he asked by-and-by. 'I mean, could you come down and stay with me for a bit? It's rather dull; but I have a good billiard table, and it may not be much of a bore.'

Major Saverley had no pressing engagements, and had, besides, one or two good reasons for being glad of the invitation, a shortness of cash being one of them. But he made some show of hesitation, all the same.

'The fact is, Saverley, I'll be awfully grateful for your society until I shake off the effects of this. I have no one at all down there.'

'Very well, King; I'll come,' said Saverley. — 'Turn out now like a man, and have a bath and breakfast; and while you are doing so, I'll drive round to my rooms and get my port-manteau.'

'Then we will start as soon as you return; and you might, while you are on the way, cash a cheque for me at my banker's. I haven't got a shilling.'

Major Saverley took the cheque which Richard King filled in, and signed, and went away. In about an hour and a half he returned, and found King sitting in the coffee-room, after breakfast, reading a morning paper.

'Ha!' he exclaimed cheerfully, 'that's better now.—When does your train start?'

'In twenty minutes, from Waterloo,' said King rising, 'so we have not much time to lose. I will just pay my bill.'

They arrived at Yewle early in the afternoon; and after luncheon, the rest of the day was spent in going over the mansion and park for the gratification of Major Saverley. One part of the park Richard King avoided—that which adjoined the vicarage. He had not the moral courage to go there, and certainly did not intend to introduce his friend Major Saverley. For three days after his return from London, Mrs King and Agnes did not see him.

On the fourth morning a note was brought to him from Agnes King, which is given below. If

Agnes could have seen the alarm caused to Richard King by her letter, she would have been greatly astonished.

DEAR MR KING—Mr Warwick, from Southampton, who used to be my father's solicitor, came to see us yesterday; and my mother mentioned to him the various proposals you so kindly made about investing the money for me. Mr Warwick said he was in a position to place the money on an excellent mortgage which would bring in eight hundred pounds a year of income. I was very glad to avail myself of the opportunity of relieving you of the trouble of looking after this matter, and Mr Warwick has accordingly been instructed to invest the money for me. I am sure you will be glad to be rid of the duty of disposing of it. I daresay Mr Warwick will write to you.—Believe me yours truly,

AGNES KING.

'It will never do to let this thing go on,' he reflected, drawing a deep respiration. 'I can manage the women well enough; but if the lawyer gets into it'—

But the lawyer was 'into it,' as he found from a communication which Mr Warwick sent him in the course of the day. And the money was all gone, every penny! What was to be done? Richard King saw only one course open to him: he must mortgage Yewle. Yet even in that desperate necessity he shrank from going to the solicitor, Mr Rintoul, on such an errand, so soon after succeeding to the estate. If this lawyer Warwick had not come upon the scene, Richard King could have managed matters very well until Agnes was his wife, after which all would have been well for him. Now, if he could not persuade her to recall the instructions to Mr Warwick and fix an early day for the marriage, he must borrow money on the security of the property.

Richard King was a very close man, as a rule confiding his thoughts to no one, and never having an intimate friend. But he was in a difficulty now in which the advice of a friend would be of value. Should he confide in Major Saverley? Saverley was a man of the world, and as such would be a useful adviser; but King's ruling instinct of distrust held him back from opening his embarrassments to this friend.

He decided first to go over to the vicarage. Agnes King was at the window reading a letter—not a letter addressed to herself, but to her mother—from Francis Gray, when she saw him approaching. She put the letter away, and received him with just enough colour in her face to give him pleasure.

Holding her hand until she drew it away, he took a chair near her and at once said: 'I was glad to receive your note about the money, Agnes, and I have had one from Mr Warwick also. Your wishes shall be carried out; but, oddly enough, I was just thinking of borrowing that money from you myself.'

The girl opened her eyes wide. 'But you don't want money?' she said, with surprise.

'Not for myself—no; it is for the estate I want it. I have brought an experienced friend down from London, who has been looking over the place, and he strongly advises me to borrow twenty or thirty thousand to improve the pro-

perty, which would more than repay the outlay in a short time.'

'I shall be glad if you borrow my money, then,' said Agnes. 'You had better see Mr Warwick about it. I am sure he will be pleased.'

This was not exactly what Richard King wanted. It was his object to avoid having to account for Agnes King's money, rather than to give a mortgage on the estate for it.

'I have been hoping, Agnes,' he said tenderly, 'that we might be in a position to arrange these matters without the intervention of lawyers. Do you know, since Mr Warwick has come upon the scene, I have felt that he is standing between you and me. And oh, Agnes, Agnes! you little know how I want you, darling. I have so many schemes in my head in regard to the house, and the estate, and the church, and the grounds; but I cannot get up resolution enough to do anything until I have you with me!'

She was deeply distressed. She knew how anxious her mother was that she should become Richard King's wife, and he was an ardent wooer, whom, without good cause, it was hard to refuse. All this Agnes felt the force of; but when it came to a crisis, she was unable to say 'yes' all at once; she was unable to resist a secret craving for more time. So she pleaded with him again for a little more delay, and of course he had to grant her prayer, although he did so with much secret chagrin.

The confidence with Major Saverley took place after dinner that evening, and it was a remarkable one. Unconsciously drawn by Major Saverley, Richard King related the circumstances connected with the death of the late master of Yewle, and the disappearance of the body before the inquest could be held. He also described the terms of the will.

'You don't think Rowan King is alive, then? The thing would seem possible,' said Major Saverley, a little maliciously.

'There is no doubt of his being dead. And, to my mind, there is just as little doubt that his death was not a natural one. The secret removal of the body the night before the inquest makes it certain there was foul play.'

'Do you suspect any person?'

Richard King rose and paced uneasily to and fro, thinking whether it would not be better to trust this man with everything, now that he knew so much.

'It has been a grievous burden to me,' he said at length; 'and the burden, I feel, would be the lighter for being shared. I believe you could be trusted with anything.'

'As you like, King. I never invite any man's confidence, nor accept it unless I wish to serve him.'

'Listen, then. The reason I have been anxious to make Agnes King my wife is to ward suspicion off from her father. He was at Yewle that night his brother was murdered, having come here direct from Portland. His wife and daughter saw him; others, I believe, saw him.'

'And you think—'

'I am only afraid. What would a jury say? At the first hint of his having been here, the unfortunate man would be hunted all over the country. I want to avert suspicion from him—'

to publicly show my faith in him—by making his daughter my wife.'

'That is very noble of you, King. I understand it all now; you may fully trust me.'

The major that night sat on the side of his bed, thinking. He inferred more than he had been told in words. Richard King had spent his cousin's money, and was in difficulties thereby; he believed her father had murdered his own brother, and he wanted to marry the daughter to shield the father; with the same view, doubtless, he had done his best to find the body in order to make clear that it was murder. The major shook his head, and resolved to return to London.

When Richard King, on the death of Rowan, assumed the mastership of Yewle, Francis Gray's decision to leave the place was immediately taken, and as quickly carried out. He knew he was not acceptable in any way to Richard King; and even if it were otherwise, that which he had witnessed in the vicarage garden was sufficient in itself to drive him away.

After blankly staring the great solitude of London in the face for a few days, Gray thought him of the only person he knew, even slightly, and resolved to go to him. This was Mr Rintoul, the solicitor.

Mr Rintoul had a very long conversation with him about matters at Yewle. Gray had no hesitation in telling the solicitor everything he knew.

'There is some mystery at the bottom of all this, Mr Gray. Poor Charles King's mind is unhinged, I have no doubt; but that he should kill his brother—is such a thing possible?'

'I could no more believe it than that he forged the cheque,' answered Gray. 'But if he was condemned for the one, it is equally probable he might be condemned for the other—if accused.'

'Richard King seems resolute that some one shall be accused, to judge from the efforts he is making to discover the body. Have you any idea at all as to what has become of it?'

'Not the faintest. Only for what Dr Hayle told me, I should almost be disposed to share the belief of old Stokes.'

'The conclusion would seem to be inevitable that the murderer removed the body to avoid the disclosures of an inquest; and if so, the question arises, how did he get in? He must have had assistance. It is a terrible thing that Charles King should have been about the place that night. One is afraid to move, not knowing what might happen. I suppose it is certain Stokes kept the key of the study in his possession?'

'Absolutely certain, I should say. There must have been a duplicate.'

'Well, well; I hope Richard King's quest for the body will fail, for I greatly distrust that man's motives. I am sorry to hear that he occupies such a footing at the vicarage; if I had any influence there, I would advise them not to allow him into the house. His mother will not live with him at Yewle.'

'That is singular,' said Gray with surprise.

'But the fact, all the same,' was the dry

response.—'Well, now, about yourself, what do you propose doing?'

'I hardly know, I am so ignorant of London.'

'Leave me your address, and perhaps I may hear of something to suit you.—Morley's Hotel? I think you would be better in private lodgings, Mr Gray.'

To this Francis Gray agreed, and Mr Rintoul gave him the address of a house in Brompton.

The solicitor's good offices proved very fortunate for Gray. He not only obtained most eligible lodgings, but in the course of a week was offered the post of private secretary to a City gentleman who occupied himself largely with social and benevolent movements, and whose residence was within ten minutes' walk of Francis Gray's lodgings. One other young man lived in the house, and a pleasant friendship sprang up between the two. The second lodger, by name Seymour, was cashier in a bank, and a gentleman; and before long it seemed indeed as if fate had thrown the two together.

One Sunday afternoon, as they were walking in Kensington Gardens, Gray happened to make an allusion to Yewle and the death of his friend Rowan King. Seymour turned quickly and inquired: 'Do you remember the forgery case, in which a clergyman was convicted?'

'I remember it very well—it has never been out of my thoughts.'

'How very odd! It was I who received the two cheques across the counter from Mr King. I was abroad at the time of the trial, and only knew the result on my return home.—And do you know,' he added abruptly, 'strong as the evidence seems to have been, I have never been able to convince myself that Charles King forged the second cheque. The motive was so unaccountable: he did not want the money.'

Gray was thinking for a minute or two, and then laid his hand on the other's arm. 'Let us sit down,' he said, 'and go over that again.'

They seated themselves on a garden seat beneath a tree.

'Do you remember, Seymour, whether anything in his looks or manner struck you, when he came to the bank with the second cheque?'

'One or two things struck me, though I did not think of them till afterwards. His eyes were shifty, and avoided me, and he seemed hurried in his manner. Another thing there was, too—he wore a different coat and hat. In the morning he was dressed in a coat of material they call "diagonal," and wore a low felt hat, as clergymen usually do; but when he came the second time, he wore a silk hat and a coat of broadcloth. If the charge had not been made against him afterwards, I should not have recollected these details.'

'They were rather singular,' observed Gray. 'I have never seen Charles King in a tall hat. The broadcloth I can say nothing about, for I took no particular notice of the materials of his clothes.'

'Do his wife and daughter live down there still?'

'Yes, they are still at the vicarage.'

Francis Gray had only written to Mrs King once since leaving Yewle, to tell her of the appointment he had obtained; but for two or

three days after this conversation he thought a good deal over another letter. But he was deterred from writing freely by the fear that Mrs King would show the letter to Richard King, in whom she placed so much trust. He did write a long letter at last, for the most part full of recollections of Yewle and inquiries about themselves; and only at the end did he add a somewhat dim assurance that he had not yet given up the hope of clearing the vicar's name. This was the letter which Agnes was reading that evening when Richard King came to the vicarage after his visit to London.

A PLACE OF TOMBS.

ONLY a week past mid-April, yet it is high summer in Canton—the sun, after an unwonted two months' holiday, having thought fit to suddenly bestir himself. There is grumbling anent thermometer and mosquitoes as we dawdle over the breakfast-table, loth to leave the shade of the veranda and the cool greenness of 'Shameen'. The European settlement with its pretty houses in their gardens and turfy vistas under tall banyans, separated only by a narrow canal from the maze of streets, is a marvellous contrast to the din and bustle of the city.

At last the prospect of the 'White Cloud' mountains prevails; we summon up courage, and saunter over the grass to the water where our roomy, covered boat is waiting. The tide being in our favour, four Chinese rowers take us swiftly down the yellow 'Pearl River'; a breeze comes pleasantly through the white jalousies, lulling one of our party to sleep notwithstanding the endless fascination of the river-life. It has been described many times; but there is something always new in the vast crowd of boats where, in the space of a few feet, generations are born, live, and die. Every species of craft throngs the rapid current: the simple 'dugout'; the smart sampan, decorated with coloured prints and gay matting; long passenger-boats propelled by men turning a stern-wheel; 'slipper-boats,' cargo-boats, salt-boats, 'flower-boats' (which for euphony's sake may be called floating cafés chantants), and great tawny-sailed junks. A collision seems imminent every moment, but it never occurs. Placid babies gaze at you from their mother's back as she plies her oar; ducks and chickens keep up a perpetual chorus; all shout at the top of their voices till the wide water-way is a very babel; but the boat-people seem on good terms with each other, and are a healthy contented race.

After an hour we turn up a canal and land at the city limit. We scramble up the slippery steps, following a gentleman bearing a bamboo, from which swing two cats in cages, that animal being highly appreciated in China, and make our way through a narrow street with quaint red signboards dangling overhead, and evil-smelling 'chow' shops on either hand, where fragments of pork, vegetables, decaying fish, and cakes of appalling aspect tempt the customer. In an open space our chairs are waiting—no one can be energetic with the shade temperature over eighty—and off we start in single file, our bearers going at a short trot despite the unevenness of the road. They grunt and groan and shout to each other continually: 'A bridge!' 'Yes,' 'All right,'

'Slippery ground!' 'Yes,' 'All right,' 'A large puddle!' 'Yes,' 'All right,' and so on, according to the obstacle encountered.

In front, four or five miles away, rise the 'White Cloud' Mountains to the height of eleven hundred feet, their fine outline clear against the sky, blue shadows sleeping in the gullies. The plain below gives a fair idea of the interior of China and its painstaking cultivation, a peaceful country with every available inch turned to account.

We pass by fishponds where a man is sorting fish out of a hand-net; farmhouses, the women coming to their doors to gaze at the 'white barbarian'; through rice-fields where the path is so narrow that the chair hangs above a depth of watery ooze. Here and there among the newly turned fields is a patch of vivid green—rice-plants awaiting transplantation; a crop of trefol; or lotus with their exquisite leaves, each plant growing alone in wet mud. The Celestials are lotus-eaters; but the food has lost its virtue since the days of Ulysses, for the 'heathen Chinese' takes opium when he wants to dream.

The road winds on through sparse bamboo plantations, past hedges in fresh spring green, studded with jessamine and tiny white wild-roses; and all along the way, on every scrap of rising ground are—graves! those of poor people for the most part, whose relations cannot afford a granite slab, and only a sod of turf shows some one lies below, some one who has worked out his life's story among the toiling millions, who has joined the great majority, and so become an object of reverence to his countrymen. For their dead the Chinese choose the best and fairest places; they visit the graves each year; and now, just after the 'tomb-sweeping' festival, from every sod and from every headstone flutters a paper charm.

We meet many country people bearing produce to the city: a chirping brood of chickens, or yellow ducklings, two or three pigs dangling helplessly in bamboo baskets—eggs, vegetables; and worshippers with bundles of mock-money to be burnt at the graves, that so the spirit may have wherewithal for a comfortable existence in the land of shades; or a roasted pig and cakes to be spiritually partaken of by the departed, and actually by the survivors. We are near the mountains now; the road grows greener; a thread of water has worn for itself a baby cañon, its red sides clothed with ferns, new pink-tinged fronds just uncurled. Above, little wild-flowers in the grass, ground ivy and yellow cistus, give a look of home.

A crowd of beggars accost us with the eternal 'Cumshaw, cumshaw,' some of them lepers, distressing objects, whom we gladly leave behind.

As we reach the outlying spurs, the mountain-top sinks out of sight behind the lower hills, and we are amidst a world of tombs, 'a nation under-ground!' For centuries, Canton has carried its dead to this sacred soil, and for miles they lie thick as at Kensal Green. The poor stone slabs beside grand family burying-places of hewn granite, curved like a horseshoe, the grandest consisting of three horseshoes, one beyond the other. The origin of this figure is lost in antiquity. 'It has been so always,' the priests tell us. 'It is good,' they say; and when a death occurs, they send for the fortune-teller, who predicts a lucky day for the burial, and going out to the hill-side,

chooses a lucky spot. They are crowded together, hundreds, thousands of tombs, up to the very summit of the mountains, some ornamented with tall granite pillars, others with fantastic stone lions, all alike decked with paper charms.

Our coolies pause a moment, then begin to ascend, long flights of rough granite steps forming the path; and we climb to where a stream comes tumbling down a shady gorge with trees hanging on its ferny banks, where stands our goal, a Tanist temple, dedicated to the Genius of the glen. Passing various uncouth images, degenerations of pure nature-worship, we mount the wooden steps to the guest-chamber, and there—what a view! All about us the leaves wave and rustle, framing the triangular picture of which our gorge forms the base; below us stretches the wide fertile country, the river such a mere thread that junks seem sailing through fields; a tall pagoda rises skywards, and line upon line of blue misty hills. The breeze blows fresh and cool up the valley; a luxurious meal is on the table; we are vulgarly hungry.

After tiffin we sit and talk about everything to the music of leaves; no drawback to our contentment save the painful uprightness of the wooden chairs; and when the sun grows low, those who are not too lazy wander farther up the mountain for a wider view.

Everywhere the dead are lying in the peaceful silence, waiting, waiting, even as we, who with all our boasted wisdom can only trust 'that what will come and shall come must come well.' The shadows lengthen; it is time to turn homewards. We go down to the old refrain while evening steals over the land, and the moon rising, lights us up the river.

DOLLY.

A WESTERN SKETCH.

DOLLY and he were friends. How or why the friendship was first struck up is unknown. But this much is certain, that the first advances must have come from Dolly herself. For a friendship of any kind, much less a friendship with a chubby, dimpled little maiden was not much in Jim's line.

There was nothing attractive about Jim—quite the reverse. A great hulking fellow, with a sullen face and evil eyes, who, young as he was, had dipped more freely into life's book than is well for any man to dip. And Jim had not come out of the ordeal unsoiled. It was a rough place, that little Western mining camp in which he worked—a rough place, full of rough men, with whom, moreover, he was no favourite.

'I calc'late,' said Judge Remis, who was taking his ease outside after a hard day's work, and blowing in a gentle, meditative sort of way the curling smoke from his pipe—'I calc'late that a more thorough-paced young scoundrel than that Jim don't walk the earth—darned if he do!'

This sentiment, as fully embodying the views of the camp, was received with nods of assent. 'And yet,' said the Judge, taking the pipe from

his mouth, the better to enforce the remark, 'Dolly there seems sort o' struck with him.'

'That's so,' said Big Ben thoughtfully.

The camp uttered a growl or two of protest. What did Dolly see in him? was what the camp wanted to know—a question more easily asked than answered.

Pretty baby Dolly! with her dimpled face and brown eyes—darling baby Dolly! the God-given bit of childhood which was blossoming in the midst of that band of wild, hard-living, hard-drinking fellows, not one of whom at his wildest and worst would have done aught to harm her.

'Jest look at 'em,' said the Judge, raising himself up on his elbow from the soft grass.

The men followed his gaze; and about twenty yards away, appearing over the prairie ridge, they saw the two: Dolly seated on Jim's beautiful horse, Red Mustang, one of Jim's strong arms thrown protectingly around her; the other carrying her basket of berries, full to an extent that showed that Dolly's chubby little hands had never gathered them alone.

Dolly herself was regarding the luscious fruit admiringly. 'Daddy'll yike 'em, Dim, won't he?' they heard her remark.

'Well!' said Jim savagely, 'seein' as it is Daddy, I've no doubt he will. Daddy's ready for most all he can get.'

There was a sufficient amount of truth in the statement to cause a smothered laugh of amusement amongst the listeners, in which Daddy, otherwise the Judge, good-humouredly joined.

Dolly did not laugh; instead, her brown eyes grew troubled. Jim's remark had savoured of disloyalty to Daddy, and loyalty to Daddy was part of Dolly's simple creed. Suddenly she brightened. 'So am I,' she announced.

'Are yer, now?' asked Jim.

'Iss,' said Dolly. 'Aren't you?'

Jim made no reply. Catching sight of the spectators, he lifted Dolly and the berries roughly to the ground, and went on his way in his customary moody silence.

Dolly, apparently quite used to such treatment from her strange friend, picked up her basket and trotted contentedly to her father's side.

'Who've you been with, Dolly?' said Big Ben, catching her up in his arms and tossing her to the sky.

'Dim,' said Dolly from Ben's shoulder.

The men laughed.

'Well, I am surprised,' said Big Ben loftily—'a little gell like you taking up with such as him. I wonder at you, Dolly.'

For answer, Dolly buried her hands in Big Ben's curls, laughing gleefully. Whereupon a glorious game of romps ensued.

However, it so happened that Jim was to give a practical answer to Dolly's question as to whether he was ready for all he could get, by committing a theft—a daring theft, and by no means his first, although for the first time discovered.

'Caught red-handed,' said Big Ben, his hand tightening ominously on his heavy stock-whip.

The camp was soon ablaze with the news, and from every side there flocked angry fierce-

eyed men. They made short work of such sinners in those days. A few yards of rope and the nearest tree used to settle the business effectually. A man might gamble or swear or use his pistol as freely as he pleased, but in such a community, theft was necessarily the unpardonable crime.

'To the right about!' said Big Ben sternly.

Jim scowled at him. He did not ask for mercy, knowing that it would be useless. He would have been the last to offer it in such a case himself.

Suddenly, attracted by the tumult, appeared Dolly, looking out at the world from her great sun-bonnet.

'Run away!' said the Judge sharply; 'this 'ere ain't no place for little gells.'

Dolly was an obedient little soul, and in an ordinary case would have obeyed. But baby as she was, something of the significance of the scene came home to her: Jim standing alone amidst that ring of cruel faces.

She gazed pitifully at him.

'Go away, Dolly,' said Big Ben; 'you've nothing to do with him. He's a thief.'

Dolly's eyes sought Jim's for a denial.

As he met them with his own reckless defiant ones, a something else flashed into them, and then and there he uttered a downright lie: 'Don't you believe 'em, Dolly; I ain't nothing of the sort.' And, half involuntarily, he threw a wistful glance at Big Ben.

Spite of his roughness, Big Ben must have had a soft spot somewhere, for, bending down to Dolly, he said gently: 'There, you see, Dolly, I must have been mistook. This 'ere fellow, instead of being a thief, is a wirtuous youth, a innocent angel, in fact.—Now, run away.'

So Dolly departed, satisfied.

After she left, silence and hesitation fell upon the men. The little scene had touched them. After a whispered consultation, the Judge, stepping forward, cut the cord round Jim's wrist, saying curtly: 'Here, you young scoundrel, we'll let you off this time. But clear out of this; we don't want no thieves here.'

Without a word, Jim turned on his heel. Some men would have left the place at once; Jim was made of different stuff. Expelled from the camp, he built himself a cabin on the outskirts, not trying to live the disgrace down, but enduring it with the dogged obstinacy which was part of his nature. The miners, even Big Ben, ignored him completely; for Ben, for all that instant of softness, had certain rugged fibres of pride about him which led him to treat a thief with merciless justice.

The effects of this 'severely letting-alone' system were not very apparent, which was no doubt the reason of its being carried on so long. If Jim had only shown a proper spirit of penitence, he would have been forgiven. But, except that he was a trifle surlier, he went on his way pretty much as before, even Dolly being treated in public with savage silence. But as she was not alienated, there is reason to suppose that he mended his manners when they were alone together. For together they still were at times; and although muttered protests went up from the camp on such occasions, not a man but had manliness enough to refrain from making

Dolly part of Jim's punishment. So she and 'Din' and Red Mustang had many a fine scamper together over the prairie.

But there came a time when Jim and Red Mustang between them were to do a fine work—a time when a sudden danger loomed out, and Jim rose to it like the brave man that he was—when with clenched teeth he subdued the demon within him, and proved that on occasion he was ready—not for all he could get, but to give up all that he had. For a savage 'whoop' rang out one night on the unsuspecting camp. Men knew what it was, and sprang to their feet with a snarl of rage. Rille in hand they rushed out.

'Injin,' said the Judge, coolly loading his rifle; and in the moonlight gleamed the dusky painted figures. There was little love lost between Injin and white man. The 'man-and-a-brother' theory had not been propounded on either side. It was war to the knife on both. 'Steady! boys, steady!' said the Judge, to whom such scenes were by no means new. 'Ready there? Now—at 'em!'

And 'at 'em' it was. Down swung the muskets, out flashed the shot, and with a look that was not good to see upon their faces, the boys began their work—sharp work—butchery. The savages swarmed into the camp only to be cut down. It was soon over. But the Indians had fought bravely, and, old tried hand as he was, an uneasy light had leapt to the Judge's eye. 'It was a close shave,' he muttered, wiping the great drops of sweat from his brow as he watched the fleeing band—'a close shave. A little more, and'—The pause was suggestive.

The day was already breaking when the Judge turned in home. 'Hope the little lass hasn't been scared,' he thought; and involuntarily, a queer tender gleam passed over the weather-beaten face as he thought of his 'little lass.'

'Dolly!' he said, opening the cabin door.—There was no answer.—'Dolly!' and then again a little quicker 'Dolly!'

Again that night the men were aroused by a cry—an awful cry, wrung from a strong man in pain; and when they hurried forward, it was to find the Judge with the fashion of his face all changed, pointing to the empty cabin, on whose floor shone the gleam of a tomahawk. That and the confusion of the place told its tale all too plainly: Dolly had been carried off by the Indians!

And not a man amongst them but shuddered; for Indian revenge is a very horrible thing at its best, and the pitiful helplessness of a little child would have no weight with a Blackfoot warrior on the war-path, especially if the child's people had defeated his own.

In the dazed silence, Jim stepped forward—Jim, with his shoulders well squared, and a resolute look on his face. He eyed the group rather scornfully. 'Going to stop here all day?' he asked. 'Bein' as this is just the right time to give your horses a rest! I'm off!' And so he was, he and Red Mustang together, racing over the plain. But not before he had seized the Judge's hand in a fierce grip, saying with a totally unexpected catch in his voice: 'Judge, if I can, I'll bring

her back.' Not much, but it meant a great deal.

Thoroughly roused, the rest followed his example—not one hung back. All that fleet horses and brave hearts could do would be done for the little one.

I used to think Red Mustang the finest horse in the world, and never wondered at Jim's pride in her. A beautiful creature she was, indeed, and, what was more to the purpose, swift and strong. She had been peculiarly vicious, and Jim had broken her in himself. I was present at that breaking-in, and, boy as I was, I remember to this day my feeling of admiration as Jim quietly mounted her.

'He's a blessed young scamp,' said a man near me in involuntary delight; 'bnt, by Jove! he can ride!'

So he could. Red Mustang exerted all her powers—which were by no means slight—in the way of backing, rearing, shying, kicking, and plunging, to no purpose. With his feet well in the stirrups and a firm grip of her sides, Jim stuck on, sparing neither whip nor spur, and making the lash curl round her in a way that I thought then, and still think, was brutal. But when, all trembling, she bowed her beautiful head, and with the dark fires of her eye owned him master, he flung away the whip and never used it again. That was just Jim.

But after the first memorable tussle, when it had been so emphatically decided whose will was to be obeyed, master and horse came to a very good understanding. Red Mustang's affection, indeed, had something pathetic in it, and the fact that she showed the reverse to every one else certainly did not lessen Jim's for her.

Over the prairie the little cavalcade started, Red Mustang, with that easy swinging stride of hers, taking the lead, and keeping it. But Jim pulled her up sharply as there came a triumphant shout from behind: 'Here's the trail!'

Riding up, Jim looked at it with his keen eyes. 'That's no trail!' he said contemptuously.

Now, the rest of the men having stated that it was the trail, and being at least as well able to judge as Jim, did not receive his remark in the pleasantest spirit.

'It *are* the trail,' said Daryl Dash, in a quietly conclusive way, as if that settled it.

'But it aren't!' said Jim squarely.

Now Daryl Dash was one of the most trusted hands in the camp, and being backed by Big Ben, the rest naturally took his side.

'This ain't no time for foolin',' they said very sternly. 'Here's the trail, plain as can be; and we're goin' to follow it up.'

'I'm not foolin',' retorted Jim with a kind of desperate earnestness. 'That trail's too plain for Injins to have left, unless they done it a' purpose. I can find the trail right enough if you let me. Trust me, boys.'

My poor Jim! As a man sows so shall he reap. What had he done, in all his reckless, dissolute life, to be trusted now? He was not trusted; nay, more; he was left, half mad with anger and despair, to find his trail alone.

'Take it, or leave it,' the men had said as they galloped off upon their trail.

Away in the east the sun was touching the sky

with red-gold light. Great crimson bars flecked with orange, gleamed out broadly, and then melted into the softer harmony around, and before one knew it, the whole shining mass united and out flashed the sun. But before it did that, Jim had made up his mind to do a very risky thing—to rescue Dolly single-handed. Who else was there to do it? The others had ridden away in a direction which was every moment taking them farther away from the right track.

'My God!' he said wildly. Was it a prayer from those rough lips?—a prayer which the Good Shepherd heard and answered? For Jim played a hero's part that day. He found the trail. For the sun glinting downwards, caught the light of a small pink object on the brushwood, and rested there lovingly. Nothing much—just the torn string from a little child's sun-bonnet. But at the sight Jim broke into a suppressed whistle of triumph, and raced Red Mustang forward as she had never been raced before. I never like to think about that ride. Enough, the Red Mustang responded loyally to the situation. From 'noon to dewy eve' she carried Jim steadily. But when, trembling, foam-flecked, and parched with thirst, he stopped her as the Indian camp loomed in sight, he knew that his work was cut out.

'Quiet! old lass! quiet!' he said, cautiously dismounting and patting her with a look on his face that few but Dolly or Red Mustang had ever seen there.

The gallant beast seemed to understand, and suppressing a whinny, rubbed her nose wistfully against the caressing hand.

Half gliding, half creeping forward, Jim took in the situation at a glance. The Indians had evidently only just stopped, and were hastily improvising a sort of camp. But unsuspicious as they were of being followed so soon, Jim knew that this first careless bustle of arrival would not last long, but that sentries would be set to guard against any approach. Suddenly his blood thrilled; for there before him, not a dozen yards away, lay Dolly reposing on an old blanket in the healthy sleep of childhood.

It was a foolish thing to do, perhaps, considering the state Red Mustang was in; but then Jim was desperate. How he crawled forward, seized Dolly, and got back with her to Red Mustang unperceived, he could never have told himself. But get back with her he did, and in a flash the three were off.

'Dim!' said Dolly, clinging in blissful content to the rough red-shirted arms.

'Ay,' Jim answered, glancing down at her as he tightened Red Mustang's girth; 'you go to sleep, Dolly.'

So Dolly's little brown head nestled down, and Jim and Red Mustang made what speed they could, which was not a very great speed, although there came sounds from behind which made the mare tear forward and turned Jim white. The Indians were in pursuit!

Mile by mile, hour after hour, that fearful race went on. The rugged line of hills which marked the camp were in sight now. But could Red Mustang hold out? She was already trembling ominously, and Jim knew that the time was come. If she were to reach the camp at

all, it must be without his weight on her back.

'Dolly!' he said with a shake which made Dolly open her sleepy eyes. 'I want you to do somethin' for me,' he went on persuasively; 'I want to get down here, I've—I've—a partic'ler reason for wanting to get down here!'—and the arm holding Dolly as gently as a woman's kept her head turned well forward. 'Red Mustang'll take you to the camp all right, if you'll be a brave little gell and go alone.'

'Oh!' and Dolly's frightened clutch was very firm.

'Will you, Dolly?' said Jim feverishly. 'Dolly! Dolly! Little lass! Will you? For me.'

'Iss, Dim,' said Dolly with quivering lips.

Dismounting, Jim fastened her swiftly and firmly to the saddle, and gave Red Mustang the word. 'Good-bye, Dolly;' and Jim's moustache brushed the rosy lips.

'Dood-bye, Dim,' said Dolly.

Red Mustang whinnied uneasily. But her master had told her to go, and she went.

'She'll do it,' said Jim with a great sigh of relief.

The Indians were very close now.

In a curious, concentrated kind of way, Jim gazed at the plain, which the moonlight was kindling into peaceful beauty. Then, with an ugly light in his eye, he drew out his bowie-knife and turned to face what was before him.

'Whoso giveth a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, he giveth it unto me.' And Jim had given more than that—he had given his life; for the next day Big Ben and the rest found him on the plain—scalped.

CURIOSITIES IN SHOE-LEATHER.

THE sandal, which was the first foot-protector, was followed by shoes left open at the toes. These were in turn succeeded by wooden shoes, and subsequently by others, so pointed and turned up that they were known as 'piked' shoes. This caprice of fashion was copied from France, where shoes were worn 'tipped on the snouts with thin horns half a foot long.' The rage for these pikes became of such an extravagant nature that it had to be put down by statute, and broad-toed footgear then came into vogue. This last fashion ran so much to the opposite extreme as to impede walking, so royal proclamations prohibited any one wearing shoes 'broader at the toe than six inches.'

Boots were first made of leather, and afterwards of iron and brass for war purposes, as we know from the 'brazen-booted Greeks.' Boots were much used in ancient as in modern times, for riding and walking. Sometimes they were of such a clumsy kind that any movement in them must have been both ungraceful and difficult. A pair of soldier's boots, which were found in a cupboard of an ancient building in Surrey, are described as weighing about ten pounds each. They were made of the thickest hide, lined and padded, with very thick soles, and large rowelled spurs attached by steel chains. It is said that Charles XII. of Sweden wore boots of a similar kind; and it is not so long since

our forefathers were hampered with remarkably solid and heavy footgear.

To the Celestials no relics are more valuable than the boots that have been worn by a magistrate. If he resigns and leaves the city, we are told a crowd accompanies him from his residence to the gates, where his boots are drawn off with great ceremony, to be preserved in the hall of justice. This is the more easy to believe when we remember that John Chinaman is rather ceremonious on occasion with respect to wearing his own boots. In his belief that there is nothing like old boots, the heathen Chinese is not peculiar. Relic-hunters have discovered that—hidden away for the most part in the family museums of our great houses—there are boots and shoes treasured for their age, or valued for their historical associations. Collecting remarkable boots and antique shoes threatens to become the rage amongst some ladies of title. Let us hope they will not forget to include as a curiosity the high-heeled boot of modern times.

In Dresden there is said to be on view a number of boots, shoes, and slippers, once worn by emperors, kings, queens, and princes, which should be of much interest to relic-hunters and shoe-collectors. A citizen of New York is said to have in his possession a shoe and a sandal which were worn by Queen Elizabeth more than three hundred years ago. The shoe is in a wonderful state of preservation. Americans who show such a weakness for royalty may be interested to learn that from the latest accounts one of our Princesses has in her wardrobe a couple of pair of shoes to match every dress, and a lot of coloured Russia-leather, morocco, and black shoes.

As well provided with footgear would seem to be a member of the peerage whose hobby is to have an extensive assortment of boots. Every day of the year has its own special pair, which is worn for the day, and then placed upon the trees that belong to it until its turn comes round again. It is easy to believe that this strange whim necessitates the employment of a valet, whose work consists entirely in polishing and generally attending to the multitudinous foot-coverings of his master.

A curiosity in the way of shoes is one which belonged to Louis XIV., said to be preserved in a palace in Venice. On its heel, we are told, the Dutch painter Vanloo portrayed a battle-scene with wonderful neatness of execution for so large a subject on so small a scale. An interesting addition to collections of such curiosities would be the lady's shoes which, it is said, were recently worn at a ball in Paris. In the leather near the toe of each was inserted a watch.

An amusing calculation has been made that the powdered shoe-leather worn from off the soles of foot-passengers on streets and pavements in London alone would amount to about a ton of shoe-making materials per day. It is not so absurd to imagine that some day these waste particles may be utilised, when we hear that vast quantities of old shoes are ground by mills into fine dust, which is mixed with india-rubber, subjected to a great pressure, coloured, and sold cheap as natural leather, for which it probably makes a sorry substitute.

Boots and shoes that have retired from business through decrepitude may come in handy in still more strange ways. In passing under some trees, a gentleman's notice was attracted by an old boot fastened to a branch. As he approached it, a bird flew out. On examination, the boot was found to contain a nestful of young birds.

From an Italian source it is reported that on the death of a poor old cobbler, when his relatives appeared on the scene to claim the succession, they were carrying all that was of any value away, when some one noticed an old shoe hanging on a nail above their heads. It was hauled down more in jest than earnest, when behold! it turned out to be hard and heavy; and on a closer inspection the shoe was found to contain a sum of fifty thousand francs in gold and bank-notes. Truly, a strange banking-place and lucky find.

Boots and shoes have been used by sailors to drink rum out of and to bale boats. But surely the most extraordinary use ever made of a shoe—since the old woman of nursery-rhyme fame lived in one—was the following. A dwarf-son of French peasants was so small that at his birth a doll's wardrobe had to do duty for linen on the occasion. At his christening, his mother thought he was far too small to carry on the arm, so she made him a little bed in her own wooden shoe, and in this way carried him to church. The same wooden shoe afterwards served him for a cradle till he was six months old. Further, we are told that when the child learned to walk, and the village cobbler was ordered to make him a pair of shoes, he found the task so difficult that he had to give it up, and no wonder, for at six years old the dwarf was only twenty-two inches high, and weighed eight pounds.

DOROTHY.

DOROTHY is debonair;
Little count hath she or care;
All her gold is in her hair.

And the freshness of the Spring
Round this old world seems to cling
When you hear her laugh or sing.

On her sunny way she goes;
Much she wonders—little knows
Love's as yet a folded rose.

All her smiles in dimples die;
Glad is she, nor knows she why
Just to live is ecstasy!

Lightly lie the chains, methinks,
That have daisies for their links;
Youth's the fount where Pleasure drinks.

Dorothy is debonair;
Little count hath she or care,
Sunshine in her heart and hair.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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A NIGHT IN RAMAZAN.

It has been a terribly hot day. All day long, heavy black clouds have rolled up from the Adriatic and circled round the mountains that shut in plain and lake; but not a drop of rain has fallen upon the parched and dried-up soil. The growling of the thunder has been incessant, though not a breath of air has stirred the heavy leaves, or freshened the close unwholesome atmosphere that scorches throat and lungs, and seems to weigh oppressively upon one's very limbs.

But evening has come at last, and the good folk of Scodra are trudging slowly homeward from the bazaar. In the high-road facing the burial-ground in which Ali Haidar Pasha lies buried, a knot of Mohammedans in gold-embroidered jackets and voluminous 'fustanelles' are standing just outside the great double gates leading to the courtyard of one of the richest aghas in the city. They are watching for the evening gun from the citadel, which will tell them that their weary fast is over for the day, and that they may go in to the evening meal. From sunrise to sunset not a morsel of food, not a single cup of coffee, has touched their lips; they have passed the long hot hours of a sultry summer day without even drinking a drop of water or smoking a single cigarette. Some of them have had to work during the day, and some have tried to sleep away the laggard hours in the stifling rooms of the harem, and it is small wonder if, faint and exhausted, they look with angry eyes upon the Christian shopkeepers and labourers who plod along the dusty road, puffing at their cigarettes with an air of having had as much coffee as they pleased to drink all day long. We are now in the last quarter of the moon, for it is more than three weeks ago that the great fast of Ramazan began, and the strain is beginning to tell even upon the strongest men, and to show itself in their haggard looks and hollow cheeks. But at last the sixteen sultry hours of fasting are coming to a close. The city already lies in shadow, for the sun has sunk behind

Mount Tarabos, though the castle rock and the citadel itself are still in full sunlight.

Gradually the shadows creep up the hill and quench the blaze of light in which the parapets were bathed, and then the eyes of the watchers are gladdened by the sight of a dull red flash, followed by a ball of smoke that shoots out between the parapets from one of the old iron guns that keep the key of North Albania. At the same moment the wailing cry of half-a-dozen muezzins rings out from the mosques close by, and with a sigh of relief the expectant group turns and troops, with swaying fustanelles and a jauntier air, through the great gates, to break its long fast at the evening meal, which a great clattering among the women-kind shows to be nearly ready.

This great fast is held in memory of the Hegira; but though all good Mohammedans religiously fast during the day, yet they are allowed to feast during the night-hours between sunset and sunrise. Very often friends and relations come to these evening festivities, and sometimes strangers are invited. During the past week we have twice been to entertainments at Mohammedan houses after nightfall, and to-night we are going again with an English friend who is spending a week or two in Scodra, and is naturally anxious to see all that he can of native life. Luckily we have not been invited to the tedious dinner or supper, but only to the 'musical at home' which is to be held afterwards; and so, as we have a little time to spare, we enter a café to see how the evening is passing there. We sit down on a bench against the wall, in front of a bare wooden table, and call for coffee. Our entry causes some little sensation, for I am well known; and the sight of two Franks in a poor native café is something out of the common. However, our enterprise is not rewarded, for the place is deplorably dull; two or three groups of poorer Albanians sitting gloomily over their coffee are the only representatives of the merry company we hoped to see; while in the centre of the room two Mohammedans are having their

heads shaved by the silent proprietor of the combined klan and barber's shop and his assistant. My friend was in high spirits when we entered; but a few minutes of this funereal gloom have effectually taken all the fun out of him, and so we hastily swallow our coffee, and leave the melancholy 'khanji' still scraping away at his customer's forehead.

The beginning of the evening has not been promising, but I console my visitor with the assurance that at Fiseta Agha's house things will be very different. We therefore make a fresh start, accompanied by Marco, a Christian of the town who, on the strength of being able to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'Oui, monsieur,' in addition to the broken Italian common to his kind, passes for a skilled linguist, and looks upon all travellers as his lawful prey. He precedes us, dressed in full mountaineer costume, over which he wears a shabby old ulster several sizes too small for him, put on as a precaution against the fever that he insists is lurking in the sultry night-air. In his right hand he carries a tightly-rolled lady's umbrella of green silk, a gift from his last master; and in his left he swings a lantern, to guide us through the narrow streets of the Mohammedan quarter. On our way we pass three Zingari who are playing softly the air of Hadji Ali; and then passing out of the narrow street into an open space, we come to the great double gates of Fiseta Agha's house. After the usual challenges, one wing of the gate swings open, and we enter the courtyard, being rather taken aback by what seems to be the ghost of a huge white bird stretched across the yard. It is, however, only the agha's best fustanelle which he has had washed in view of the coming Feast of Bairam, and has hung across the courtyard to dry. As the fustanelle is thirty or forty yards long round the hem, it is not surprising that it seems to stretch through the darkness like the white wings of some giant bird, to eyes not accustomed to such an amplitude of petticoat.

By the light from an open door we make for the wooden staircase that leads to the balcony on the first floor, where Fiseta Agha greets us, and escorts us to the room in which the merrymaking is going on. The place is crowded; but by dint of pushing and elbowing, the agha pilots us across the floor to the seat of honour on the divan by his side. Instantly an attendant gives us each a brass ashpan, another offers us cigarettes with his hand on his heart, a third brings us coffee, and a fourth sweetmeats. We are bound by etiquette to refuse nothing, and the coffee and cigarettes we enjoy; but the sugar-plums we slip into our pocket handkerchiefs at the first convenient opportunity. After we have exchanged compliments with our host and our friends and acquaintances, the music, which our entrance has interrupted, strikes up again. The musicians are three in number, and squat on the floor at the opposite end of the room. The leader plays

on the 'guzla,' a kind of mandolin, across whose two wire strings he tinkles his little cherry-bark 'plectrum' with a grave and dignified air. By his side is an old man, with huge horn spectacles balanced on his hooked nose, who holds a fiddle upon the floor at arm's length, and scrapes away solemnly with a clumsy bow on the strings that are turned away from him. The third musician is a pale and melancholy youth, who bangs a tambourine upon his knuckles, knees, and elbows, with mournful repetition, going through all his movements as if he were moved by clockwork. Of course they play 'Hadji Ali, the Pirate of Dulcigno,' as surely as the street-boy at home whistles the latest comic song; for Hadji Ali was an Albanian hero, and the Mohammedans of Scodra are in heroic mood just now. It is a weird and plaintive melody in the minor key, necessitated by the setting of the two wire strings of the guzla, and, though it sounds like a dirge pure and simple, is played in Scodra at feasts and festivals of every kind. Occasionally, the tambourine breaks into a long-drawn howl, drawing Hadji Ali's name through his nose, in a fashion that reminds us of a dog baying the moon. There are fifty or sixty verses of 'Hadji Ali,' and though the tambourine's effort is the only attempt at singing, the musicians take us religiously through the air over and over again till the full number of verses is accomplished. It seems never ending; but at last, just as we are falling asleep, the wailing tune fades softly away, and the Hadji may be considered as disposed of for to-night.

More coffee, more sweetmeats, and more cigarettes are pressed upon us, and then some of the servants begin to clear a space in the centre of the room by pushing the people into the corners and making them stand close round the walls. Presently, a hungry-looking young fellow, dressed simply in a loose cotton shirt and trousers, begins walking round in a circle, keeping time to the rhythm of the three musicians, who have struck up another plaintive air. He walks round and round, waving his hands and balancing himself first on one foot and then on the other, but doing nothing else, while we sit anxiously wondering when he is going to begin. My English friend soon has enough of this sort of thing, and whispers to me to lend him my scarf-pin. He then opens his pocket-knife, and waits resignedly for the dance to end. As soon as he gets his opportunity, he makes signs to Fiseta Agha that he is going to perform something; then wrapping his handkerchief tightly round his thumb, pricks his skin surreptitiously and squeezes out a drop of blood. Then with his knife he goes through the pantomime of cutting off his thumb by smearing the blood in a thin line round beneath the nail. The Albanians crowd round, looking on him as an escaped lunatic, when suddenly with a rapid lick of his tongue and a dab of his handkerchief he has made the long gash disappear, and has completely healed what looked like a very serious wound. This feat arouses every one's curiosity; we are nearly stifled by the pressure of the onlookers, and my friend has to do his trick over and over again until his thumb is as full of holes as a sieve,

and he bitterly repents his desire for fame. Luckily for him, a counter-attraction draws the public attention from him, and a scolding voice makes every one turn to look at the other side of the room, where three small boys have profited by the general crowding round our divan to take a yataghan from the wall and to set to work at carving their thumbs and fingers in imitation of the marvellous Frank. Happily, before much harm is done, the yataghan is taken away and the boys soundly cuffed; and I quietly restore the pin to my scarf in the general confusion.

After more coffee comes the great dance of the evening, and again the gaunt youth pirouettes round the ring. This time, however, something more striking is to be performed, and so one of the boys lends him his white fustanelle; another, a gold-embroidered jacket and waistcoat of crimson cloth; a third, his gaiters, ornamented in similar fashion; and a fourth unwinds the long silk sash from his waist and throws it to the dancer. Again the slow rhythmic walk begins to the melancholy music of the guzla; but after a few circles the dancer stops once more. *Fiscta Agha* and *Ibrahim Bey Castrati* then draw their keen, blue Damascus blades, inlaid with verses of the Koran in gold, from their scabbards, and hand them to the silent dancer, who receives them solemnly, and once more retires to the centre of the ring. Taking the yataghans by their hilts, he stretches out his arms, places the sharp points in his girdle, and resumes his walk round the room. After a few circles, the music quickens, and the dancer breaks into a polka-mazurka step, with the blades still sticking into his girdle. Again the music gets faster; the colour rises to the dancer's face; he raises the points of the yataghans and places them beneath his armpits, and every few paces bumps the floor first with one knee and then with the other. Faster and faster grows the music, wilder and wilder grows the dancer, dashing himself on the floor with ever-increasing energy, with arms still outstretched and points turned inwards; till at last he bursts into a frantic valse in the middle of the room, and spins round, a confused mass of white fustanelle and gold and scarlet coat, with the bright steel-blue blades gleaming beneath his extended arms. Suddenly both music and dancer stop, and hurriedly returning the yataghans to their owners, the performer plunges into the crowd of onlookers, and disappears to take off his borrowed finery. No one troubles to applaud; it is the dancer's business; he is paid for it, and has done his duty, that is all.

By this time it is considerably past midnight, and so some one is sent to rouse Marco from the slumber into which much coffee and unlimited cigarettes have plunged him. As for ourselves, we each drain at a gulp, before leaving, a tumbler of the sweet pink sherbet that the Albanians love, for our throats feel like lime-kilns from excessive smoking. I have the curiosity to count the cigarette ends in my ashpan; they are seventeen, and though the tobacco is good, yet the paper is very coarse and hot. Our rising is the signal for the general break-up of the entertainment. *Fiscta Agha* sees us to the great gates; and, as we follow the sleepy Marco and his lantern over the cobble-stones that pave the road,

the mournful melody of 'Hadji Ali' moans through the warm still air from the side-street down which the three musicians are solemnly making their homeward way.

THE SURGEON OF GASTER FELL.

CHAPTER II.—HOW I WENT FORTH TO GASTER FELL.

I WAS still engaged upon my breakfast, when I heard the clatter of dishes, and the landlady's footfall as she passed towards her new lodger's room. An instant afterwards she had rushed down the passage and burst in upon me with uplifted hands and startled eyes. 'Lord 'a mercy, sir!' she cried, 'and asking your pardon for troubling you, but I'm feard o' the young leddy, sir; she is not in her room.'

'Why, there she is,' said I, standing up and glancing through the casement. 'She has gone back for the flowers she left upon the bank.'

'Oh sir, see to her boots and her dress!' cried the landlady wildly. 'I wish her mother was here, sir—I do. Where she has been is more than I ken; but her bed has not been lain on this night.'

'She has felt restless, doubtless, and had gone for a walk, though the hour was certainly a strange one.'

Mrs Adams pursed her lip and shook her head. But even as she stood at the casement, the girl beneath looked smilingly up at her, and beckoned to her with a merry gesture to open the window.

'Have you my tea there?' she asked, in a rich clear voice, with a touch of the mincing French accent.

'It is in your room, miss.'

'Look at my boots, Mrs Adams!' she cried, thrusting them out from under her skirt. 'These fells of yours are dreadful places—effroyable—one inch, two inch; never have I seen such mud!—My dress, too—voilà!'

'Eh, miss, but you are in a pickle,' cried the landlady, as she gazed down at the bedraggled gown. 'But you must be main-weary and heavy for sleep.'

'No, no,' she answered, laughing. 'I care not for sleep. What is sleep? It is a little death—voilà tout. But for me to walk, to run, to breathe the air—that is to live. I was not tired, and so all night I have explored these fells of Yorkshire.'

'Lord 'a mercy, miss, and where did you go?' asked Mrs Adams.

She waved her hand round in a sweeping gesture which included the whole western horizon. 'There!' she cried. 'O comme elles sont tristes et sauvages, ces collines! But I have flowers here. You will give me water, will you not? They will wither else.' She gathered her treasures into her lap, and a moment later we heard her light springy footfall upon the stair.

So she had been out all night, this strange woman. What motive could have taken her from her snug room on to the bleak wind-swept hills? Could it be merely the restlessness, the love of adventure of a young girl? Or was there, possibly, some deeper meaning in this nocturnal journey?

I thought, as I paced my chamber, of her drooping head, the grief upon her face, and the wild burst of sobbing which I had overseen in the garden. Her nightly mission, then, be it what it might, had left no thought of pleasure behind it. And yet, even as I walked, I could hear the merry tinkle of her laughter, and her voice upraised in protest against the motherly care wherewith Mrs Adams insisted upon her changing her mud-stained garments. Deep as were the mysteries which my studies had taught me to solve, here was a human problem, which for the moment at least was beyond my comprehension.

I had walked out on the moor in the forenoon; and on my return, as I topped the brow that overlooks the little town, I saw my fellow-lodger some little distance off among the gorse. She had raised a light easel in front of her, and with papered board laid across it, was preparing to paint the magnificent landscape of rock and moor which stretched away in front of her. As I watched her, I saw that she was looking anxiously to right and left. Close by me a pool of water had formed in a hollow. Dipping the cup of my pocket flask into it, I carried it across to her. 'This is what you need, I think,' said I, raising my cap and smiling.

'Merci, bien,' she answered, pouring the water into her saucer. 'I was indeed in search of some.'

'Miss Cameron, I believe,' said I. 'I am your fellow-lodger. Upperton is my name. We must introduce ourselves in these wilds if we are not to be for ever strangers.'

'Oh then, you live also with Mrs Adams,' she cried. 'I had thought that there were none but peasants in this strange place.'

'I am a visitor, like yourself,' I answered. 'I am a student, and have come for the quiet and repose which my studies demand.'

'Quiet indeed,' said she, glancing round at the vast circle of silent moors, with the one tiny line of gray cottages which sloped down beneath us.

'And yet not quiet enough,' I answered, laughing, 'for I have been forced to move farther into the fells for the absolute peace which I require.'

'Have you then built a house upon the fells?' she asked, arching her eyebrows.

'I have, and hope within a few days to occupy it.'

'Ah, but that is triste,' she cried. 'And where is it, then, this house which you have built?'

'It is over yonder,' I answered. 'See that stream which lies like a silver band upon the distant moor. It is the Gaster Beck, and it runs through Gaster Fell.'

She started, and turned upon me her great dark questioning eyes with a look in which surprise, incredulity, and something akin to horror seemed to be struggling for a mastery.

'And you will live on the Gaster Fell?' she cried.

'So I have planned.—But what do you know of Gaster Fell, Miss Cameron?' I asked. 'I had thought that you were a stranger in these parts.'

'Indeed, I have never been here before,' she answered. 'But I have heard my brother talk of these Yorkshire moors; and if I mistake not, I have heard him name this very one as the wildest and most savage of them all.'

'Very likely,' said I carelessly. 'It is indeed a dreary place.'

'Then why live there?' she cried eagerly. 'Consider the loneliness, the bareness, the want of all comfort and of all aid, should aid be needed.'

'Aid! What aid should be needed on Gaster Fell?'

She looked down and shrugged her shoulders. 'Sickness may come in all places,' said she. 'If I were a man, I do not think I would live alone on Gaster Fell.'

'I have braved worse dangers than that,' said I, laughing; 'but I fear that your picture will be spoilt, for the clouds are banking up, and already I feel a few raindrops.'

Indeed, it was high time we were on our way to shelter, for even as I spoke there came the sudden steady swish of the shower. Laughing merrily, my companion threw her light shawl over her head, and, seizing picture and easel, ran with the lithe grace of a young fawn down the furze-clad slope, while I followed after with camp-stool and paint-box.

Deeply as my curiosity had been aroused by this strange waif which had been cast up in our West Riding hamlet, I found that with fuller knowledge of her my interest was stimulated rather than satisfied. Thrown together as we were, with no thought in common with the good people who surrounded us, it was not long before a friendship and confidence arose between us. Together we strolled over the moors in the mornings, or stood upon the Moorstone Crag to watch the red sun sinking beneath the distant waters of Morecambe. Of herself she spoke frankly and without reserve. Her mother had died young, and her youth had been spent in the Belgian convent from which she had just finally returned. Her father and one brother, she told me, constituted the whole of her family. Yet, when the talk chanced to turn upon the causes which had brought her to so lonely a dwelling, a strange reserve possessed her; and she would either relapse into silence or turn the talk into another channel. For the rest, she was an admirable companion—sympathetic, well read, with the quick piquant daintiness of thought which she had brought with her from her foreign training. Yet the shadow which I had observed in her on the first morning that I had seen her was never far from her mind, and I have seen her merriest laugh frozen suddenly upon her lips, as though some dark thought lurked within her, to choke down the mirth and gaiety of her youth.

It was the eve of my departure from Kirkby-Malhouse that we sat upon the green bank in the garden, she with dark dreamy eyes looking sadly out over the sombre fells; while I, with a book upon my knee, glanced covertly at her lovely profile, and marvelling to myself how twenty years of life could have stamped so sad and wistful an expression upon it.

'You have read much,' I remarked at last. 'Women have opportunities now such as their mothers never knew. Have you ever thought of going farther—of seeking a course of college or even a learned profession?'

She smiled wearily at the thought. 'I have no aim, no ambition,' she said. 'My future is

black—confused—a chaos. My life is like to one of these paths upon the fells. You have seen them, Monsieur Upperton. They are smooth and straight and clear where they begin; but soon they wind to left and wind to right, and so mid rocks and over crags until they lose themselves in some quagmire. At Brussels my path was straight; but now, mon Dieu, who is there can tell me where it leads?"

"It might take no prophet to do that, Miss Cameron, quoth I, with the fatherly manner which twoscore years may show towards one. 'If I may read your life, I would venture to say that you were destined to fulfil the lot of woman—to make some good man happy, and to shed around, in some wider circle, the pleasure which your society has given me since first I knew you.'

"I will never marry," said she, with a sharp decision which surprised and somewhat amused me.

"Not marry; and why?"

A strange look passed over her sensitive features, and she plucked nervously at the grass on the bank beside her. 'I dare not,' said she, in a voice that quivered with emotion.

"Dare not!"

"It is not for me. I have other things to do. That path of which I spoke is one which I must tread alone."

"But this is morbid," said I. "Why should your lot, Miss Cameron, be separate from that of my own sisters, or the thousand other young ladies whom every season brings out into the world?—But perhaps it is that you have a fear and distrust of mankind. Marriage brings a risk as well as a happiness."

"The risk would be with the man who married me," she cried. And then in an instant, as though she had said too much, she sprang to her feet and drew her mantle round her. "The night-air is chill, Mr Upperton," said she, and so swept swiftly away, leaving me to muse over the strange words which had fallen from her lips.

I had feared that this woman's coming might draw me from my studies; but never had I anticipated that my thoughts and interests could have been changed in so short a time. I sat late that night in my little study, pondering over my future course. She was young, she was fair, she was alluring, both from her own beauty and from the strange mystery that surrounded her. And yet, what was she, that she should turn me from the high studies that filled my mind, or change me from the line of life which I had marked out for myself? I was no boy, that I should be swayed and shaken by a dark eye or a woman's smile, and yet three days had passed, and my work lay where I had left it. Clearly, it was time that I should go. I set my teeth, and vowed that another day should not have passed before I should have snapped this newly-formed tie, and sought the lonely retreat which awaited me upon the moors.

Breakfast was hardly over in the morning before a peasant dragged up to the door the rude hand-cart which was to convey my few personal belongings to my new dwelling. My fellow-lodger had kept her room; and steeled as my mind was against her influence, I was yet conscious of a little throb of disappointment that

she should allow me to depart without a word of farewell. My hand-cart with its load of books had already started, and I, having shaken hands with Mrs Adams, was about to follow it, when there was a quick scurry of feet on the stair, and there she was beside me all panting with her own haste.

"Then you go, you really go?" said she.

"My studies call me."

"And to Gaster Fell?" she asked.

"Yes, to the cottage which I have built there."

"And you will live alone there?"

"With my hundred companions who lie in that cart."

"Ah, books!" she cried, with a pretty shrug of her graceful shoulders.—"But you will make me a promise?"

"What is it?" I asked in surprise.

"It is a small thing; you will not refuse me?"

"You have but to ask it."

She bent forward her beautiful face with an expression of the utmost and most intense earnestness. "You will bolt your door at night?" said she, and was gone ere I could say a word in answer to her extraordinary request.

It was a strange thing for me to find myself at last duly installed in my lonely dwelling. For me, now, the horizon was bounded by the barren circle of wiry unprofitable grass, patched over with furze bushes, and scarred by the protrusion of Nature's gaunt and granite ribs. A duller, wearier waste I have never seen; but its dullness was its very charm. What was there in the faded rolling hills, or in the blue silent arch of heaven, to distract my thoughts from the high thoughts which engrossed them? I had left the great drove of mankind, and had wandered away, for better or worse, upon a side-path of my own. With them, I had hoped to leave grief, disappointment, and emotion, and all other petty human weaknesses. To live for knowledge, and knowledge alone, that was the highest aim which life could offer. And yet upon the very first night which I spent at Gaster Fell there came a strange incident to lead my thoughts back once more to the world which I had left behind me.

It had been a sullen and sultry evening, with great livid cloud-banks mustering in the west. As the night wore on, the air within my little cabin became closer and more oppressive. A weight seemed to rest upon my brow and my chest. From far away, the low rumble of thunder came moaning over the moor. Unable to sleep, I dressed, and standing at my cottage door, looked on the black solitude which surrounded me. There was no breeze below; but above, the clouds were sweeping majestically across the sky, with half a moon peeping at times between the rifts. The ripple of the Gaster Beck and the dull hooting of a distant owl were the only sounds which broke upon my ear. Taking the narrow sheep-path which ran by the stream, I strolled along it for some hundred yards, and had turned to retrace my steps, when the moon was finally buried beneath an ink-black cloud, and the darkness deepened so suddenly, that I could see neither the path at my feet, the stream upon my right, nor the rocks upon my left. I was standing groping about in the thick gloom, when

there came a crash of thunder with a flash of lightning which lit up the whole vast fell, so that every bush and rock stood out clear and hard in the livid light. It was but for an instant, and yet that momentary view struck a thrill of fear and astonishment through me, for in my very path, not twenty yards before me, there stood a woman, the livid light beating upon her face and showing up every detail of her dress and features. There was no mistaking those dark eyes, that tall graceful figure. It was she—Eva Cameron, the woman whom I thought I had for ever left. For an instant I stood petrified, marvelling whether this could indeed be she, or whether it was some figment conjured up by my excited brain. Then I ran swiftly forward in the direction where I had seen her, calling loudly upon her, but without reply. Again I called, and again, no answer came back, save the melancholy wail of the owl. A second flash illuminated the landscape, and the moon burst out from behind its cloud. But I could not, though I climbed upon a knoll which overlooked the whole moor, see any sign of this strange midnight wanderer. For an hour or more I traversed the fell, and at last found myself back at my little cabin, still uncertain as to whether it had been a woman or a shadow upon which I had gazed.

For the three days which followed this midnight storm I bent myself doggedly to my work. From early morn till late at night I immured myself in my little study, with my whole thoughts buried in my books and my parchments. At last it seemed to me that I had reached that haven of rest, that oasis of study for which I had so often sighed. But alas for my hopes and my plannings! Within a week of my flight from Kirkby-Malhouse, a strange and most unforeseen series of events not only broke in upon the calm of my existence, but filled me with emotions so acute as to drive all other considerations from my mind.

A TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

FIFTY-FOUR years ago the first railway in Canada, a short line of sixteen miles, was opened in the province of Quebec. Even in their wildest dreams, our colonial kinsmen would not then have conceived the possibility of a Trans-continental Railway stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast; yet the greater part of this difficult enterprise has been accomplished during the present decade, and it is now possible to enter the cars at Montreal and to travel without a change straight through to Vancouver, on the shores of the Pacific, a distance of nearly three thousand miles.

The union of the four eastern provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia into one confederation by the British North America Act of 1867 gave the first impetus to this great design, which was still further accelerated by the addition of Manitoba and the North-west Provinces three years later, and the subsequent accession of British Columbia in 1871. In 1875, the enterprise was definitely taken in hand by the Canadian Government; but local jealousies

and the strife of political parties in the Parliament Houses at Ottawa prevented the actual work of construction from making any very effectual progress. At length, towards the close of the year 1880, it was decided by almost universal consent to entrust the undertaking to private enterprise; accordingly, in the early part of 1881 the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was chartered by the Government, and entered into a contract to complete the work within the limit of ten years.

But although the Government had thus handed over the direct management of the affair to a private company, their contributions towards the success of the undertaking were numerous and important. During the six years which had passed before the granting of the charter, the whole country from Ottawa to Vancouver had been carefully surveyed—in itself no inconsiderable undertaking—and the line of route determined upon. One thousand miles of railway were also handed over to the company, including the previously completed line running from Quebec to Ottawa; a shorter line in British Columbia, extending as far as Kamloops Lake; and a partially finished section, four hundred and twenty-five miles in length, in the then almost unknown region extending from Lake Superior to Winnipeg. In addition to this the Government bestowed upon them a subsidy of twenty-five million dollars, together with eighteen million acres of land lying along the projected line of route.

With these liberal contributions, the company vigorously commenced the formidable task of bridging over the remaining nineteen hundred miles of country, extending in an almost unbroken line from Ottawa to British Columbia. Early in 1881, operations were begun in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, and in the course of the year one hundred and sixty miles of railway were completed, stretching westward towards the Rocky Mountains. During the following year, still more rapid progress was made, an additional two hundred and ninety miles of railroad being constructed. In 1883, in spite of engineering difficulties, the line reached the summit of the Rockies; and in 1884 was carried as far as the Selkirk, more than ten hundred and fifty miles from Winnipeg. So rapidly did the work proceed, that it is reckoned that at least three miles of railroad were completed on every working day. Meanwhile, the line was being advanced with equal energy through the difficult region lying between Ottawa and Lake Superior, till at length, early in 1885, a continuous line of rail connected Manitoba and the North-west Provinces with Eastern Canada. At the same time extensive operations were being carried on in British Columbia, the company starting from Kamloops Lake, and working eastward to meet the line of rail as it steadily advanced from Winnipeg. The two bands of workers eventually met at Craigellachie, in Eagle Pass, an opening in the Gold Range of mountains, at a distance of two thousand five hundred miles from Montreal, and upwards of four hundred from Vancouver. There, on November 7, 1885, was laid the last rail of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and by midsummer of the following year the whole line was in working order.

A journey across a part or the whole of the company's lines is the best means of realising the magnitude of the enterprise thus successfully accomplished. Alike to the lover of the picturesque, to the sportsman, and to the emigrant, the Canadian Pacific Railway offers almost unprecedented advantages. The scenery is varied and picturesque; lake and river and plain follow one another in almost endless succession, while towards the west coast, the great chain of the Rocky Mountains and other less important ranges offer an agreeable variety to the landscape. Game of all sorts abounds in the neighbourhood of the Rockies; and the planter and ranchman of the north-west are conveyed swiftly and comfortably to their destination in the colonist-cars specially provided by the company.

On the east coast, the best point of departure is Montreal, which is easily accessible either by rail from New York or by the direct sea-route up the St Lawrence from Liverpool. The Pacific express leaves the terminus at Montreal at 8.40 every Monday night, and reaches its destination at Vancouver at 2.25 the following Sunday afternoon. Travellers new to the country here make their first acquaintance with the American cars, which, unlike the railway carriages on almost all European lines, are entered by doors placed at each end of the compartment. A narrow gangway runs down the middle, and each car is arranged to seat eighty passengers. Freedom of locomotion is also secured by the possibility of passing from one car to another, each being united to the one adjoining by a platform protected on both sides by a firm iron hand-rail.

Leaving the island on which Montreal stands, the railway soon deserts the banks of the St Lawrence, and ascends the valley of the broad and beautiful Ottawa. In four hours' time, Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is reached. For some miles before approaching the city, a fine view is obtained of the Parliament Buildings, beautifully situated on a bold cliff overlooking the river. Above the town, a white cloud of mist and spray shows the position of the Chaudière Falls; while for a considerable distance along the river the banks are lined with immense piles of lumber.

Between Ottawa and Port Arthur, a choice of routes is provided. The Lake route goes by Toronto and Owen Sound, and thence by the company's steamers across Lakes Huron and Superior; the All-rail route runs due west, skirting the northern shores of Lake Superior. In cases where time and expense is no object, the Lake route is to be preferred, as it gives an opportunity of visiting Toronto, the second largest city in the Dominion. Situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, it is handsomely laid out in blocks on the invariable system of every American town of any size and importance, and contains numerous parks and public buildings. Toronto University, one of the finest specimens of architecture in North America, was unfortunately burnt down in the early part of the present year and its valuable library all but destroyed. The Falls of Niagara are also within easy reach, either by railway *via* Hamilton, or by the steamer which crosses the western extremity of the lake, and disembarks passengers at Lewiston, a small

town on the Niagara River, about seven miles below the Falls.

The two routes unite again at Port Arthur, a rapidly growing town, situated on the head-waters of Lake Superior, at a distance of nearly one thousand miles from Montreal. Long piers, and wharfs crowded with shipping, great piles of lumber, coal, and merchandise, heavy freight-trains laden with grain, flour, and cattle, meet the view on all sides, and help to indicate the daily increasing importance of the traffic of Manitoba and the North-west. The neighbourhood of Lake Superior used to be the headquarters of the once formidable tribe of the Ojibways, amid whose territories Longfellow laid the scene of his celebrated poem of *Hiawatha*.

Winnipeg is the next stage in the westward journey. For a considerable time after leaving the shores of the lake the railway runs through a wild rocky district. It was through this region that General Wolseley led his army in 1870, to suppress a rebellion of the half-breeds on the Red River, in the course of which he gained the experience in the use of boats for conveying infantry, subsequently utilised on a far larger scale in the ascent of the rapids of the Nile. Some of these abandoned boats are still to be seen from the railway. Since the advent of the railway, Winnipeg has grown from an obscure frontier post into a considerable town of upwards of thirty thousand inhabitants. From the advantages of its situation, it has become the natural centre of the traffic of the North-west. At a distance from Montreal of about fourteen hundred miles, it is almost exactly in the centre of the Dominion. North and south and west it is provided with hundreds of miles of excellent water accommodation; while on the other hand it stands on the very verge of the grain-bearing districts of Canada, which extend westward almost to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The farmers and ranchmen of the North-west, the hunter and trapper from Hudson Bay, the Indians and half-breeds of the Red River, all bring the fruits of their industry to Winnipeg, there to receive in exchange the products of a more advanced civilisation.

After leaving Winnipeg, the entire character of the country changes. For hours the railway pursues its course through the midst of the wheat-growing districts of Manitoba and the North-west. Beyond the comparatively narrow belt of cultivated land on either side of the line, the boundless prairie extends to the far-distant horizon. As the Rocky Mountains are approached, the country again assumes a more broken appearance. Antelope, moose, elk, and other smaller game, become more and more frequent; while traces of the now almost extinct buffalo are still to be seen here and there along the line of route. At Crowfoot, the first view of the Rockies is obtained, still, however, more than a hundred miles away; and at Calgary their ascent is commenced. The railway gradually ascends the valley of the Bow River, until at Banff the highest point of the pass is gained at an elevation of one mile above the sea-level, though the higher peaks of the range tower for another seven thousand feet towards the sky.

Leaving Banff, the railway follows the course of the Columbia River down the celebrated

Kicking-horse Pass. Soon another range of mountains, the Selkirks, come into view, their sides clad with a dense growth of forest, individual members of which rise to a height of over three hundred feet. When the summit is reached, the scenery is of almost indescribable grandeur. All around are glaciers, by the side of which the greatest in the Alps would be dwarfed into insignificance. Descending by a series of loops and curves, the Columbia River, now considerably broader and deeper after its great detour round the base of the Selkirks, again comes into view. One more range of mountains has still to be crossed. The Gold Range, however, being cleft directly across its middle, presents no obstacles to the railway, which here pursues its way for forty miles between two vast walls of almost perpendicular cliff. As the Pacific coast is approached, farms and orchards become frequent, a climate being reached somewhat resembling that of our own island; and at length at 2.25 on Sunday afternoon, the train reaches its destination at Vancouver, having accomplished its long journey of three thousand miles in six days thirteen hours and thirty-five minutes from the time of its departure from Montreal.

A single glance at the map will show the most casual observer the importance of this railway to the future of Canada. Its immediate effect was to make the consolidation of Canada into a united whole a reality as well as a name. The great iron road running through the length and breadth of the land bound together provinces the most remote; and, like the arteries of the human body, conveyed the life-giving blood of commerce from one end of the Dominion to the other. Places which could formerly be reached only after a long and arduous journey, now, by means of the railway, became accessible in a few days. Villages rapidly grew into thriving towns, and farms and homesteads sprang up in the unutilized wilderness. Increased facility of transit also gave rise to a corresponding increase in production. The farmers of Manitoba and the Northwest, being enabled to forward their produce to the sea-coast at comparatively low rates, at once commenced to export wheat and other kinds of grain in large quantities. The annual export has continued steadily increasing, and has now, five years after the completion of the railway, risen to a considerable importance.

The Canadian Pacific Railway also holds out inducements to visitors bound for China and Japan. In the fast-sailing steamers of this company which run from Vancouver to Hong-kong and Yokohama, the journey from Liverpool has been shortened by several days, thus effecting a saving both of time and expense; and already the mails are conveyed by the new route. It is possible also, under certain conditions, that the same railway might form an invaluable means of communication with our Indian empire and other possessions in the East.

The energy, the skill, and the science of the white man have aroused Canada from the lethargy in which she has for so long been entranced under the rule of her former inhabitants. Commerce and civilisation have sprung up in the track of the railroad, like the flowers which arose beneath the tread of the virgin goddess of Spring. Even now the vision of Longfellow's ideal Indian

warrior seems well on its way towards realisation:

All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

Another fifty years of uninterrupted progress and prosperity will bring this vision to a literal fulfilment; and Canada, whether as an independent community, or as a self-governing dependency of the British empire, will doubtless play an important part in the future history of the world.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER VII.—ON THE TRACK.

THE day after writing his letter to Mrs King, Francis Gray was surprised by a visit from Mr Stokes, and then learned for the first time that the old butler had left Yewle.

'I had hoped to die there, Mr Gray,' the old man said sadly; 'but I couldn't bear the house with its new master. I only hope he'll drink himself to death before long.'

'Drink?' said Gray, surprised.

'He's always drinking; it's notorious all over the parish, to everybody except the ladies at the vicarage. It's downright criminal, Mr Gray,' exclaimed the old man, bringing down his hand heavily on the table, 'that the man should be allowed to marry Miss Agnes. He'll break her heart in three months, and her mother's too.'

'But is it certain, Stokes, that she is going to marry him?'

'Certain? He's getting the house ready for her, and the curate is going to live in the vicarage as parson of Yewle.—Mark my words, Mr Gray; it's some dark scheme he's carrying out in marrying the poor girl. And he'll get back her money too.'

'That reminds me, Stokes, to ask you a question. You remember I was over at the vicarage the last evening Mr Rowan was alive. Was it while I was away that he made his will?'

'It was. Master was very restless and fretful. Lord bless you, Mr Gray, he must have written out twenty wills that evening, to judge by the lot of paper he tore up and flung in the basket. And this is how it was, as Wilson the undergardener can tell you. Master rang for me, and when I came in, he had two big sheets of paper before him, full of writing. Wilson was doing something outside in the grounds, and master called him in, too. "I have made my will," he said, "and I want you both to witness my signature." He took up first one sheet and looked over it, then the other, and then looked from one to t'other, for all the world like a man that didn't know which it was to be. "This is the one," he said at last; and we both looked on while he signed it, and then signed our names to it. "Now it's done," said master; and he took the

other one and tore it up in bits, and flung them in the basket along with the rest. But after we left him, master grew dreadfully fidgety again, for Wilson saw him going about the grounds; and in an hour or so Wilson came round for a glass of ale and says to me: "Mr Stokes, master ain't satisfied with that will: mark my words, Mr Stokes, if he don't tear it up and make another!" And sure enough, Mr Gray, continued Stokes, 'the words were hardly spoken when master rang for me. Wilson went back to his work, though the six o'clock bell had gone; and when I came into the study, there was another will ready to be signed! Master said he had made a mistake in the other one; and Wilson was called in again, and we witnessed him signing this one. He seemed satisfied now—although, added Stokes solemnly, 'the Lord alone can account for it, seeing that the will left Yewle to Mr Richard King!—Next morning, after finding master dead in his chair, I had the presence of mind to look and see whether the last will wasn't torn up too; but it wasn't.'

'How could you tell that, Stokes? You couldn't identify the last will, if it had been torn up like the other, among a basketful of fragments.'

'I could, Mr Gray, because the last one, I noticed, was wrote out on white paper, and all the others was on blue paper.'

Francis Gray was the only person to whom Rowan King had given any explanation of his reason for disposing of Yewle as he had done. To him it was quite intelligible, if not quite satisfactory; but Yewle had to go to somebody, and if not to Charles King, then to whom else could it be left except to Richard? The bequest of the twenty thousand to Agnes King rather marked Rowan's affection for the girl than any alteration of the arrangements for his brother's emigration. There was nothing, therefore, in the contents of the will to surprise Francis Gray.

The thought of Agnes becoming the wife of Richard King was dreadful to the young man. He knew—he had overheard—the understanding on which she had promised; but King must have been working on her weakness to bring her to forego the condition now. Her father's name was not cleared, and it was more than doubtful whether Richard King was not deliberately deceiving her with his promises. That Agnes did not love him, Gray would have sworn.

His employer being absent from London for a week, Gray had little or nothing to do, and one evening he wrote a line to Mr Rintoul to ask if he might call next day. The solicitor answered, naming an hour.

In the course of the interview, Francis Gray was startled on hearing from Mr Rintoul that Richard King had lost the girl's money at gambling. 'It is the talk of his club,' said Mr Rintoul; 'and now he is about to borrow twenty-five thousand on mortgage. It is the first mortgage that has ever been placed on the estate,' said the solicitor regretfully. 'I am afraid Mr Richard will run through the old acres.'

'Could no means be devised, Mr Rintoul,' Gray asked, with a little embarrassment, 'to put a stop to this marriage?'

The solicitor observed him with attentive

interest for a moment. 'There is only one person who could prevent it,' he answered.

'Who is that, Mr Rintoul?'

'Charles King.'

'Then I am afraid it cannot be prevented,' said Gray despondently. 'Charles King is ignorant of all this, and is gone out of England—no one can tell where.'

'How do you know that?'

'I infer it from what he said to Stokes that night at Yewle.'

'But he had no money?'

'Oh yes; he gave Stokes a ten-pound note; indeed, I have the note myself, as I gave Stokes gold for it. No doubt Mrs King had furnished her husband with the money.'

'Has it not struck you,' asked the solicitor, 'as inconsistent with the intentions which Charles King avowed to his wife, that he should leave the country?'

The question brought Francis Gray again in contact with the terrible fear which no confidence in the vicar's innocence could wholly extinguish—the fear that it was his insane hand that struck the fatal blow that night. How vividly he remembered poor Mrs King's terror the next morning, until she was assured that there had been no murder!

'I know what is in your mind, Gray,' said the solicitor. 'I have the best reason to know, however, that Charles King is in England. He is a ticket-of-leave man, and is bound to report himself at stated times to the police. He has done so within the past week in London.'

'A guilty man would never do that,' exclaimed Gray with excitement.

'At least an accused or suspected man would not.—But who accuses or suspects him? It is not even known—beyond all doubt—that Rowan King was murdered. Richard King suspects it, as his efforts to discover the body have proved; and his object is to fasten the crime on some individual. Is not that quite clear?' asked the lawyer dryly.

Francis Gray was aghast, for the first time, with the horrible suspicion that Richard King's aim was to suggest that the murder had been committed by Charles King. He knew that the vicar had been at Yewle that night.

'Mr Rintoul,' said Gray, pale with horror, 'this is all too terrible to think of. It would be better for Agnes King if she were dead. The man's schemes are inscrutable. Could you not see the vicar and talk to him? He would not be afraid of you.'

'I have tried to see him, but he has disappeared once more. All that can be done is to wait till he has to report himself again.'

'You may not be able to catch him just then. Doesn't he seem to be avoiding recognition?'

'That certainly is so. I know nothing of his motives. They may be very wandering ones, for his first impulse, I think, in any difficulty should have been to come to me.'

Francis Gray stood up and walked over to the window of the solicitor's room, which looked out on the Victoria Embankment. He did not know what to do or what to suggest. But above and beyond all, the prospect of Agnes King becoming the wife of the master of Yewle was an agony to him.

The keen solicitor saw this, and rather startled him by saying: 'I suspect strongly, Mr Gray, that—you won't mind my speaking plainly?—that you are in love with Agnes King yourself. If this is so, why don't you go and carry her off?'

'For several reasons, Mr Rintoul. In the first place, I don't know at all whether she cares a pin about me—I'm inclined to think she doesn't; in the second place, she is engaged to Richard King; and lastly, her mother is very desirous of seeing them married.'

'Then I don't see what we can do. He will make her his wife.'

Francis Gray sighed. 'I confess, sir,' he said, 'that—without any thought of myself—it was the hope that you might be able to do something to stop the marriage that made me wish to see you.'

'How have you become so certain that the marriage is near at hand?'

Gray described the visit he had had from Stokes in so far as it bore upon the matter. Then, without having given a previous thought to the subject, he asked: 'Do you recollect, Mr Rintoul, the kind of paper on which Mr Rowan King's will was written?'

'Of course I do,' replied the lawyer, looking up with some surprise. 'It was common blue foolscap.'

'Blue?'

'Blue foolscap, such as you can purchase at any stationer's shop.'

For half a minute the young man's rising excitement deprived him of words, and when he spoke he fairly startled the impassive man of law. 'Then, Mr Rintoul, there was a later will made that evening—a will written on white paper!'

After Gray had repeated the butler's story to Mr Rintoul, the latter sat for some minutes with his finger-tips pressed to his forehead. 'If the butler's recollection of that evening is correct,' he said at length, 'the matter begins to wear a serious look. But there are one or two points which want clearing up. Mr Rowan posted to me the blue will on the day before his death, and it was of this will that probate was granted. Supposing him, then, to have made the second will, why did he not destroy the first?'

'I can answer that,' said Gray. 'The post leaves Yewle at five o'clock, and according to Stokes it was after six when he and Wilson were called into the study a second time. The bell dismissing the workmen—the six o'clock bell—had already gone.'

'Very well. Another point still remains. Supposing this second will to have been made, what has become of it?'

'It will either be somewhere in the study—or, the alternative was inevitable, 'Richard King will have discovered and destroyed it.'

'Just so,' said Mr Rintoul; 'or it may possibly have been in the dead man's pocket; who knows? However, the great point is to put it beyond doubt that a second will was made; after that we can look for it.'

'What do you propose to do?'

'I myself can do nothing,' said Mr Rintoul, shrugging his shoulders. 'I am Mr Richard King's solicitor for the present, though I am not speaking to you in that capacity. I think you

had best run down to Yewle yourself—a stranger hanging about the place would arouse suspicion.'

'What could I do at Yewle?' Gray asked, with beating heart.

The lawyer explained. He was to go down, ostensibly to visit the ladies at the vicarage—no one would ascribe any other motive—and to obtain from Wilson, the gardener, his independent account of what happened that evening in the study. If this agreed in the main with Stokes's story, he was to bring the man into Soucheater to Mr Warwick, Mr Charles King's solicitor, with whom it would rest to take such steps as he thought proper to follow the matter up.

'Meantime,' said Mr Rintoul, 'I will take care that Mr Richard does not get the twenty-five thousand on the estate.'

Francis Gray was somewhat excited going back to his lodgings. He started for Soucheater within an hour, without sending word to the vicarage; he did not desire Richard King to know he was coming.

He reached Soucheater after dark. Having dined at his inn, he was at a loss how to spend the remainder of the evening—at a loss, rather, how to restrain his impatience till next day. He thought there would be no harm in ascertaining whether Mr Warwick, the solicitor, was at home, and if so, at what hour it would be convenient to see him next day. He readily found the house, and sent in his card on learning Mr Warwick was at home.

The solicitor immediately came down. He had never met Gray before, but of course knew quite well the relation in which he had stood towards the late master of Yewle. His reception of the young fellow was therefore mixed with a good deal of curiosity as to the object of his visit.

'I only arrived an hour ago,' Gray explained, 'and am anxious to see you to-morrow, before going on to Yewle. I have merely to inquire when you could give me an interview?'

'Would not the present moment do? If you have dined' (Gray said that he had), 'then I can give you a cigar, and we can have a quiet talk together.'

'Thanks; I should be very glad.'

Mr Warwick led the way to his study. 'I think I can guess the subject of your visit, Mr Gray,' said the lawyer, handing him a box of cigars. 'These have been unfortunate matters at Yewle.'

'It is to be hoped they will not become still more unfortunate, Mr Warwick.'

'You refer to the marriage of Richard King and Miss Agnes? Ah, yes; that would be regrettable. Richard was by no means a popular man when he lived in this town—of course all we are saying is in confidence?—and few people were sorry when he left it. They were not sorry at the bank.'

'It is about Richard King and Yewle—and still more, Charles King and his wife and daughter—that I have come to see you, Mr Warwick. Mr Rintoul has advised me to come to you. Some things I have myself discovered, and others I have been told, which may lead to important consequences. I will be entirely open with you in everything, even as to my secret

thoughts, known only to myself, if you ask me concerning them.' Francis Gray spoke earnestly.

'That will be right, Mr Gray,' said the solicitor.

'But is there, in the first place, no possibility of preventing this marriage?' Richard King has some powerful secret motive for desiring to make Agnes his wife, and he is pressing her to it. Her mother desires it. Now, I will frankly say, Mr Warwick, that if that marriage takes place, it will so paralyze me, as being the *ne plus ultra* of misfortune, that I shall move no further. He will break her heart in three months; he is drinking hard; he has lost all her money at gambling, and is now raising twenty-five thousand pounds on mortgage. If the marriage takes place, all will be lost!'

The vehemence of Gray's speech and manner made his secret as clear to Mr Warwick as it had been to the London lawyer.

'I knew all you have just told me, Mr Gray. King is drinking harder than ever now, because I have, as the solicitor of Agnes King and her father, and by instructions, taken action for the recovery of the young lady's fortune. On the other hand, the mortgage business does not seem to go on—I don't know why. But I will give him no quarter.'

'If, however, the marriage takes place, what further can you do?'

'That would certainly be an extinguisher,' answered Mr Warwick, smiling. Then he added, noting the effect of the announcement on the young man: 'As for the marriage, that has been effectually stopped.'

The blood rushed to Gray's face, and he half rose from the chair. 'Mr Warwick,' he exclaimed, 'that is good news indeed! Now, one can go to work with a light heart. I do not ask you how it has been done—I am so satisfied with the fact—but I thought there was only one person with authority enough to stop the marriage.'

'You were quite right; that one person has stopped it.'

'Miss King's father?'

'Her father. Through me he has sent his daughter his written command not to become Richard King's wife.'

'You know where he is?'

'I know where he is to be found. But remember, Mr Gray, he is not the same man whom you knew in former years, neither is he in the same position.'

'I know it all, Mr Warwick—too well I know it. But I feel that we are nearing the end. I am going to Yewle to-morrow, and it is time I told you my business there.' Then he related to Mr Warwick the story of the two wills, as well as what had passed that day between Mr Rintoul and himself. It was, however, disappointing to observe that Mr Warwick seemed not very interested. He explained why.

'Suppose, now, the gardener Wilson confirms the butler's story, and it is placed beyond reasonable doubt that there was a will executed later than that which gave Yewle to Richard King. In the first place, that will may never be found. It certainly will never be found if it was unfavourable to Richard King and it fell into his

hands. Apart from this last consideration, it would be time enough to estimate its importance when we knew its contents. It may merely have left the twenty thousand pounds to Agnes King's father or mother instead of to her; or, indeed, his solicitude about yourself may have led Rowan King to leave you a few thousands to start you in life. The main fact might remain as it is, that Yewle was left to Mr Richard King.'

Recalling the conversation with Rowan King that day, Francis Gray felt struck with a considerable deal of probability in the last supposition. It was like what Rowan would have done, even if he deducted only a thousand from the twenty for his provision. The thought was depressing, but nevertheless he declared his resolution to go on with the matter as far as he was able.

'Go on with it, by all means; it can do no harm,' said Mr Warwick. 'But better than all would be the clearing of poor Charles King's name from the foul stain which darkens it, and which is killing the man before his time.'

'That may happen too, Mr Warwick, sooner than you expect,' replied Gray with a quiet confidence that made the lawyer glance at him sharply. 'From the beginning, one fixed idea has held itself in my mind, and latterly I have fancied I have found more light. I am still, however,' he added, looking frankly at Mr Warwick, 'so far from any certainty, that it would be dangerous to speak what is on my mind. A day might be enough to clear everything; who knows?'

'Don't speak till you are sure, Mr Gray; that is an excellent rule.'

MESSAGES FROM THE SEA.

MANY a good ship has sailed for some more or less remote part of the round world and unaccountably failed to reach her appointed haven. The auspices may have been favourable for her departure; but no human eye has lingered lovingly upon her graceful hull and snow-white extended pinions after that instant in which her tapering spars were hidden from view by the rotundity of the intervening waters. It seems scarcely credible that such well-built ships as massive men-of-war and clipper merchantmen could disappear below the boundary-line of sea and sky as utterly as if they had never been. Nevertheless, notices of missing ships are far from infrequent in the daily papers; but they are soon forgotten by all save the widowed and fatherless mourning the loss of their bread-winners, whose battered bodies have been denied the rites of sepulture by the greedy ocean. The ancients believed that in such instances the shade of the deceased was compelled to wander for a century either along the banks of the fabled Styx or around the dead body. It was considered a most solemn duty for every one meeting with an unburied corpse to perform the last offices to it. Sprinkling dust or sand three times upon the lifeless body was deemed sufficient for the purpose; and this custom still holds in a modified form, for it is usual to scatter a little

earth upon a coffin when it is lowered into the grave.

There is a melancholy satisfaction in tending the last resting-places of those we love, and the Americans have set apart a day for strewing flowers upon the tombs of the soldiers who lost their lives during the fratricidal struggle between the Federals and the Confederates. The ever-restless sea, that joins the nations it divides, is of such vast extent that the naval architect's most magnificent masterpiece is comparatively but a point upon its surface. A sudden squall sweeps all before it. The tiny nautilus recovers from the fury of the wind; but the noblest ship caught unprepared is overturned, and her fate remains involved in speculation.

Where is she? Like a well-trimmed bride,
She sailed in bright array,
And light hearts with her on the tide
Embarked; but where are they?

It has for centuries been the practice of those who go down to the sea in ships to throw overboard corked-up bottles containing written statements for identification, in order to test the direction of the drift of ocean currents, or in the fond hope that friends in the old homesteads should hear from their wanderers on the trackless main, if perchance these fragile messengers be cast upon a frequented sea-coast. More scientific attempts have recently been made to derive precise information by this means; and Prince Albert of Monaco has done much to improve our knowledge of the circulation of the waters of the North Atlantic Ocean. Glass bottles, hollow copper spheres, and oaken barrels, were all employed by him as sea letter-carriers. The United States Hydrographic Department has instituted a similarly accurate but less costly system, which is attended with excellent results. Very few of the innumerable bottles containing messages that are thrown into the sea fulfil the expectations of their senders. We have often tried, but unsuccessfully. Barnacles readily attach themselves to the drifting bottles, and soon sink them. A good example of a barnacle-laden bottle, picked up in the English Channel, may be seen in the exhibits of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Should a bottle-messenger reach the land, it may lie neglected on a lonely beach for many months. One despatched by an American shipmaster in 1837 was picked up after twenty-one years on the west coast of Ireland. Another, sent adrift in 1826 by an officer of Her Majesty's ship *Blonde* in mid-Atlantic, was found on the coast of France after a lapse of sixteen years.

Columbus encountered a hurricane near the Azores when returning home from his first voyage in quest of the ill-defined Cipango in 1493. Fearing that his frail craft would not outlive the violence of the storm, he wrote a summary of his discoveries on a piece of parchment, which was placed within a cask and launched overboard. This precious autograph document has never put in an appearance.—A whaleship found a sealed bottle floating at sea in 1849. It contained documents from Sir J. Franklin, bearing the date June 30, 1845, which was but a few weeks after the illustrious navigator had set sail for the inhospitable regions

circumjacent to the North Pole, whence he did not return. Her Majesty's ship *North Star* was sent with stores for the *Investigator* and *Enterprise*, searching for the Franklin expedition. A copy of the Admiralty despatch was placed in each of twelve cylinders provided for that purpose. Seven of the cylinders were deposited on headlands, and the remainder were put inside of casks, which were thrown overboard, to drift whithersoever wind and current should determine. Each cask carried a staff surmounted by a small flag, in order to attract the attention of any passing vessel.

The United States Arctic discovery ship *Jeannette*, better known as the *Pandora* of Sir Allen Young, from whom she was purchased, was crushed by the ice in seventy-seven degrees north latitude, one hundred and fifty-five degrees east longitude; and was perforce abandoned by her gallant crew, but few of whom survived the subsequent sufferings to which they were exposed by the inclemency of the weather. Her commander, Lieutenant De Long, U.S.N., before leaving her to lead the retreat in which he perished, carefully sewed up a record of the events of the voyage within a piece of black india-rubber, placed the package in an empty boat water-cask, and entrusted it to the mercy of the waves, in the hope that, should all the devoted band perish, their fate should not be shrouded in uncertainty. The cask-messenger was faithless to its trust. Several articles which had belonged to this ship were found near Julianshaab, on the Greenland coast, in June 1884, just three years after her loss. It is supposed that they were drifted thither on a mass of ice by way of the North Pole. In consequence of this message from the sea, Dr Nansen, the Arctic explorer, proposes to make another attempt to penetrate the icy fastnesses of the Arctic regions.

Clement Wragge, the Ben Nevis meteorologist, threw overboard one hundred and fifty well-corked bottle-messengers during the passage from Australia to England in 1878. Only six of them were heard of afterwards. One was picked up at the entrance of Mobile Bay, after having made a circuit of five thousand five hundred miles in two years. It had drifted from thirty-seven degrees north latitude, thirty-eight degrees west longitude, through the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico.

A bottle-message from the ship *Dunmore*, despatched when she was in twenty-seven degrees north latitude, twenty-six degrees west longitude, on the north-east verge of the Sargasso Sea, reached Cuba, a distance of three thousand two hundred miles, in four hundred and thirty-seven days.

The United States surveying ship *Washington* sent a bottle adrift in thirty-seven degrees north latitude, sixty-nine degrees west longitude, on July 31, 1846. The paper that it contained bore the following words: 'Any person finding this will please notice the date and position through the papers, as a means of ascertaining the course of the current.' It was picked up eleven months later between Puffin Islands and the Skelligs.

One of the most remarkable messages from the sea on record was that sent in a bottle from the burning East Indiaman *Kent*, by Major (afterwards Lieutenant-general) McGregor. It had

been hastily written in pencil on a scrap of paper addressed to John McGregor, Esq., Commercial Bank, Edinburgh, and put into a bottle, which was corked, sealed, and committed to the deep, with but faint hope that it might reach its destination. This took place on March 1, 1825, in forty-eight degrees north latitude, ten degrees west longitude; and, strange to say, the bottle was picked up by a person bathing on the shore of Barbadoes on September 30, 1826. The paper itself when returned to the writer was slightly stained, but still legible. Had every soul on board the *Kent* perished, this scrap of paper would have explained their sad fate by fire or by water. This memorable message was worded as follows: 'The ship, the *Kent*, Indianman, is on fire. Elizabeth, Joanna, and myself commit our spirits into the hands of our blessed Redeemer. His grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering eternity.—D. W. N. MCGREGOR, March 1, 1825, Bay of Biscay.'

The ill-fated *Kent* lay burning fiercely at this time, and an awful death seemed imminent, for the vessel that eventually rescued crew and passengers had not yet hove in sight, so that cold words of prose would fail to do justice to the fortitude of Major McGregor.

The late Charles Reade, in *Hard Cash*, has based a thrilling incident upon the erratic conduct of a bottle-messenger. Captain Dodd believed that his ship, the *Agra*, would not weather a Mauritius cyclone which she was experiencing about fifty miles to the southward of that island. He put bank-notes to the amount of fourteen thousand pounds into a bottle, together with a few loving lines to his wife, and definite directions to any stranger who should have the good luck to find it. The cork of the bottle was secured with melting sealing-wax, a piece of oil-skin tied over that, and finally another coating of wax applied to the exterior of this oilskin. It is also said that some preparation was rubbed over the bottle, in order to close its pores and to protect it against other accidents. A black-painted bladder was attached to the bottle by means of stout tarred twine, in order to invite investigation. The words, '*Agra* lost at sea,' were painted on the bladder in bold white letters. A mighty mass of water swept the *Agra's* deck; and the bottle, which Captain Dodd had placed in his capacious pocket in readiness for the final plunge, was washed overboard. The gale took off; sail was made on the *Agra*; and the lookout having reported that a man was floating on the water, a boat was lowered. Captain Dodd himself steered the boat towards the supposed man, which proved to be the lost bladder with its bottle containing the bank-notes. Needless to say the notes were soon in a safer receptacle.

Hoaxes by means of bottle-papers are frequent. A small tin canister enclosing a paper on which was written, 'The screw steamer *Great Britain* foundered off the Western Islands,' was found floating at the mouth of the Mersey in January 1860. This message naturally caused intense anxiety to all interested, and her agent placarded the Liverpool walls with bills offering a reward of one hundred pounds sterling for the discovery of the base perpetrator of the hoax.

A few months ago, a bottle was found on the foreshore of the Ouse, near Ousefleet, containing

a piece of parchment bearing this inscription: 'The *Meteor* is sinking. Struck on an iceberg. God help us. Send help immediately.—Second mate, ALFRED JOHNSON, April 15, 1890.' The American North Atlantic Pilot Chart shows that a barque, the *Meteor*, did collide with a berg on the Banks of Newfoundland on February 17; but her crew were rescued by the steamship *Murengo* of Hull. This fact would appear to have been the foundation for this palpable hoax.

The National Line steamship *Erin* is supposed to have foundered during the terrible gales that devastated the Atlantic in the early part of this year, and the hoaxer has not been slow to avail himself of the opportunity. A bottle containing a message from a New-York banker, said to have been a passenger in that steamship, has been picked up on the Cornish coast. Another curious specimen was cast ashore in Ballycotton Bay in October 1889. It contained a small piece of paper, with the following intimation written on it in ink: 'The barque *Jane*, of Bilbao, going down, all hands on board. God save us all. Good-bye to my dear wife, Jane Murray, Ganges Street, Newcastle.' There is no such ship belonging to Bilbao; and, moreover, the name is English for a foreign ship, and is the same as that of the reputed wife. This, however, was evidently the work of a novice.

It must not be assumed, however, that all bottle-messages found on the various coasts are due to an evil desire for mystification. A bottle found in Druidge Bay in November 1889 contained a message from an apprentice named Westerley. It stated that the writer was ill-used by the chief-officer of his ship, which was leaking badly. This bottle-paper is the only information received from that vessel since she sailed some months ago, and her insurance money has been paid.

Messages by 'homing' pigeons are unavailable at sea. Sea-birds, however, have sometimes been used with good effect. In 1845, Captain Farley, of the *Ann Baldwin*, saw a Cape pigeon flying around his vessel with a piece of wood dangling to its leg. The bird was caught, and there was found written on the wood: 'Brig *Cumana*, J. Hoodless, Commander, lat. 58° S., long. 68° W.' On the reverse side was: 'Allow the bearer to pass. May 1845.' The *Cumana* herself afterwards arrived at Arica, where the *Ann Baldwin* lay at anchor; and Captain Hoodless at once identified his message.

Captain Smith, of the ship *Kistna*, bound from Sydney, N.S.W., to San Francisco, caught an albatross, around the neck of which was a piece of brass bearing the following inscription: 'E. O'Brien, July 5, '89, lat. 37° 20' N., long. 143° W.' Captain Smith took possession of the message, and released the aerial messenger.

Several large albatrosses were following the barquentine *Jasper* one day in February last. One was caught; and a piece of quill about two inches long discovered securely fastened round its neck. This quill was unsealed, and a slip of paper taken from it containing the following message: 'Feb. 9, '90, lat. 48° S., long. 164° E. All well. Posted by an albatross. Ship *Janel Court*, Glasgow.' This ship was outward bound from Liverpool to New Zealand, and at that date was due in about the position indicated in the message.

We once saw an albatross off Cape Horn which had been captured at some previous period, and released, for he had a very conspicuous pair of red spectacles painted around his eyes.

A large shark's head at the Royal United Service Institution has a history of its own. This shark was captured by Lieutenant Fittou, R.N., while cruising in the West Indies. A bundle of papers found on opening the shark proved to belong to an American brig, the *Nancy*, which had been overhauled by another British man-of-war, and sacrificed her papers to escape condemnation as a lawful prize to the British ship. They were swallowed by the shark, and ultimately led to the condemnation of the *Nancy* and another vessel, the *Christopher*.

UNOFFICIAL QUERIES.

'MORNIN', sir! Could you tell me the best way to get to Fleet Street?' is the first question put to me on entering my desk at our district post-office; for be it known my office is somewhat out of the way, though on the edge of the City. After getting the desired information, the querist departs without a word of thanks.

The next querist comes in in a violent hurry, and after staring all over my office, blurts out, 'Hanged if I can see it!' Then peering between the bars of the brass grating which guards my desk, he asks, 'Can you let me see your "Burglar Alarm?"' Notwithstanding my assurance that there is no such article on the premises, the man gives me an incredulous look and puts the question, 'This 'ere's a post-office, ain't it?' to which I simply nod. 'Well, I thought them things was allus kep' at post-offices;' and I answer by a shake of my head. Here a new idea crosses the man's brain, and thinking he has caught me, says, 'Wot was the row as I 'erd when I come late last night?'

For the first time catching the drift of the man's queries, I reply briefly, 'Electric bell.' The delighted 'That's it!' told me better than a longer answer would that I had hit the point.

Producing a well thumbed and fingered pocket-book, with its useful adjunct in the shape of a stumpy bit of lead-pencil, he proceeds, after giving the pencil a preliminary lick, to make an entry therein. Turning a business eye on me, he asks, 'I say, Mister, can you tell me the price o' the fixin'?' and again I answer by a shake. Apparently, he is not satisfied with his own orthography, for after writing a little, he looks up and asks, 'Ow d'you spell it?' Supposing, by the query, that he means 'electric,' I spell it for him in a short tone that warns him no more questions will be answered, so he moves to the door, turning round when there, as an after-thought, to say 'Thank ye, sir,' and slowly disappears.

Work goes on for some little time without interruption, and I become gradually absorbed, when 'Please, sir, 'ave you got a onvelope

[envelope] to fit this?' tendering at the same time a cabinet photo under the bars. I inform my small inquirer that she can get one next door, and bend to work again, when another querist appears. This time it is a lady. 'Have you a book on knitting?'—'No, madam.'—'Could you tell me how or where I could obtain one?'—'Probably Mrs Weldon's or Mrs Leach's books contain such information, and they can be got at any news-agent's;' and with profuse thanks my fair interrogator vanishes. Dead silence for one minute. 'Is your clock right, sir?' and a big burly drayman thrusts his head in at my door and peers round to catch the nod I make without lifting my head. 'Thanky.'

Directly after, a stout old lady enters, and putting a very wet umbrella on my counter, asks if she may be allowed to shelter from the rain whilst waiting for the tram, at the same time supplementing the inquiry by a request for a piece of string to tie up a parcel which had lost its tie-band. A piece being furnished, she removes the umbrella, and placing it in an upright position, leaves it to take care of itself, whilst she spreads a thing which looks like a soiled apron over the wet spot, and putting various articles and small packets on it, rolls all up together in a fashion of her own, tying it with the piece of string. Catching up her umbrella, which has made a small lake on my floor, she rushes out, slamming the door in her haste to get away.

My next querist is a gentleman, who, after transacting his business, asks politely if I can tell him how to find a family by the name of G—; adding, that at one time they lived in the first house in the street on the right, but he had been there and had found the house empty. A jury list is offered in lieu of a directory: after a silent perusal, the book is put down, and with a courteous 'Thank you; good-day,' my visitor glides away.

An old and fussy gentleman next appears, and, with a half-worried, half-hesitating tone in his voice, begins: 'I beg your pardon, sir! Have you such a thing as a bit of cotton-wool about your person? Or—or—or about your office anywhere?' looking hopelessly round at the shelves and fixtures as he spoke. 'I—I—a forgot to put a bit in my ears before leaving my house, and now I find the cold air pierces my ears very forcibly. I make it a point never to go back, sir, because it is very unlucky.'

Cotton-wool is not an article of much use in my office, but still a bit is found, is offered, and accepted; and this time for my pains I get a courtly bow in addition to the thanks.

Presently, a keen-looking man enters, evidently a tradesman in good circumstances. I attend to his orders and wait on him in silence. When he has done, he puts his chin on the top rail of my guard, and eyeing me critically, asks abruptly: 'Which is the best way to collect a debt so as to get the money?—Bad debt, been due long time,' he adds.

I gravely put on my considering-cap, and say, 'Well, it is an awkward job, and you must be guided by circumstances. You can send a bill; you can send a person or an agent; you can also send a lawyer's letter, or a County Court summons; but if you want the money now, the best

way is to go for it yourself.' No thanks this time.

A baby voice now utters a request in baby accents, and a headless doll is forced under my guard by several pushes. 'Peas, my dolly is byaked [broke], an' mamma says oo yend steeing yax to mend it;' which I manage to understand as a request for some sealing-wax, so I push the broken-backed, headless doll back, accompanied by a bit of red wax; and the curly-haired chernub flits out.

'What's the name o' them wot lives over in New Zealand un Australia?' asks a schoolboy at my guard. So close has he put his face to it, that the end of his nose and the edges of his lips protrude on my side through different holes. I do not quite see the point this time, but do not answer, thinking as I still scribble on that more will be asked. After waiting a second, the boy says: 'I mean them wot used to live thar, un is dying.' Seeing light, I briefly reply, 'Maoris;' and the boy goes off, saying the while: 'It's in my night lesson, un I forgot wot it wos. Father said as you'd know, cos all you post-officers knowed jography.'

I go on without a break for some little time, and as it is getting near the end of the day, work busily, in the hope of finishing soon, when a woman with a very fat baby comes in, depositing the child on my counter, and leaving it, much to my terror and astonishment, for I ask myself what if it should fall, and I gaze at it in fascinated horror. The mother does not trouble about it or seem to fear any such thing, for she plants herself before my guard, and pushing a very soiled card under the guard with a sudden flip of her fingers, asks if I will 'rub a bit of rubber on the back to take the marks off?' I push it back, and curtly say I cannot spare time; but she is not to be done, and says: 'Well, give me the rubber, and I'll do it myself.' I feel in my pockets, but fail to find any, and tell her so; upon which she picks up her baby, gives me a withering look, and saying scornfully, 'A fine sort of post-office,' marches out and bangs the door.

No sooner shut, than open it is thrown, and a whole bevy of young ladies rush in. 'Can you tell us if to-morrow is a free day for Kensington Museum, please?' I pass my new map over the guard and state that a list of places and days is on the back. After much searching, a hopeless 'I can't find it' reaches my ear; and so, if I want any peace, I know I must give or find the desired information, so I give it. As they troop out, I rise wearily and shut my office.

When I get indoors, my sister says, 'You look tired, Tom,' in a sympathetic tone, and she bustles about, getting supper and doing other things to make a tired man comfortable. Just as I am getting to an end of my writing, she looks over my shoulder and asks, 'Are you bound to finish that to-night?' to which I nod an affirmative. Then she says timidly, 'You've made a blot on that sheet,' pointing with her finger to a disfiguring spot of ink on one page.

'Shall I copy it out for you?' she asks kindly, and being the most agreeable of all the unofficial questions put to me that day, I assent. Dead silence for a bit, and I stretch myself on the

sofa and doze. Presently she looks up and exclaims in dismay, 'Tom, I can't get all my copy on one sheet. What shall I do?'—'Put it on another;' and I fall asleep.

TWO HOURS IN A PRISON.

As honest people have to pay taxes to secure the punishment of rogues, and as these individuals must be housed, fed, and clothed during their term of imprisonment, it may possibly interest some of our readers to have an account of what we saw during two hours in the Birmingham Jail. Since the prisons have become Government property, their number has been considerably diminished, in the hope of thereby reducing the annual expenditure. Each building has its proper allotment of prisoners; consequently, there is less liability to overcrowding than formerly. The governors and sub-officials have been replaced by military men. The rules regarding the admission of visitors are far stricter than they used to be; indeed, it is now a privilege to be allowed to go over a prison.

On reaching the building, the visiting magistrate, who accompanied us, rang the bell of the central gateway, upon which the keeper let us into the courtyard, and then, ascending some steps, produced his keys and opened the gates of the prison. The vestibule of the great central hall was entered, and we were introduced to a military personage, who proved to be the chief warder. The hall is particularly striking. It is long, lofty, light, and airy, so constructed that officials stationed at the various points can see from end to end, there being no corner or pillar where any one can hide; even the staircases and galleries are of metallic trellis-work. With clanking of keys, the chief warder took us into one of the men's cells, which was a sample of the rest. It was empty, the prisoners in that set being out for exercise, which they are allowed to have one hour a day. The cell was narrow, but a good height, well ventilated, and exceedingly clean. The floor was damp, the prisoner having washed it as a part of his daily duty. The plank which formed the bed was set up endwise in one corner, and the bed-clothing rolled like a knapsack and placed on the top. There was a little table, stool, brush, comb, tin plate, and mug. The window, of thick glass and strongly barred, was high up; the door was ponderous, and its lock so made that, if necessary, it could be turned three times, but only one of the head officials could turn it the third time. In the middle of the door was an arrangement for passing the food through to the occupant; whilst near the top was a clever contrivance whereby the warder could look into the cell without being seen by the prisoner. The gas in each cell is under the control of the officials, and the bell, which the prisoner can ring, strikes an indicator, showing the number of the cell to which the bell belongs.

The prisoners march out to exercise under the eye of an officer, while another watches them during the exercise, which consists of quick walking along the paths of an extensive piece of ground, enclosed by high walls; the intervening space is utilised for growing vegetables for the prison consumption. On passing the chief warder,

each man had to salute him, which gave us an opportunity of observing the faces. Some looked hopelessly depraved, whilst others showed an intelligence and a certain innocence which made one feel that they were not regular 'jail-birds.' The felons are distinguished from their less guilty comrades in crime by being dressed in a lighter brown; but all wear a badge on the left breast bearing the number of the cell to which they belong: by that number they are known, and not by any name. On returning from exercise, each prisoner as he enters the central hall has to answer to his number, which is noted by an officer, who stands slate in hand.

The prisoners are employed in some kind of work, though not all of an apparently punitive character. Every part of the building, both the men's and the women's divisions, is scrupulously clean, and this, it appears, is most irksome to some of the prisoners, who do not like the compulsory cleanliness of place and person. The ventilation seems perfect, and the fare, of its kind, is good. The food, which is given out according to weight and measure, is prepared and cooked by prisoners under supervision. The soup was cooking when we were in the kitchen, and both smelled and tasted savoury. Large boilers were filled with gruel, being prepared for an evening meal. In another part, small brownish loaves were being made and baked. All the prison cooking is done by steam.

The most painful sight was that of the treadmill, which grinds the corn, and the pumping, which raises the water. Each man is partitioned off, so that he cannot see his neighbour, and not a word is allowed to be uttered, but absolute silence prevails, broken only by the stern voice of an officer when any prisoner lags in his work. The oakum-picking is also very hard work, to judge by the stuff we tried, and in winter it is so unbendable that it has to be softened.

It made one sigh to see some of the nice faces of the female prisoners. Not a few unfortunate creatures, we are told on authority, find themselves within the walls of our prisons through the vindictiveness of their mistresses. Who that has spent even two hours in a jail would have any one 'taken up,' except when compelled for the public safety? The weary, monotonous routine, the rigid discipline, the ever-following official eye, the ceaseless clanking of keys, and the silence, apart from the punishment imposed and the disgrace incurred, are sufficient to make even a two hours' visit a memory for life.

The prisoners daily assemble for prayers in the chapel. The men sit on hard bare benches with wooden backs, the officials so placed that they can see each prisoner. The females, with their warders (also women) sit in a gallery at the end of the chapel. Their faces cannot be seen, because a lattice-work is thrown across the entire length of the gallery. A multitude of thoughts rushed into one's mind to see such faces turned upon one, and to hear such voices join in selected portions of the Church service.

Books are lent to the prisoners according to their behaviour, a privilege which they appreciate. Under certain regulations, their friends may visit them. The visiting-room is divided into compartments for each visitor, and a seat is provided for an officer. The prisoner enters

by another door into a compartment facing the visitor, but each is so divided and caged off that nothing can be passed or thrown to the prisoner.

Alas! on some, neither severity nor kindness produces any salutary effect; and when they are again sent into the midst of teeming populations, they join themselves to others as bad, or worse, repeating even greater enormities, and again falling into the hands of the law. To come into actual contact with the criminal classes is to make one devoutly thankful that so many are striving to counteract the tide of evil running through the land. God speed all such, when or where or however they may be working!

CHOOSING THE MISTLETOE.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and all the land
Had donned a robe of spotless white,
When through the orchard, hand in hand,
We went amid the waning light.
For you had left the cheerful town,
And walked a mile across the snow,
To hold the apple branches down,
And help me choose the mistletoe.

Each tempting bough with frost was wreathed;
The creamy berries grew so high,
They shone like pearls in silver sheathed
Against the brightness of the sky.
It must have been the sunset red
Which lent my cheeks that crimson glow,
As, softly o'er my drooping head,
You—held a spray of mistletoe.

The glory of the west grew pale
And faded to a primrose bar;
Grave Twilight dropped her misty veil,
And clasped it with a diamond star.
The chimes rang out for Evensong
Before we thought 'twas time to go:
It always seems to take so long
When two must choose the mistletoe.

Since then, the years have rolled away,
And other lips sweet stories tell;
And other lovers stroll to-day
Adown the path we loved so well.
Dear heart, old memories make me weep,
But you—you only smile to know
That with Love's dearest gifts I keep
A withered spray of mistletoe.

E. MATHESON.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE TEMPLE.

THERE is probably no barrister or student nowadays who would voluntarily spend Christmas in the Temple. A literary junior, desirous of writing up Temple ghosts, may perhaps occasionally linger on in chambers in the hope of meeting with the shade of Blackstone or some other eminent lawyer who has been 'called' from the English Bar; or of holding converse with one or two white-robed, red-crossed, spirits of knightly form, who would tell him the mysteries of their cross-legged companions in arms, whose effigies in the Temple Church are the cause of so much learned inquiry. As a rule, however, the 'Templars' haunts are quite deserted at this time of the year; the silk gowns have gone to their stately homes to enjoy a well-earned rest from

The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate;

and the juniors, with the gallantry for which juniors have been famous from time immemorial, are delighting the fair inmates of many a country house by their wit and softened speech.

But in olden days—say, two hundred years ago, or less, when all Templars resided in the Temple under a sort of collegiate government, and were subject to numerous rules laid down by the Benchers of their Inn as to dress, growing of beards, and good behaviour generally—things were very different. If the Temple is now a lonely place at Christmas-time, and the grand old Hall a veritable 'banquet-hall deserted,' the contrary was the case when the Benchers, in their annual parliament expressly summoned, 'entered into solemn consultation' to devise plans for the spending of a right merry Yuletide, and at the close of their deliberations, 'in token of joy and good liking,' passed beneath the hearth and sung a carol.

Christmas was truly a 'solemn,' if a merry, reality then. Grave, indeed, were the deliberations of those old-time Benchers when, with the consciousness of a great responsibility, they con-

sidered the way to be glad. They were believers in things being done decently and in order: every detail in the preparations for their annual rejoicings was carried out with great exactitude, as is evidenced by the record that 'the Steward was commanded to provide five fat brawns and all manner of spices, flesh and fowl;' and the chief Butler to have ready 'a rich cupboard of plate, silver and parcel-gilt, besides twelve fine large tablecloths of damask, the historic green pots, torches, bread and ale.' The Constable Marshal, too, was ordered to supply 'a fair gilt compleat harneys with a nest of feathers in the helm, and a fair poleaxe to bear in his hand, so as to be chevalrously ordered on Christmas Day.'

The actual festivities, or 'hospitable Christmassings,' as they were called, commenced with a grand dinner in Hall on Christmas Eve, when the tables were arranged with much ceremony by the Marshal, and the company placed according to their several degrees with great precision, from the learned judge to the newly-joined student. Each course was brought in preceded by the minstrels, sounding their instruments, and followed by the Steward and the Marshal, who made three solemn curtsies as they passed each table.

At the end of the dinner, the musicians sung a song at the highest table, and 'the officers addressed themselves every one in his office to avoid the tables in fair and decent manner from one table to another, until the highest should be solemnly avoided, the musicians standing right above the harth side with the noise of their music sounding.' After dinner came the revels and dancings, which were continued during the twelve following days; and each day, after dinner and supper, the senior Master of the Revels sang a carol, and commanded others of the company to sing with him, which we are told was always 'very decently performed.'

On Christmas Day, after hearing divine service at the grand old Temple Church—built by their predecessors the Religious Knights—the lawyers

breakfasted in Hall 'with brawn, mustard, and malmsey.' The first course at their Christmas dinner, which was thoroughly English in every respect—as indeed are the educational dinners of the Temple to-day—was always 'a fair and large baw's head upon a silver platter with minstralsye.'

The grandest ceremony of all took place on the following day, St Stephen's Day, when a sort of drama in which the company personated various characters, accompanied by music and dancing and a good deal of pageantry, was enacted. The chief personage on this occasion was termed the 'Lord of Misrule,' who was attended by his courtiers—Sir Francis Flatterer, Sir Randle Rackabite, Sir Morgan Munchance, and Sir Bartholomew Baldbreech. The performance commenced with the entry of the Constable Marshal arrayed with 'a fair rich complete harneys, white and bright and gilt with a nest of feathers of all colours upon his crest or helm, and a gilt poleaxe in his hand.' The Constable was accompanied by another officer, called the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Preceding these officials were sixteen trumpeters, four drums, and fifes, and four men in white 'harneys' bearing on their shoulders the model of a tower. When this procession had walked three times round the fire to the sound of music, the Constable Marshal and Lieutenant of the Tower knelt before the Lord Chancellor—who was always invited on these occasions—and prayed to be taken into his service. Then came the 'Master of the Game' and the 'Ranger of the Forest,' the former clothed in green velvet; and the latter in a suit of green satin, and having in his hand a bow and several arrows; each of these officers also carried a hunting-horn slung over his shoulder. On arriving at the fire, they blew together 'three courageous blasts of ventry,' and paced round about it three times; and then, making three curtsies, desired to be admitted into the service of the Lord Chancellor. After some other formalities, a fox and a cat were hunted round the Hall by nine or ten couple of hounds, their deaths terminating these strange proceedings.

During the revels, persons offending against any of the rules were committed to the custody of the Lieutenant of the Tower; but if they could make their escape to the buttery and bring into Hall a manchet on the point of a knife, they were set free, the buttery being regarded as a sanctuary.

The last of the revels was held in the Inner Temple Hall on the 2d of February 1733, when, after dinner, the whole company joined hands and danced round the coal-fire, according to one of their old customs, to the singing of the ancient song, 'Round about the Coal-fire.'

And so the Templars' revels are ended, and their spirit-actors gone; their Benchers no longer meet in 'solemn consultation' at Christmas-time; and the student of to-day is denied the pleasure of playing games with the Lord Chancellor.

It seems a pity that none of these ancient Christmas ceremonies are now observed in the Temple, where so many of the customs of old English life are still kept up. Perhaps some of the proceedings at the 'hospitable Christmassings' might not accord with nineteenth-century

ideas of propriety; but surely no harm would result if Bench and Bar, after wrangling with one another all the year, joined hands once more around the coal-fire and sang a carol 'in token of joy and good liking.'

THE SURGEON OF GASTER FELL.

CHAPTER III.—OF THE GRAY COTTAGE IN THE GLEN.

It was either on the fourth or the fifth day after I had taken possession of my cottage that I was astonished to hear footsteps upon the grass outside, quickly followed by a crack, as from a stick, upon the door. The explosion of an infernal machine would hardly have surprised or discomfited me more. I had hoped to have shaken off all intrusion for ever, yet here was somebody beating at my door with as little ceremony as if it had been a village alehouse. Hot with anger, I flung down my book, withdrew the bolt just as my visitor had raised his stick to renew his rough application for admittance. He was a tall powerful man, tawny-bearded and deep-chested, clad in a loose-fitting suit of tweed, cut for comfort rather than elegance. As he stood in the shimmering sunlight I took in every feature of his face. The large fleshy nose; the steady blue eyes, with their thick thatch of overhanging brows; the broad forehead, all knitted and lined with furrows, which were strangely at variance with his youthful bearing. In spite of his weather-stained felt hat and the coloured handkerchief slung round his brown muscular neck, I could see at a glance he was a man of breeding and education. I had been prepared for some wandering shepherd or uncouth tramp, but this apparition fairly disconcerted me.

'You look astonished,' said he, with a smile. 'Did you think, then, that you were the only man in the world with a taste for solitude? You see that there are other hermits in the wilderness besides yourself.'

'Do you mean to say that you live here?' I asked in no very conciliatory voice.

'Up yonder,' he answered, tossing his head backwards. 'I thought as we were neighbours, Mr Upperton, that I could not do less than look in and see if I could assist you in any way.'

'Thank you,' said I coldly, standing with my hand upon the latch of the door. 'I am a man of simple tastes, and you can do nothing for me. You have the advantage of me in knowing my name.'

He appeared to be chilled by my ungracious manner. 'I learned it from the masons who were at work here,' he said. 'As for me, I am a surgeon, the surgeon of Gaster Fell. That is the name I have gone by in these parts, and it serves as well as another.'

'Not much room for a practice here,' I observed.

'Not a soul except yourself for five miles on either side.'

'You appear to have had need of some assistance yourself,' I remarked, glancing at a broad white splash, as from the recent action of some powerful acid, upon his sunburnt cheek.

'That is nothing,' he answered curtly, turning

his face half round to hide the mark. 'I must get back, for I have a companion who is waiting for me. If I can ever do anything for you, pray let me know. You have only to follow the beck upwards for a mile or so to find my place.—Have you a bolt on the inside of your door?'

'Yes,' I answered, rather startled at this sudden question.

'Keep it bolted, then,' he said. 'The fell is a strange place. You never know who may be about. It is as well to be on the safe side.—Good-bye.' He raised his hat, turned on his heel, and lounged away along the bank of the little stream.

I was still standing with my hand upon the latch, gazing after my unexpected visitor, when I became aware of yet another dweller in the wilderness. Some little distance along the path which the stranger was taking there lay a great gray boulder, and leaning against this was a small wizened man, who stood erect as the other approached, and advanced to meet him. The two talked for a minute or more, the taller man nodding his head frequently in my direction, as though describing what had passed between us. They then walked on together, and disappeared in a dip of the fell. Presently I saw them ascending once more some rising ground farther on. My acquaintance had thrown his arm round his elderly friend, either from affection, or from a desire to aid him up the steep incline. The square burly figure and its shrivelled meagre companion stood out against the sky-line, and turning their faces, they looked back at me. At the sight, I slammed the door, lest they should be encouraged to return. But when I peeped from the window some minutes afterwards, I perceived that they were gone.

For the remainder of the day I strove in vain to recover that indifference to the world and its ways which is essential to mental abstraction. Do what I would, my thoughts ran upon the solitary surgeon and his shrivelled companion. What did he mean by his question as to my bolt? and how came it that the last words of Eva Cameron were to the same sinister effect? Again and again I speculated as to what train of causes could have led two men so dissimilar in age and appearance to dwell together on the wild inhospitable fells. Were they, like myself, immersed in some engrossing study? or could it be that a companionship in crime had forced them from the haunts of men? Some cause there must be, and that a potent one, to induce the man of education to turn to such an existence. It was only now that I began to realise that the crowd of the city is infinitely less disturbing than the unit of the country.

All day I bent over the Egyptian papyrus upon which I was engaged; but neither the subtle reasonings of the ancient philosopher of Memphis, nor the mystic meaning which lay in his pages, could raise my mind from the things of earth. Evening was drawing in before I threw my work aside in despair. My heart was bitter against this man for his intrusion. Standing by the beck which purled past the door of my cabin, I cooled my heated brow, and thought the matter over. Clearly it was the small mystery hanging over these neighbours of mine which had caused my mind to run

so persistently on them. That cleared up, they would no longer cause an obstacle to my studies. What was to hinder me, then, from walking in the direction of their dwelling, and observing for myself, without permitting them to suspect my presence, what manner of men they might be? Doubtless, their mode of life would be found to admit of some simple and prosaic explanation. In any case, the evening was fine, and a walk would be bracing for mind and body. Lighting my pipe, I set off over the moors in the direction which they had taken. The sun lay low and red in the west, flushing the heather with a deeper pink, and mottling the broad heaven with every hue, from the palest green at the zenith, to the richest crimson along the far horizon. It might have been the great palette upon which the world-painter had mixed his primeval colours. On either side, the giant peaks of Ingleborough and Pennigent looked down upon the gray melancholy country which stretches between them. As I advanced, the rude fells ranged themselves upon right and left, forming a well-defined valley, down the centre of which meandered the little brooklet. On either side, parallel lines of gray rock marked the level of some ancient glacier, the moraine of which had formed the broken ground about my dwelling. Ragged boulders, precipitous scarps, and twisted fantastic rocks, all bore witness to the terrible power of the old ice-field, and showed where its frosty fingers had ripped and rent the solid limestones.

About half-way down this wild glen there stood a small clump of gnarled and stunted oak-trees. From behind these, a thin dark column of smoke rose into the still evening air. Clearly this marked the position of my neighbour's house. Trending away to the left, I was able to gain the shelter of a line of rocks, and so reach a spot from which I could command a view of the building without exposing myself to any risk of being observed. It was a small slate-covered cottage, hardly larger than the boulders among which it lay. Like my own cabin, it showed signs of having been constructed for the use of some shepherd; but, unlike mine, no pains had been taken by the tenants to improve and enlarge it. Two little peeping windows, a cracked and weather-beaten door, and a discoloured barrel for catching the rain-water, were the only external objects from which I might draw deductions as to the dwellers within. Yet even in these there was food for thought; for as I drew nearer, still concealing myself behind the ridge, I saw that thick bars of iron covered the windows, while the rude door was all slashed and plated with the same metal. These strange precautions, together with the wild surroundings and unbroken solitude, gave an indescribably ill omen and fearsome character to the solitary building. Thrusting my pipe into my pocket, I crawled upon my hands and knees through the gorse and ferns until I was within a hundred yards of my neighbour's door. There, finding that I could not approach nearer without fear of detection, I crouched down, and set myself to watch.

I had hardly settled into my hiding-place when the door of the cottage swung open, and the man

who had introduced himself to me as the surgeon of Gaster Fell came out, bareheaded, with a spade in his hands. In front of the door there was a small cultivated patch containing potatoes, peas, and other forms of green stuff, and here he proceeded to busy himself, trimming, weeding, and arranging, singing the while in a powerful though not very musical voice. He was all engrossed in his work, with his back to the cottage, when there emerged from the half-open door the same shadowy attenuated creature whom I had seen in the morning. I could perceive now that he was a man of sixty, wrinkled, bent, and feeble, with sparse grizzled hair, and long colourless face. With a cringing sidelong gait, he shuffled towards his companion, who was unconscious of his approach until he was close upon him. His light footfall or his breathing may have finally given notice of his proximity, for the worker sprang round and faced him. Each made a quick step towards the other, as though in greeting, and then—even now I feel the horror of the instant—the tall man rushed upon and knocked his companion to the earth, then whipping up his body, ran with great speed over the intervening ground and disappeared with his burden into the house.

Case-hardened as I was by my varied life, the suddenness and violence of the thing made me shudder. The man's age, his feeble frame, his humble and deprecating manner, all cried shame against the deed. So hot was my anger, that I was on the point of striding up to the cabin, unarmed as I was, when the sound of voices from within showed me that the victim had recovered. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, and all was gray, save a red feather in the cap of Pennigent. Secure in the failing light, I approached near and strained my ears to catch what was passing. I could hear the high querulous voice of the elder man, and the deep rough monotone of his assailant, mixed with a strange metallic jangling and clanking. Presently, the surgeon came out, locking the door behind him, and stamped up and down in the twilight, pulling at his hair and brandishing his arms, like a man demented. Then he set off, walking rapidly up the valley, and I soon lost sight of him among the rocks.

When the sound of his feet had died away in the distance, I drew nearer to the cottage. The prisoner within was still pouring forth a stream of words, and moaning from time to time like a man in pain. These words resolved themselves, as I approached, into prayers—shrill voluble prayers, pattered forth with the intense earnestness of one who sees impending an imminent danger. There was to me something inexpressibly awesome in this gush of solemn entreaty from the lonely sufferer, meant for no human ear, and jarring upon the silence of the night. I was still pondering whether I should mix myself in the affair or not, when I heard in the distance the sound of the surgeon's returning footfall. At that I drew myself up quickly by the iron bars and glanced in through the diamond-paned window. The interior of the cottage was lit up by a lurid glow, coming from what I afterwards discovered to be a chemical furnace. By its rich light I could distinguish a great litter of retorts, test tubes, and con-

densers, which sparkled over the table and threw strange grotesque shadows on the wall. On the farther side of the room was a wooden framework resembling a large hencoop, and in this, still absorbed in prayer, knelt the man whose voice I heard. The red glow beating upon his upturned face made it stand out from the shadow like a painting from Rembrandt, showing up every wrinkle upon the parchment-like skin. I had but time for a fleeting glance; then dropping from the window, I made off through the rocks and the heather, nor slackened my speed until I found myself back in my cabin once more. There I threw myself upon my couch, more disturbed and shaken than I had ever thought to feel again.

Long into the watches of the night I tossed and tumbled on my uneasy pillow. A strange theory had framed itself within me, suggested by the elaborate scientific apparatus which I had seen. Could it be that this surgeon had some profound and unholy experiments on hand, which necessitated the taking, or at least the tampering with the life of his companion? Such a supposition would account for the loneliness of his life; but how could I reconcile it with the close friendship which had appeared to exist between the pair no longer ago than that very morning? Was it grief or madness which had made the man tear his hair and wring his hands when he emerged from the cabin? And sweet Eva Cameron, was she also a partner to this sombre business? Was it to my grim neighbours that she made her strange nocturnal journeys? and if so, what bond could there be to unite so strangely assorted a trio? Try as I might, I could come to no satisfactory conclusion upon these points. When at last I dropped into a troubled slumber, it was only to see once more in my dreams the strange episodes of the evening, and to wake at dawn unrefreshed and weary.

Such doubts as I might have had as to whether I had indeed seen my former fellow-lodger upon the night of the thunderstorm, were finally resolved that morning. Strolling along down the path which led to the fell, I saw in one spot where the ground was soft the impressions of a foot, the small dainty foot of a well-booted woman. That tiny heel and high instep could have belonged to none other than my companion of Kirkby-Malhouse. I followed her trail for some distance till it lost itself among hard and stony ground; but it still pointed, as far as I could discern it, to the lonely and ill-omened cottage. What power could there be to draw this tender girl, through wind and rain and darkness, across the fearsome moors to that strange rendezvous?

But why should I let my mind run upon such things? Had I not prided myself that I lived a life of my own, beyond the sphere of my fellow-mortals? Were all my plans and my resolutions to be shaken because the ways of life of my neighbours were strange to me? It was unworthy; it was puerile. By constant and unremitting effort, I set myself to cast out these distracting influences, and to return to my former calm. It was no easy task. But after some days, during which I never stirred from my cottage, I had almost succeeded in regaining my peace

of mind, when a fresh incident whirled my thoughts back into their old channel.

I have said that a little beck flowed down the valley and past my very door. A week or so after the doings which I have described, I was seated by my window, when I perceived something white drifting slowly down the stream. My first thought was that it was a drowning sheep; but picking up my stick, I strolled to the bank and hooked it ashore. On examination it proved to be a large sheet, torn and tattered, with the initials J. C. in the corner. What gave it its sinister significance, however, was that from hem to hem it was all dabbled and discoloured with blood. In parts where the water had soaked it this was but a discoloration; while in others the stains showed they were of recent origin. I shuddered as I gazed at it. It could but have come from the lonely cottage in the glen. What dark and violent deed had left this gruesome trace behind it? I had flattered myself that the human family was as nothing to me, and yet my whole being was absorbed now in curiosity and resentment. How could I remain neutral when such things were doing within a mile of me? I felt that the old Adam was too strong in me, and that I *must* solve this mystery. Shutting the door of my cabin behind me, I set off up the glen in the direction of the surgeon's cabin. I had not gone far before I perceived the very man himself. He was walking rapidly along the hillside, beating the furze bushes with a cudgel and bellowing like a madman. Indeed, at the sight of him, the doubts as to his sanity which had risen in my mind were strengthened and confirmed. As he approached, I noticed that his left arm was suspended in a sling. On perceiving me, he stood irresolute, as though uncertain whether to come over to me or not. I had no desire for an interview with him, however; so I hurried past him, on which he continued on his way, still shouting and striking about with his club. When he had disappeared over the fells, I made my way down to his cottage, determined to find some clue to what had occurred. I was surprised, on reaching it, to find the iron-plated door flung wide open. The ground immediately outside it was marked with the signs of a struggle. The chemical apparatus within and the furniture were all dashed about and shattered. Most suggestive of all, the sinister wooden cage was stained with blood-marks, and its unfortunate occupant had disappeared. My heart was heavy for the little man, for I was assured I should never see him in this world more. There were many gray cairns of stones scattered over the valley. I ran my eye over them, and wondered which of them concealed the traces of this last act which ended the long tragedy.

There was nothing in the cabin to throw any light upon the identity of my neighbours. The room was stuffed with chemicals and delicate philosophical instruments. In one corner, a small bookcase contained a choice selection of works of science. In another was a pile of geological specimens collected from the limestone. My eye ran rapidly over these details; but I had no time to make a more thorough examination, for I feared lest the surgeon should return and find me there. Leaving the cottage,

I hastened homewards with a weight at my heart. A nameless shadow hung over the lonely gorge—the heavy shadow of unexpiated crime, making the grim fells look grimmer, and the wild moors more dreary and forbidding. My mind wavered whether I should send to Lancaster to acquaint the police of what I had seen. My thoughts recoiled at the prospect of becoming a witness in a cause célèbre, and having an over-busy counsel or an officious press peeping and prying into my own modes of life. Was it for this I had stolen away from my fellow-mortals and settled in these lonely wilds? The thought of publicity was repugnant to me. It was best, perhaps, to wait and watch without taking any decided step until I had come to a more definite conclusion as to what I had heard.

I caught no glimpse of the surgeon upon my homeward journey; but when I reached my cottage, I was astonished and indignant to find that somebody had entered it in my absence. Boxes had been pulled out from under the bed, the curtains disarranged, the chairs drawn out from the wall. Even my study had not been safe from this rough intruder, for the prints of a heavy boot were plainly visible on the ebony black carpet. I am not a patient man at the best of times; but this invasion and systematic examination of my household effects stirred up every drop of gall in my composition. Swearing under my breath, I took my old cavalry sabre down from its nail and passed my finger along the edge. There was a great notch in the centre where it had jarred up against the collar-bone of a Bavarian artillery-man the day we beat Van Der Tann back from Orleans. It was still sharp enough, however, to be serviceable. I placed it at the head of my bed, within reach of my arm, ready to give a keen greeting to the next uninvited visitor who might arrive.

STRONG MEN.

THE reappearance of Sandow, the Strong Man, on London stages recalls to mind the marvellous feats of strength in which he rivalled with Samson, another strong man, and which excited the wonder of the metropolis last year. This time, Sandow is accompanied by a man still stronger than himself, whom he discovered in a stone quarry near Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, lifting huge blocks of stone into trucks. The stage name of this marvel of strength is Goliath; and a Goliath he is in muscular power. This giant, who is six feet two and a half inches high, weighs twenty-seven stone, and measures sixty-five inches round the chest, and thirty-three inches round the head. It is an easy task for him to march round the stage with a cannon weighing four hundred pounds on his shoulder. It appears to be quite as easy for Sandow to lift Goliath, who represents a weight, be it observed, of three hundred and seventy-eight pounds, several feet off the ground with his first finger, and next by the waist high above his head. Yet all their feats, or similar ones, have been performed, and even excelled before. For

instance, on March 28, 1841, Thomas Thompson lifted three barrels of water, weighing together eighteen hundred and thirty-six pounds. He also put an iron bar on his neck, seized hold of its two ends, and bent it until the latter met. On another occasion he raised with his teeth a table six feet long supporting at its farthest end a weight of one hundred pounds. He also tore without serious effort a rope of a diameter of two inches, and lifted a horse over a bar.

Some years ago a negro appeared in London who, with one hand and his arm out straight, lifted from the ground a chair on which was seated a full-grown man having on his lap a child.

It is on record that a German, called Buchholz, lifted with his teeth a cannon weighing about two hundred pounds, and fired it off in that position. While performing at Epernay, in France, the same feat, the barrel of the gun burst. Miraculously, he was not killed, although several of the fragments were thrown over fifty yards away. Recently, at Berlin, two strong men appeared, one of whom performed the same trick as Samson and his rival Sandow of bursting iron chains by contracting, and so enlarging, the biceps of his arm.

There are stories of other strong men who did not appear in public. A butcher lived in South Holland who killed calves by strangling them. A Dutch Count, in a private entertainment, bent an iron bar by beating it with his right hand against his left arm, protected by a leather bandage, bending it afterwards straight again by beating it the other way.

Charles Louvier, a carpenter of Paris, found it child's play to roll a tin basin between his fingers into a cylinder. On one occasion he carried off a soldier on guard who had gone to sleep in the sentry-box, depositing both on a low churchyard wall close by. An equally amusing story is told of a Dane, Knut Kundson, a locksmith, who, while standing in a window on the ground-floor, lifted with one hand half a bullock from the shoulder of a butcher who was toiling past with his load.

That well-known historical personage, Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, has furnished the subject for many a tale of his wonderful muscular power. We need refer only to one characteristic story, in which, however, he met his match. On the occasion in question he entered a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod. To show his suite how strong he was, picking up several horseshoes, he broke one after the other, asking the blacksmith whether he had no better. When it came to paying the bill, the Elector Augustus threw a six-dollar piece on the anvil. It was a very thick coin. The blacksmith took it up, broke it in half, saying: 'Pardon me; but I have given you a good horseshoe, and I expect a good coin in return.' Another six-dollar piece was given him; but he broke that, and five or six others; when the humiliated Elector put an end to the performance by handing the blacksmith a louis'd'or, pacifying

him by saying: 'The dollars were probably made of bad metal; but this gold piece I hope is good.'

An Italian, Luigi Bertini, of Milan, performed a similar feat; besides horseshoes, he broke nails a finger thick. An historical personage of recent times, the Duke of Gramont, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Napoleon III., who had to declare war in 1870, frequently astonished the ladies at evening parties at court by bending a twenty-franc piece with his aristocratic hand.

There are records likewise of strong women, although they are comparatively rare. In the time of Louis XV. there was an actress engaged at the Théâtre Français, Mademoiselle Gauthier, who could break a coin between the fingers of one hand, and roll a silver plate into the form of a cup of conical shape. No one could bear the pressure of her hand, and only Maurice de Saxe, one of the strongest men of his time, was able to open her closed hand. In the same century there lived in England a woman, Miss Bettie Thompson, who could break chains with her hand. Miss Kerra, a young mulatto woman, who appeared in most of the capitals of Europe, was, we believe, the first to perform the feat, while hanging with the bend of her knees in a trapeze, of holding a man at his belt with her teeth and turning him rapidly round with her hands. The same trick was performed more recently, amongst others, by Miss Leona Dare and Miss Curie Wilton. It cannot be said that this is exactly a fitting performance for women, or that the exhibition of the weaker sex as athletes generally is an altogether edifying spectacle. It ought to be discouraged as much as possible, as degrading to the sex, leaving other considerations entirely out of the question.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER VIII.—DARKENING.

It was with a full heart Francis Gray found himself approaching the familiar woods of Yewle the next forenoon. It was a light heart, too, for the load no longer pressed upon it of his fear of Agnes King's marriage. He did not enter the village, but leaving the hired fly at a farmhouse a mile off, walked through the well-known lanes until he arrived at that very spot, behind the garden wall, where he had heard Agnes give her conditional promise to Richard King. Leaning his arms on the wall, in the same posture as on that former occasion, his eyes wandered over the garden. There was not a shrub or flower-bed in it that was not familiar to him, and yet it seemed so long since he had seen them last. Do what he would to keep away unpleasant thoughts, that former scene rose before him again. He saw the man's bent head, heard his earnest pleadings, and like a picture the face and figure of Agnes King stood before him. With the resuscitation of that scene came also the remembrance of the resolve on which he had himself gone to the vicarage the night preceding it—the resolve to ask Agnes King to grant him the right, by

virtue of his true love for her, to follow her wherever she went. And he asked himself, with fear and trembling, whether she would now, if he was bold enough to ask her, give him the same conditional promise which she had given to Richard King—the promise to be his wife if he cleared her father's name?

He recalled his thoughts suddenly, and wondered how long he had been standing there. A vault over the wall landed him in the vicarage garden, and he was advancing towards the house when he heard his name spoken close by, in a startled but familiar voice: 'Frank!'

She was standing at the door of a summer-house, her hands clasped on her bosom, and her face red with surprise, looking at him. In a moment he had both her hands caught in his own, and was feasting his hungry eyes on her changing face. Not a word could he speak, his heart was so full, and the impulse to take her in his arms was almost more than he could resist.

'Shall we sit down, Agnes?—we have often sat here—and it seems so long ago since I last saw you.'

The girl smiled, and led the way into the bower, where they both seated themselves on a wooden bench.

'You frightened me so, Frank, until I recognised who it was. Why did you not let us know you were coming, for we should have been so glad?'

'Is your mamma at home?'

'Yes; she has lain down for an hour. Mamma sleeps ill at night,' said Agnes with a look of concern, 'and I am so glad when she can get even an hour's rest during the day.'

For a considerable time they talked of old days and parish topics, and no reference was made to Yewle or the family troubles. In this way the old familiarity was restored between them before Agnes suggested their going in for tea.

Mrs King was still in her chamber, and they had their tea alone. Unconsciously, Francis Gray began to look in the girl's face so often and earnestly that his gaze made her blush.

'Agnes, how like old times this is,' he said.

'It would be,' she answered, 'if poor papa were here. Oh Frank! do you think it will ever come to pass?'

He was not prudent to suffer himself to be carried away, but he did. 'Yes, Agnes, yes! And, Agnes—if I should myself be the principal means of restoring your father to you in his spotless honour—if that should be, Agnes, why, there would be no prouder man living.'

It sounded a rather poor ending—rather poor substitute for what his tongue was running to, but feared at the last to say. The girl's subtle instinct read what was in his thoughts, what indeed was written so plainly in his face and shone in his eyes. She coloured deeply and rose, and Gray stood up too.

Agnes King was a very brave girl where occasion called for it. Instead of shrinking away from his glowing gaze with maiden tim-

idity she stood erect before him, looking at him without fear, and placing her hand on his arm, said: 'Frank, be quite clear with me. Do you think you can clear my father of that shame?'

'I hope to do it, Agnes. I have thought of nothing else for many months. Things have come to me slowly, but they have kept coming, one by one.—I suppose what I have heard is true,' he added suddenly, 'that you are not going to marry Richard King?'

'I am not,' she answered, removing her hand from his arm and stepping back a pace. 'I never wanted to marry Mr King; I never liked Mr King. I had consented to the idea as a duty.'

'Ah—I know, Agnes. He would never have done, or tried to do, that which he promised. Let that pass.—It is partly in reference to your father's case that I have come down to-day, and I hope to go back with a lighter heart than I left London with.'

They were both silent after this for some time. It was not an awkward silence, because they were both unconscious of it, being occupied with their own thoughts. In this state of things Mrs King entered the room, and her surprise was as great as her pleasure on seeing Francis Gray.

They had a great deal to say while Mrs King was having a cup of tea, which does not closely concern this story. Richard King, it appeared, had gone to London that day, which made it the easier to see Wilson, the under-gardener, who was therefore sent for to come over to the vicarage. Gray said nothing to the ladies as to the purpose for which he wanted to see the man.

'Now, Mrs King,' said the young man after they had done tea, 'I want you to carry your mind back to that day when Mr King went to London to pay the two thousand pounds. I recollect myself every detail of the proceedings over at the Hall. Could you remember the clothes Mr King wore going to London?'

'Yes, even to the socks he wore,' she answered with surprise. 'As for the clothes, Frank, since poor Charlie never kept more than two suits—one for Sunday and one for week-days—those he wore are easy to remember.'

'There is one article of dress which I do not think Mr King ever wore,' said Gray; 'I mean a tall hat.'

'No; he never wore one.—But what does all this tend to, Frank?'

'You know what broadcloth is—did he ever wear broadcloth?'

'Never!—Frank, Frank, what is it?'

The poor woman's excitement was growing pitiful—remember, this was the first ray of hope she had had all those sad years—and even Agnes pressed close up to the young man.

'I'm afraid I ought not to tell you,' he said, 'until I am surer. But how can I help it?'

'You can't help it—you mustn't help it, Frank!—Agnes, make him tell you—oh the years!'

She could say no more; but the girl drew closer, and placing her two hands on his shoulder, with the pleading innocence of a sister, simply said, looking into his eyes: 'Frank!'

'It is not much, after all,' he answered, 'and it may raise false hopes. It means that the person who paid the forged cheque into the bank wore a broadcloth coat and a silk hat. I know the cashier who received both the cheques, and he has told me this. When Mr King came to the bank in the morning he was dressed in his usual way.'

'Frank! Frank! God bless you for this,' exclaimed poor Mrs King, bursting into tears; 'I feel now the morning is coming on indeed!'

'One or two more questions I must ask, Mrs King. Can you at all remember the train he came home by that day? It may not be of any consequence at all, but if you were certain of the fact, it might be as well to know.'

She could not give the hour of the train; but she was certain of this, that her husband was home for tea, which they always had at four o'clock.

It was a disappointment to Mrs King in the first moments of her new hope that Gray should have to leave Yewle again that evening. But it was necessary, and he promised either to come again soon, or to write and let her know how matters were going on; indeed, he felt it would be downright cruelty to leave her in suspense an hour longer than could be helped.

He took leave, therefore, and, accompanied by Wilson the under-gardener, proceeded to the farmhouse where he had left the fly. On the way, Wilson told him exactly the same story as Stokes had done.

Gray explained to the man the issue which was involved in the matter of this second will, and Wilson promptly agreed to accompany him to Soucheater then and there. They all detested the new Squire.

He brought Wilson straight to Mr Warwick, who took down in writing the man's statement; and afterwards, when they were alone, Gray told the solicitor the result of his inquiries at the vicarage, and explained the significance of the difference of dress pointing to two different persons.

Mr Warwick was interested now, for he felt much more the wrong from which his old friend and client suffered than the loss or otherwise of Yewle itself.

'This is capital as far as it goes, Gray,' he said; 'but it goes only as far as negative proof. To get Mr King's sentence reversed we must have positive proof as to the identity of the person who forged and paid into the bank that fatal cheque—who, in fact, personated Charles King. And having proved his identity, we must establish his motive. All this looks at present a difficult task.'

'If we discover the individual, Mr Warwick, the motive will be found not far off. I myself have no doubt of his identity.'

The lawyer wheeled suddenly round and regarded the young man keenly. 'You surprise me,' he said. 'You must be a born detective.'

'No, Mr Warwick. But think how long this matter has been in my thoughts—four years now—and it will not seem strange that points should strike me as they arose. It was the merest accident that sent me to lodge in the same house with the bank cashier; it was the

merest accident that led to our talking of the forgery. Of course I was naturally on the alert for all he could tell me, and I had my old suspicion to clothe with each new fact that came to my knowledge.'

'I see all that. I think you had better telegraph for your friend the cashier to come here to-morrow. I should like to see Stokes too.'

This Gray agreed to do, and wrote out the two telegrams on the spot at the lawyer's request. The latter also wrote a telegram to some person, and taking the three, said he would despatch them himself.

'While you are out, Mr Warwick, could you learn at the bank whether Mr Richard King was there on the 5th of May—the day the forged cheque was handed in at the bank in London?'

Mr Warwick started. 'I can easily find that out, Gray. But take care—your feeling against that man may be tempting you too far. This is dangerous ground.'

'I have hinted it to no one but you. If Richard King was at his duties as usual on that 5th of May, my suspicion falls to the ground, and shall never be known. But if he was not in Soucheater that day,' said Gray, with rising colour and quick breath, 'and if he was in London, then, Mr Warwick, he was the man who brought that forged cheque to the bank! I have just learned from Mrs King that on that day her husband was back from London in time for tea at four o'clock, so that he must have travelled down by the train which leaves London at 12.45, while it was after two o'clock when the forged cheque was paid into the bank.'

'That is a very important discovery,' said Mr Warwick, as he went out. Half an hour afterwards he returned with the information that Mr Richard King was not at his bank in Soucheater on the 5th of May, and it was believed that he was in London.

When Francis Gray was at the vicarage he was told that Richard King had gone to London; but though this was believed to be the case, he was still at Yewle.

Major Saverley had left Yewle the morning after the interview in the study.

During that day, Richard King wrote to Mr Rintoul instructing him to negotiate as quickly as possible a loan of twenty-five thousand pounds on mortgage—'for purposes of estate improvement,' as he explained. But his excesses were beginning to tell upon him, and the day before that on which Francis Gray visited Yewle, he stayed in bed all day and all the succeeding night, and rose very early next morning—ill, indeed, but sober.

Going down to the study before the household was as yet astir, his eye fell on a heap of letters and newspapers which had come through the post during the past days. The newspapers he felt no interest in, but the letters he gathered up and carried back to his bedroom. Curiously enough, the last three of the letters were the only ones that produced any effect upon him. The first of the three was from his mother, and it brought to his mind that he had written begging her to come, at least for a visit, to Yewle. What she said in reply need not be stated here;

but he tore the letter angrily into fragments and flung them about the floor. The next was no more composing, being a somewhat peremptory notification from Mr Warwick that if his client's money were not paid to her credit into the Souchester Bank in three days, legal proceedings would be instituted. The third was from Mr Rintoul, stating with maddening formality that steps were being taken to raise the money required on mortgage; but that, owing to questions certain to be raised regarding title, there would be some difficulty and delay in obtaining the money.

Richard King, turning the two lawyers' letters over in his mind, was able to see that he was in a rather desperate situation, from which he must promptly extricate himself. Either of two things must be done at once—he must be married to Agnes King, or he must get money. With this estate in his possession, for which he had hungered so long, he was in greater straits for money than he had ever before been in his life.

In the course of the day, Richard King dressed and went down to the study. He had come to the resolution to go over to the vicarage that evening and have one answer or the other; he could wait no longer. The girl's reluctance to say the final word made him fear that some accident might any moment intervene to cast the whole project to the ground. He did not yet know that this catastrophe had happened, for he had not been at the vicarage for nearly a fortnight.

“Money, money, money! If he paid a thousand per cent. for it he must have what he required immediately. He would sell every stick on the estate; he would sell every heirloom in the house—

Richard King, lying back in the same chair in which the late Squire had sat dead, gave a violent start. His eyes were fixed with a look of deep excitement on the great safe in a corner behind the fireplace. There were precious stones there—thousands and tens of thousands of pounds' worth, it was said—studding a casket containing nothing more precious than a dead woman's hair! Strange to say, up to the present moment he had no more thought of that old safe, than he had of the cobwebbed lumber in the garret. He was deeply excited now. If all the stories were true, there was wealth enough in that safe to buy another estate like Yewle! And was it not his, like every other thing in the house?

But it had to be got at first. He took a chair over to the safe, and began to turn forward and backward, in a hundred chance combinations, the index on the lock; it was, however, of no use. He did not expect it would be any use. The secret of the combination had died with Rowan King, and the safe could only be opened by violence now. Violence he would apply, and lose no time about doing so.

The elation inspired by this most opportune discovery gave him greater confidence as he crossed to the vicarage about an hour after Francis Gray had left it. Dwelling on the thought of his suddenly-discovered wealth, he had hardly a misgiving as to the result when he reached the door; so strong did it make him, that he went into the house without a thought of those apologetic explanations of his protracted

absence which he had been preparing an hour or two before.

Mother and daughter were in the drawing-room. Neither spoke when he came in, which struck him as strange. Then he thought they were offended at his late neglect, and he fell back on his apologies. To his chagrin, these were coldly received. But presently Mrs King, glancing at his face in a way that made him uncomfortable, asked him if he would not have a cup of tea.

“Many thanks,” he answered; “I have had some tea; but I should be glad of more. I should ask you to let me wait for dinner, only that I must start for London presently on pressing business, and I can get a late dinner there.”

“We had heard, earlier in the day, that you were already in London.”

“I had been speaking of it. There is some business connected with the property to be arranged.—And now,” he said, looking from one to the other, “there is one business, nearest to me of all, which I must beg permission to attend to at the same time.—Agnes, may I give instructions for your marriage settlements to-morrow and procure a special license?”

Agnes looked at her mother.

“Nay, Agnes,” said Mrs King; “I think you had better answer for yourself.”

It has been said before that, when occasion demanded, Agnes King was a very courageous girl. She was equal to the occasion now, fortified as she was by the relief of being free of this engagement. “Mr King,” she answered, looking straight in his eyes, “I can never be your wife. I am afraid I can hardly be even your friend. My father has forbidden me.”

The man sprang to his feet as if he had been struck. “Your father! Where is your father?”

“I do not know. If I did, Mr King, I would go to him.”

“Your father has no authority over you, Agnes. Long ago, he forfeited it. Since then, he has doubly forfeited it. This is mere madness; you must not let such interference come between you and me. How has he forbidden you? Has he been here again?”

“No,” replied Mrs King; “my husband has not been here since the night you know of. But he has written this injunction to Agnes through Mr Warwick. Agnes will not disobey it.”

There was no mistaking the firmness of either mother or daughter in this matter, and Richard King did not mistake it. But it was so utterly foreign to anything he expected that it staggered him. He leaned against the mantelpiece for some two or three minutes in silence, looking at the two ladies.

“Very well,” he said; “that is the end. I have made a fool of myself, and the triumph is yours to enjoy while you may.”

Even the gentle-spirited Mrs King rose against this insult with crimson face. “Shame on you, Mr King!”

“I ask a thousand pardons,” he continued in the same tone. “But before I go, allow me to explain to you the extent of self-interest which urged me to seek this marriage. In the first place, Mrs King, after your husband's conviction,

I pitied you both; and when, in course of time, Rowan King gave me to understand that I was to be his heir, I resolved to make to you and your daughter all the reparation I could for the misfortune which had fallen upon you. I resolved to make Agnes my wife, the mistress of Yewle, so that no person dare point the finger of pity at the felon's daughter or his wife. Since the night of Rowan King's death, my motive for hastening the marriage has been far more powerful—you needed shielding from a greater misfortune—and it was only I who could have done this for you.—I perceive, Mrs King, my meaning is not entirely unknown to you," he observed, as the poor woman's face grew ashy pale, and the work dropped from her fingers.

He stood, looking at her white terror, and the wretch seemed to take enjoyment from the contemplation of it, until he received an unexpected surprise. Agnes rose, and facing him with high colour and heaving bosom, said: "Go on, Mr King. Explain yourself more clearly, so that we may fully understand."

"Very well," he said. "Your father visited this house secretly that night—the night his brother was murdered"—

"Murdered! You yourself told us!"

"I told you it was heart disease. It was murder, however; a knife was sent to Rowan King's heart as he sat in his chair, and he never moved again. This fact is known to others besides me; ask Dr Hayle, for one. Your husband, Mrs King, after leaving here, went over to the Hall, and was seen lurking behind the bushes by Stokes the butler. The butler, who knew him well, spoke to him, and your husband told the servant that he was going into the study, through the open casement, to see his brother.—Next morning, his brother was found murdered."

"God have mercy on us!" murmured the poor wife, putting her hands to her face and bowing her head. Her daughter glanced anxiously towards her, but held her erect attitude.

"If the faintest suspicion of these facts were to go abroad, nothing could save your husband from a terrible fate. I do not say he was guilty; I am only pointing out what the verdict of the world would be.—Was it selfish or ungenerous of me, Agnes, to seek to shield him from all suspicion by making his daughter my wife? Indeed," he added, without thinking, "had it not been for the disappearance of Rowan King's body, whoever effected it and wherever it was taken to, the coroner's inquest would have set the police to work, and, I am afraid, they would quickly strike the scent."

"Exactly, Mr King," said the girl, with beautiful scorn; "and therefore you left nothing undone to find the body for the coroner and police! Thank God, my father will soon be cleared of the stain of one crime, and Heaven is too just to allow the perpetrator of either to escape!" As, having delivered this bolt, Agnes addressed herself to attendance on her mother, and no further notice was taken of him, Richard King, inwardly raging, left the house and went back to the Hall. Here he had some dinner, and a great deal to drink with it; and then, cursing with every turn of the wheels, drove to the station and went to London by a late train.

He did not go to his accustomed hotel that

night, and it was late next morning before he rose. It was not to see lawyers that he had come to London; his business proved to be of quite another character. Driving to a well-known safe-maker's establishment, Richard King examined a few safes, and selected one, for which he paid twenty guineas. He gave his card, and after requesting the safe to be sent down to Yewle within a week, said: "I want the services of an experienced man to open an old safe for me which contains a number of family papers. Can you send me down such a man by the first train to-morrow morning?"

Asked who the makers of the safe in question were, he said he did not know—it was a very old one, and had been in the house many years. But it had fitted to it an American 'combination' lock, the secret of which could not now be found, as the late owner was dead.

The kind of workman wanted was promised; and then Richard King drove round by his club, in hope of meeting Major Saverley. He wished to see him for two purposes—first, to settle a little betting transaction in which King as usual was the loser; and second, to consult with the Major, as an experienced man of the world, how best to raise a sum of money should the safe prove unfruitful of its reputed diamonds.

But he did not find the Major at the club; he therefore wrote him a letter, enclosing a cheque, and asking a waiter to give it to Major Saverley whenever he should enter the club; then he drove to the station, and so home to Yewle.

Next morning Richard King was up early to receive the workman from London, as he did not wish the servants to know the purpose of the man's visit. He therefore led him directly to the study, where breakfast had been laid for him.

After the workman had breakfasted, he proceeded to examine the safe. It was a strong one, and he expressed the opinion that he would require to drill the door of the safe in order to open the lock; a course which Richard King told him he was quite free to take if he found it necessary.

"I have bought a new safe," he explained, "so that I shall not want to use the old one again."

"In that case, sir," replied the man, "there will be the less difficulty in opening it—no difficulty at all."

Richard King was in high spirits. The vision of the wealth which the sale of all the stones in that casket would bring him compensated for the mortification of the interview at the vicarage; indeed, his thoughts were so concentrated on the one object of obtaining possession of the treasure, that there was no room in his mind for anything else.

"Old Nick himself, sir," said the mechanic, after toying with the combination for a minute, "couldn't open one of these things unless he knew the figures.—But a drill," he added, settling down on one knee and commencing to bore, "is a tool that overcomes most o' them things."

It was tedious work, however, for the metal was hard and thick. At last one hole was completed, and Richard King was stooping over the man, examining it, when the door of the study opened. He sprang round, sharply and angrily;

but the colour left his face and his limbs trembled when he encountered, a few feet from him, the stern eyes and set lips of the vicar of Yewle.

SOME EARLY COLONIAL NEWSPAPERS.

THE first paper published in Australia lies before us—a news-sheet, very badly printed on four pages of foolscap paper. At the top of the first sheet, beneath its title, 'The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser,' is a very rude little wood-engraving, representing a ship with a union jack, and an allegorical female figure seated on the shore. Around the cut is the legend, 'Thus we hope to prosper.'

Amongst the official advertisements on the first page may be noticed the following instance of paternal government: 'The Governor having permitted Mr Robert Campbell to land four thousand gallons of spirits for the domestic use of the inhabitants, from the *Castle of Good Hope*, it will be divided in the following proportions—namely, for the officers on the Civil Establishment (including Superintendent and Storekeeper), one thousand gallons; for naval and military commissioned officers, one thousand gallons; for the licensed people, one thousand gallons; to be distributed to such persons as the Governor may think fit to grant permits to, one thousand gallons.—By command, W. N. CHAPMAN, Secretary.'

Ships were neither fast nor frequent in those days. The latest intelligence from home, given at Sydney, in this newspaper of March 5, 1803, is that of a dreadful fire that broke out at Woolwich, nearly a year before, on the 20th of May 1802. Nor were they large. The *Castle of Good Hope*, with its tonnage of only a thousand tons, is stated to be 'the largest ship that has ever entered this port,' although several men-of-war had been there.

The Gazette's 'Notice to Correspondents' is couched thus: 'Two Slip Boxes will be put up in the course of the ensuing week (one in front of the Issuing Stores at Sydney, the other in a window of the Court House at Paramatta) for the reception of such Articles of Information as persons who are possessed of the means may think fit to contribute.'

The venture lived till 1843, and went through many vicissitudes. The first number was published on a Saturday; but for several years the journal appeared on Sunday, that the editor might include 'the whole of the ship news and other interesting matter for the preceding week.'

The printer's great difficulty was the scarcity of paper. It was war-time, and communication between England and her colonies was cut off for months at a time. Many articles of commerce ran out altogether, and others fetched fancy prices. As early as 1805 an advertisement appeared in the Gazette for 'any quantity of demy, medium, folio post, or foolscap paper, for the use of printing, and which, if by any accident from damp or slight mildew, rendered unfit for writing, will answer the purpose.'

The next year the editor, who was also printer, proprietor, and business manager, offered a 'liberal deduction to any subscriber furnishing paper; namely, six sheets of demy, eight of foolscap, or

twelve of quarto letter-paper;' but notwithstanding this, he had to announce on the 31st of August that, 'As we have no certainty of an immediate supply of paper, we cannot promise a publication next week.' Quarto letter-paper at the time was being retailed at the rate of from six to eight shillings per quire; and when ladies went to the grocery store, they took with them a stocking, at one end of which they put the tea they bought, and at the other their sugar. Paper was too precious to be used in wrapping grocery goods. Small wonder, then, that the numbers of the Gazette that appeared in war-time varied in colour, texture, size, and material. Once it had to be printed on one side only of thin China paper; at another time, it appeared without any margins, the printer's type, which had to keep its frame, having come to the very edge.

Nor was scarcity of paper the only difficulty with which the printer-editor had to deal. The type was bad; and at times he had to make his own ink—'one of the most difficult and disagreeable tasks that can possibly devolve to the printer of a paper.' Many numbers were in consequence almost illegible.

Payment for the paper, which was a sixpenny one, might be made in copper coin, grain, or bills; but so great were the arrears that, in 1809, the editor refused to continue its publication till Government interposed with his debtors.

Besides 'the invention and obtaining of news,' the editor had to distribute the type, work the paper off at press, and deliver it to the Sydney subscribers. It is not surprising that one number contained only twelve lines relating to the news of New South Wales, and that the columns of another—with the exception of two lines of ship news and four of market prices—were filled with advertisements and excerpts from English newspapers.

With its grand development into a demy of four pages of five columns on January 1, 1824, we must leave the checkered career of this pioneer newspaper. Its ink and type were still execrable, but they were not worse than those of its 'brother typo in the sister colony' of Tasmania, the 'Hobart-Town Gazette,' and its appearance in its new form created quite a sensation. Even the rival editor was struck with astonishment at the production of 'such a monster weekly,' and inquired enviously how it was done.

The first newspaper of Tasmania was a purely Government publication, a quarto leaf, called 'The Derwent Star and Van Diemen's Land Intelligencer.' It was printed for a few weeks in 1810 under a tree in the woods by 'Messrs Barnes and George Clark, Governor Collins having brought out a foolscap press, type, &c.' Politics being absolutely excluded from its consideration, anecdotes and English news formed its staple commodity, and towards the end of the year it ceased to exist.

On Saturday, June 1, 1816, Andrew Bent, 'the Franklin of Tasmania,' established under Government authority, with Government resources, and with Government pay, 'The Hobart-Town Gazette and Southern Reporter.' The first number consisted of two foolscap pages, and contained the official order, signed by J. A. Lascelles, Secretary, respecting the birthday of George III. One pound of fresh meat and half a pint of spirits

are to be furnished to soldiers and constables, 'that their loyalty may be duly maintained.' Several items of local news were also detailed in it, and more than one anecdote not a little coarse.

As in the case of its Sydney rival, subscribers were dilatory and ungenerous during the early years of the Gazette's career, and it had to be printed with wretched ink, at one time on 'common Chinese paper, no more than half the size of foolscap, and of which two sheets were consequently obliged to be pasted together.'

An act of 1824 granted the Tasmanian press comparative liberty; and the editor, with the change of the paper's title to 'The Hobart-Town Gazette and Van Diemen's Land Advertiser,' grandiosely declared, 'We esteem ourselves a beacon, placed by Divine graciousness on the awfully perilous coast of human frailty.'

The next year, for calling the Governor 'the Gideonite of tyranny,' he was arraigned for libel, and convicted. With his imprisonment the 'Hobart-Town Gazette' ceased to exist.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

'WELL, sergeant-major, what do you think of our new colonel?' I asked the senior non-commissioned officer of my troop just as I reported myself, having returned off furlough.

During my absence, our popular commanding officer, Colonel Needham, had exchanged with Colonel Rowland, of the 22d Plungers, as that regiment was about to proceed to India. The latter gentleman, therefore, had been gazetted to the command of my regiment, the 12th Dragoon Guards, in which I held the rank of sergeant—which then occupied the barracks in the Midland county town of Snowborough.

The troop sergeant-major, whose name was Markham, looked black, and muttered something like an oath. He answered: 'No good! He's the hottest character that ever I came across. He'll send the regiment to blazes before he's done with it. Already there's been a regular upset. Captains Groves and Sandhurst have sent in their resignations, and so has Lieutenant Hills; they can't stand his ways; and no wonder. The time you were away, Sergeants Wilson and Jones, besides four corporals, were tried and reduced for offences that Colonel Needham would scarcely have thought it worth while to give a reprimand for. A dozen men have been court-martialled, and the poor fellows are now in 'chokey' for doing nothing that I am aware of. Several of the fellows have deserted; and about twenty whose friends can afford to shell out the needful have applied for discharge by purchase. Matters are at present in a nice pickle. Colonel Rowland is a warm specimen; blessed if I don't think he's off his blooming head!'

'What sort of a man is he in appearance?'

The sergeant-major glanced out of the window, and said: 'Why, there the gentleman is, talking to little Daisy Treloar.'

I looked in the direction indicated. Colonel Rowland was a tall, smart-looking soldier, who sported a huge dark waxed monstache. He was smilingly chatting to the daintiest child of the regiment, the six-year-old girl of our adjutant, Mr Treloar.

'Colonel Rowland appears fond of that youngster,' continued Markham. 'He's always leading her about barracks.—Oh, I forgot; I didn't tell you about our gallant commanding officer's love affair! I believe he's a widower; but he hadn't been a week in the regiment before he proposed to Captain Groves's eldest daughter. The young lady—and I don't blame her—wouldn't take it on, as I believe she's engaged to her cousin, a baronet, who has lots of tin, and is a captain in the Foot Guards. That, I think, was the beginning of the bother. Immediately, the colonel started annoying old Groves as much as he could; therefore the captain sent in his papers. The rest of the officers backed up Groves, who's a first-rate sort, as you know. Now the lot cold-shoulder the colonel as much as they dare; he doesn't seem chummy with one, excepting Mr Treloar. Well, as things go, nobody feels safe. You or I, old chap, might lose our stripes and go back grooming, if old Rowland gets his knife into either of us.'

Five minutes later, as I was passing by the square in the direction of the non-commissioned officers' mess, a strident voice sung out 'Sergeant!' I turned, and perceived Colonel Rowland, who had just stepped out of the quartermaster's stores. I saluted him, and stood to attention. The colonel's features were pale, but strikingly handsome. His eyes were dark and piercing, but still a trifle restless, as it struck me at the time. He asked curtly: 'What is your name?'

'Thompson, colonel,' I replied.

'How is it that I haven't seen you before?'

'Just come off furlough, colonel.'

The officer surveyed me critically, and said: 'Get your hair cut at once!' Then turning on his heel, he walked away.

With exceeding alacrity I sought out the regimental barber, and had the operation performed.

That night Colonel Rowland, with a vicious expression on his face, accompanied by Adjutant Treloar, marched into one of our troop stables while the men were busily engaged in grooming. Suddenly he stopped and inquired: 'Who's sergeant-major of this troop?'

'Sergeant-major Markham, colonel,' I answered.

'Bring him to me.'

A moment later, Markham stepped forward.

Pointing to a horse's kit, Colonel Rowland asked: 'Where are the stirrup leathers belonging to that saddle?'

'At the saddler's shop for repairs, colonel,' replied Markham.

'Then why did you not procure substitutes? I had an order entered in the order-book a day or two ago that each kit should be kept complete. You have neglected your duty by not attending to my mandate in this instance.—Mr Treloar, send this sergeant-major to his room under arrest.—Who's senior sergeant?'

'I am, colonel,' I replied.

'Then see about these leathers immediately.'

In a few minutes I procured the articles from the quartermaster's store. Just as the trumpet sounded 'Leave stables,' up marched the colonel, who looked to see that the leathers were in place. Then he turned to me and said: 'You have got your hair cut?'

'Yes, colonel.'

'Quite right. I like a man who attends to my orders at once.—Yes, it's cut, but deuced badly cut, all the same. Was the barber sober at the time?'

'Yes, colonel.'

'If he had been intoxicated, and you had neglected your duty by not putting him in the guard-room, I should have had you tried by court-martial. No shirking the obligations pertaining to discipline with me—remember that!'

In the pettifoggish fashion just illustrated, Colonel Rowland constantly got a lot of good men into trouble, and, consequently, nearly drove the regiment to the verge of mutiny. Some of the oldest non-commissioned officers and troopers he accused of awkwardness, and sent them to do the goose-step on the square with the recruits. His drilling of the regiment was incessant and tedious. It being just after harvest, the colonel obtained the permission of various farmers to exercise in their fields, and often we were unnecessarily taken miles distant for the purpose of performing evolutions. Besides, the colonel evinced great solicitude about the clothing; and by assiduously finding fault here and there, had a large proportion of the members of the corps under stoppages for new articles of toggery.

By reason of the intercession of Adjutant Treloar, Markham was let off with a severe reprimand. About a week later, however, the unfortunate fellow was 'put on the shelf'—the military slang term for being placed under arrest—for another alleged trumpety breach of discipline, and tried and reduced.

Rumours were now rife that the eccentricities of Colonel Rowland had been brought under the notice of the Horse Guards authorities, and that the worthy officer might likely be suspended in his command, prior to his conduct being reported upon by a court of inquiry.

'Old Bedlam,' as the men had nicknamed the colonel, had a curious habit of pacing about until the small-hours in front of the officers' house, which it may be mentioned was built at right angles with the wing in which the stables and troop-rooms were located.

One bright moonlight night I was in charge of the guard, and had just visited the sentries at two P.M., when I was startled by the sharp crack of a rifle. Imagining that some man had committed suicide, I called on a file of the guard and rushed off to investigate the matter. At once I was confronted by Colonel Rowland, who was terribly excited. 'Sergeant,' he almost screamed, 'you heard that report? Some miscreant has attempted to assassinate me! The bullet passed within a few inches of my head. I saw the flash from that window—there!' and he pointed in the direction of one of my own troop-rooms. 'Quick; get a light of some kind, and bring all your spare men!'

I hastily summoned the remainder of the guard, and rushing across to the wing, snatched a lantern from one of the stable sentries. Headed by the frantic Colonel Rowland, we rushed up-stairs and entered the suspected room. The men had been awakened by the report close to their ears, and were engaged in partially dressing, with the view of examining into the mystery.

'Where is the villain?' roared Colonel Rowland. 'I'll have the scoundrel hanged or shot!'

Markham, who was at his duty as private, said: 'My impression is that the shot was fired from the veranda outside, sir.'

The colonel grabbed the lantern from me with the intention of inspecting that region, when the candle toppled over and was extinguished. There was a warm couple of minutes of stamping and swearing on the part of the excited officer, until a trooper struck a lucifer. A carbine was discovered lying on the veranda. The colonel eagerly snatched it up, and held the butt to the light to examine the number. '563, by Jove!' he yelled. 'Who's 563?'

'My carbine, sir,' answered Markham, without hesitation. 'It must have been taken from the rack!'

'You lie, you murderer!' responded the officer. '—Here, you men of the guard, seize the villain; take him to the cells and clap him in irons. —By Jove, that was your revenge, was it? you assassin you, because I had you reduced for being ignorant of your duty!—Away with him!'

At that instant a voice from behind the crowd of men growled: 'Curse you, you tyrant! Whoever fired the shot, it was a pity he missed you!'

'Mutiny, rank mutiny, by Heaven!' shouted Colonel Rowland. 'I command you to point the fellow out who spoke just now!'

There was dead silence; not one of the men responded.

The colonel went on: 'I'll give ten guineas to whoever tells me the name of the villain!'

But the proffered bribe was of no avail; and the troopers, who were minus their shoes, slipped quickly back to their cots.

'We shall see, we shall see!' hissed the officer viciously.

Poor Markham, who doubtless thought it useless to protest, was conducted by the men of the guard to a cell, and there, by the personal direction of Colonel Rowland, was put in irons.

The colonel did not return to his quarters; he settled down by the guardroom fire. The men of the guard did not attempt to sleep, but sat on benches in silence.

Privately, I sent word to the regimental sergeant-major, who knocked up Mr Treloar. That officer came promptly to the guardroom. He endeavoured to persuade the colonel to go to his rooms; but the latter peremptorily declined. Then the adjutant seated himself beside his distracted commander. They indulged but little in conversation. Sometimes Colonel Rowland asked a few questions about little Miss Daisy. But at intervals his brow grew dark, as his mind seemed to revert to the outrage, and he would mutter between his teeth: 'The murderous villains; we shall see, we shall see!'

When it was broad daylight, I was ordered to accompany the officers to the spot where the colonel had been when the shot was fired at him. On making a minute examination we found that the bullet had touched the gravel some distance off, and had ricocheted. Following up the line of fire, we discovered that the missile had flattened against the farthest extremity of the front wall of the officers' house. With a grim smile, Colonel Rowland picked up the battered piece of lead and placed it in his pocket.

Just after the collection of the reports at stable roll-call at six that morning, the regimental orderly sergeant-major came over to the guard-room and said to me: 'Ringwood of your troop is absent. He answered his name all right last night. Must have broken out of barracks.'

'The fellow who fired the shot, for a fiver!' I said to myself.

Ringwood was a desperate man, of a reputed revengeful nature. He was one of the lot whom the colonel had been instrumental in getting court-martialled, and he had only been released from prison a day or two previously. That he might have attempted to commit murder seemed to me very probable. (Later, it transpired that the absentee had made off with a suit of plain clothes belonging to an officer's servant who slept in his room.)

Stepping over to my troop stables, I called the oldest soldier aside and asked him whom the troopers suspected.

'Why, Ringwood, of course, sergeant,' he answered. 'He had been tellin' the fellows as 'ow he would try something on!'

'And what is the feeling of the men?'

The trooper replied emphatically: 'A feelin' that I thought I'd a never come across in this good old regiment, as used to be, while I was in it. The whole lot say, "Bad luck to Ringwood for takin' such a duffin' aim!" That will give you an idea of what the feelin' is, sergeant!'

This 'killing-no-murder' sentiment was lamentable in the extreme; still, I could hardly wonder at it.

Another surprise of this day of surprises. Captain Groves, who had been on leave prior to being gazetted out, reported himself within barracks, having received, as we afterwards ascertained, a War Office mandate to return to his duty in the regiment. When Colonel Rowland was informed that his authority had thus been set aside in the matter, he was transported with fury. He construed it into an augury of further changes that concerned him personally.

The officers were early astir, and stood in little knots about the barrack square, discussing the subject of the attempt that had been made to take the commanding officer's life.

About ten o'clock the weather suddenly changed; a drizzling shower fell, and a dense white fog settled down. All at once the colonel made his appearance. As the compliment due to him, the sentry turned the guard out; but the officer peremptorily bade them 'turn in.' His face was indeed a study; its expression, as it appeared to me, was that of a delight almost fiendish. He shouted to the trumpeter, 'Sound "Orderly sergeants!"' A minute later, the barracks resounded with the 'call.'

Then the colonel entered the orderly-room, which was next door to the guardroom.

'What's up?' I asked an orderly, when the business for which the summons had been issued was over. He answered: 'Old Bedlam has ordered a mounted parade for all hands; light drill, with caps and jackets; bandsmen to fall in with their troops, without instruments; dismounted men to take over the guard, of which the sergeant cook is to be in command.'

'Oh, confound the thing!' I muttered in dis-

gust. I was dead tired by reason of my previous night's vigil, and did not feel in humour for going out to drill.

'Trumpeter, sound "Boot and saddle,"' the regimental sergeant-major sung out of the orderly-room; then he said to me: 'Sergeant Thompson, get your men ready to be relieved.'

When the 'fall in' sounded, there was, contrary to general anticipation, no parade, and consequently no close inspection of overalls and caps. Colonel Rowland simply marched us off, and when barracks were cleared, we broke into a swinging trot. I was sergeant of the advanced guard, and the colonel left his proper place at the head of the regiment, and rode just ahead of me, to direct the file of men who were leading. In spite of the heavy mist, I could perceive that he selected an out-of-the-way road, and made for the high ground that lies to the north of the town of Snowborough. The colonel, who frequently consulted a map which he held in his hand, shouted alternate commands to the trumpeter to sound 'Walk' or 'Trot.' When, as near as I could guess, we had traversed a distance of seven or eight miles from barracks, he drew rein, and attentively examined a rudely constructed gate that gave entrance to a field on our right. 'Halt!' he immediately cried to the attendant trumpeter; then he said to me: 'Sergeant, dismount, and throw open that gate.'

When I had performed that operation, the colonel marched the regiment into the field of stubble, and ordered it, on the move, to form in column of squadrons.

Colonel Rowland now shouted to the adjutant: 'Mr Treloar, I wish you particularly to remain by that gate until further orders from me; the senior lieutenant will take your place.'

'Very well, colonel,' replied the surprised adjutant; 'but as the fog is so dense, can I have a trumpeter with me to warn you in case a cart or other vehicle enters the field?'

'Certainly,' said the commanding officer; then he thundered: 'Form line on the leading squadron!'

To our front the ground fell gently; but excepting a dismal expanse of stubble, nothing was visible outside the distance of a hundred and fifty yards or thereabouts. When we had moved forward a good distance the command 'Halt; dress!' was given.

How well I remember the appearance of the regiment at that particular moment! I was on the extreme right, and I could perceive Captain Groves in the centre, in front of the squadron of direction—though beyond him the features of the line of officers were hardly recognisable. Away in front loomed the figures of the colonel and trumpeter, the men and horses seeming to be of preternatural size. Suddenly the colonel disappeared ahead, and the trumpeter remained. A pause of a minute or two, and the thud of the hoofs of the colonel's horse was heard as he galloped up and resumed his place.

'Walk, march!' he shouted. 'Trot,' 'Gallop,' rang out the trumpet in succession. Then Colonel Rowland wildly shrieked 'Charge!' a command which was instantly accompanied by the inspiring trumpet call.

The regiment thundered down the slope in

magnificent style and with a terrible impetus. It was a long charge, much longer than was customary. The situation was very novel, considering the bank of thick white mist ahead.

Suddenly an agonised voice from the rear cried: 'Halt, for Heaven's sake—halt!'—a command which was followed by the three-note trumpet call.

Obediently, the well-trained regiment pulled up in a few horses' lengths.

'About; march!' and every snorting horse was turned, and in higgledy-piggledy fashion we moved to the rear, up the hill. The commands came from Adjutant Treloar, who appeared in a condition of terrible excitement. And strange, not a word of remonstrance from Colonel Rowland!

A whispered communication from the adjutant to Captain Groves, and the latter officer started and turned as pale as death. Then in tremulous accents, betokening considerable emotion, he shouted: 'Officers, fall out!'

When he had retired a good way up the field, we formed up in proper order. The regimental sergeant-major took the command, and marched the regiment home to barracks. As we filed out of the field, the gate was held open for us by a stolid-looking, middle-aged rustic. Some of the troopers addressed chaffing remarks to the yokel; but at the time we little knew what we had to be thankful to him for!

On our return, 'Stables' was sounded, and soon all the men were busy grooming. There was no sign of any of the officers, and I had my suspicions that something was wrong. I was more than astonished when Markham suddenly made his appearance.

'Hulloa!' I cried, 'who let you out?'

'Released by order of Captain Groves!'

'What about the colonel, then?'

'We won't be troubled with him any more; and I can't help saying, a good job, too. I have just got the news from the orderly-room clerk.—Did you see that farmer's cart that was driven to the door of the officers' house just now? Well, it contained the colonel's dead body! His horse came down with him at the charge, and he broke his neck!'

This intelligence speedily spread all through the stables, and the troopers looked sobered and thoughtful. But it could not be denied that there was but little regret felt for the untimely death of our commanding officer, as all were relieved with the knowledge that the reign of terror which he had instituted had come to an end.

One incident that afternoon, however, touched the hearts of all who witnessed it. Poor little Daisy Treloar, who, somehow or other, had heard the news, sobbed bitterly while she was being led by her father to his quarters.

It was years later before I heard the true story of that awful morning, as the officers for long kept the matter a close secret. I shudder still when I think of it.

At the end of the field, in the direction in which we moved, there is a rock overhanging the bed of the river beneath, which has a sheer unbroken descent of about sixty feet! The only protection was a slender one-railed fence. Over

that precipice our frenzied colonel, when he gave the command to charge, intended to sweep the whole regiment, when every man and horse would have been done to death!

Certain marks on the map found on his person showed that he must well have matured his terrible plan. The shot fired at the madman doubtless accelerated his design of wholesale murder; and, as has been described, he was specially favoured by the flick mist. As it was, he fell the only victim to his horrid scheme.

The awe-stricken officers found the mangled bodies of man and charger at the bottom of the cliff. The horse they stripped of its trappings; then the carcase was dragged to the adjacent rapid river and pushed into the water. It was never heard of again.

Colonel Rowland's corpse was borne to the nearest farmhouse, where the only procurable vehicle, a cart, was requisitioned, and the remains were conveyed to barracks.

The maniac's design to save Adjutant Treloar from the universal destruction—probably by reason of his affection for that gentleman's little daughter—proved, providentially, to be the means of our escape.

Shortly after we were ranged in the field, the rustic before alluded to approached Mr Treloar and warned him about the dangerous situation of the rock, on account of the mist. The alarmed adjutant at once divined the fiendish intention of the insane colonel; also why he himself had been singled out for salvation. Then, accompanied by the trumpeter—who did not hear the colloquy with the rustic—he galloped after the regiment, and literally snatched it from the jaws of death by calling a halt just in the nick of time!

That rustic never knew what service he had rendered to justify an anonymous gift of a hundred pounds—subscribed by the grateful officers—which enabled him to start a milkshop and live happily ever afterwards.

At the coroner's inquest on the body of Colonel Rowland, the evidence of the regimental surgeon was considered satisfactory. It was partially true; and was to the effect that deceased's horse had come down with him, which had the result of breaking his neck. A verdict was returned accordingly.

With military honours, the coffin was taken to Snowborough railway station, and then despatched by train to the residence of the dead officer's brother.

Next Gazette intimated that Major Anderson, a very popular officer, who had been on sick-leave during all the commotion, had obtained the colonelcy of the corps; also Captain Groves became major; and Mr Treloar, captain.

The reduced non-commissioned officers were reinstated; men under sentence got the remainder of their terms of punishment remitted, and matters regimental went on in a very satisfactory fashion.

About the mysterious shot fired at Colonel Rowland? Well, Ringwood, who had managed to reach New York, admitted in a letter to a late comrade that he was the guilty party. The fellow considerably sent word to that effect, so that nobody else might be punished for the offence.

And Daisy Treloar? She grew up a fine girl, and married a captain in the royal navy. Her wedding presents, given by the officers of ours, especially those who were in the ranks on that awful morning, were superb and costly. All were fully cognisant of the fact that by reason of mad Colonel Rowland's fondness for her, she was indirectly the means of her father being luckily enabled to call 'Halt!' just as we were rushing forward to certain death.

A FIND OF OLD CHINA.

A PERIOD of about one hundred and fifty years has now elapsed since the Swedish barque *Göteborg*, in full sail for Europe, encountered a heavy gale when nearing the coast of Sweden, struck upon a dangerous rock, foundered, and became a total wreck. She was the property of an association of merchants of Gothenburg, and was returning from China laden with a cargo of silk, silver, tea, and a great quantity of valuable articles of Chinese manufacture, including upwards of thirty thousand blue-and-white china bowls of different shapes and sizes.

About twenty-five years ago a diver named Bourn made an attempt to raise the cargo, but only succeeded in bringing to the surface a small quantity of china, most of which was broken when blasting portions of the wrecked ship in order to get access to the silver and more valuable articles. Some of these were eventually recovered; but their value was not nearly sufficient to defray the enormous expenses of the undertaking, which was therefore abruptly abandoned.

Ten years after this the idea was conceived by an English merchant of raising by means of divers the greater part of these bowls, and disposing of them to dealers in curiosities, connoisseurs, and collectors of old china. He succeeded in floating a company, secured the necessary diving apparatus, and the work was commenced and carried on with great care and in a very enterprising spirit, the result exceeding all expectations. During the first few weeks, however, the divers found nothing but pieces of broken china, and were unable to bring to the surface any articles of value. The top deck of the vessel had been blown right off by the blasting operations of previous divers, and the second deck had fallen in, causing considerable damage to the pottery ware. The divers were compelled to dig seven or eight feet into the clay to enable them to reach some portions of the cargo, and their task was rendered still more difficult owing to the splinters of broken pottery, which frequently cut their hands, although they were provided with suitable gloves for the work. At last their arduous efforts were rewarded with success, and many thousands of unbroken china articles were brought to the surface, consisting principally of plates, teacups, and bowls of various designs and qualities. A small quantity of silver-plate was also discovered, which was evidently intended for the royal family of Sweden, as it was embellished with the monogram of Frederick I. A great number of the teacups were particularly fine and elegantly shaped, being almost equal to glass in transparency.

It had, no doubt, been intended to smuggle in

a portion of the pottery and silver ware, as the divers found that many hundreds of these articles were carefully hidden away in the hold of the vessel. There is even a tradition in the neighbourhood that the *Göteborg* was purposely run aground by the officers and crew; and it is believed that many valuables were removed from the ship soon after she struck upon the rock. The bulk of the cargo was, however, ultimately brought to England, and the market literally flooded with these blue-and-white bowls.

It was at this time that the rage for old and oriental china was at its height. Considerable excitement was created by the strange discovery of these thousands of curious bowls; and the interest attaching to the fact of their having remained for so many years beneath the sea, together with the dangers and difficulties which attended their recovery, caused them at first to realise high prices as curiosities. Unfortunately, however, for the promoters of the scheme, the craze, which was then at its zenith, commenced to decline rapidly, and the financial result of the enterprise proved so disastrous that the company was thrown into liquidation.

The bowls, a large quantity of which still remain in the possession of curiosity dealers and collectors, can now be purchased at a merely nominal price, many of them with the shells and seaweed still adhering. A lot of valuable oak-planks were also recovered, which were not at all damaged by the water, and these have since been sold at high prices to connoisseurs and manufactured into art furniture.

Such is the brief history of a great enterprise, in which many men risked their lives and thousands of pounds were expended. The record of the cargo can be found in the ship's papers, which are preserved in the Museum of Gothenburg. The rock on which the barque was wrecked has since been named '*Göteborgsgrundet*,' and a full account of the recovery of the cargo was published in the Swedish newspaper *Göteborgs Posten* of the year 1875. Though the thrilling details of the occurrence were then the subject of considerable interest and excitement, they have long since sunk into complete oblivion.

A ZETLAND WINTER.

Now frowns the sun-god on the Northland dark,

And turns away the brightness of his face

From hill, and shore, and sea a dreary space,

And stills the glad some singing of the lark.

Now lies the Northland all, snow-sheated, stark,

And steel-cold skies are ever steeped in Night,

Save where the moon-elves dance in silver light,

And gleaming stars the rapt eye's limit mark.

Hence comes it that the fiery Northland heart

Is touched with Sorrow, and the tale of doom,

And sings the Winter's deep encircling gloom,

In living words, whence soul-fires glowing, dart;

That mighty thoughts, like wild Auroras, sweep,

And fling their splendours o'er the Northern Deep.

J. J. HALDANE BURGESS.

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THE LAST YEARS OF SIR WALTER.

A FRESH impetus will be given to the study of the writings and the life of Sir Walter Scott by the recent publication of his private Journal. It has been issued and most admirably edited by Mr David Douglas, Edinburgh. The Journal covers the period from November 20, 1825, to April 16, 1832—the year of his death. The original consists of two small quarto volumes bound in vellum, and furnished with strong locks. The manuscript is closely written on both sides, and towards the end, remarks the editor, shows painful evidence of the physical prostration of the writer.

The beginning of the Journal towards the close of the year 1825 coincides singularly with the approach of the great financial calamity which wrecked Scott's fortune and darkened the remaining years of his life. His career up till that time had been of great brilliancy. There is nothing like it in the annals of literature. From early manhood he had worked with his pen. He had collected the Ballads of the Borders and published them, and done other literary work, before he gave to the world the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' in 1805. He was then thirty-four years of age—showing that his genius, like other strong and vigorous growths, was slow in maturing. The 'Lay' caught the ear of the world at once. Its splendid panorama of Border chivalry and Border romance opened up to the public a new source of intellectual pleasure. So decided was the success of the 'Lay' that Constable the publisher offered its author one thousand guineas for the next poem, 'Marmion,' without having seen a line of the manuscript. When, in 1808, the latter poem did appear—like the 'Lay,' in a magnificent quarto form, price a guinea and a half—two thousand copies were disposed of in less than a month. It would be interesting to know what poet of the present day could make such a venture with such success.

Other poems followed, and it was not until the passionate verse of Byron had taken possession

of the public taste that Scott felt his time was come to retire from this field of effort. The result, in 1814, was the novel of 'Waverley,' the first of a series of stories which are all but unequalled in prose fiction for the strength and versatility of creative power displayed by their author. Until 1825, Scott held the field in this department of literature. In that year also the great shadow of disaster began to draw around him. He, with his printers and publisher—the Ballantynes and Constable respectively—had for years carried on a system of doing business which was fraught with much danger to all concerned. The novels had been so successful that the individuals concerned in their production foresaw nothing but continued prosperity, and they heavily forestalled the profits. They were spending their money, in fact, before it was earned. Scott had purchased Abbotsford and other properties at high prices, and at the time when the failure occurred he had received ten thousand pounds (in bills) for three new novels, not a line of any of which was written. It is easy, of course, for us all to be wise after the event; but this clearly was a hazardous way of doing business. At length in January 1826, Hurst and Robinson, the London agents of Constable, collapsed, and with them went down not only Constable and the Ballantynes, but Scott himself—he being found, in the long run, personally responsible for the enormous debt of £130,000. This painful event overshadows the whole of the Journal which Scott shortly before had begun to keep, and gives to the most of it a tincture of sadness and melancholy.*

The first note of trouble is sounded under date November 22, 1825. 'Here,' he says, 'is matter for a May morning, but much fitter for a November one. The general distress in the city

* As the readers of Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' are aware, that biographer has drawn largely from the entries in the Journal now printed in full, so that it is difficult in making quotations to avoid occasionally reproducing in part what appeared in Lockhart's pages fifty years ago.

[London] has affected H. & R., Constable's agents. Should they go, it is not likely that Constable can stand, and such an event would lead to great distress and perplexity on the part of J. B. [James Ballantyne] and myself. Thank God, I have enough at least to pay forty shillings in the pound, taking matters at the very worst, but much distress and inconvenience must be the consequence. I had a lesson in 1814 which should have done good upon me, but success and abundance erased it from my mind. But this is no time for journalising and moralising either. Necessity is like a sour-faced cookmaid, and I a turnspit whom she has flogged ere now. If "Woodstock" [which he was then writing] can be out by 25th January, it will do much, and it is possible. . . . Could not write to purpose for thick-coming fancies; the wheel would not turn easily, and cannot be forced.'

But the financial situation was found to be much worse than Scott had anticipated, and he joined in a bond for £5000 for the relief of Hurst and Robinson. This transaction, which he thought at the time would go far to end all difficulties, had a temporarily cheerful effect on his spirit, and on December 7 he writes: 'I have much to comfort me in the present aspect of my family. My eldest son, independent in fortune, united to an affectionate wife, and of good hopes in his profession; my second, with a good deal of talent and in the way, I trust, of cultivating it to good purpose; Anne, an honest, downright good Scots lass, in whom I would only wish to correct a spirit of satire; and Lockhart is Lockhart, to whom I can most willingly confide the happiness of the daughter who chose him and whom he has chosen. My dear wife, the partner of early cares and successes, is, I fear, frail in health—though I trust and pray she may see me out. Indeed, if this troublesome complaint goes on, it bodes no long existence. My brother was affected with the same weakness, which, before he was fifty, brought on mortal symptoms. The poor major had been rather a free liver. But my father, the most abstemious of men save when the duties of hospitality required him to be very moderately free with his bottle, and that was very seldom, had the same weakness which now annoys me, and he, I think, was not above seventy when cut off. Square the odds, and good-night, Sir Walter, about sixty. I care not, if I leave my name unstained and my family properly settled. *Sat est vivisse!*'

His prophecy was fulfilled; he was only sixty-one when he died. In the meantime the commercial crisis was maturing, and Scott soon found that he would have to borrow £10,000 upon his estate of Abbotsford, if, indeed, he might not have to yield up the estate altogether. Abbotsford was very dear to him. 'I was,' he writes on December 18, 'to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from those dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters. There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog because it has been mine.—I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.' Then he adds

pathetically: 'I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere.—This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things are. Poor Will Laidlaw! poor Tom Purdie! this will be news to wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread.'

Further on, under the same date, and in the midst of conflicting thoughts, he says: 'An odd thought strikes me: When I die, will the Journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read as the transient pont of a man worth £60,000, with wonder that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry has hung up his scutcheon for some 20s. a week, and where one or two old friends will look grave and whisper to each other, "Poor gentleman," "A well-meaning man," "Nobody's enemy but his own," "Thought his parts could never wear out," "Family poorly left," "Pity he took that foolish title." Who can answer this question?'

The result of the crash was that Scott, as already stated, was left with a debt to pay of £130,000. At this time he was busy with 'Woodstock'—a novel which he wrote in three months, and for which he received £8228. He also in the course of the year 1826 finished his 'Life of Napoleon,' for which he received £12,000. Here was £20,000 within twelve months; and this, added to the profit arising from other works on sale, enabled him at the end of the year to clear off £40,000. Yet, with all this marvellous energy, and all its marvellous results, certain of his creditors were merciless in their prosecution of him, and he frequently went about in momentary terror of being apprehended and consigned to a debtor's prison. But the magnanimity of one other creditor—Sir William Forbes, the banker—finally averted this affront. Sir William paid the amount in question, some £2000, and ranked for it only as an ordinary creditor. Scott did not know of this act of generosity till some time after. Nor was all his trouble at an end even then, for in May of that year his wife, Lady Scott, died at Abbotsford.

But no calamity could abate Scott's zeal in the use of his pen for the resuscitation of his estate. In 1827, he published, besides numerous reviews, &c., the first series of 'The Chronicles of the Canongate,' and the 'Tales of a Grandfather'; in 1828, 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' and other works; in 1829, 'Anne of Geierstein,' a 'History of Scotland,' and the third series of 'Tales of a Grandfather'; in 1830, he issued many volumes on various subjects; in 1831, came 'Count Robert of Paris' and 'Castle Dangerous.' Along with all this mass of work, he found time to issue a collected edition of his novels, furnished with prefaces and notes by his own hand. Altogether, these were years of stupendous effort.

The Journal of this period is full of interest, both personal and literary. It gives us a great deal of insight into his methods of thinking and working; and with all the melancholy that pervades its entries, there is ever and anon a bright flash of humour lighting up the gloom, or a pat quotation or an apt story to turn away the sting

of some unpleasant thought. Many of his entries, too, bear upon other matters than his pecuniary difficulties. Thus, when in London in 1828, he writes: 'Dined by command with the Duchess of Kent. I was very kindly recognised by Prince Leopold. I was presented to the little Princess Victoria—I hope they will change her name—the heir-apparent to the Crown as things now stand. How strange that so large and fine a family as that of his late Majesty should have died off and decayed into old age with so few descendants! Prince George of Cumberland is, they say, a fine boy about nine years old—a bit of a pickle, swears and rumps like a brat that has been bred in a barrack-yard. This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely by the Duchess and the principal governess that no busy maid has a moment to whisper—"You are heir of England." I suspect if we could dissect the little head we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family, but does not look as if she would be pretty. The Duchess herself is very pleasing and affable in her manner.'

Being much admired abroad, Scott was constantly receiving presents of various kinds. One of these was amusing. He had done some service for a gentleman who had settled in New South Wales, and who consequently thought it proper to bring Scott home a couple of Emus. 'I wish,' says Scott, 'his gratitude had either taken a different turn, or remained as quiescent as that of others whom I have obliged more materially. I at first accepted the creatures, conceiving them, in my ignorance, to be some sort of blue and green parrot, which, though I do not admire their noise, might scream and yell at their pleasure if hung up in the hall among the armour. But your emu, it seems, stands six feet high in his stocking soles, and is little better than a kind of cassowary or ostrich. Hang them! they might eat up my collection of old arms for what I know. No! I'll no Emuses!'

During 1831, a very great change for the worse took place in Scott's health. His diligence at his desk, added to his usual official work, had been too much for the overworked brain, and the presence of paralysis began to make itself felt in his system. In the course of that year he found it necessary that he should go abroad in search of health, and the Government of the day, though opposed to Scott's party in politics, generously placed a frigate at his disposal. But a change for the better did not take place. When at Malta, Scott conceived a design for a new novel, and actually began it. But the power of continuous work was now fast leaving him, and his efforts at his desk became more and more intermittent, and latterly futile. When he at length reached Rome, paralysis had seized effectually upon his shattered frame, and the last entry in his Journal, dated April 16, 1832, is left unfinished:

'We entered Rome by a gate renovated by one of the old Pontiffs, but which I forget, and so paraded the streets by moonlight to discover, if possible, some appearance of the learned Sir William Gell or the pretty Miss Ashley. At length we found an old servant, who guided us to the lodging taken by Sir William Gell, where

all was comfortable, a good fire included, which our fatigue and the chilliness of the night required. We dispersed as soon as we had taken some food, wine, and water. We slept reasonably, but on the next morning'—

This is the last we have of Sir Walter. His cry was now for 'Home! home!' All the glories of Rome and Venice, Italy and the Rhine, which he had looked forward to with eagerness, were now but so many barriers between him and his own country—that 'land of brown heath and shaggy wood' which he loved so well. He arrived at the port of Leith in July, but was quite unconscious of all that passed around him, and so, in this state of mental oblivion, did he reach Abbotsford, only once waking up into brief consciousness when he saw the towers of his own home. On the 21st September the end came. On that day, says Lockhart, 'Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

THE SURGEON OF GASTER FELL.

CHAPTER IV.—OF THE MAN WHO CAME IN THE NIGHT.

THE night set in gusty and tempestuous, and the moon was all girt with ragged clouds. The wind blew in melancholy gusts, sobbing and sighing over the moor, and setting all the gorse-bushes agroaning. From time to time a little sputter of rain pattered up against the window-pane. I sat until near midnight glancing over the fragment on immortality by Iamblichus, the Alexandrian platonist, of whom the Emperor Julian said that he was posterior to Plato in time, but not in genius. At last, shutting up my book, I opened my door and took a last look at the dreary fell and still more dreary sky. As I protruded my head, a swoop of wind caught me, and sent the red ashes of my pipe sparkling and dancing through the darkness. At the same moment the moon shone brilliantly out from between two clouds, and I saw, sitting on the hillside, not two hundred yards from my door, the man who called himself the surgeon of Gaster Fell. He was squatted among the heather, his elbows upon his knees, and his chin resting upon his hands, as motionless as a stone, with his gaze fixed steadily upon the door of my dwelling.

At the sight of this ill-omened sentinel, a chill of horror and of fear shot through me, for his gloomy and mysterious associations had cast a glamour round the man, and the hour and place were in keeping with his sinister presence. In a moment, however, a manly glow of resentment and self-confidence drove this petty emotion from my mind, and I strode fearlessly in his direction. He rose as I approached, and faced me, with the moon shining on his grave bearded face and glittering on his eyeballs. 'What is the meaning of this?' I cried as I came up on him. 'What right have you to play the spy on me?'

I could see the flush of anger rise on his face. 'Your stay in the country has made you forget

your manners,' he said. 'The moor is free to all.'

'You will say next that my house is free to all,' I said hotly. 'You have had the impertinence to ransack it in my absence this afternoon.'

He started, and his features showed the most intense excitement. 'I swear to you that I had no hand in it,' he cried. 'I have never set foot in your house in my life. Oh sir, sir, if you will but believe me, there is a danger hanging over you, and you would do well to be careful.'

'I have had enough of you,' I said. 'I saw the coward blow you struck when you thought no human eye rested upon you. I have been to your cottage, too, and know all that it has to tell. If there is law in England, you shall hang for what you have done. As to me, I am an old soldier, sir, and I am armed. I shall not fasten my door. But if you or any other villain attempt to cross my threshold, it shall be at your own risk.' With these words I swung round upon my heel and strode into my cabin. When I looked back at him from the door he was still looking at me, a gloomy figure among the heather, with his head sunk low upon his breast. I slept fitfully all that night; but I heard no more of this strange sentinel without, nor was he to be seen when I looked out in the morning.

For two days the wind freshened and increased with constant squalls of rain, until on the third night the most furious storm was raging which I can ever recollect in England. The thunder roared and rattled overhead, while the incessant lightning flashes illuminated the heavens. The wind blew intermittently, now sobbing away into a calm, and then, of a sudden, beating and howling at my window-pane until the glasses rattled in their frames. The air was charged with electricity, and its peculiar influence, combined with the strange episodes with which I had been recently connected, made me morbidly wakeful and acutely sensitive. I felt that it was useless to go to bed, nor could I concentrate my mind sufficiently to read a book. I turned my lamp half-down to moderate the glare, and leaning back in my chair, I gave myself up to reverie. I must have lost all perception of time, for I have no recollection how long I sat there on the borderland betwixt thought and slumber. At last, about three or, possibly, four o'clock, I came to myself with a start—not only came to myself, but with every sense and nerve upon the strain. Looking round my chamber in the dim light, I could not see anything to justify my sudden trepidation. The homely room, the rain-blurred window, and the rude wooden door were all as they had been. I had begun to persuade myself that some half-formed dream had sent that vague thrill through my nerves, when in a moment I became conscious of what it was. It was a sound, the sound of a human step outside my solitary cottage.

Amid the thunder and the rain and the wind, I could hear it—a dull stealthy footfall, now on the grass, now on the stones—occasionally stopping entirely, then resumed, and ever drawing nearer. I sat breathlessly, listening to the eerie sound. It had stopped now at my very door, and was replaced by a panting and gasping, as of one who has travelled fast and far. Only the thickness of the door separated me from this

hard-breathing, light-treading night-walker. I am no coward; but the wildness of the night, with the vague warning which I had had, and the proximity of this strange visitor, so unnerved me that my mouth was too dry for speech. I stretched out my hand, however, and grasped my sabre, with my eyes still bent upon the door. I prayed in my heart that the thing, whatever it might be, would but knock or threaten or hail me, or give any clue as to its character. Any known danger was better than this awful silence, broken only by the rhythmic panting.

By the flickering light of the expiring lamp I could see that the latch of my door was twitching, as though a gentle pressure were exerted on it from without. Slowly, slowly, it rose, until it was free of the catch, and then there was a pause of a quarter minute or more, while I still sat silent, with dilated eyes and drawn sabre. Then, very slowly, the door began to revolve upon its hinges, and the keen air of the night came whistling through the slit. Very cautiously it was pushed open, so that never a sound came from the rusty hinges. As the aperture enlarged, I became aware of a dark shadowy figure upon my threshold, and of a pale face that looked in at me. The features were human, but the eyes were not. They seemed to burn through the darkness with a greenish brilliancy of their own; and in their baleful shifty glare I was conscious of the very spirit of murder. Springing from my chair, I had raised my naked sword, when, with a wild shouting, a second figure dashed up to my door. At its approach my shadowy visitant uttered a shrill cry, and fled away across the fells, yelping like a beaten hound. The two creatures were swallowed up in the tempest from which they had emerged as if they were the very genii of the beating wind and the howling rain.

Tingling with my recent fear, I stood at my door, peering through the night with the discordant cry of the fugitives still ringing in my ears. At that moment a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the whole landscape and made it as clear as day. By its light, I saw, far away, upon the hillside, two dark figures pursuing each other with extreme rapidity across the fells. Even at that distance the contrast between them forbade all doubt as to their identity. The first was the small elderly man whom I had supposed to be dead; the second was my neighbour the surgeon. For an instant they stood out clear and hard in the unearthly light; in the next, the darkness had closed over them, and they were gone. As I turned to re-enter my chamber, my foot rattled against something on my threshold. Stooping, I found it was a straight knife, fashioned entirely of lead, and so soft and brittle that it was a strange choice for a weapon. To render it the more harmless, the top had been cut square off. The edge, however, had been assiduously sharpened against a stone, as was evident from the markings upon it, so that it was still a dangerous implement in the grasp of a determined man. It had evidently dropped from the fellow's hand at the moment when the sudden coming of the surgeon had driven him to flight. There could no longer be a doubt as to the object of his visit.

And what was the meaning of it all? you ask.

Many a drama which I have come across in my wandering life, some as strange and as striking as this one, has lacked the ultimate explanation which you demand. Fate is a grand weaver of tales; but she ends them, as a rule, in defiance of all artistic laws, and with an unbecoming want of regard for literary propriety. As it happens, however, I have a letter before me as I write which I may add without comment, and which will clear all that may remain dark.

KIRKBY LUNATIC ASYLUM,
Sept. 4, 1885.

SIR—I am deeply conscious that some apology and explanation is due to you for the very startling and, in your eyes, mysterious events which have recently occurred, and which have so seriously interfered with the retired existence which you desire to lead. I should have called upon you on the morning after the recapture of my father; but my knowledge of your dislike to visitors, and also of—you will excuse my saying it—your very violent temper, led me to think that it was better to communicate with you by letter. On the occasion of our last interview I should have told you what I tell you now; but your allusions to some crime of which you considered me guilty, and your abrupt departure, prevented me from saying much that was on my lips.

My poor father was a hard-working general practitioner in Birmingham, where his name is still remembered and respected. About ten years ago he began to show signs of mental aberration, which we were inclined to put down to overwork and the effects of a sunstroke. Feeling my own incompetence to pronounce upon a case of such importance, I at once sought the highest advice in Birmingham and London. Among others we consulted the eminent alienist, Mr Fraser Brown, who pronounced my father's case to be intermittent in its nature, but dangerous during the paroxysms. 'It may take a homicidal, or it may take a religious turn,' he said; 'or it may prove to be a mixture of both.' For months he may be as well as you or me, and then in a moment he may break out. You will incur a great responsibility if you leave him without supervision.

The result showed the justice of the specialist's diagnosis. My poor father's disease rapidly assumed both a religious and homicidal turn, the attacks coming on without warning after months of sanity. It would weary you were I to describe the terrible experiences which his family have undergone. Suffice it that, by the blessing of God, we have succeeded in keeping his poor crazed fingers clear of blood. My sister Eva I sent to Brussels, and I devoted myself entirely to his case. He has an intense dread of madhouses; and in his sane intervals would beg and pray so piteously not to be condemned to one, that I could never find the heart to resist him. At last, however, his attacks became so acute and dangerous, that I determined, for the sake of those about me, to remove him from the town to the loneliest neighbourhood that I could find. This proved to be Gaster Fell; and there, he and I set up house together.

I had a sufficient competence to keep me, and being devoted to chemistry, I was able to pass

the time with a fair degree of comfort and profit. He, poor fellow, was as submissive as a child, when in his right mind; and a better, kinder companion no man could wish for. We constructed together a wooden compartment, into which he could retire when the fit was upon him; and I had arranged the window and door so that I could confine him to the house if I thought an attack was impending. Looking back, I can safely say that no possible precaution was neglected; even the necessary table utensils were leaden and pointless, to prevent his doing mischief with them in his frenzy.

For months after our change of quarters he appeared to improve. Whether it was the bracing air, or the absence of any incentive to violence, he never showed during that time any signs of his terrible disorder. Your arrival first upset his mental equilibrium. The very sight of you in the distance awoke all those morbid impulses which had been sleeping. That very evening he approached me stealthily with a stone in his hand, and would have slain me, had I not, as the least of two evils, struck him to the ground and thrust him into his cage before he had time to regain his senses. This sudden relapse naturally plunged me into the deepest sorrow. For two days I did all that lay in my power to soothe him. On the third he appeared to be calmer; but alas, it was but the cunning of the madman. He had contrived to loosen two bars of his cage; and when thrown off my guard by his apparent improvement—I was engrossed in my chemistry—he suddenly sprang out at me knife in hand. In the scuffle, he cut me across the forearm, and escaped from the hut before I recovered myself, nor could I find out which direction he had taken. My wound was a trifle, and for several days I wandered over the fells, beating through every clump of bushes in my fruitless search. I was convinced that he would make an attempt on your life, a conviction that was strengthened when I heard that some one in your absence had entered your cottage. I therefore kept a watch over you at night. A dead sheep which I found upon the moor terribly mangled showed me that he was not without food, and that the homicidal impulse was still strong in him. At last, as I had expected, he made his attempt upon you, which, but for my intervention, would have ended in the death of one or other of you. He ran, and struggled like a wild animal; but I was as desperate as he, and succeeded in bringing him down and conveying him to the cottage. Convinced by this failure that all hope of permanent improvement is gone, I brought him next morning to this establishment, and he is now, I am glad to say, returning to his senses. —Allow me once more, sir, to express my sorrow that you should have been subjected to this ordeal, and believe me to be faithfully yours,

JOHN LIGHT CAMERON.

P.S.—My sister Eva bids me send you her kind regards. She has told me how you were thrown together at Kirkby-Malhouse, and also that you met one night upon the fells. You will understand from what I have already told you that when my dear sister came back from Brussels I did not dare to bring her home, but preferred that she should lodge in safety in the

village. Even then I did not venture to bring her into the presence of her father; and it was only at night, when he was asleep, that we could plan a meeting.

And this was the story of this strange group, whose path through life had crossed my own. From that last terrible night I have neither seen nor heard of any of them, save for this one letter which I have transcribed. Still I dwell on Gaster Fell, and still my mind is buried in the secrets of the past. But when I wander forth upon the moor, and when I see the little gray deserted cottage among the rocks, my mind is still turned to the strange drama, and to the singular couple who broke in upon my solitude.

THE PETROLEUM TRADE:

ITS DEVELOPMENTS AND ITS DANGERS.

THERE is no department of British mercantile industry which has developed with such marvellous rapidity as the Petroleum Trade. Since its beginning in 1859, when the total importations were about 2,000,000 gallons, it has increased by leaps and bounds until, in 1889, the amount brought into the United Kingdom reached the total of 102,647,478 gallons.

The existence of native petroleum, naphtha, or rock-oil, as it has been indiscriminately denominated, has been known to the inhabitants of Persia and Japan from time immemorial. It is to the Persian language that we must go for the derivation of the term naphtha, the root *nafata* meaning to exude; and the oil was so called on account of its exuding from the soil. The native naphtha of Persia and Japan would seem to have furnished the natives with a lamp-illuminant from the very earliest ages. Its first authentic use in Europe would, however, seem to date back no farther than the later part of last century, when a limited supply of 'lamp-oil,' obtained from a district in Calabria, was utilised by the Italian peasantry to light their dwellings. It is an interesting fact that the first use to which petroleum was put in this country was not that of a luminant. Its chemical composition rendered it a most useful medium for preserving substances which have a strong affinity for oxygen. Chemists employed it in preserving potassium and metals possessed of kindred qualities. Hot naphtha, it was discovered, dissolved phosphorus and sulphur, and deposited them on cooling. It was found to be, too, an excellent solvent for gutta-percha, caoutchouc, camphor, fatty and resinous bodies generally, and hence it was extensively used in the arts for these purposes. Its great use, however, is as a source of artificial light, and notwithstanding the present use of coal-gas and electric lighting, the employment of petroleum for this purpose still increases.

A perusal of the sources from which our supplies are obtained shows that the increase obtained from the Russian oil-wells in the neighbourhood of the Caspian is enormous. In 1883 the Muscovites supplied us with 500 barrels. Last year the imports from the same quarter amounted

to 771,000 barrels. During the same six years the supply from the United States had but increased from 1,329,000 to 1,355,000 barrels. That in the short space of six years Russian shipments should increase from practically nothing to more than half of those from America is most remarkable. Such phenomenal developments as these naturally call into existence the provision of means for adequate transit and storing of such enormous quantities.

At first, petroleum was brought into this country in barrels or boxes carried in the holds of wooden sailing-vessels. As far back as 1872, ships were built at Jarrow for the purpose of carrying petroleum in bulk; but these vessels were never employed in the trade. Prior to 1886, some ordinary cargo-vessels underwent costly alterations to convert them into petroleum-carriers; but they were only partially successful. The later petroleum steamers are spar-decked, and range from 250 to 300 feet in length, and from 1500 to 2500 tons gross register. They have their machinery aft, oil-holds up to the maindeck, and a long trunk from ten to fifteen feet wide from the main to the spar deck. The latter acts as a feeder, and allows the oil to expand and contract without dangerously affecting the vessel's stability. To have the holds half full with the oil free to wash about, reduces the ship's righting moment, and consequently the utmost care has to be taken in loading and discharging. Water ballast-tanks are commonly fitted, and a peculiar saddle-shaped tank, patented by Mr C. S. Swan, has been found specially useful. The oil-hold is divided into compartments by a centre line bulkhead, and by transverse bulkheads about twenty feet apart, and the ordinary structural details are modified in many respects, on account of the difficulties attendant upon making the work oil-tight. These vessels are all supplied with powerful pumps, and have large oil and water mains led along the maindeck, with branches into the holds, and connections to meet pipes from the shore. The oil is pumped into large reservoirs at the port of discharge.

A cargo may consist of several qualities of oil, and these are separated from each other by narrow water-spaces. Some two years ago, a sailing-vessel was built by the Barrow Ship-building Company to the order of an Antwerp firm. She was designed to carry petroleum in bulk in competition with the steamers. The success attendant upon this new departure may lead to the more extensive construction of vessels of a similar nature. Petroleum vessels cannot be used for any other purpose on account of their peculiar arrangement and smell. A proposal to carry palm-oil in a similar manner has been found impracticable on account of the corrosive ingredients which attack the steel, instead of preserving it, as petroleum does. Apropos of this new departure in British shipbuilding, it is stated that the Persians as far back as 1760 were known to carry petroleum in bulk in their own vessels on the Caspian. Petroleum-carriers are generally fitted with the electric light, so as to ensure a minimum of risk from fire. With every precaution that modern science can suggest, the carriage of this oil is beset with much difficulty and danger.

The specific gravity of petroleum varies from

75 to 8, and it is so susceptible to change of temperature that an increase of forty degrees Fahrenheit increases its bulk two per cent. The vapour given off is very inflammable, and it is this that constitutes the chief danger of petroleum-carrying. So long as the tanks are filled with the crude petroleum and securely closed, there is practically no danger, for there is no available space where the gas can accumulate. But where the tanks are not filled, or where the vapour from the oil is allowed to escape into the hold-spaces, and is not removed by adequate ventilation, a spark or light may cause the most disastrous consequences. Dr Dupré, Professor of Chemistry to the Westminster Medical School, and chemical adviser to the Explosives Department of the Home Office, describes the crude oil as a light-brown turbid liquid, showing a strong green fluorescence, with a specific gravity at the temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit of 0.795. When submitted to fractional distillation, the following results were obtained :

	Degrees Fahr.
Begins to boil at about.....	120
5 per cent. distilled over at about.....	270
10 per cent. distilled over at about.....	300
15 per cent. distilled over at about.....	325
20 per cent. distilled over at about.....	350

Other samples have shown a still more volatile character, evaporating at a temperature considerably lower than that stated above.

One volume of this oil is credited with the power of rendering inflammable or feebly explosive two thousand four hundred volumes of air. This mixture of petroleum-vapour and air can be set fire to by an electric spark, by a flame, or by any solid at a bright red-heat. As showing the necessity of thorough ventilation where the tanks are not filled and the man-holes perfectly secured, it may be stated that one gallon of oil will render inflammable no less than four hundred cubic feet of air.

The fatal explosion which occurred at Rouen on board the petroleum-carrier *Fergusons* shows in a most marked degree the fearful risks attendant upon the carriage of the crude oil in vessels not scientifically adapted for the purpose. The *Fergusons* in 1885 underwent structural alterations to transform her from an ordinary cargo-steamer into a petroleum-carrier. She was fitted with thirty-two tanks for holding oil, and in addition she had four regulating tanks. Unfortunately, however, there was between these tanks considerable spaces, and these formed a large reservoir, in which the vapour that escaped from the tanks accumulated. To minimise the risk of explosion, the vessel was fitted with electric light. But the faulty character of her electric apparatus no doubt led to the terrible explosion which destroyed the ship. To enable the tankmen to pursue their duties in the hold of the *Fergusons*, portable electric lamps were provided. The wires, however, conducting the electricity from the main cable to these lamps were not properly 'switched on,' and when contact was made or broken, a spark was caused quite sufficient, as the sequel showed, to ignite the inflammable mixture that had accumulated in the hold.

While the vessel was discharging at Rouen, no fires were allowed on board, even the steam for the pumping-engines being supplied from the

shore. In spite of these precautionary measures, however, a terrible explosion occurred when the vessel was half discharged: the mainmast was blown out of the vessel, and the after-part of the ship took fire. Shortly afterwards, another and still more terrific explosion followed, and the *Fergusons* became a total wreck. One man was never found after the explosion.

Such a disaster as this, melancholy as it no doubt is, has served to inculcate with very marked emphasis two truths to those interested in what may be termed the science of petroleum-carrying. These are, first, that vessels which admit of the accumulating of petroleum vapour in their holds are unsuitable for the trade; and secondly, that the electric installation and equipment should be of the most perfect and scientific character possible.

But this is not the only danger accruing from the carriage of petroleum. In the annals of every department of industrial science finality is not attained without much bitter experience, and the subject under discussion is no exception to this rule.

Practical occurrence has demonstrated that petroleum-conveyance is fraught with other dangers than those alluded to above. It will be readily seen that the residue of crude oil which remains in the tanks of a petroleum-carrier after the major portion has been pumped into the shore reservoirs, will, as a marketable commodity, be practically worthless. Consequently, the custom obtains of discharging it into the sea by means of the pumps. The steamer *Wild Flower*, specially constructed for the petroleum trade in 1889, was capable of carrying in bulk oil to the weight of two thousand five hundred and twelve tons. This amount she shipped at Philadelphia, and discharged at Rouen. After discharging, it would seem that oil to the depth of a few inches was left in the tanks. Some of them were then pumped full of water, to ballast the ship.

She then proceeded to the Wear, where she came to anchor. Here the water was pumped out. The residual oil, by virtue of its lesser specific gravity, would naturally be the last liquid ejected by the pumps. It was observed that when the pumping was nearly completed, the liquor ejected from the pipes was of a brown colour, and floated in the form of an oily film upon the surface of the sea. This thin film was carried by the incoming tide up the river, and the adjacent river was surrounded by it. Soon a small body of smoke and flame was observed upon the water. This rapidly increased in area and intensity until the neighbouring ships were enveloped by it. So intense was the heat of the flame, that one ship had some twenty-seven of her plates so badly buckled that they had to be removed, while another had her mast, bulwarks, and paddle-box consumed. The combustion lasted for an hour and a quarter, and then became extinct, partly from inanition, and partly from the effect of the water played upon it by the various engines employed to subdue it. One man, in endeavouring to escape from one of the flame-encircled vessels to the quay, lost his life, the water where he sank being described by an eye-witness as being literally on fire. It is surmised that a red-hot rivet was dropped over-

board from a neighbouring vessel that was undergoing repairs, and this sufficed to ignite the oily film that covered the surface of the water.

Dr Dupré, the authority alluded to above, has placed on record his opinion that a gallon of oil would in a very short time cover an area rather in excess of two square yards to the thickness of one-tenth of an inch. Such a film would admit of the easiest possible ignition. After the lapse of a few minutes, the oleaginous film would have become much more attenuated, and would consequently be much more difficult to set on fire. It is just possible, however, that the thicker film, being fired first, would rapidly communicate the flames to the thinner portion, or that the oily coating might have above it concentrated petroleum-vapour, which, once ignited, would form a ready medium for the transmission of the flame to the oil itself.

It is manifest that the practice of discharging tanks which have contained crude petroleum into crowded water-ways is a highly dangerous one, and is fraught with the gravest risks. A perusal of the bylaws of the river Wear Commissioners now in force, relative to the discharge of this oil, under the Petroleum Act of 1871, reveals the fact that the present development of the petroleum trade was not anticipated. The laws deal with the 'barrels' or other vessels containing the petroleum . . . being taken from the lighters at the landing-place,' so that it is more than probable that the recent disaster will lead to improved legislation on the subject. *Experientia docet* is no doubt a very true adage, but the lessons instilled under its auspices are frequently of the most costly character. It is, therefore, the interest of all other ports to protect themselves from the possibility of a disaster kindred to that which occurred on the Wear. The important issues dependent upon the petroleum and its attendant industries cannot be over-estimated, and statistics tend to show that in the immediate future its already phenomenal development will be still further extended.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE WHITE WILL.

WHEN Richard King turned on hearing the study door opened, he was riveted to the floor by the eye of the man that stood before him. He seemed to read some terrible fate in that intent and burning eye. Neither spoke, until the workman, perceiving himself in the wrong place, stood up and left the room.

Richard King's eyes followed the man, noticed him hesitate outside the door before closing it, and then he knew there was some other person there.

'Who is at the door?' he asked, with an effort that cost him much.

'Two officers with a warrant,' answered the vicar, without once removing those burning eyes of his.

'What do you mean?' he now demanded furiously, with a menacing step forward.

'That your hour has come, Richard King, when you must expiate to the uttermost farthing

the terrible wrong you have done to me.' The vicar spoke in a voice of suppressed passion. 'We now know who it was that forged the cheque and delivered it at the bank, with the awful consequence that I, a consecrated priest of God, was torn from the altar, and branded with the curse and infamy of a felon. But now your hour has come.'

'I believe you are mad,' answered King; and, assuming an appearance of indifference, added: 'Bring in your friends, whoever they are.'

Richard King tried to look the master of Yewle as they came in, but he did it very poorly. The two officers entered first, but remained standing at the door; then followed Mr Warwick, Mr Rintoul, and Francis Gray. When King saw the two lawyers come forward, neither of them offering him a hand or a glance of recognition, he felt indeed that something ill was in the air. He was for the moment staggered. Turn where he would, the vicar's burning eyes followed him, like fire. He turned to the study table, and seizing a decanter, poured out a quantity of brandy, and gulped it down with an effort, as if it choked him. Then, so fortified, he turned once more to his visitors.

'As master of this house, gentlemen,' he said, 'I thank you for the courtesy of this visit. In the same capacity, gentlemen, I shall thank you to withdraw when you have stated your business as briefly as you can.'

'Mr Richard King,' said Warwick, 'depositions have been sworn before the Mayor of Southeaster, proving beyond reasonable doubt that the forgery for which my client, the Rev. Charles King, has endured four years of deep suffering and undeserved obloquy, was committed by yourself, and that you were the person who, dressed as a clergyman, paid the forged cheque into the bank.'

The vicar's eyes were still upon him; and in spite of all he could do, his brow darkened, and he bit his lip.

'Very well,' he answered; 'you need not go into the depositions here, whatever they are. A court of law will be the proper place, and I am ready when you are. Anything more?'

Mr Warwick turned, and was about to address himself to the officers, when the door of the study once more opened, and a gentleman with a military bearing entered. It was Major Saverley, although the only man present who knew so much was Richard King. The Major's face was clouded, and an angry glare sat in his eyes. He hesitated for a moment when he saw the company that stood on the floor facing each other.

'I beg pardon, gentlemen,' he said; 'I am afraid I have interrupted your business. I only wish a few words with Mr Richard King, who will perhaps favour me with a short private interview.'

King moved as if to retire to another room with the Major; but the two officers drew themselves up between him and the door. He did not take any further notice of the matter, except that his face reddened suddenly, and he requested the Major to follow him to the other end of the room, where they stood together in an embrasure of the window. Here they conversed awhile in low tones, those of Richard King gradually becoming louder and more angry.

'What villain has done this?' he said, turning towards the lawyers. 'I gave my friend Major Saverley a cheque for three hundred pounds in payment of a business transaction between us, and when he presented it at my banker's yesterday afternoon, he was refused payment.'

Mr Warwick spoke. 'I can see, sir, that your letters of this morning still lie unopened on the table. If you had consulted your correspondence, you would not have required to ask the question.'

King rushed to the table, and looking hastily over the letters, selected one and tore it open. A few seconds were sufficient to give him the gist of its contents.

'A writ of attachment issued upon my bank account! Who was scoundrel enough to do this?'

'It is not necessary to use strong language,' said Mr Warwick in level business tones. 'I issued it. You were in possession of a large sum of money which belonged to a client of mine, and I had certain information that that money was being rapidly withdrawn from the bank. I felt it my duty to protect her interests, and so put a stop to your operations upon the account.'

The Major looked both angry and crestfallen. 'By Jove, King, you have done me this time. What do you propose now?—This, gentlemen,' he said, turning to the others, 'is not a business matter, as King said, but a debt of honour, and I call upon him to pay me at once.'

Richard King went close up to the Major and said in low tones: 'I am in trouble just now. Stand my friend for the present, and before night everything will be right.'

While all this was passing, the vicar had stood looking slowly round the room, as if recalling to himself the old associations which the sight of these familiar articles of furniture and adornment were calculated to produce. His eye lighted upon the safe. He approached it, and began, in a half-absent manner and as if merely mechanically, to turn the index on the door. Nobody noticed him, and he was unconscious himself of the light coming back upon his memory from that distant day on which the combination lock had been fixed in its place, and when his dead brother had given him the secret of it. 'No one shall ever be able to open it but you and me, Charlie,' he had said. And now, without knowing it, his fingers, directed by that memory, adjusted the index, till at last, turning the handle, with a sharp clang the powerful bolts flew back, and the massive door swung wide open.

Every eye was turned to the safe in a moment. On a shelf stood an object covered with faded velvet—its original colour no one could tell—and beside this, the precious casket, were several bundles of yellow papers. On the edge of the shelf, however, as if it had been hastily placed there, was a fresh white document, folded and loosely tied with a green string.

While they were all gazing with a kind of awe into the ancient receptacle, Mr Rintoul stepped forward and took out the white paper. A glance at the endorsement upon it was enough. It was the second will made by Rowan King.

Richard King observed the solicitor take the

paper with curiosity, and, striding forward, closed the door of the safe, without locking it.

'Is there anything more?' he demanded rather impatiently.

'A good deal more, Mr Richard King,' answered Mr Rintoul. 'I have only recently discovered that there was a later will than that under which you have occupied this estate—and here it is!'

'I believe you are all mad,' cried Richard King, in a voice of passion. 'The will which left Yewle to me was made on the last day of Rowan King's life.'

'So was this, Mr Richard King. The same parties who witnessed the first will witnessed the second. They told me the first was written on blue paper, the second on white. I got the blue one. This, as you all see, is the white will, and it is the last one.'

'It's a forgery!' exclaimed King angrily.

'A forged will would hardly be found where we found this. And it is not a favourable one for you, Mr King. By this deed the testator revokes the will which he had that day "posted to my solicitor, Mr James Rintoul of Bedford Row, London," and bequeaths the whole of his property, real and personal, "to my niece Agnes King, daughter of my brother Charles King, of the vicarage of Yewle."—"But whereas," it goes on to say, "I promised my dear friend and cousin, Mary Gray, on her deathbed, to be a friend to her son Francis Gray, who now resides with me as my private secretary, I desire my said niece Agnes King to take the said Francis Gray into her generous consideration, and to make such disposition for his welfare and happiness as she may think proper."'

Francis Gray did not hear these words read, for, at a whispered hint on the part of Mr Warwick, he had shortly before gone hurriedly out of the room as if to fetch some one.

'The will,' continued Mr Rintoul, 'is witnessed by John Stokes and John Wilson, both of Yewle. It is a very clear and satisfactory will—once more illustrating the old saying, that second thoughts are best; and Mr Warwick will at once proceed to take possession of the house and estate in behalf of his client, Miss King.'

'Never!' cried Richard King, white with rage. 'Never! And before ever that is attempted, I, standing here, in presence of you all, charge that man there, Mr Charles King, with the murder of his brother. I saw him come here that night after dark, partially disguised in the dress of a groom. I saw him speaking to old Stokes the butler, and bribing him to silence by the gift of a bank-note. I saw him enter this room by the window, and next morning I saw his brother sitting in that chair, dead—with a knife at his heart. That man is his brother's murderer!'

The vicar turned pale to the lips, and staggered as if to fall. Francis Gray, who had returned with Stokes and some others while Richard King was speaking, sprang forward and assisted the vicar into a chair. He seemed about to faint; and Stokes, with the instincts of his calling, poured out a little brandy and put it to the sinking man's lips. For a few minutes the whole company was paralysed into silence.

Richard King's eyes glowed with the triumph he had achieved over the prostrate man, and he

turned boldly to Stokes. 'Stokes,' he said, 'you have still that bank-note, and I have its number here in my pocket-book. Produce it.'

Stokes, as it were involuntarily, turned and looked at Francis Gray.

'Ah, it's there, is it?' exclaimed Richard King. 'He has it, has he?—Then, let us have it. It was one of a number of notes in which I had paid to Mrs King, on the afternoon before the murder, the quarterly allowance which she had from Mr Rowan King, and that note has never been returned to the bank. I demand its production.'

Francis Gray put his hand to his pocket as if to produce the note, but Stokes stepped forward.

'No, Mr Francis,' he said with great deliberation; 'it's my turn to speak now, and I am agoing to do it. I got a ten pun' note that night from Mr Charles; but that charge of murder will not stand law, for I heard the crowner's 'quest say in this very room that there can be no charge of murder laid against no man if the dead body was not found. And Mr Richard King here, though he sought as hard as any man can seek, never got no dead body of Rowan King. He wanted my master opened—that's what he wanted, but he did not manage it. If they'd agreed to open me, why, they might 'a done it; but no King of Yewle was ever yet opened, and I felt it my duty not to let my master, Mr Rowan, be opened by no doctor in England. How did they know he was dead? They'd 'a opened Mr Geoffrey, or any of the rest, the same way, and how would it 'a been then? I said, if they want to open somebody, let them open me, but my master they shall not!'

The old butler spoke with wonderful earnestness and fluency, and only at this point paused, as if forced to take breath.

'We know it quite well, Stokes,' said Mr Warwick kindly. 'No one knows your fidelity and affection to your dead master better than I. But this is an awful charge that has been brought against his brother; and though none of Mr Charles's friends could believe it possible, I only wish that Mr Rowan were resting among his ancestors, instead of being—we know not where.'

'Ah, that's it, Mr Warwick,' said the old man, with an eager look in his eyes, and speaking now almost in a whisper. 'It's that charge as has determined me to speak. Mr Rowan is where he ought to be, Mr Warwick—in his own coffin!'

A movement of sensation surged through the group of anxious listeners, and for a few minutes no one spoke. The vicar raised himself by his hands in the chair, and was heard to murmur, as if in prayer: 'Thank God!—thank God!'

'And was it true, Stokes,' asked Mr Warwick solemnly, 'that your master had been murdered?'

'It was not true, but a black lie—nor was there no knife in the body.'

At this moment the old family physician, Dr Hayle, who had come in with Stokes, stepped forward.

'What Stokes says is true,' began the doctor. 'Mr Richard King, two days ago, horrified Mrs King and her daughter at the vicarage by making the same gross charge against the vicar that you

have now heard him make, and, as he had mentioned my name to them, they came to ask my advice. I had always had a suspicion that Stokes, out of devotion to his master, and from his knowledge of the peculiar cataleptic affection which had run through some generations of the Kings, had something to do with the removal and disposal of the dead body. Richard King had said to Mrs King that I believed Mr Rowan had been murdered. I must admit that I had a suspicion, from a dark stain which I saw on the waistcoat of the dead man, that there might have been foul play. In these circumstances, and in view of the poignant distress and alarm of Mrs and Miss King, I came to the conclusion that I must find Stokes and force him to tell me what he knew. He did so, after some pressure, and I at once procured a warrant from the Mayor to have the body disinterred. I and other two doctors made a careful examination of the body, and have sent in a sealed report to the Mayor. I may only here say, that there was no knife and no wound in the body, and that we were unanimous in the conclusion, from all the symptoms, that Mr Rowan King died a natural death. The stain which I saw on the waistcoat, and which had led to my suspicion of foul play, was easily explained. It was the result of the discharge of some coloured liquid on to Mr Rowan's clothes in the course of one of his many chemical experiments. The nature of the liquid—an ordinary chemical solution—is explained in our report to the Mayor. I can only think, from the diligence with which Mr Richard King had sought to discover the body, that he had hoped Mr Rowan had been murdered; and he must have made that awful charge to the poor distracted wife and daughter to serve some vile purpose of his own. It was a lie!'

A feeling of relief pervaded all who listened to the doctor's statement, except perhaps Richard King. He stood quite still, but with a slight pallor on his face.

Turning to Stokes, Mr Warwick asked: 'Who assisted you in this business, Stokes?'

'Wilson and Varley and me did it, sir. We laid him in the coffin as had been prepared for him, and we said the burial service to the best of our abilities; for the last King of Yewle wasn't to be buried like a heathen, no more than opened. And we visited the vault every night and every morning, for eight days, but there was no signs of life, so we screwed him down, and com'd away. And all that time Mr Richard King was a tearin' and a searchin' all over the country, but never thought of going to the place as all the Kings was buried in.'

A slight twinkle came into Stokes's eyes as he said this, and something almost like a smile broke out on the faces of the company. Richard King, alone, only scowled the more, and became a little paler.

'Officers,' said Mr Warwick, turning to the constables, 'you had better do your duty.'

They approached Richard King, and one of them reading from his warrant, said that he apprehended him for the alleged crime of uttering a forged cheque on the bank of Prester & Co., London, on the 5th of May 18—.

'It is not true,' cried Richard King. 'I was not in London that day, and you cannot prove it.'

I was fifty miles away from London. I was at the Staplehoe Races that day.

'No, King, you were not,' were the words that came in a firm and decisive tone. It was Major Saverley who spoke. 'I do not quite know what all this is about,' he continued, half apologetically to the company, who had in turn fixed their eyes on him; 'but I have good cause to remember the 5th of May of that year. And as it seems that King here has been up to no good, there can be no harm to any innocent person if I tell what I know to be true. On the day mentioned I intended myself to have gone to the Staplehoe Races, but received a telegram that morning calling me to London to the deathbed of my daughter. She died that night; so I have sad reason to remember the day. I was passing Prester's Bank in a hansom a little after two o'clock, when I saw King coming out of the bank wrapping a muffler round his neck. He was a little oddly dressed, in a clerical-looking coat and an ordinary tall hat, and I was not quite sure of him at first. But at that moment I was particularly desirous that he should square up a little betting transaction with me, and so I stopped the cab and called to him. He seemed annoyed at being recognised, and made as if to pass on without taking any notice of me. But I persisted, and at last he came to me, and I asked him to jump up and I would carry him as far as the club. He did so, and I got the little cheque I was in need of. I do not know the outs and ins of this matter; but I know that Richard King was in London that day, and in Prester's Bank at the hour I mentioned.'

Richard King was very pale, but did not answer. He only turned to the officers and said: 'I am ready to go with you. But come with me to my dressing-room till I put on other clothing.'

The three quitted the study; and those left behind were moving about in that restless, aimless kind of way, in which each has much to say but nobody wishes to speak, when a sharp report rang through the house. Richard King, when he opened his wardrobe door, had taken out a revolver, and shot himself.

That was the end of him. And at the inquest held next day over his body, all the facts which we have narrated were established in evidence, and the Rev. Charles King was once more pronounced to be an honourable man, clear from all the grievous and painful charges which had been made against him, and for which he had suffered so much.

That same afternoon the vicar was once more sitting in his accustomed chair in the vicarage study, with wife and daughter on either side of him. The fire had gone from his eyes now—quenched with the sweetest tears that ever flowed from manhood's eyes. The iron was drawn from his heart. The agony was over, and the peace of heaven was in their hearts.

'Dearest,' said Mrs King at last, 'our friends are here. We must dress for dinner.'

'One moment,' he said. 'The truest friend among them claims our first thanks. Bring Francis Gray here.'

It was to his daughter this command was addressed, and reddening to the eyes Agnes went out. The two presently returned and stood before him.

'Frank,' said the vicar, 'my brother Rowan has left you nothing; but he has commended you to the care of Agnes.—Now, Agnes, what do you propose to do with him?'

She fell on her father's breast and sobbed. Quietly disengaging himself, the vicar said, with his old sweet smile:

'Nay, then, settle the matter between yourselves.—Florence, my dear, come with me, and leave them alone to their discussion.'

It was a beautiful morning in autumn. The Sabbath bells were ringing out on the still air. Along the leafy lanes, that glowed with the hues of burnished green and gold, came the straggling lines of church-goers; for on that day the Vicar of Yewle was to be reinstated by his Bishop in the solemn functions of his holy office. Francis Gray and Agnes were in the vicarage pew, sitting together—she wearing a sprig of orange blossom. And the people crowded in from far and near, in tens and hundreds, for the vicar was to preach again for the first time. He did so simply, briefly, and with feeling; and not a few eyes filled with tears as he gave out the words of his text: 'All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command His lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THERE is every reason to hope that early in the new year communication by telephone will be established between London and Paris. The necessary works for accomplishing this very desirable result have recently been pushed forward with great energy. The line of communication is one which has been specially laid for the purpose, the new submarine cable finding its landing-place on this side of the Channel at St Margaret's Bay, near Dover, where so many of the old cables are joined to the telegraphic system of the kingdom. The overland wire reaches London *via* Dover, Folkestone, Ashford, and Maidstone.

An administrative Report of the Shan States gives a very interesting account of the methods by which iron is mined and smelted by the natives. The smelter himself wins the ore from the mine, and when he has obtained a couple of basketsful, he conveys it to his furnace, which is made of earth, and has two openings. In the meantime his sole assistant has prepared a quantity of charcoal from pine-wood. The charcoal is placed in the lower opening of the furnace, and a blast is obtained by means of bamboo bellows. The ore, broken into small pieces, is then cast into the upper opening together with powdered charcoal; and the operation, which results in the production of about ten pounds of metal from fifty pounds of ore, is complete in a few hours. After four days' work, the metal made is taken to the nearest bazaar, and at once finds an immediate sale. This primitive method of reducing metal from its ore forms a curious contrast to the gigantic means employed at our

large ironworks for bringing about the same result.

The *Scientific American* publishes an illustrated description of an improved water-cycle, the invention of Mr Joseph Korner. This water-velocipede has rather a curious appearance, but from its construction should be useful for navigation in shallow and still waters. It consists of two hollow cylinders about ten feet in length, above which is supported a seat for the driver, who actuates by treadles a wheel below him after the manner of an ordinary bicycle, only that the wheel is furnished with paddles. In front is the rudder, placed between the two pontoons, and this rudder can be turned to the right or left by cords which proceed to the handle above; so that really the machine is steered just in the same way as an ordinary road-bicycle is steered by its rider. It is stated that many trials of this water-cycle have been made, and it is found to be remarkably successful in practice; on one occasion a distance of more than a quarter of a mile being covered in four minutes up stream, and in a little more than half that time when travelling with the current.

Professor Langley and Mr Verrey have been making some curious investigations at the Alleghany Observatory, Pennsylvania, having for their object the discovery of the cheapest form of illumination, and they have gone to Nature in their inquiry, and have experimented upon that far-famed luminous insect which is known as the firefly of Cuba. We may remind our readers that these West Indian fireflies give out such a wonderful amount of radiance that it is customary for ladies to wear them as jewels in their hair; and they have often been employed for the illumination of apartments. The investigators named have been able, by means of very delicate apparatus, to measure the value of the light given by one of these luminous creatures, and they find that to obtain a similar amount of light by artificial means would involve a temperature of about two thousand degrees Fahrenheit. It is curious that in common with other luminous creatures this wonderful light should be emitted without any sensible heat. With regard to the actual cause of this luminosity, examples of which we find in all the three kingdoms of Nature, no scientist has yet been able to give a satisfactory explanation, although many theories have been formulated. There is reason to believe, however, that the strange luminosity is due to chemical combination, and if only its exact nature were discovered, we should soon be in a position to be independent of electricity, gas, oil, and all other agents which are called to our aid during the dark hours.

Sir Coutts Lindsay, the energetic art patron to whom the public owe so many interesting exhibitions at the Grosvenor Gallery, has suggested, or rather revived, a curious scheme, which may be described as a circulating picture society. The idea is, that the subscribers to the scheme should, by an annual payment, be entitled to the use or loan of pictures by celebrated living artists, and that just as in the case of a circulating library, the number of works that they would be permitted to use or hang in their rooms at one time would be according to the amount of their subscription. A list or catalogue of works at the

disposal of the society would be published at stated intervals, and from this list subscribers would be able to choose works which would afterwards be allotted to them. The scheme is no doubt calculated by its promoter to do good to both artists and their patrons; but we fear that it might act disadvantageously towards our painters by checking the sale of their works.

A new butter-making machine was lately exhibited at Kensington, London, in the presence of a number of experts; it is the invention of a Swedish engineer, Mr C. A. Johansson (of Stockholm), and it certainly represents the most rapid means by which milk can be converted into butter. The machine met with some attention at the Jubilee show of the Royal Agricultural Society, where it received the highest award; but it is now seen for the first time in England in actual operation. Like the centrifugal apparatus for separating cream from milk, its principal feature is a drum which rotates at a very high speed. This motion separates the globules from the skimmed milk, and while the latter is poured away, the thicker liquid is delivered ready for making it into butter at the bottom of the revolving drum. The machine described is capable of dealing with fifteen hundred pints of milk an hour, and the time occupied in making butter is exceedingly short—indeed, butter begins to appear three or four minutes after the milk is poured into the upper part of the apparatus.

At the recent Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain specimens of the newly-discovered method of printing on textile fabrics by means of Primuline—a coal-tar colouring matter—were shown. We have already in these columns alluded to this new method of photographic printing, and have remarked that the method might receive important applications in various trades. After seeing the excellent specimens of work shown at the Exhibition, we are more than ever convinced that the primuline printing process has a wide future before it. We may remind our readers that this is not a simple black-and-white process like most photographic printing methods, but all kinds of different colours are possible, and the specimens exhibited printed on muslin, cloth, velvet, and silk, consisted mostly of artistic patterns on various coloured grounds. In some cases the effect of contrasted colours was very soft and beautiful.

The many uses to which celluloid—or imitation ivory, as it is often called—has been applied has stimulated invention in a like direction; and now an imitation celluloid, called Lactite, has been patented by Mr W. Callender. Lactite, as the name suggests, owes its origin to milk, the solids in which are reduced to a partly soluble or gelatinous state by means of borax, and are then mixed with some mineral salt in association with an acid and water. The process by which this lactite is produced is as follows: the casein, or solids, from the milk is incorporated with the borax, after which the mineral salt held in solution in acid is added. Acetate of lead and acetic acid are mentioned as being favourable agents to employ. After the mixture has been effected, the solids separate from the acid water which is drawn off, when the residue

is subjected to great pressure to expel any remaining moisture, and afterwards to evaporation by heat. The material can be moulded into any form desired, and can be coloured any tint by the addition of suitable pigments. If desired, the manufacture can be rendered considerably cheaper by the addition of lime or chalk.

A Report has been issued with regard to the condition of the river Thames, the result of an inspection by the chief engineer and chemist of the London County Council. These gentlemen report that although the water in some cases is much discoloured, it is free from any smell except slight effluvia in the neighbourhood of Woolwich. They further report that the banks and the foreshore of the river are comparatively clean, and free from muddy deposit. On the whole, they consider that the state of the Thames is much improved by the sewage-works carried out during the current year. But this was to be expected, considering that more than three hundred and sixty-six thousand tons of sludge have been shipped and discharged out at sea since the 1st of January.

The Thames, unfortunately, is not the only river in the neighbourhood of the metropolis which is subject to pollution. The same question has lately been raised with regard to the long-continued pollution of the river Wey and other minor streams which flow through the beautiful county of Surrey. Two of the chief towns on the river, Guildford and Godalming, have no sewage system, although in both towns works are in progress. But in addition to the sewage, the river suffers from the discharge of various manufactory, particularly from a certain tannery which leaves scum and oily substances on the surface of the water; the stream in some cases has become so offensive that horses will refuse to drink its waters, and large quantities of fish, including many fine trout, have been poisoned. A government inquiry has lately been held to consider this important subject, and it is to be hoped that some means will be adopted to stop the evil.

About two dozen edible fungi, a list of which has lately been published, were exhibited for sale in the market of Modena during the year 1889. It is stated that most of these fungi are also natives of Britain, but owing to the general ignorance upon the subject, they are seldom utilised. We all have a natural disinclination to make experiments upon fungi that we are not acquainted with, because it is known well enough that certain plants of the mushroom kind are poisonous. The Berlin police have lately had reason to issue a caution to the public against packets of so-called 'dried mushrooms,' which it appears are largely sold in that city, and which often contain poisonous fungi. In this caution it is stated that edible mushrooms when dried preserve their white colour; but that the hurtful varieties become blue in tint on being dried.

Some important experiments have lately been conducted at Sheffield at the works of Messrs John Brown & Co. with a new form of boiler tube which has been invented and patented by Mr Serve. This 'Serve' tube, instead of being plain, like those in ordinary use, is ribbed, so that the heat-absorbing surface is really increased to double what it would be in a tube of plain section. It is obvious, too, that this result is brought about

without increasing to any great extent the area of the tube. Two boilers for the experiments were erected at the works referred to, one being fitted with tubes of the old type, and one furnished with 'Serve' tubes. As the result of these experiments, it was shown that the quantity of steam was much greater with the new tubes, while this increase was accompanied by economy of fuel. A number of experts have visited the works to watch these experiments, including representatives of the Admiralty, Lloyds, and others interested in the question.

It is stated that soap in India is regarded almost in the light of a natural curiosity, for it is rarely if ever to be obtained of a shopkeeper there. Of course it is sold in the larger towns; but the amount used by the natives must be very small, seeing that the total consumption of soap in India last year was only five thousand tons. This means that the amount used by each person for the year was considerably less than one ounce.

According to a New York scientific authority, milk will keep better if aerated than when submitted to a lower temperature than the atmosphere by means of ice. The method by which the liquid is aerated is most simple, and consists in allowing it to run from one vessel to another in fine streams, as it might do through an ordinary colander. This operation must be done out of doors and where the air is perfectly pure; a good arrangement being to place a number of perforated vessels one above the other, and to allow the milk to trickle from the topmost to the bottom one in fine streams. In connection with this matter, we may state that so-called sterilised milk is, according to a German investigator, sometimes very much fuller of germs than ordinary milk fresh from the cow. This inquirer has, upon examining a number of samples of milk from different sources, found them charged with germs to a very large extent. He has also found that these germs increase at a wonderful rate. Many householders now adopt the sensible plan of boiling all milk before it is used.

Two improvements have lately been introduced in diving apparatus. The first to which we refer is the invention of Mr A. E. Stove, and represents a new and simple method of joining the helmet to the breastplate by a particular form of collar, which is provided with a metallic ring-screw threaded in sections. The helmet, which is screw-threaded in the same way, can be dropped into its place on the breastplate collar, and, with a slight turn, can be firmly locked with ease, expedition, and safety, and without the screws, nuts, and loose pieces which were formerly necessary. This new modification of the diver's dress is in use at the works of the Manchester Ship Canal. The other improvement has been introduced by a French engineer, who fixes a powerful glow lamp to the top of the helmet as a substitute for the light carried when necessary by the diver. By this new arrangement the man's hands are both at liberty for the work that has to be done. The lamp is connected by insulated wires with a dynamo above water.

According to the report of a lecture by Dr W. B. Richardson on 'Work in Relation to Health,' which was delivered in Birmingham recently, this eminent physiologist stated that mental work

is the least hurtful and wearing; physical work alone comes next; and the mixed work—physical and mental—is the most severe of all. He holds that eight hours' sleep is necessary to any person engaged in work of any kind, and is an advocate for eight hours' work, eight hours' relaxation, and eight hours' rest. Work is lightened, he tells us, by cleanliness, the wearing of proper clothing, and careful attention to food and drink. Although mental and physical work combined may be, as the lecturer states, injurious, it is very certain that many hard brain-workers find the greatest relief from alternating that work with heavy physical labour. We have a well-known example of this in the good health enjoyed by our octogenarian statesman.

It is stated that an effective remedy to prevent snow-blindness, which is such a trouble to the inhabitants of cold climates, is to be found in blackening the nose and cheeks below the eyes. Persons who are careful of their appearance might be inclined to consider the remedy rather worse than the disease; but in sparsely populated districts there could be no objection to its adoption.

A technical paper gives some useful particulars regarding the manner in which the quality of paper may be tested. In order to find out its resistance to wear, it should first be crumpled and kneaded between the hands, after which treatment a weak paper will become full of holes, while a strong paper will assume a leathery texture. Under such a test, the presence of much dust will show that earthy impurities have been mixed with the pulp; while, if the material should break up, it indicates that it has been overbleached. If the paper when burnt should leave more than three per cent. of ash, this is a further indication that it is charged with clay, gypsum, or other mineral ingredients. The kind and quality of the material is further tested by use of the microscope, and it can be chemically tested with a solution of iodine, when a yellow coloration will indicate the presence of wood-fibre, and a brown tint that of linen, cotton, or flax.

A dispute has long existed among medical authorities with regard to the dangers of chloroform. Some, including the late Sir James Simpson and Professor Syme, soon inferred from experience that it was safer to push boldly on till the patient was in deep anaesthesia than to keep him long in the stage of struggling and excitement. But other authorities, especially of the London school, never accepted this. Dr Kirk of Glasgow, who has made a special study of the subject for fifteen years, in a 'New Theory of Chloroform Syncope,' has offered a novel explanation of the problem. According to his views, the chloroform in the blood has nothing to do with the early syncope, which may come on even before the patient is anaesthetised. It is the vapour in the lungs which he believes to be the cause of the occurrence; and it is not to its action there, but to the violent reaction which ensues when it is allowed to escape at an early stage, that he maintains the catastrophe is due. In deep anaesthesia this reaction, he holds, is prevented by the chloroform in the blood. In view of the conclusion arrived at by the Hyderabad Commission, that the danger is from an overdose or from asphyxia, this new theory seems of the utmost importance.

If chloroform may kill like an electric shock, or like lightning, there can be no safety until every administrator knows this; and if Dr Kirk's new theory be true, it is important also to notice how dangerous it is for any one to administer chloroform to himself.

EMPTY BENCHES.

A POET may pretend to be satisfied with winning the suffrages of a select following; but an actor feels on no pleasant terms with himself or his audience if that audience be of the few-and-far-between order. Disgusted at being able to count the heads in front of him, a representative of Richard III., on reaching the tent scene, exclaimed: 'I'll forth, and walk awhile;' and suiting the action to the word, crossed the stage, made his exit, and went home to supper, leaving his comrades to finish the tragedy in the best way they could. Playing one night at Dorchester to a dozen or so of people, Edmund Kean grew reckless, gagged frightfully, and played his very worst; to learn, ere he left the theatre, that among the audience sat no less a personage than the Drury Lane manager, who had come expressly to see him act. 'I've ruined myself for ever!' said he to his wife, when he got home to his lodgings. Fortunately for his future, on the night which was to make or mar him at Drury Lane, Kean was too determined to succeed to be disturbed by disheartening surroundings, and roused the sparse house to such enthusiasm that Hazlitt wondered how so much noise could be made by so few people. Later on, he was apt to treat a scanty audience a little scurvily, but was on his best behaviour when he visited Paris in 1823, for in a magazine of the time we read: 'Shylock has been repeated by Kean, and received with the same testimonies of enthusiasm, and the same beggarly account of empty benches. On the night he condescended to be the representative of Brutus, in Howard Payne's tragedy, the audience was so scanty in number that many were apprehensive of the effect the slight might have on his temper. Kean, however, never acted better in his life, and a performance of surpassing power delighted the very few persons present.'

When the Louth manager came with a long face to Macready as he was dressing for Virginius, and in answer to the tragedian's inquiry if it was a bad house, replied, 'Bad house, sir?—there's no one!' Macready asked: 'What! nobody at all?'—'Not a soul, sir, except the Warden's party in the boxes, and one or two in the gallery and pit,' responded the manager. 'Are there five?' queried Macready. 'Yes, sir, there are five.' 'Then,' said the actor, 'go on at once; we have no right to give ourselves airs.' And in his own opinion he never played Virginius better than he did to an audience he could count on his fingers. At a performance in 1807, for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, given at the Theatre Royal, Norwich, the curtain rose in front of ten people in the boxes, seven in the gallery, and five in the pit, the entire takings reaching the sum of twenty-two shillings.

On that terribly bitter Tuesday night in January 1881, when few who could help it cared

to traverse the London streets, the combined audiences of all the theatres would not have made a decent gathering for the smallest of them. Mrs Bancroft felt she would have liked to ask the weather-beaten few who had battled their way to the Haymarket to forego what they came to see and take tea with her on the stage. Giving more practical proof of his sympathy, Mr Toole straightway invited his 'gods' and pittites to take their ease in the stalls, and regaled them with hot spiced ale, whereupon they sang, 'He's a jolly good fellow!' and a merry evening was enjoyed on both sides of the footlights.

It is not easy to eclipse the gaiety of the Parisians; but in 1832 they voted the play was not the thing when cholera was ravaging the city, although publicly advertised, 'It has been noticed with much astonishment that the theatres are the only places—no matter how crowded—where not a single case of cholera has appeared.' One night the company of the Odéon found themselves confronted by one man. This was too much, or rather too little for their patience, and they insisted upon his taking back his money. He stood upon his rights, and insisted upon the play being played. The law was on his side, and the actors were obliged to act; but they did their very worst until the audience hissed his hardest; then the manager handed him over to the police for disturbing the performance, and closed his doors. The manager of Wallack's Theatre disposed of the solitary patron who honoured his house with his presence on the night after a cyclone in a different way. Turning to one of the company, he said: 'Take him to the hotel at the corner; treat him, and give him back his dollar.' Putting a liberal interpretation on his instructions, the actor took the audience round the corner, and after discussing several bottles of champagne, gave the enterprising gentleman his dollar and bade him good-night.

Charles Mathews was wont to take things as they came. 'I have played to an audience of one,' said he to a friend. 'It was in the Sandwich Islands. I had advertised the play to commence at two o'clock. I had the scene set, and as I make it a rule never to disappoint the public, I determined to go on with the show. I came on and bowed to a man of colour, who, in a white hat, was seated in the stalls. He returned my salute with becoming solemnity. I went through the entire first act of *A Game of Speculation*, and that man of colour never once smiled—he never changed his position. At one time I was nearly sending the prompter to feel him to see if he were alive. I lowered the curtain on the second act, and he was, like the House of Commons, "still sitting." I felt bound in honour to reward persistency of this kind, and I gave him the third act, gag and all. A quarter of an hour after, my coloured friend was still in the same attitude, so I went round and told him the show was over. He shook hands with me and smiled, and asked me what it was all about.'

A sailor who had just come into port with a full pocket paid Stephen Kemble thirty pounds to have a performance of *Henry IV.* all to himself, with Kemble as 'the old boy with the round fore-castle, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galleon in a heavy sea.' He chose the music to be played by way of

overture, saw the play through, and gave vigorous expression to his appreciation of the Falstaff of the occasion. Mr J. C. Foster, an American manager, taking his ease at his inn in Bucyrus, Ohio, was aroused by a stranger entering the room, playbill in hand, and accosting him with: 'You play *Richard III.* to-night. Now, I have never had an opportunity of seeing it, and, unfortunately, I must leave town this evening. How much money would induce you to play *Richard III.* for me this afternoon?' Thinking his visitor was joking, Foster said he would do it for twenty-five dollars. 'And how much for *The Rough Diamond* as well?' 'Ten dollars,' quoth the amused manager. He did not know whether he was amused or vexed when the stranger plunked down thirty-five dollars, with the remark that the performance must commence at two o'clock sharp, and took his leave. Upon telling his company the bargain he had concluded, the notion of playing Shakespeare's tragedy to one man so tickled their fancy that they at once consented. Two o'clock came, and with it the audience. Choosing the best position in the hall, and placing his feet upon the back of the seat before him, he settled down to enjoy the tragedy, applauding heartily, and at the conclusion calling the Richard before the curtain. Then the farce was gone through with equal success, and the delighted audience left in time to catch the 6.45 train.

Disgusted with the reception awarded to one of his operas, Jean Baptiste de Lully ordered it to be played before himself only, when the opera went swimmingly, the music and its exponents being rapturously applauded by the impartial auditor, who rewarded the singers with a sumptuous supper. King Louis of Bavaria had a passion for grand opera, and rarely allowed a week to go by without indulging it; but he would not permit any one else to share the pleasure with him. When Madame Charlotte Walter appeared before him in *Narcisse* the performance commenced at midnight, the curtain rising immediately the king was seated in his box, seeing all, but seen by none, there being no lights but those on the stage. The curtain fell between three and four in the morning, the actors remaining silent on the stage, so that the reverie in which Louis always indulged after a performance might not be disturbed. At last a bell announced his departure, when they were free to do likewise.

The theatrical caterer has often to contend with outside influences over which he has no control, resulting in scanty audiences, or it may be no audience at all. A manager of the old Bower Saloon meeting a friend one day near the Horse Guards, the latter inquired how he was getting on. 'Oh, we live, sir, we live,' was the reply. 'Well, I must be off,' said his friend; 'I'm in a hurry to see about seats at the Italian Opera next week.' 'What!' exclaimed the Bower manager, 'does the Italian Opera open next week? I'm very sorry to hear it!' 'Why, what can it matter to you?' cried the other. 'Surely you don't imagine that the Opera performances will clash with yours?' 'Won't it, though,' was the answer. 'My audience won't be inside Her Majesty's; but they will all be there—picking pockets!' and shaking hands, the dismayed manager went sadly on his way.

OUR WEDDING DAY.

Our wedding day, dear heart,
 Well I remember
 How crisp the hoar-frost lay
 That chill December.
 I was a foolish thing.
 How my heart failed me;
 Little you knew or guessed
 What 't was that ailed me.

I had my doubts of you.
 Only just fancy!
 Would you have thought it, Jack,
 Of your fond Nancy?
 People kept telling me
 Men were deceivers;
 Women most foolish folk,
 Heedless believers.

Would you be kind? I asked,
 And my heart fluttered;
 True to the marriage vows
 Your lips had uttered?
 Ten years ago, dear love—
 How the time passes.
 Jack! drink my health again;
 Fill up our glasses.

Don't wipe my tears away;
 They're not for sadness.
 My heart is full to-day
 Only of gladness.
 How true you've been to me
 None can guess ever;
 Husband, stand by me still,
 Never to sever.

As o'er the frosty sky
 Wintry clouds hasten,
 Our joys in future, Jack,
 Trials may chasten.
 Still hand in hand we'll step,
 Fearing no morrow;
 Wind blows the clouds away,
 Love chases sorrow.

Our wedding day is o'er—
 Twelve the clock's striking.
 Look at me, Jack—am I
 Still to your liking?
 Don't say a word, you goose;
 Only remember
 I love you better now
 Than that December.

L. E. TIDDEMAN.

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